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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

JANUARY, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page
...falbone: an Oldport Romance. I. . .	1
The Sunshine of the Gods	12
A Literary Gourmand	15
The Good-natured Pendulum	20
The Flying Dutchman	27
Co-operative Housekeeping. III. . .	29
In the Teutoburger Forest	40
After Election	50
Consumption in America. I. . . .	51
The Mean Yankees at Home . . .	61
Dante	81
On a certain Condescension in Foreigners	82
Gnadenhütten	95
Cinders from the Ashes	115
Moral Significance of the Republican Triumph	124
Reviews and Literary Notices . . .	129
Mrs. Bunsen's Memoir of Baron Bunsen. — Darley's Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil. — Longfellow's New England Tragedies. — Miss Dickinson's What Answer? — Jenckes's Report on the Civil Service. — Lucy Larcom's Poems.	

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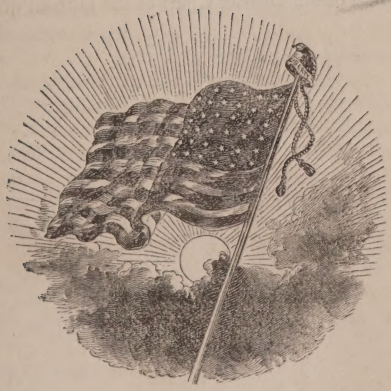

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CONTENTS.

		Page
Autobiography of a Shaker. I., II.	*F. W. Evans*	415, 593
Baudelaire, Charles, Poet of the Malign	*Eugene Benson*	171
Bird's-Nests	*John Burroughs*	701
Birth of the Solar System		221
Brahmanism	*James Freeman Clarke*	548
Buddhism; or, the Protestantism of the East	*James Freeman Clarke*	713
Can a Life hide Itself?	*Bayard Taylor*	605
Carpet-Bagger in Pennsylvania, A. I., II.	*J. T. Trowbridge*	449, 729
China in our Kitchens	*C. C. Coffin*	747
Cinders from the Ashes	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	115
Clothes Mania, The	*James Parton*	531
Consumption in America. I., II., III.	*H. I. Bowditch, M. D.*	51, 177, 315
Co-operative Housekeeping. III., IV., V.	*Mrs. C. F. Peirce*	29, 161, 286
Doorstep Acquaintance	*W. D. Howells*	484
Earthquakes	*N. S. Shaler*	676
Foe in the Household, The. I., II., III., IV.	*Caroline Chesebro'*	323, 462, 568, 686
Gnadenhütten	*W. D. Howells*	95
Good-natured Pendulum, The	*E. E. Hale*	20
Hamlets of the Stage, The. I.		665
Heroine of Long Point, The	*J. G. Whittier*	562
How we grow in the Great Northwest	*Sydney Gay*	438
Intellectual Character of President Grant, The		625
In the Teutoburger Forest	*Bayard Taylor*	49
Literary Gourmand, A	*Eugene Benson*	15
Little Captain Trott	*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*	300
Love in Mount Lebanon	*J. W. De Forrest*	228
Malbone; an Oldport Romance. I., II., III., IV., V., VI.	*T. W. Higginson*	1, 137, 265, 393, 522, 649
Mean Yankees at Home, The	*James Parton*	61
Mission of Birds	*T. M. Brewer, M. D.*	405
Moral Significance of the Republican Triumph		124
New Chapter of Christian Evidences, A	*Rev. James Freeman Clarke*	304
New Education, The. I., II.	*C. W. Eliot*	203, 358
New Taste in Theatricals, The	*W. D. Howells*	635
On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners	*J. R. Lowell*	82
Our Four Servants		251
Our Inebriates Classified and Clarified		477
Our New President		378
Our Painters	*John Neal*	337
Our Postal Deficiencies	*E. H. Derby*	149
Pacific Railroad—open, The. I., II., III.	*Samuel Bowles*	493, 617, 753
Popularizing Art	*James Parton*	348
Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight-Car, A	*Rev. W. H. H. Murray*	503
Ritualism in England		188
Sedge Birds		384
Small Arabs of New York	*Charles Dawson Shanley*	279
Spring in Washington	*John Burroughs*	580
Strange Arrival, A	*J. W. De Forrest*	427
Suabian Alb, The	*Bayard Taylor*	369
Tribute of a Loving Friend to the Memory of a Noble Woman	*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*	242

Poetry.

After Election	*J. G. Whittier*	50
Bee and the Rose, The		187
By the Roadside	*Celia W. Thaxter*	699
Coronation	*Mrs. H. H. Hunt*	241
Dante	*W. C. Bryant*	81
Doorstep, The	*E. C. Stedman*	147
Eleanor in the Empty House	*T. W. Parsons*	591
Fatal Arrow, The	*Alice Cary*	347
Flying Dutchman	*J. R. Lowell*	27
Howard at Atlanta	*J. G. Whittier*	367
Norembega	*J. G. Whittier*	662
Proud Music of the Sea-Storm	*Walt. Whitman*	199
Puritan Lovers, The	*Marian Douglas*	566
Run Wild	*Bayard Taylor*	425
Sunshine of the Gods, The	*Bayard Taylor*	12
To-Day	*Mrs. J. J. Piatt*	513
Thrush in a Gilded Cage, A	*C. P. Cranch*	278

Reviews and Literary Notices.

Note	*Wolcott Gibbs*	514
Auerbach's Edelweiss		762
Baldwin's Pre-historic Nations		768
Baroness Bunsen's Memoirs of Baron Bunsen		129
Bates's History of Pennsylvanian Volunteers, 1861–65		388
Bishop's The Pampas and Andes		390
Browning's The Ring and the Book		256
Darley's Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil		132
Dickenson's (Miss) What Answer		134
Dixon's Her Majesty's Tower		645
Foster's Translation of Swedenborg's True Christian Religion		765
Gould's Address in Commemoration of Alexander Dallas Bache		644
Greeley's Recollections of a Busy Life		260
Hale's (Mrs.) Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Madame de Sévigné		518
Hannaford's Story of a Regiment		392
Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition		389
Jenckes's Report on the Civil Service		135
Leech's Letters of a Sentimental Idler		648
Longfellow's New England Tragedies		132
Lowell's Under the Willows and other Poems		262
Lucy Larcom's Poems		136
Motley's Historic Progress and American Democracy		519
Müller's Chips from a German Workshop		771
Murray's Adventures in the Wilderness		770
Nordhoff's Cape Cod and All Along Shore		387
Perry's Carthage and Tunis		387
Piatt's Western Windows and other Poems		520
Rydberg's Last Athenian		767
Semmes's Memoirs of Service Afloat		515
Stedman's Blameless Prince and other Poems		647
Taylor's By-Ways of Europe		764

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXIII. — JANUARY, 1869. — NO. CXXXV.

MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

PRELUDE.

AS one wanders along this south-western promontory of the Isle of Peace, and looks down upon the green translucent water which forever bathes the marble slopes of the Pirates' Cave, it is natural to think of the ten wrecks with which the past winter has strewn this shore. Though almost all trace of their presence is already gone, yet their mere memory lends to these cliffs a human interest. Where a stranded vessel lies, thither all steps converge, so long as one plank remains upon another. There centres the emotion. All else is but the setting, and the eye sweeps with indifference the line of unpeopled rocks. They are barren, till the imagination has tenanted them with possibilities of danger and dismay. The ocean provides the scenery and properties of a perpetual tragedy, but the interest arrives with the performers. Till then the shores remain vacant, like the great conventional arm-chairs of the French drama, that wait for Rachel to come and die.

Yet as I ride along this fashionable avenue in August, and watch the procession of the young and fair, — as I look at stately houses, from each of which has gone forth almost within my memory a funeral or a bride, — then every thoroughfare of human life becomes in fancy but an ocean shore, with its ripples and its wrecks. One learns, in growing older, that no fiction can be so strange nor appear so improbable as would the simple truth; and that doubtless even Shakespeare did but timidly transcribe a few of the deeds and passions he had personally known. For no man of middle age can dare trust himself to portray life in its full intensity, as he has studied or shared it; he must resolutely set aside as indescribable the things most worth describing, and must expect to be charged with exaggeration, even when he tells the rest.

I.

AN ARRIVAL.

It was one of the changing days of our Oldport midsummer. In the morning it had rained in rather a dismal way, and Aunt Jane had said she should put it in her diary. It was a

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very serious thing for the elements when they got into Aunt Jane's diary. By noon the sun came out as clear and sultry as if there had never been a cloud, the northeast wind died away, the bay was motionless, the first locust of the summer shrilled from the elms, and the robins seemed to be serving up butterflies hot for their insatiable second-brood, while nothing seemed desirable for a human luncheon except ice-cream and fans. In the afternoon the southwest wind came up the bay, with its line of dark-blue ripple and its delicious coolness; while the hue of the water grew more and more intense, till we seemed to be living in the heart of a sapphire.

The household sat beneath the large western doorway of the old Maxwell House, — the rear door, which looks on the water. The house had just been reoccupied by my aunt Jane, whose great-grandfather had built it, though it had for several generations been out of the family. I know no finer specimen of those large colonial houses in which the genius of Sir Christopher Wren bequeathed traditions of stateliness to our democratic days. Its central hall has a carved archway; most of the rooms have painted tiles and are wainscoted to the ceiling; the sashes are red-cedar, the great staircase mahogany; there are pilasters with delicate Corinthian capitals; there are cherubs' heads and wings that go astray and lose themselves in closets and behind glass-doors; there are curling acanthus-leaves that cluster over shelves and ledges, and there are those graceful shell-patterns which one often sees on old furniture, but rarely in houses. The high front-door still retains its Ionic cornice; and the western entrance, looking on the bay, is surmounted by carved fruit and flowers, and is crowned, as is the roof, with that pineapple in whose symbolic wealth the rich merchants of the last century delighted.

Like most of the statelier houses in that region of Oldport, this abode had its rumors of a ghost and of secret chambers. The ghost had never been properly lionized nor laid, for Aunt Jane, the neatest of housekeepers, had discouraged all silly explorations, had at once required all barred windows to be opened, all superfluous partitions to be taken down, and several highly eligible dark-closets to be nailed up. If there was anything she hated, it was nooks and odd corners. Yet there had been times that year, when the household would have been glad to find a few more such hiding-places; for during the first few weeks the house had been crammed with guests so closely that the very mice had been ill accommodated and obliged to sit up all night, which had caused them much discomfort and many audible disagreements.

But this first tumult had passed away; and now there remained only the various nephews and nieces of the house, including a due proportion of small children. Two final guests were to arrive that day, bringing the latest breath of Europe on their wings, — Philip Malbone, Hope's betrothed; and little Emilia, Hope's half-sister.

None of the family had seen Emilia since her wandering mother had taken her abroad, a fascinating spoiled child of four, and they were all eager to see in how many ways the succeeding twelve years had completed or corrected the spoiling. As for Philip, he had been spoiled, as Aunt Jane declared, from the time of his birth, by the joint effort of all friends and neighbors. Everybody had conspired to carry on the process except Aunt Jane herself, who directed toward him one of her honest, steady, immovable dislikes which may be said to have dated back to the time when his father and mother were married, some years before he personally entered on the scene.

The New York steamer, detained by the heavy fog of the night before, now came in unwonted daylight up the bay. At the first glimpse, Harry and the boys pushed off in the row-boat; for, as one of the children said, anybody

who had been to Venice would naturally wish to come to the very house in a gondola. In another half-hour there was a great entanglement of embraces at the water-side, for the guests had landed.

Malbone's self-poised easy grace was the same as ever; his chestnut-brown eyes were as winning, his features as handsome; his complexion, too clearly pink for a man, had a sea bronze upon it: he was the same Philip who had left home, though with some added lines of care. But in the brilliant little fairy beside him all looked in vain for the Emilia they remembered as a child. Her eyes were more beautiful than ever, — the darkest violet eyes, that grew luminous with thought and almost black with sorrow. Her gypsy taste, as everybody used to call it, still showed itself in the scarlet and dark blue of her dress; but the clouded gypsy tint had gone from her cheek, and in its place shone a deep carnation, so hard and brilliant that it appeared to be enamelled on the surface, yet so firm and deep-dyed that it seemed as if not even death could ever blanch it. There is a kind of beauty that seems made to be painted on ivory, and such was hers. Only the microscopic pencil of a miniature-painter could portray those slender eyebrows, that arched caressingly over the beautiful eyes, — or the silky hair of darkest chestnut that crept in a wavy line along the temples, as if longing to meet the brows, — or those unequalled lashes! "Unnecessarily long," Aunt Jane afterwards pronounced them; while Kate had to admit that they did indeed give Emilia an overdressed look at breakfast, and that she ought to have a less showy set to match her morning costume.

But what was most irresistible about Emilia, — that which we all noticed in this interview, and which haunted us all thenceforward, — was a certain wild, entangled look she wore, as of some untamed out-door thing, and a kind of pathetic lost sweetness in her voice, which made her at once and forever a heroine of romance with the children. Yet she scarcely seemed to heed their existence, and only submitted to the kisses of Hope and Kate as if that were a part of the price of coming home, and she must pay it.

Had she been alone, there might have been an awkward pause; for if you expect a cousin, and there alights a butterfly of the tropics, what hospitality can you offer? But no sense of embarrassment ever came near Malbone, especially with the children to swarm over him and claim him for their own. Moreover, little Helen got in the first remark in the way of serious conversation.

"Let me tell him something!" said the child. "Philip! that doll of mine that you used to know, only think! she was sick and died last summer, and went into the rag-bag. And the other split down the back, so there was an end of *her*."

Polar ice would have been thawed by this reopening of communication. Philip soon had the little maid on his shoulder, — the natural throne of all children, — and they all went in together to greet Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane was the head of the house, — a lady who had spent more than fifty years in educating her brains and battling with her ailments. She had received from her parents a considerable inheritance in the way of whims, and had nursed it up into a handsome fortune. Being one of the most impulsive of human beings, she was naturally one of the most entertaining; and behind all her eccentricities there was a fund of the soundest sense and the tenderest affection. She had seen much and varied society, had been much admired in her youth, but had chosen to remain unmarried. Obliged by her physical condition to make herself the first object, she was saved from utter selfishness by sympathies as democratic as her personal habits were exclusive. Unexpected and commonly fantastic in her doings, often dismayed by small difficulties, but never by large ones, she sagaciously administered the affairs of all those around her, — planned their

dinners and their marriages, fought out their bargains and their feuds.

She hated everything irresolute or vague; people might play at cat's-cradle or study Spinoza, just as they pleased; but, whatever they did, they must give their minds to it. She kept house from an easy-chair, and ruled her dependants with severity tempered by wit, and by the very sweetest voice in which reproof was ever uttered. She never praised them; but if they did anything particularly well, rebuked them retrospectively, asking why they had never done it well before? But she treated them munificently, made all manner of plans for their comfort, and they all thought her the wisest and wittiest of the human race. So did the youths and maidens of her large circle; they all came to see her, and she counselled, admired, scolded, and petted them all. She had the gayest spirits, and an unerring eye for the ludicrous, and she spoke her mind with absolute plainness to all comers. Her intuitions were instantaneous as lightning, and, like that, struck very often in the wrong place. She was thus extremely unreasonable and altogether charming.

Such was the lady whom Emilia and Malbone went up to greet, — the one shyly, the other with an easy assurance, such as she always disliked. Emilia submitted to another kiss while Philip pressed Aunt Jane's hand, as he pressed all women's, and they sat down.

"Now begin to tell your adventures," said Kate. "People always tell their adventures till tea is ready."

"Who can have any adventures left,' said Philip, "after such letters as I wrote you all?"

"Of which we got precisely one!" said Kate. "That made it such an event, after we had wondered in what part of the globe you might be looking for the post-office! It was like finding a letter in a bottle, or disentangling a person from the Dark Ages."

"I was at Neuchâtel two months; but I had no adventures. I lodged with a good *pasteur*, who taught me geology and German."

"That is suspicious," said Kate. "Had he a daughter passing fair?"

"Indeed he had."

"And you taught her English? That is what these beguiling youths always do in novels."

"Yes."

"What was her name?"

"Lili."

"What a pretty name! How old was she?"

"She was six."

"O Philip!" cried Kate; "but I might have known it. Did she love you very much?"

Hope looked up, her eyes full of mild reproach at the possibility of doubting any child's love for Philip. He had been her betrothed for more than a year, during which time she had habitually seen him wooing every child he had met as if it were a woman, — which, for Philip, was saying a great deal. Happily they had in common the one trait of perfect amiability, and she knew no more how to be jealous than he to be constant.

"Lili was easily won," he said. "Other things being equal, people of six prefer that man who is tallest."

"Philip is not so very tall," said the eldest of the boys, who was listening eagerly, and growing rapidly.

"No," said Philip, meekly. "But then the *pasteur* was short, and his brother was a dwarf."

"When Lili found that she could reach the ceiling from Mr. Malbone's shoulder," said Emilia, "she asked no more."

"Then you knew the pastor's family also, my child," said Aunt Jane, looking at her kindly and a little keenly.

"I was allowed to go there sometimes," she began, timidly.

"To meet her American Cousin," interrupted Philip. "I got some relaxation in the rules of the school. But, Aunt Jane, you have told us nothing about your health."

"There is nothing to tell," she answered. "I should like, if it were convenient, to be a little better. But in this life, if one can walk across the

floor, and not be an idiot, it is something. That is all I aim at."

"Is n't it rather tiresome?" said Emilia, as the elder lady happened to look at her.

"Not at all," said Aunt Jane, composedly. "I naturally fall back into happiness, when left to myself."

"So you have returned to the house of your fathers," said Philip. "I hope you like it."

"It is commonplace in one respect," said Aunt Jane. "General Washington once slept here."

"Oh!" said Philip. "It is one of that class of houses?"

"Yes," said she. "There is not a village in America that has not half a dozen of them, not counting those where he only breakfasted. Did ever man sleep like that man? What else could he ever have done? Who governed, I wonder, while he was asleep? How he must have travelled! The swiftest horse could scarcely have carried him from one of these houses to another."

"I never was attached to the memory of Washington," meditated Philip; "but I always thought it was the pear-tree. It must have been that he was such a very unsettled person."

"He certainly was not what is called a domestic character," said Aunt Jane.

"I suppose you are, Miss Maxwell," said Philip. "Do you often go out?"

"Sometimes, to drive," said Aunt Jane. "Yesterday I went shopping with Kate, and sat in the carriage while she bought undersleeves enough for a centipede. It is always so with that child. People talk about the trouble of getting a daughter ready to be married; but it is like being married once a month to live with her."

"I wonder that you take her to drive with you," suggested Philip, sympathetically.

"It is a great deal worse to drive without her," said the impetuous lady. "She is the only person who lets me enjoy things, and now I cannot enjoy them in her absence. Yesterday I drove alone over the three beaches, and left her at home with a dress-maker. Never did I see so many lines of surf; but they only seemed to me like some of Kate's ball-dresses, with the prevailing flounces six deep. I was so enraged that she was not there I wished to cover my face with my handkerchief. By the third beach I was ready for the madhouse."

"Is Oldport a pleasant place to live in?" asked Emilia, eagerly.

"It is amusing in the summer," said Aunt Jane, "though the society is nothing but a pack of visiting-cards. In winter it is too dull for young people, and only suits quiet old women like me, who merely live here to keep the Ten Commandments and darn their stockings."

Meantime the children were aiming at Emilia, whose butterfly looks amazed and charmed them, but who evidently did not know what to do with their eager affection.

"I know about you," said little Helen; "I know what you said when you were little."

"Did I say anything?" asked Emilia, carelessly.

"Yes," replied the child, and began to repeat the oft-told domestic tradition in an accurate way, as if it were a school lesson. "Once you had been naughty, and your papa thought it his duty to slap you, and you cried; and he told you in French, because he always spoke French with you, that he did not punish you for his own pleasure. Then you stopped crying, and asked, 'Pour le plaisir de qui alors?' That means 'For whose pleasure then?' Hope said it was a droll question for a little girl to ask."

"I do not think it was Emilia who asked that remarkable question, little girl," said Kate.

"I dare say it was," said Emilia; "I have been asking it all my life." Her eyes grew very moist, what with fatigue and excitement. But just then, as is apt to happen in this world, they were all suddenly recalled from tears to tea, and the children smothered their curiosity in strawberries and cream.

They sat again beside the western door, after tea. The young moon came from a cloud and dropped a broad path of glory upon the bay; a black yacht glided noiselessly in, and anchored amid this tract of splendor. The shadow of its masts was on the luminous surface, while their reflection lay at a different angle, and seemed to penetrate far below. Then the departing steamer went flashing across this bright realm with gorgeous lustre; its red and green lights were doubled in the paler waves, its four reflected chimneys chased each other among the reflected masts. This jewelled wonder passing, a single fishing-boat drifted silently by, with its one dark sail; and then the moon and the anchored yacht were left alone.

Presently some of the luggage came from the wharf. Malbone brought out presents for everybody; then all the family went to Europe in photographs, and with some reluctance came back to America for bed.

II.

Place aux Dames!

In every town there is one young maiden who is the universal favorite, who belongs to all sets and is made an exception to all family feuds, who is the confidante of all girls and the adopted sister of all young men up to the time when they respectively offer themselves to her, and again after they are rejected. This post was filled in Oldport, in those days, by my cousin Kate.

Born into the world with many other gifts, this last and least definable gift of popularity was added to complete them all. Nobody criticised her, nobody was jealous of her, her very rivals lent her their new music and their lovers; and her own discarded wooers always sought her to be a bridesmaid when they married somebody else.

She was one of those persons who seem to have come into the world well-dressed. There was an atmosphere of elegance around her, like a costume; every attitude implied a presence-chamber or a ball-room. The girls complained that in private theatricals no combination of disguises could reduce Kate to the ranks, nor give her the "make-up" of a waiting-maid. Yet as her father was a New York merchant of the precarious or spasmodic description, she had been used from childhood to the wildest fluctuations of wardrobe; — a year of Paris dresses, — then another year spent in making over ancient finery, that never looked like either finery or antiquity when it came from her magic hands. Without a particle of vanity or fear, secure in health and good-nature and invariable prettiness, she cared little whether the appointed means of grace were ancient silk or modern muslin. In her periods of poverty, she made no secret of the necessary devices; the other girls, of course, guessed them, but her lovers never did, because she always told them in advance. There was one particular tarlatan dress of hers which was a sort of local institution. It was known to all her companions, like the State House. There was a report that she had first worn it at her christening: the report originated with herself. The young men knew that she was going to the party if she could turn that pink tarlatan once more; but they had only the vaguest impression what a tarlatan was, and cared little on which side it was worn, so long as Kate was inside.

During these epochs of privation her life in respect to dress was a perpetual Christmas-tree of second-hand gifts. Wealthy aunts supplied her with cast-off shoes of all sizes from two and a half up to five, and she used them all. She was reported to have worn one straw hat through five changes of fashion. It was averred that, when square crowns were in vogue, she flattened it over a tin-pan; and that, when round crowns returned, she bent it on the bedpost. There was such a charm in her way of adapting these treasures, that the other girls liked to test her with new problems in the way of millinery and dress-making; millionnaire friends implored her to trim their hats,

and lent her their own things in order to learn how to wear them. This applied especially to certain rich cousins, shy and studious girls, who adored her, and to whom society only ceased to be alarming when the brilliant Kate took them under her wing, and graciously accepted a few of their newest feathers. Well might they acquiesce, for she stood by them superbly, and her most favored partners found no way to her hand so sure as to dance systematically through that staid sisterhood. Dear, sunshiny, gracious, generous Kate! — who has ever done justice to the charm given to this grave old world by the presence of one free-hearted and joyous girl?

At the time now to be described, however, Kate's purse was well-filled; and if she wore only second-best finery, it was because she had lent her very best to somebody else. All that her doting father asked was to pay for her dresses and to see her wear them; and if her friends wore a part of them, it only made necessary a larger wardrobe, and more varied and pleasurable shopping. She was as good a manager in wealth as in poverty, wasted nothing, took exquisite care of everything, and saved faithfully for some one else all that was not needed for her own pretty person.

Pretty she was throughout, from the parting of her raven hair to the high instep of her slender foot; a glancing, brilliant brunette beauty, with the piquant charm of perpetual spirits and the equipoise of a perfectly healthy nature. She was altogether graceful, yet she had not the fresh, free grace of her cousin Hope, who was lithe and strong as a hawthorn spray: Kate's was the narrower grace of culture grown hereditary, an in-door elegance that was born in her, and of which dancing-school was but the natural development. You could not picture Hope to your mind in one position more than in another; she had an endless variety of easy motion. When you thought of Kate, you remembered precisely how she sat, how she stood, and how she walked. That was all, and it was always the same. But is not that enough? We do not ask of Mary Stuart's portrait that it should represent her in more than one attitude, and why should a living beauty need more than two or three?

Kate was betrothed to her cousin Harry, Hope's brother; and, though she was barely twenty, they had seemed to appertain to each other for a time so long that the memory of man or maiden aunt ran not to the contrary. She always declared, indeed, that they were born married, and that their wedding-day would seem like a silver wedding. Harry was quiet, unobtrusive, and manly. He might seem commonplace at first beside the brilliant Kate and his more gifted sister; but thorough manhood is never commonplace, and he was a person to whom one could anchor. His strong, steadfast physique was the type of his whole nature; when he came into the room, you felt as if a good many people had been added to the company. He made steady progress in his profession of the law, through sheer worth; he never dazzled, but he led. His type was pure Saxon, with short curling hair, blue eyes, and thin, fair skin, to which the color readily mounted. Up to a certain point he was imperturbably patient and amiable, but, when over-taxed, was fiery and impetuous for a single instant, and no more. It seemed as if a sudden flash of anger went over him, like the flash that glides along the glutinous stem of the fraxinella, when you touch it with a candle; the next moment it had utterly vanished, and was forgotten as if it had never been.

Kate's love for her lover was one of those healthy and assured ties that often outlast the ardors of more passionate natures. For other temperaments it might have been inadequate; but theirs matched perfectly, and it was all-sufficient for them. If there was within Kate's range a more heroic and ardent emotion than that inspired by Harry, it was put forth toward Hope. This was her idolatry; she always said

that it was fortunate Hope was Hal's sister, or she should have felt it her duty to give them to each other, and not die till the wedding was accomplished. Harry shared this adoration to quite a reasonable extent, for a brother; but his admiration for Philip Malbone was one that Kate did not quite share. Harry's quieter nature had been dazzled from childhood by Philip, who had always been a privileged guest in the household. Kate's clear, penetrating, buoyant nature had divined Phil's weaknesses, and had sometimes laughed at them, even from her childhood; though she did not dislike him, for she did not dislike anybody. But Harry was magnetized by him very much as women were; believed him true, because he was tender, and called him only fastidious where Kate called him lazy.

Kate was spending that summer with her aunt Jane, whose especial pet and pride she was. Hope was spending there the summer vacation of a Normal School in which she had just become a teacher. Her father had shared in the family ups and downs, but had finally stayed down, while the rest had remained up. Fortunately, his elder children were indifferent to this, and indeed rather preferred it; it was a tradition that Hope had expressed the wish, when a child, that her father might lose his property, so that she could become a teacher. As for Harry, he infinitely preferred the drudgery of a law office to that of a gentleman of leisure; and as for their step-mother, it turned out, when she was left a widow, that she had secured for herself and Emilia whatever property remained, so that she suffered only the delightful need of living in Europe for economy.

The elder brother and sister had alike that fine physical vigor which New England is now developing, just in time to save it from decay. Hope was of Saxon type, though a shade less blond than her brother; she was a little taller, and of more commanding presence, with a peculiarly noble carriage of the shoulders. Her brow was sometimes criticised as being a little too full for a woman; but her nose was straight, her mouth and teeth beautiful, and her profile almost perfect. Her complexion had lost by out-door life something of its delicacy, but had gained a freshness and firmness that no sunlight could impair. She had that wealth of hair which young girls find the most enviable point of beauty in each other. Hers reached below her knees, when loosened, or else lay coiled, in munificent braids of gold, full of sparkling lights and contrasted shadows, upon her queenly head.

Her eyes were much darker than her hair, and had a way of opening naively and suddenly, with a perfectly infantine expression, as if she at that moment saw the sunlight for the first time. Her long lashes were somewhat like Emilia's, and she had the same deeply curved eyebrows; in no other point was there a shade of resemblance between the half-sisters. As compared with Kate, Hope showed a more abundant physical life; there was more blood in her; she had ampler outlines, and health more absolutely unvaried, for she had yet to know the experience of a day's illness. Kate seemed born to tread upon a Brussels carpet, and Hope on the softer luxury of the forest floor. Out of doors her vigor became a sort of ecstasy, and she walked the earth with a jubilee of the senses, such as Browning attributes to his Saul.

This inexhaustible freshness of physical organization seemed to open the windows of her soul, and make for her a new heaven and earth every day. It gave also a peculiar and almost embarrassing directness to her mental processes, and suggested in them a sort of final and absolute value, as if truth had for the first time found a perfectly translucent medium. It was not so much that she said rare things, but her very silence was eloquent, and there was a great deal of it. Her girlhood had in it a certain dignity, as of a virgin priestess or sibyl. Yet her hearty sympathies and her healthy energy made her

at home in daily life, and in a democratic society. To Kate, for instance, she was a necessity of existence, like light or air. Kate's nature was limited; part of her graceful equipoise was narrowness. Hope was capable of far more self-abandonment to a controlling emotion, and, if she ever erred, would err more widely, for it would be because the whole power of her conscience was misdirected. "Once let her take wrong for right," said Aunt Jane, "and stop her if you can; these born saints give a great deal more trouble than children of this world, like my Kate." Yet in daily life Hope yielded to her cousin nine times out of ten; but the tenth time was the key to the situation. Hope loved Kate devotedly; but Kate believed in her as the hunted fugitive believes in the north star.

To these maidens, thus united, came Emilia home from Europe. The father of Harry and Hope had been lured into a second marriage with Emilia's mother, a charming and unscrupulous woman, born with an American body and a French soul. She having once won him to Paris, held him there life-long, and kept her step-children at a safe distance. She arranged that, even after her own death, her daughter should still remain abroad for education; nor was Emilia ordered back until she brought down some scandal by a romantic attempt to elope from boarding-school with a Swiss servant. It was by weaning her heart from this man that Philip Malbone had earned the thanks of the whole household during his hasty flight through Europe. He possessed some skill in withdrawing the female heart from an undesirable attachment, though it was apt to be done by substituting another. It was fortunate that, in this case, no fears could be entertained. Since his engagement Philip had not permitted himself so much as a flirtation; he and Hope were to be married soon; he loved and admired her heartily, and had an indifference to her want of fortune that was quite amazing, when we consider that he had a fortune of his own.

III.

A Drive on the Avenue.

Oldport Avenue is a place where a great many carriages may be seen driving so slowly that they might almost be photographed without halting, and where their occupants already wear the dismal expression which befits that process. In these fine vehicles, following each other in an endless file, one sees such faces as used to be exhibited in ball-rooms during the performance of quadrilles, before round dances came in, — faces marked by the renunciation of all human joy. Sometimes a faint suspicion suggests itself on the Avenue, that these torpid faces might be roused to life, in case some horse should run away. But that one chance never occurs; the riders may not yet be toned down into perfect breeding, but the horses are. I do not know what could ever break the gloom of this joyless procession, were it not that youth and beauty are always in fashion, and one sometimes meets an exceptional barouche full of boys and girls, who could absolutely be no happier if they were a thousand miles away from the best society. And such a joyous company were our four youths and maidens when they went to drive that day, Emilia being left at home to rest after the fatigues of the voyage.

"What beautiful horses!" was Hope's first exclamation. "What grave people!" was her second.

> "What though in solemn silence all
> Roll round —"

quoted Philip.

"Hope is thinking," said Harry, "whether 'in reason's ear they all rejoice.'"

"How *could* you know that?" said she, opening her eyes.

"One thing always strikes me," said Kate. "The sentence of stupefaction does not seem to be enforced till after five-and-twenty. That young lady we just met looked quite lively and juvenile last year, I remember, and now she has graduated into a dowager."

"Like little Helen's kitten," said

Philip. "She justly remarks that, since I saw it last, it is all spoiled into a great big cat."

"Those must be snobs," said Harry, as a carriage with unusually gorgeous liveries rolled by.

"I suppose so," said Malbone, indifferently. "In Oldport we call all newcomers snobs, you know, till they have invited us to their grand ball. Then we go to it, and afterwards speak well of them, and only abuse their wine."

"How do you know them for newcomers?" asked Hope, looking after the carriage.

"By their improperly intelligent expression," returned Phil. "They look around them as you do, my child, with the air of wide-awake curiosity which marks the American traveller. That is out of place here. The Avenue abhors everything but a vacuum."

"I never can find out," continued Hope, "how people recognize each other here. They do not look at each other unless they know each other; and how are they to know if they know, unless they look first?"

"It seems an embarrassment," said Malbone. "But it is supposed that fashion perforates the eyelids and looks through. If you attempt it in any other way, you are lost. Newly arrived people look about them, and, the more new wealth they have, the more they gaze. The men are uneasy behind their recently educated mustaches, and the women hold their parasols with trembling hands. It takes two years to learn to drive on the Avenue. Come again next summer, and you will see in those same carriages faces of remote superciliousness, that suggest generations of gout and ancestors."

"What a pity one feels," said Harry, "for these people who still suffer from lingering modesty, and need a master to teach them to be insolent!"

"They learn it soon enough," said Kate. "Philip is right. Fashion lies in the eye. People fix their own position by the way they don't look at you."

"There is a certain indifference of manner," philosophized Malbone, "before which ingenuous youth is crushed. I may know that a man can hardly read or write, and that his father was a ragpicker till one day he picked up banknotes for a million. No matter. If he does not take the trouble to look at me, I must look reverentially at him."

"Here is somebody who will look at Hope," cried Kate, suddenly.

A carriage passed, bearing a young lady with fair hair and a keen bright look, talking eagerly to a small and quiet youth beside her. Her face brightened still more as she caught the eye of Hope, whose face lighted up in return, and who then sank back with a sort of sigh of relief, as if she had at last seen somebody she cared for. The lady waved an ungloved hand, and drove by.

"Who is that?" asked Philip, eagerly. He was used to knowing every one.

"Hope's pet," said Kate, "and she who pets Hope, Lady Antwerp."

"Is it possible?" said Malbone. "That young creature? I fancied her ladyship in spectacles, with little side curls. Men speak of her with such dismay."

"Of course," said Kate, "she asks them sensible questions."

"That is bad," admitted Philip. "Nothing exasperates fashionable Americans like a really intelligent foreigner. They feel as Sydney Smith says the English clergy felt about Elizabeth Fry; she disturbs their repose, and gives rise to distressing comparisons, — they long to burn her alive. It is not their notion of a countess."

"I am sure it was not mine," said Hope, "I can hardly remember that she is one; I only know that I like her, she is so simple and intelligent. She might be a girl from a Normal School."

"It is because you are just that," said Kate, "that she likes you. She came here supposing that we had all been at such schools. Then she complained of us, — us girls in what we call good society, I mean, — because, as she more than hinted, we did not seem to know anything."

"Some of the mothers were angry," said Hope. "But Aunt Jane told her that it was perfectly true, and that her ladyship had not yet seen the best-educated girls in America, who were generally the daughters of old ministers and well-to-do shopkeepers in small New England towns, Aunt Jane said."

"Yes," said Kate, "she said that the best of those girls went to High Schools and Normal Schools, and learned things thoroughly, you know; but that we were only taught at boarding-schools and by governesses, and came out at eighteen, and what could we know? Then came Hope, who had been at those schools, and was the child of refined people too, and Lady Antwerp was perfectly satisfied."

"Especially," said Hope, "when Aunt Jane told her that, after all, schools did not do very much good, for if people were born stupid they only became more tiresome by schooling. She said that she had forgotten all she learned at school except the boundaries of Ancient Cappadocia."

Aunt Jane's fearless sayings always passed current among her nieces, and they drove on; Hope not being lowered in Philip's estimation, nor raised in her own, by being the pet of a passing countess.

Who would not be charmed (he thought to himself) by this noble girl, who walks the earth fresh and strong as a Greek goddess, pure as Diana, stately as Juno? She belongs to the unspoiled womanhood of another age, and is wasted among these dolls and butterflies.

He looked at her. She sat erect and graceful, unable to droop into the debility of fashionable reclining, — her breezy hair lifted a little by the soft wind, her face flushed, her full brown eyes looking eagerly about, her mouth smiling happily. To be with those she loved best, and to be driving over the beautiful earth! She was so happy that no mob of fashionables could have lessened her enjoyment, or made her for a moment conscious that anybody looked at her. The brilliant equipages which they met each moment were not wholly uninteresting even to her, for her affections went forth to some of the riders and to all the horses. She was as well contented at that moment, on the glittering Avenue, as if they had all been riding home through country lanes, and in constant peril of being jolted out among the whortleberry-bushes.

Her face brightened yet more as they met a carriage containing a graceful lady, dressed with that exquisiteness of taste that charms both man and woman, even if no man can analyze and no woman rival its effect. She had a perfectly high-bred look, and an eye that in an instant would calculate one's ancestors as far back as Nebuchadnezzar, and bow to them all together. She smiled good-naturedly on Hope and kissed her hand to Kate.

"So, Hope," said Philip, "you are bent on teaching music to Mrs. Meredith's children."

"Indeed I am!" said Hope, eagerly. "O Philip, I shall enjoy it so! I do not care so very much about her, but she has dear little girls. And you know I am a born drudge. I have not been working hard enough to enjoy an entire vacation; but I shall be so very happy here if I can have some real work for an hour or two every other day."

"Hope!" said Philip, gravely, "look steadily at these people whom we are meeting, and reflect. Should you like to have them say, 'There goes Mrs. Meredith's music-teacher?'"

"Why not?" said Hope, with surprise. "The children are young, and it is not very presumptuous. I ought to know enough for that."

Malbone looked at Kate, who smiled with delight, and put her hand on that of Hope. Indeed, she kept it there so long that one or two passing ladies stopped their salutations in mid career, and actually looked after them in amazement at their attitude, as who should say, "What a very mixed society!"

So they drove on, — meeting four-in-hands, and tandems, and donkey-carts, and a goat-cart, and basket-wagons

driven by pretty girls, with uncomfortable youths in or out of livery behind. They met, had they but known it, many who were aiming at notoriety, and some who had it; many who looked contented with their lot, and some who actually were so. They met some who put on courtesy and grace with their kid gloves, and laid away those virtues in their glove-boxes afterwards; while to others the mere consciousness of kid gloves brought uneasiness, redness of the face, and a general impression of being all made of hands. They met the four white horses of an ex-harness-maker, and the superb harnesses of an ex-horse-dealer. Behind these came the gayest and most plebeian equipage of all, a party of journeyman carpenters returning from their work in a four-horse-wagon. Their only fit compeers were an Italian opera-troupe, who were chatting and gesticulating on the piazza of the great hotel, and planning, amid jest and laughter, their future campaigns. Their work seemed like play, while the play around them seemed like work. Indeed, most people on the Avenue seemed to be happy in inverse ratio to their income list.

As our youths and maidens passed the hotel, a group of French naval officers strolled forth, some of whom had a good deal of inexplicable gold lace dangling in festoons from their shoulders, — "top-sail-halyards" the American midshipmen called them. Philip looked hard at one of these gentlemen.

"I have seen that young fellow before," said he, "or his twin brother. But who can swear to the personal identity of a Frenchman?"

THE SUNSHINE OF THE GODS.

I.

WHO shall sunder the fetters,
Who scale the invisible ramparts
Whereon our nimblest forces
Hurl their vigor in vain?
Where, like the baffling crystal
To a wildered bird of the heavens,
Something holds and imprisons
The eager, the stirring brain?

II.

Alas, from the fresh emotion,
From thought that is born of feeling,
From form, self-shaped, and slowly
Its own completeness evolving,
To the rhythmic speech, how long!
What hand shall master the tumult
Where one on the other tramples,
And none escapes a wrong?
Where the crowding germs of a thousand
Fancies encumber the portal,
Till one plucks a voice from the murmurs
And lifts himself into Song!

III.

As a man that walks in the mist,
As one that gropes for the morning
Through lengthening chambers of twilight,
The souls of the poems wander
Restless, and dumb, and lost,
Till the Word, like a beam of morning,
Shivers the pregnant silence,
And the light of speech descends
Like a tongue of the Pentecost!

IV.

Ah, moment not to be purchased,
Not to be won by prayers,
Not by toil to be conquered,
But given, lest one despair,
By the gods in wayward kindness,
Stay — thou art all too fair!
Hour of the dancing measures,
Sylph of the dew and rainbow,
Let us clutch thy shining hair!

V.

For the mist is blown from the mind,
For the impotent yearning is over,
And the wings of the thoughts have power:
In the warmth and the glow creative
Existence mellows and ripens,
And a crowd of swift surprises
Sweetens the fortunate hour;
Till a shudder of rapture loosens
The tears that hang on the eyelids
Like a breeze-suspended shower,
With a sense of heavenly freshness
Blown from beyond the sunshine,
And the blood, like the sap of the roses,
Breaks into bud and flower.

VI.

'Tis the Sunshine of the Gods,
The sudden light that quickens,
Unites the nimble forces,
And yokes the shy expression
To the thoughts that waited long, —
Waiting and wooing vainly:
But now they meet like lovers
In the time of willing increase,
Each warming each, and giving
The kiss that maketh strong:
And the mind feels fairest May-time
In the marriage of its passions,
For Thought is one with Speech,

In the Sunshine of the Gods,
And Speech is one with Song!

VII.

Then a rhythmic pulse makes order
In the troops of wandering fancies:
Held in soft subordination,
Lo! they follow, lead, or fly.
The fields of their feet are endless,
And the heights and the deeps are open
To the glance of the equal sky:
And the Masters sit no longer
In inaccessible distance,
But give to the haughtiest question,
Smiling, a sweet reply.
The Masters, dwelling forever
In the Sunshine of the Gods,
Unbend their brows and greet us,
And we catch the golden secret
Of the strains that shall not die.

VIII.

Dost mourn, because the moment
Is a gift beyond thy will, —
A gift thy dreams had promised,
Yet they gave to Chance its keeping
And fettered thy free achievement
With the hopes they not fulfil?
Dost sigh o'er the fleeting rapture,
The bliss of reconcilement
Of powers that work apart,
Yet lean on each other still?

IX.

Be glad, for this is the token,
The sign and the seal of the Poet:
Were it held by will or endeavor,
There were naught so precious in Song.
Wait: for the shadows unlifted
To a million that crave the sunshine,
Shall be lifted for thee erelong.
Light from the loftier regions
Here unattainable ever, —
Bath of brightness and beauty, —
Let it make thee glad and strong!
Not to clamor or fury,
Not to lament or yearning,
But to faith and patience cometh —
To faith and serene obedience —
The Sunshine of the Gods,
The hour of perfect Song!

A LITERARY GOURMAND.

IT has been the gift and ambition of but few men to make us taste through their language what they have enjoyed at the table. The essayist makes us relish his favorite author, the critic makes us delight in his favorite picture, the poet makes us share his pleasure in nature; but upon what writer can we place our hand and say he makes us taste his table?

We believe civilization to be the normal state of man, and we have no literary appreciation of the very bond, sign, result, and utmost refinement of civilization, — a good dinner! — a dinner that is an obvious work of art, the palpable correspondence of all the fleeting and invisible pleasures of music! The analogy is indicated in the fact that all great practitioners of music have been gourmands. The whole musical scale can be represented in a dinner. There are dinners that produce a bodily exhilaration and increase the sentiment of life like the sound of martial music.

But some of us believe that a poor dinner is the next thing to virtue, and indigestion the painful path of piety! — for which reason we eat pies, and pie-crust is a sweet and coveted thing. We have barbarously ignored the high literary claims of taste, which makes a servant of the organ of our noblest eloquence, and refines our appetites to delicacies unknown to the voracious maw of animals. We have neither the tongues of donkeys to lubricate thistles nor the taste of dogs; but an exquisite organ, sensitive to all the fine and complex savors scattered over the world, and for which we have made conquests, extended commerce, and become *savant*.

Most well-to-do people think that they dine every day. They flatter themselves that they have intelligently provided for the needs of their best friend, the body. How many I have seen with brute insensibility and haste open their mouths and throw down food as in a funnel, ignoring the fact that nature has designed everything to be tested in the reception-room of the mouth, has placed over it eyes to see and please, nostrils to warn and gratify, a palate to satisfy and delight, and an intelligence to direct and discriminate.

Taste has the most powerful and perfect servants; yet how often we sit down to eat without having invoked the aid of any but the rudest of them, — the hands! So insensible are we to its claims upon us, that we accept anything from a cook, and enroll in the kitchen, to "get dinner," an ignorant and uncivilized race of beings. And such a dinner! We have dined like animals; we have merely appeased our appetite; we have not gratified our taste! Our dinners should be concocted by the most delicate and sensitively organized beings; then we should be able to say, "We have dined," — now we merely feed. Then we should rise, stimulated and refreshed, to do delicate and spiritual work, think with ease and gayety, and go through life as though it were a festival.

But what disdain my dyspeptic friends have for such fond dreams! And how pityingly my pale-faced, dry-skinned, watery-eyed censoress contemplates my gross subjection to the pleasures of the table, and declares, "They who make gods of their stomachs come to no good end!" Meantime *she* lives a thin, starved, sapless life; sits, chilly, over a low furnace-fire in winter; has great veneration for doctors, and believes druggists the benefactors of our race. And I imagine what a pretty woman she would have made had she early been converted to the doctrines of the gourmands. Her eyes would now be brilliant, her lips full and red, her conversation agreeable, all her

movements gentle and gracious. Sitting opposite to her rounded and luminous face, served by her delicate hands, I should look upon a countenance that would have silenced and pleased Cato the Censor.

It is vulgar and barbarous to be careless about gratifying the taste; and I believe with Dr. Johnson, — who, however, was more of a glutton than a gourmand, — that a man who does not care for his stomach is not to be trusted. Women, who instruct us in all things, — who are Muses and Sibyls, — can teach us to have a just appreciation of the table. Women are by nature *gourmandes*. They have the natural daintiness of taste and delicacy of appetite that rejects the rude preparations satisfying savage and masculine hunger.

The English have gluttons; the French have gourmands. A celebrated French gourmand has remarked with pride, that *coquetterie* and *gourmandise*, the two grand modifications that extreme sociability has imposed upon our most imperious needs, are exclusively French in their origin. The gourmand is an intelligent and highly cultivated being; the glutton, an offence to gods and men, is a voracious beast with a dirty napkin sitting before an overloaded table. Of such I do not speak. My type is an illustrious one, the celebrated Brillat-Savarin, author of *Physiologie du Goût*, or *Méditations de Gastronomie transcendante, ouvrage théorique, historique, et à l'ordre du jour, dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens*. He was deputy to the *États Généraux*, later to the *Assemblée Constituante*, author of an historical and critical essay upon the duel, and of *Fragments sur l'Administration judiciare;* "distinguished as a musician; speaking perfectly all the learned languages; instructed as doctor, anatomist, physiologist, chemist, astronomer; a skilful *littérateur*, a good hunter, and loved as an amiable and good man. He applied all his knowledge to the art of eating in a work which has been compared with *L'Éloge de la Folie*, *Vert Vert*, and *Le Lutrin*, for its charming *badinage*, and in which is condensed a true French spirit, lucid, sharp, of a prodigious vitality, gracious, fine, and ironical." Balzac, referring to Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût*, wrote that "no prose-writer since the sixteenth century, if I except La Bruyère and La Rochfoucauld, has given to the French phrase a relief so vigorous."

I have now to appeal to all the good livers of our land, — those little round men, with round, prominent, sparkling eyes, creased with the generous and tender lines of good-nature, the skin florid and fine, the mouth full, and the general air benign and expectant. Assemble! Heads up, eyes open, nostrils expanded, faces beaming! I announce to you the apostle of your faith, the advocate of your cause, the exemplar of your life, the justifier of your being; rich in all the resources of this mundane world, the inimitable teller of "good stories," apt in his knowledge, learned in the lore of "dinners, real and reputed." I have to make you acquainted with the *vif* and solicitous Brillat-Savarin! His aphorisms are current in two continents. We speak them as we speak the aphorisms of Shakespeare or of Goethe. As, for example, how often we have heard: —

I. "Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are."

II. "The table is the only place where one never feels *ennui* during the first hour."

III. "The destiny of nations depends upon their manner of nourishment."

IV. "In obliging man to eat to sustain life, the Creator invites him to it by appetite, and rewards him with pleasure."

V. "*Gourmandise* is an act of our judgment by which we grant a preference to things which are agreeable to the taste over those which have not that quality."

VI. "The pleasure of the table belongs to all ages, to all conditions, to all countries, and to every day. It can be associated with all other pleasures,

and it abides the last to console us for their loss."

Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût* is the art and science of life; it is the explanation of being. It is of a ravishing naturalness, full of the most savory pages that you can imagine, replete with the odors and flavors of things. A pinch of it sprinkled through dusty folios ought to work a kind of magic upon their dry, sapless, barren sentences. Brillat-Savarin describes a sensation, an odor, a flavor, an omelet, a fish, a turkey, with aggravating and inviting naturalness; and, over his realism he scatters sentiment. He analyzes and reflects without pedantry or tediousness. For example, in his analysis of the sensation of taste, he describes the eating of a peach; and the description is a marvel of realism with words. Keats's description of the eating of a nectarine is hardly more expressive; it is second only to Lamb's savory description of roast pig: —

"When you eat a peach, for instance, you are first agreeably struck by the odor which it emits; you bite it, and you feel a sensation of coolness and of acidity which invites you to go on eating; but it is only at the moment when you swallow, and when the morsel passes under the nasal *fosse*, that the perfume becomes revealed to you, so that the sensation is complete that a peach must give. And it is only when you have swallowed it all, that, judging what you have felt, you say to yourself, 'How delicious!'"

Ah, the dear old gourmand! and when he speaks of wine he is equally vivid: —

"Alike when you drink: as long as the wine lingers in the mouth, you are agreeably, yet not perfectly, impressed; it is only at the moment when you cease to swallow that you can truly taste, appreciate, and discover the perfume peculiar to each kind; and a little interval of time is required for the *gourmet* to say, 'It is good, tolerable, bad, — it is *Chambertin!*'"

Brillat-Savarin describes the gradations of pleasure which one derives from the flavor and look of things as neatly and lovingly as a painter defines the tints, the delicate and pure gradations, that distinctly play and mingle in beautiful harmony upon a woman's cheek! He supports the dignity of his science by citing its illustrious servitors; he recommends it to us by the good nourishment and civilizing pleasure it affords. It is royal and democratic at the same time, directing the banquets of kings, and deciding the number of minutes necessary for the cooking of a plebeian egg. The science of gastronomy instructs us in the effect of aliments upon the morality of man, their effect upon his imagination, judgment, courage, perceptions, and it explains his theologies. It enables us to know what we should associate in a good dinner, the order of service, the relation of aliments to climate and temperament; and teaches us to prepare our food to administer to the highest physical and intellectual life, — how to produce a harmonious action of all the forces of our being.

The following rules are characteristic and instructive: —

"But the impatient reader may ask, How must a dinner be prepared in the year of grace 1825, that will procure in a supreme degree the pleasure of the table?

"I will answer the question. Be attentive, readers, and give ear. It is Gastria, — it is the prettiest-looking of all the Muses, who inspires me; I shall be clearer than any oracle, and my precepts shall go through the ages.

"Let not the number of guests exceed twelve, so that the conversation may be general. Let them be selected so well that their occupation may be varied, their taste analogous, and with such points of contact that the odious formality of presentation may be avoided.

"Let the dining-room be lighted with luxury; the dinner-table beautifully set; the atmosphere not above sixty degrees.

"Let the men be witty without pretension, and the women charming without being flirts.

"Let the dishes be of an exquisite selection, but not profuse; and the wines of the first choice, each one in its degree.

"Let the progression for the first be from the most substantial to the lightest.

"Let the movement of eating be moderate; the dinner being the last business of the day, the guests should be like travellers wishing to arrive together at the same end.

"Let the coffee be burning and the liquors perfect. The drawing-room should be spacious enough to organize a whist-party for those who cannot do without it, so that there remains space enough for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Let the guests be kept by the enjoyment of the company, and reanimated by the hope that the evening shall not be spent without more pleasure.

"Let the tea be not too strong, the toast artistically buttered, and the punch prepared with care. No one should begin to retire before eleven, but by twelve o'clock everybody must be in bed."

Brillat-Savarin tells us that the predestined gourmand is generally of a medium size, the face full, the nose short, the lips fleshy, and the chin round. He is chiefly found among financiers, physicians, men of letters, and the clergy in France. The *chevaliers* and *abbés* of the eighteenth century were great gourmands; and at the same time several monastic orders made a profession of good living. The *cuisiniers* of the archbishops were famous as those of kings. The following is a clever bit of character by Brillat-Savarin: —

"Those dear friends, what gourmands they were! It was impossible to mistake their wide-opened eyes, their shining lips, their smacking tongues. They had a particular way of eating. The chevaliers had something military in their *pose;* they administered morsels to themselves with dignity; they worked calmly, and looked horizontally and approvingly from the master of the house to the mistress.

"The abbés, on the contrary, made themselves smaller to reach their plates; their right hand became rounded, like the paw of a cat drawing chestnuts from the fire; their faces were all enjoyment, and their look had a concentrated expression, easier to see than to describe."

The *Physiologie du Goût* is composed of thirty meditations, in which, with great ease and naturalness of expression, Brillat-Savarin crowds an immense amount of matter entertaining and instructive to a civilized reader. It is a book that should be translated into English, and placed in every gentleman's house, — the next generation would show an increase of refinement, and have the taste and art to get the whole good of life. Our lawyers and doctors and book-makers, instructed by Brillat-Savarin, would have better complexions, better health, and the zest of life. The author of *Physiologie du Goût* unfolds the whole science of living well, of complete and enjoyable nourishment of the body. He tells us of the gradual perfection of the art of living; that not until the eighteenth century had it reached its proper development; that it needed all the other sciences to produce its best results.

In spite of the enormous expense of Roman dinners, we are not to imagine that they dined so well as the French of the last century. Roman dinners were like culinary puzzles, meant to surprise the wondering mind and boyish imagination of the Roman. A Roman dinner with a dish that had a portion of seven thousand choice birds in it, and another that had two thousand kinds of fish, was better as an example of extravagance than of good taste. The Roman dinner was necessarily deprived of many of the choicest concoctions which grace the modern table, because those concoctions were unknown to the ancients. We must believe that the immense increase of commerce and the development of science have enabled us to get up a better dinner than the Greek or Roman cook. We have more fruits, more savors, more excitants, and rare viands do not cost us so much. But the ancients made more

use of the fine arts to enrich their festive dinners than we do, and the most beautiful women came to embellish their festivities. Melody and movement, and beautiful forms, were essential to the æsthetic perfection of a Roman dinner, as also the most precious perfumes. But the barbarian hordes from the North made sad work with the delicacies of the Roman *cuisine;* their ferocious mouths were insensible to the sweetness of the delicate morsels loved by the epicureans ; and they had more pleasure in immense quarters of beef, bleeding, and smoking upon the table, than in the masterpiece of the cook.

The preface to the *Physiologie du Goût* is good as a page of Montaigne, and an appropriate prelude to a book full of French garrulity, that begets a pleasant and easy temper in the reader. How admirable Brillat-Savarin's pen-sketches are you may judge from the following bit, which I take from one of his best stories, relating to his experience while in this country, fifty years ago : —

"I made the acquaintance of Mr. Wilkinson, a planter of Jamaica, and of a man who was doubtless one of his friends, for he never left him. The latter, whose name I never knew, was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met. He had a square face, bright eyes, and appeared to examine everything with attention ; but he never spoke, and his features were immovable like a blind man's. Only when he heard a comical word, a sally of wit, his face expanded, his eyes shut, and, opening a mouth as large as a pavilion, he sent forth a prolonged sound like a laugh and a neigh, called in English a *horse-laugh*, after which everything was in order once more, and he resumed his customary taciturnity ; it was an effect like a flash of lightning tearing open a cloud."

It remains for me to give the biographical notice of Brillat-Savarin which places him before our serious public in all his dignity of judge and patriot. Brillat-Savarin was born at Belley, France, the 1st of April, 1775, of a family whose heads, for several centuries, had discharged judicial functions with distinction. He passed his youth in the quiet and meditative life of the country, studied the great masters of style, for which he had a passionate admiration, without dreaming that in his turn he should become a model and belong to their school. Reading, hunting, and the functions of civil lieutenant, occupied his time until the revolution came to draw him out of obscurity. After serving a term as deputy, he was unanimously chosen president of the civil tribunal of Ain ; afterwards named judge in the *Cour de Cassation* established by the constitution of 1791 ; later, elected *maire* of his native city. Traduced before the revolutionary tribunal, he was compelled to take refuge in Switzerland, and finally he embarked for the United States. He settled in New York, gave lessons in French, played in the orchestra of a theatre, and supported himself in exile with dignity and serenity. After three years he profited by the first change of events in France, and embarked for Havre. The Reign of Terror over, he again went into public service, and passed the next twenty-five years of his life as judge and *bon-vivant*, and gave a characteristic and inimitable book to his countrymen, — called a *divine* book by Hoffman, — the delight of every free and amiable reader. This grave judge did not disdain to amuse while he instructed, and he carried his moderation and good sense into every-day life. He aimed to grace a brute necessity with all the charms of a fine art ; to help others in the same way, he gave his meditations to them in an enduring literary form. His book should supplement Rabelais and Montaigne, and is proof that the mellowness of the old French spirit was still in its contemporary literature at the time when Voltaire had made it sparkle and bite. His *Élégie Historique* is a delightful bit of humor.

"First parents of the human race, whose *gourmandise* is historical, who lost yourselves for an apple, what would

you have done for a turkey with truffles? But in Paradise there were neither cooks nor confectioners.

"How I pity you!

"Powerful kings, who ruined superb Troy, your valor will be told from age to age; but your table was poor. Reduced to a quarter of beef or a pig's back, you forever ignored the charms of a *matelotte* and the delights of a chicken fricassee.

"How I pity you!

"Aspasia, Chloe, and all you whose forms have been immortalized by the chisel of the Greeks for the despair of the belles of to-day, never did your charming mouths taste the *suavité* of a *meringue à la vanille* or *à la rose;* you had hardly risen to the height of gingerbread.

"How I pity you!

"Gentle priestesses of Vesta, covered with so much honor and threatened with such horrible torture, if you had but tasted those pleasant sirups that refresh the soul, those candied fruits that brave the seasons, those perfumed creams, marvel of our days!

"How I pity you!

"Roman statesmen, who possessed the world then known, never did your renowned *salons* know either those succulent jellies, the delight of the lazy, or those variegated ices whose cold could defy the torrid zone.

"How I pity you!

"Invincible paladins, celebrated by *chantres gabeurs* when you had split open giants, delivered ladies, exterminated armies, never, alas! never did a dark-eyed captive present to you sparkling champagne, malvoisie from Madeira, liquors, creation of 'the great century'; you were reduced to beer.

"How I pity you!

"Abbés, decorated, mitred; dispensers of Heaven's favors; and you terrible Templars, who armed yourselves for the extermination of the Saracens, — you never knew the sweetness of the restoring chocolate or the Arabic bean that engenders thought.

"How I pity you!

"Superb *châtelaines*, who, during the dearth of the Crusades, raised to the supreme ranks your almoners and your pages, you never partook of the charms of sponge-cake and the delights of macaroons.

"How I pity you!"

The purely instructive part of the book anticipated most of our current knowledge concerning the nature and quality of aliments and stimulants, and is supplemented by several exhaustive pages by Balzac upon modern excitants. In conclusion, I may say, the *Physiologie du Goût* is a complete and savory book, that makes us know and enjoy the pleasure of a good dinner; and this is no more an every-day occurrence than the sight of a beautiful picture, the reading of a great poem, or the hearing of a fine opera.

THE GOOD-NATURED PENDULUM.

AN old clock, which stood in the corner of Parson Whipple's schoolroom, suddenly began to tick twice as fast as usual. It did so for two or four hours, according as you counted time by its beats or by an hour-glass. Then it ticked for the remainder of its life at apparently the same rate as usual. This was never a discontented pendulum; and on that day, Singleton and I, who were the only boys in its counsels, thought it was very good-natured.

But I do not pretend it was right. Have I said it was right for the pendulum to tick so? I have not said it. I have only said that it was good-natured in the pendulum to tick twice as fast as usual, when it simply knew that I

DORCHESTER.

wished it to do so. I am not holding up the pendulum as an example for other pendulums, or for readers of the Atlantic. I wish people would not be so eager in their lookout for morals. I have not even said that the pendulum is the hero of this story. I have only said that it was good-natured, and that, as before, it ticked as I then said. Having simply said that, and hardly said even that, I am attacked with this question, whether my story is moral or not, whether the pendulum did right or not; and you tell me coolly that you do not know whether you will take the magazine another year, if the conduct of such pendulums is approved in it. Once and again, then, although I was then responsible for what the pendulum did, I assert that I am not now responsible for it. I was then fourteen, and am now hard on fifty-six, so I must have changed atomically six times since then. I reject responsibility for all my acts at Parson Whipple's. I do not justify the pendulum, I do not justify myself, far less do I justify Singleton. I only say it was a good-natured pendulum.

It happened thus: —

We were all to go after chestnuts, and we had made immense preparation, the old dominie not unwilling. We had sewed up into many bags some old bed-tick, dear, kind Miss Tryphosa had given us; we had coaxed Clapp's cousin Perkins, — son of Matthew Perkins third, of the old black Perkins blood, — we had coaxed him into getting the black mare for us from his father. Clapp was to harness him, and we were to have the school wagon to bring our spoils home. We had laid in with the Varnum boys to meet us at the cross-roads in the hollow; and, in short, we were to give the trees such a belaboring as chestnut-trees had not known in many years. For all this we had the grant of a half-holiday; we had by great luck a capital sharp frost on Tuesday, we had everything but — time.

Red Jacket would have told us we had all the time there was, and, if Mr. Emerson had come along, he might have enforced the lesson. But he was elsewhere just then, and the trouble with us was, that, having all the time there was, we wanted more. And no hard bestead conductor on a single-track road, eager to "make the time" which he must have to reach the predestined switch in season, ever questioned and entreated his engineer more volubly than we assailed each other as to how we could make the short afternoon answer for the gigantic purposes of this expedition. You see there is a compensation in all things. If you have ever gone after chestnuts, you have found out that the sun sets mighty near five o'clock when you come to the 20th of October; and if you don't get through school till one, and then must all have dinner, I tell you it is very hard to start fourteen boys after dinner, and drive the wagon, and walk the boys down to the Hollow, and then meet the Varnums and drive up that rough road to Clapp's grandmother's, and then take down the bars and lead the horse in through the pasture to where we meant to tie him in the edge of the hemlock second-growth, and then to carry the bags across the stream, and so work up on the hill where the best trees are; — I say it is very hard to do all that and come out on the road again and on the way home before dark. And if you think it is easy to do it in three hours and a half, I wish you would try. All is, I will not give sixteen cents for all the chestnuts you get in that way.

So, as I said, we wanted to make the time. Well, dear Miss Tryphosa said that she would put dinner at twelve, if we liked, and if we could coax the dominie to let us out of school then. So we asked Hackmatack to ask him, and Hackmatack did not dare to, but he coaxed Sarah Clavers to ask him. The old man loved Sarah Clavers, as everybody did. She was a sweet little thing, and she did her best! Old man, I call him! That was the way we talked. Let me see, he graduated in 1811, — I guess he was in Everett's class and Frothingham's. The "old man," as we called him, must have been thirty-

seven years old then, — nineteen years younger than I am to-day. Old man indeed!

Well, little Sarah did her prettiest. But the old man — there it is again — kissed her, and stroked her face, and said he had given the school a half-holiday, and he thought his duties to the parents forbade his giving any more. And when little Sarah tried again, all he would say was, that, if we would get up early and be dressed when the first bell rang, we might "go in" to school at eight instead of nine. Then school could be done at twelve, — Miss Tryphosa might do as she chose about dinner, but, if she chose, we might be off before one. This was something, and we made the most of it.

Still we wished we could make a little more time. And as it was ordered, — wisely, I have no doubt, — though, as I said, I do not pretend to justify the use we made of the order, — as it was ordered, — that very Tuesday afternoon, when we were all at work in the school-room, Brereton — that Southern boy, you know — was reciting in "Scientific Dialogues" to the Parson. I think it must have been "Scientific Dialogues," but I am not sure. Queer, I was going to say it was Pynchon, who has distinguished himself so about all those things since. But that is a trick memory plays you. Pynchon must be ten years younger than Brereton; I dare say he never saw him. It was Brereton — Bill Brereton — was reciting, and he was reciting about the pendulum. The old man told him about Galileo's chandelier, I remember.

Well, then and there I saw the whole thing in my mind as I see it now. Singleton saw it too. He was hearing some little boys in Liber Primus, but he turned round gravely, and looked me full in the face. I looked at him and nodded. Nor from that day to this have I ever had to discuss the details of the matter with him. Only he and I did three things in consequence of that stare and that nod, — he did two, and I did one.

What he did was to go into the dominie's bedroom, when he went up stairs after tea, take his watch-key from the pin it hung on, and put it into his second bureau drawer under his woollen socks. Then he went across into Miss Tryphosa's room, and hung her watch-key on a tack behind her looking-glass. He thought she would not look there, and, as it happened, she never did. Those were in the early days. School-boys had no watches then. I do not think they even wrote home for them. If they did, the watches did not come.

I do not recollect that George then told me he did this; but I knew he did, because I knew he could. I had no fear whatever, when I went to bed that night, that the doctor would wind up his watch, or Miss Tryphosa hers. As it happened, neither of them did. Each asked the other for a key, the master tried the old gold key which hung at his fob, which had been worn out by his grandfather when he was before Quebec with Amherst. Both of them said it was very careless in Chloe, and both of them went to bed.

We all got up early the next day, as we had promised. But before breakfast I did not go near the clock, — you need not charge that on me. I hurried the others, — got them to breakfast, — and ate my own speedily. Then I did go into the school-room ten minutes before the crowd. I locked both doors and drew down the paper-hanging curtain. I took a brad-awl out of my pocket, and unscrewed the pendulum from the bottom of the rod. I left it in the bottom of the box. I took a horse-shoe from my pocket and lashed it tight with packthread about a quarter way down the rod, — perhaps two inches above the quarter. I put in a nail after it was tied, twisted the string round it twice, — and rammed the point into the knot. Then I started the pendulum again, — found to my delight that it was very good-natured, and ticked twice as fast as I ever heard it, — I shut and locked the clock door, rolled up the paper-hanging curtain, and unlocked the school doors. If you choose to say

I went to the clock after breakfast, before school, that is true, — I do not deny it. If you say I went before breakfast, I do deny it, — that is not true. If you ask if it was right for me to do so, — as you implied you were going to do, — I do not claim that it was. I have not said it was right. All I have said yet is that the pendulum was good-natured. And I will always protest, — as I have often done before, — against these interruptions.

I suppose I was engaged three minutes in these affairs. I cannot tell, because the clock had stopped, and, when we are pleasantly employed, time flies. I was not interrupted. Nobody came into that school-room before it was time. In the Boston schools now they hire the scholars to be unpunctual, giving them extra credits if they arrive five minutes too early. If they knew, as well as I do, what nuisances people are who come before the time fixed for their arrival, they would not bribe the children in that direction. Certainly dear old Parson Whipple did not. We went in when the clock struck, and we went out when it struck. He had no idea of improving on what was exactly right. If he had read Voltaire, he would have said, "Le mieux est l'ennemi du bon."

So when the clock struck eight we rushed in. Reverent silence at prayers. I suppose my conscience pricked me, I have very little doubt it did, — but I don't remember it at all. Little boys called up in Latin grammar. Luckily they were all well up, and gabbled off their lesson in fine style: —

"Amussis, a mason's rule.

"Buris, the beam of a plough," &c., &c.

The lesson went down — one exception to each boy — without one halt; the master nodded pleasure, and passed up to the first boy again; down it went again, and down again. These were bright little fellows; not one mistake, — perfect credits all.

"It is a very good lesson," said the dear old soul. "It 's a pleasure to hear boys when they recite so well. This will give us a little time for me to show you — "

What he was going to show them I do not know. He turned round as he said "time," and saw to his amazement that the clock pointed to 8.30. He put his hand to his watch unconsciously, and half smiled when he saw it had run down.

"No matter," said he, "we are later than I thought. Seats, — algebra boys."

So we took our places, and very much the same thing followed. Singleton and I were sent to the blackboards, for the dear old man was in advance of the age in those matters, — and we did our very quickest. But Hackmatack had not our motive, and perhaps did not understand the algebra so well, so that he stumbled and made a long business of it, and so did the boy who was next to him. That boy was still on the rack, too much puzzled to see what Singleton meant by holding up three fingers of one hand and one of the other, when the Parson said, "I cannot spend all the morning upon you; sit down, sir," sent another boy to the board to explain my work, looked at the clock, and was this time fairly surprised to see that it was already half past nine. He seized the opportunity for a Parthian lesson to Brereton and Hackmatack. "Half an hour each on one of the simplest problems in the book. And I must put off the other boys till to-morrow." The other boys were a little amazed at their respite, but took the goods the gods provided without comment. We went to our seats, and in a very few minutes it was quarter of ten, and we were sent out to recess. Recess, you know, was quarter of an hour; it generally began at quarter of eleven, but to-day we had it at quarter of ten, because school was an hour earlier. I say quarter of ten because the clock said so. The sun was overcast with a heavy Indian-summer mist, so we could not compare the clock with the sundial.

The little boys carried out their lunch as usual, going through the store-closet on the way. But there was not much enthusiasm on the subject of lunch, and

a good deal of generosity was observed in the offer from one to another of apples and doughnuts, — which, however, were not often accepted. I soon stopped this by saying that nobody wanted lunch, because we were to dine so early, and proposing that we should all save our provisions for the afternoon picnic. Meanwhile, I conferred with Clapp about the black mare. He said she was in the upper pasture, which was the next field to our sugar-lot; and he thought he would run across now and drive her down into the lower pasture, in which case she would be standing by the bars as soon as school was over, and he could take her at once, and give her some grain while we were eating our dinner. Clapp, you see, was a day scholar. I asked him if he should have time, and he said of course he should, in fact, he was not out of sight of the house before the master looked out of the window, and recalled him. Even the little boys said it was the shortest recess they had ever known.

So far as I felt any anxiety that day, it was in the next exercise. This was the regular writing of copies by the whole school. Now the writing of copies is a pretty mechanical business, and the master was a pretty methodical man, and when he assigned to us ten lines of the copy-book to be written in twenty-five minutes, giving him five for "inspection," he meant very nearly what he said, as he generally did. I ventured to say to Hackmatack and Clapp, as we sat down at our form, "Let 's all write like hokey." But I did not dare explain to them, and far less to the others, why the writing should be rapid. Earlier than that, my uncle had taught me one of the great lessons of life, "If you want your secret kept, keep it."

So we all fell to, — on

Time trips for triflers, but flies for the faithful,

which was the copy for the big boys for the day. The little boys were still mum-mum-mumming in very large letters. Singleton and I put in our fastest, — and Clapp and Hackmatack caught the contagion. The master sat correcting Latin exercises, and the school was very still, as always when we were writing. How lucky that you never could hear the old clock tick when the case was shut and fastened! I should not be much worried now by the stint we had then, but in those days these fingers were more fit for bats and balls than for pens, and the upstrokes had to be very fine and the down strokes very heavy. Still, we had always thought it a bore to be kept twenty-five minutes on those ten lines, and so we had some margin to draw upon. And as that rapid, good-natured minute-hand neared the V on the clock I finished the *u* in the last "faithful," — having unfortunately no room left on the line for the *l*. Hackmatack was but a word behind me, and Clapp and Singleton had but a few "faithfuls" to finish. Why do boys think it easier to write their words in columns than in lines? Is it simply because this is the wrong way, — O shade of Calvin! — or that the primeval civilization still lingers in their blood, and the Fathers wrote so, O Burlingame and shade of Confucius?

We sat up straight, and held our long quill pens erect, as was our duty when we had finished. The little boys from their side of the room looked up surprised; and redoubled the vicious speed by which already their *mums* had been debasing themselves into *uiuiui* with the dots to the *i*'s omitted. Faithful Brereton and Harris and Wells — I can see them now — plodded on unconscious; I could see that none of them had advanced more than a quarter down his page.

For a few minutes the dominie did not observe our erected pen-feathers, so engaged was he in altering a "sense line" of Singleton's or somebody's. The "sense" of this line was, that "the virtuous father of Minerva always rewarded green conquerors," such epithets and expletives having suggested themselves from Browne's Viridarium. But the last syllable of "Palladis" had

got snagged behind a consonant, and the amiable dominie was relieving it from the over-pressure. So we sat like Roman senators, with our quill sceptres poised, — not coughing nor moving, nor in any way calling his attention, that the others might have the more time. And the little boys fairly galloped with their *mums*. But our sedate fellows on the other form plodded painfully on, — and had only finished seven lines when Mr. Whipple looked up, saw the senators and the sceptres, and said, reproachfully: "You cannot all have hurried through that copy! The chestnuts turn your heads." With the moment, he turned his, to see that the minute-hand had passed a full half-circle. "Is it half past?" he said, innocently. "I beg your pardon; but among the Muses, you know, we are unconscious of time. Well, well, let us see. Rather shabby, George, — rather shabby; not near so good as yesterday;

'*Some strains are short and some are shorter*';

and you too, Singleton. I do not know when you have been so careless, — you both of you are in such haste. See, Wells and Harris have not yet finished their lines."

Wells and Harris I think were as much astonished in their way; for it was not their wont to come in sixth and seventh, — fairly distanced, indeed, — on any such race-course. But there was little time for criticism. That good-natured pendulum was rushing on. The little boys escaped without comment on those vicious *m*'s, and, if there were anything in the system, each one of them ought to write "commonwealth" now, so that it should pass the proof-reader as "counting-house." But there is not much in the system, and I dare say they are all bank presidents, editors, professors of penmanship, or other men of letters.

The clock actually pointed at quarter of eleven! Now at 10.30 we should have been out at recitation, translating Camilla well over the plain. We had thrown her across the river on a lance the day before. We shuffled out, and I, still in a hurry, had to be corrected for speed by the master. I then assumed a more decorous tone, his grated nerves were soothed as he heard the smooth cadences of the Latin, — and then, of course, just the same thing happened as before. The lesson was ninety lines, but we had not read half of them when Miss Tryphosa put in her head to look at the clock.

"Beg pardon, brother, my watch has run down. Bless me, it is half past eleven!" And she receded as suddenly as she came. As she went she was heard asking, "Where can the morning have gone?" and observing to vacant space in the hall, that "the potatoes were not yet on the fire." As for the dominie, he ascribed all this to our beginning the Virgil too late; said we might stay on the benches and finish it now, and gave the little boys another "take" in their arithmetics, while we stayed till the welcome clock struck twelve.

"Certainly a short morning, boys. So much for being quiet and good. Good day, now, and a pleasant afternoon to you." It is at this point, so far as I know, that my conscience, for the first time, tingled a little.

A little, but, alas, not long! We rushed in for dinner. Poor Miss Tryphosa had to apologize for the first and last time in her life! Somehow we had caught her, she said. She was sure she had no idea how, — but the morning had seemed very short to her, and so our potatoes were not done. But they would be done before long, — and of course we had not expected much from a picked-up dinner, an hour early. We all thanked and praised. I cut the cold corned beef, and we fell to, — our appetites, unlunched, beginning to come into condition. My only trouble was to keep the rest back till Miss Tryphosa's potatoes — the largest a little hard at heart — appeared.

For, in truth, the boys were all wild to be away. And as soon as the potatoes were well freed from their own

jackets and imprisoned under ours, I cut the final slices of the beef. Hackmatack cut the corresponding bread; the little boys took galore of apples and of doughnuts; we packed all in the lunch-baskets, took the hard eggs beside, and the salt, and were away. As the boys went down the hill, I stopped in the school-room, locked the doors, drew the curtain, opened the clock, cut the packthread, pocketed the horseshoe, screwed on the bob, and started the pendulum again. A very good-natured pendulum indeed! It had done the work of four hours in two. How much better that than sulking, discontented, for a whole hour, in the corner of a farmer's kitchen!

Miss Tryphosa and her brother had the feeling, I suppose, which sensible people have about half the days of their lives, "that it is extraordinary the time should go so fast!" So much for being infinite beings, clad for only a few hours in time and clay, nor wholly at home in those surroundings.

Did I say I would write the history of that chestnutting? I did not say so. I did not entitle this story "The Good Chestnuts," but "The Good-natured Pendulum." I will only say to the little girls that all went well. We waited at the foot of the hill for a few minutes till Clapp and Perkins came up with the mare and wagon. They said it was hardly half an hour since school, but even the little boys knew better, because the clock had struck one as we left the school-house. It was a little odd, however, that, as the boys said this, the doctor passed in his gig, and when Clapp asked him what time it was, he looked at his watch, and said, "Half past ten."

But the doctor always was so queer!

Well, we had a capital time; just that pleasant haze hung over the whole. Into the pasture, — by the second-growth, — over the stream, into the trees, — and under them, — fingers well pricked, — bags all the time growing fuller and fuller. Then the afternoon lunch, which well compensated the abstemiousness of the morning's, then a sharp game at ball with the chestnut burs, — and even the smallest boys were made to catch them bravely, — and, as the spines ran into their little plump hands, to cry, "Pain is no evil!" A first-rate frolic, — every minute a success. The sun would steal down, but for once, though we had not too much time, we seemed to have enough to get through without a hurry. We big boys were responsible for the youngsters, and we had them safely up on the Holderness road, by Clapp's grandmother's, Tom Lynch driving and the little ones piled in — Sarah Clavers in front — with the chestnut-bags, when the sun went down.

By the time it was pitch dark we were at home, and were warmly welcomed by the master and Miss Tryphosa. Good soul, she even made dip-toast for our suppers, and had hot apples waiting for us between the andirons. The boys rushed in shouting, scattered to wash their hands, and to get her to pick out the thorns, and some of our fellows to put on some of the chestnuts to boil. For me, I stepped into the school-room, and, in the dark, moved the minute-hand of the clock back two hours. Before long we all gathered at tea, — the master with us, as was his custom in the evening.

After we had told our times, as we big boys sat picking over chestnuts, after the little ones had been excused, Miss Tryphosa said, "Well, boys, I am sure I am much indebted to you for one nice long afternoon." My cheeks tingled a little, and when the master said, "Yes, the afternoon fairly made up the short-comings of the morning," I did not dare to look him in the face. Singleton slipped off from table, and I think he then went and replaced the watch-keys.

The next day, as we sat in algebra, the clock struck twelve instead of ten. The master went and stopped the striking part. Did he look at me when he did so? He is now Bishop of New Archangel. Will he perhaps write me a line to tell me? And that afternoon,

when Brereton was on his "Scientific Dialogues," actually the master said to him, "I will go back to the last lesson, Brereton. What is the length of a second's pendulum?" And Brereton told him. "What should you think the beat of our pendulum here?" said the doctor, opening the case. Brereton could not tell; and the master explained; that this pendulum was five feet long. That the time of the oscillations of two pendulums was as the square root of the lengths, Brereton had already said; so he was set to calculate on the board the square root of sixty inches, and the square root of the second's pendulum, 39.139. I have remembered that to this day. So he found out the beat of our pendulum, — and then we verified it by the master's watch, which was going that afternoon. Then with perfect cold blood the master said, "And if you wanted to make the pendulum go twice as fast, Brereton, what would you do?" And Brereton, innocent as Psyche, but eager as Pallas Athene, said, of course, that he would take the square root of five, divide it by two, and square the quotient. "The square is 1.225," said he, rapidly. "I would cut the rod at one foot two and a quarter inches from the pivot, and hang on the bob there."

"Very good," said the master, "or, more simply, you move the bob up three quarters of the way." So saying he gave us the next lesson. Did he know, or did he not know? Singleton and I looked calmly on, but showed neither guilt nor curiosity.

Dear Master, if there is ink and paper in New Archangel, write me, and say, did you know, or did you not know? Accept this as my confession, and grant absolution to me, being penitent.

Dear master and dear reader, I am not so penitent but I will own, that, in a thousand public meetings since, I have wished some spirited boy had privately run the pendulum bob up to the very pivot of the rod. Yes, and there have been a thousand nice afternoons at home, or at George's, or with Haliburton, or with Liston, or with you, when I have wished I could stretch the rod — the rest of you unconscious — till it was ten times as long.

Dear master, I am your affectionate

FRED. INGHAM.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

DON'T believe in the Flying Dutchman?
Well, I have known him for years;
My button I 've wrenched from his clutch, man:
I shudder whenever he nears!

He 's a Rip van Winkle skipper,
A Wandering Jew of the sea,
Who sails his bedevilled old clipper
In the wind's eye, straight as a bee.

Back topsails! you can't escape him;
The man-ropes stretch with his weight,
And the queerest old toggeries drape him —
The Lord knows how far out of date!

Like a long-disembodied idea,
(A kind of ghost plentiful now,)
He stands there; you fancy you see a
Coeval of Teniers or Douw.

He greets you; would have you take letters:
You scan the addresses with dread,
While he mutters his *donners* and *wetters*, —
They 're all from the dead to the dead!

You seem taking time for reflection,
But the heart fills your throat with a jam,
As you spell in each faded direction
An ominous ending in *dam*.

Am I tagging my rhymes to a legend?
That were changing green turtle to mock:
No, thank you! I 've found out which wedge-end
Is meant for the head of a block.

The fellow I have in my mind's eye
Plays the old Skipper's part upon shore,
And sticks like a burr, till he finds I
Have got just the gauge of his bore.

This postman 'twixt one ghost and t' other,
With last dates that smell of the mould,
I have met him (O man and brother,
Forgive me!) in azure and gold.

In the pulpit I 've known of his preaching,
Out of hearing behind the times,
Some statement of Balaam's impeaching,
Giving Eve a due sense of her crimes.

I have seen him some poor ancient thrashing
Into something (God save us!) more dry,
With the Water of Life itself washing
The life out of earth, sea, and sky.

O dread fellow-mortal, get newer
Despatches to carry, or none!
We 're as quick as the Greek and the Jew were
At knowing a loaf from a stone.

Till the Couriers of God fail in duty,
We sha' n't ask a mummy for news,
Nor sate the soul's hunger for beauty
With your drawings from casts of a Muse.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

III.

The Probable Effect of Co-operative Housekeeping on the Retail Trade.

In discussing the probable effects of co-operative housekeeping upon the community, I will begin with the retail dealers, since, whatever the rest of the world may think of it, from these it can expect only unanimous opposition. And no doubt, were it to be suddenly and universally adopted, it would cause this large body of men great embarrassment, if not suffering and ruin, — though whether their share of these latter could possibly equal what they yearly inflict on the world is a question. But in truth the change, if it ever take place, will probably be a very gradual one. For, in the first place, in whatever town it is started, I do not think it could get properly under way in less than several years. Our servants are now too unskilful, and we ourselves too ignorant of business, too limited and superficial in our knowledge of dress-making and cooking, to venture to become suddenly responsible for the clothing and meals of several hundred persons. If the criticisms of a single husband upon overdone meat or underdone vegetables are enough to drive a luckless housekeeper to despair, how could she endure the anathemas of fifty hungry husbands hurled at her at once! It is evident that there must be no slips in co-operative housekeeping. Punctual as the stars, perfect and unassailable as they, must it be in all its courses; and therefore each officer would have to qualify herself faithfully and seriously in some one department as for a life-long vocation, so that whatever she undertook to superintend and provide for she would understand in an exhaustive and masterful manner, — a study which might require from one to three years.*

Secondly. The rich and prosperous everywhere will probably be a long time coming into co-operation, since they have very great comfort now, and will be loath to try experiments which might at first entail some sacrifice of it.

Thirdly. In country villages, where grocers and mercers are always from the "first families" and among the "solid men" of the place, their wives would not for long dream of supplanting them.

Fourthly. In our largest cities, where neighbors are strangers to each other, and acquaintances are often widely scattered, where, too, the retail trade is of gigantic dimensions, and in fact the basis of relation between large classes of the population, co-operative housekeeping could perhaps make but very slow headway.

A generation, then, is the least time that can be allowed for co-operative housekeeping to become general,* but even this, in our country of easily and constantly shifting business relations, would give ample time to our shopkeepers to find other avenues for their energies, and, in particular, some occupation more suited to their sex than the effeminate surroundings of a dry-goods store.

Men are very fond of twitting us women with desiring to leave our own "sphere" in order to lord it over theirs in a high-handed manner. I believe that nothing would induce the majority among us to enter their dusty, noisy, blood-stained precincts; but we should be exceedingly obliged if they would just step out of ours. Back, sirs, back! For shame! this unmanly intrusion into

* Gouffé, the great *chef* of the Paris Jockey Club, has lately published a magnificent cookery book, of which the soups alone number two hundred! How many soups does any ordinary housekeeper who reads these pages understand? Four, or perhaps six.

* Judging from the little impression that the co-operative store movement — begun twenty-five years ago — has made upon society, it will take indefinitely longer.

the women's apartments. Vast numbers, in the guise of clerks and small shopkeepers, have so long played at the spinning Achilles and Hercules that they have quite forgotten their natural vocation, and have degenerated, in too many instances, into downright Sardanapali. To make their imitation of the self-degradation of the Oriental monarch complete, nothing is wanting but the *chignon*, crinoline, and train, — which by law they should be compelled to wear, — as they stand measuring ribbons and tapes so daintily to their women customers. If the tailor who made clothes for his own sex were correctly valued by the doughty old standard, as only "the ninth part of a man," what a mere shred must he be who busies himself about the clothes of women! And, in truth, the excessive smallness, meanness, and cunning of many of the faces among the men in the dry-goods stores must be admitted by everybody who gives them a moment's attention. How *can* our sturdy farmers allow their young sons to go into such a contemptible business! When modern manhood falls so utterly below its proper level, why should modern womanhood be blamed? Mrs. Jameson said well concerning the thirty thousand man-milliners of London, "Where are their thirty thousand sisters?" Where indeed? Let the women do women's work. Give us the yard-stick, O heroes, and let us relieve you behind the counter, that you may go behind the plough and be off to those fields where truest glory is to be won in wresting from Dame Nature her treasures of golden grain and sweet-smelling hay. Thus, each in a fitting sphere, shall we make a good fight for the world.

As for the large dealers, many of them have wholesale departments in their establishments already, and they would keep them; but it is very evident that if women combine to purchase their own stuffs, and in every co-operative association employ two or three of their own number at high salaries to choose them, the importers and manufacturers will no longer find it for their interest, if, indeed, they find it possible, to manufacture so much worthless material merely to "sell." Women now buy these things and throw away their money, because, in the first place, as soon as a fabric acquires a reputation among us, advantage is taken of that to deteriorate it; and, in the second place, so many new fabrics are constantly thrown upon the market that we are bewildered and unable to judge between them. But the agents of our co-operative associations will soon become expert in judging of the value of goods. They will know too, of course, just what the women for whom they are choosing need and prefer, and, in consequence, they will not put anything upon their shelves that is not desirable in itself and good of its kind. Hence the placing of high-toned women as the medium of exchange between the great merchants and manufacturers and the consumers would not only be an economy to the community, but would tend to make trade more honest.

The Probable Effect of Co-operative Housekeeping on Agriculture.

I have exalted the harvests of the American continent, but, splendid as they are, they are not, in my opinion, half abundant enough; and I will now speak of the immense impetus I believe co-operative housekeeping would give to farming, and the revolution it would bring about in it.

The town and the country are now two separate worlds, each knowing but little about the other, and furthermore estranged by the enemies of both, the middle men, who stand between them, and render their only existing relation — namely, that interchange of values known as buying and selling — a base system of mutual extortion, which has finally reached a point perfectly unendurable. The American business principle, that cheating all round is no cheating at all, must be given up, for none but the rich can stand it.

It will be the first aim of the co-operative housekeepers then, I trust, as it

was with the Rochdale Pioneers (who, like ourselves, were sufferers from the speculations of middle men in the necessaries of life), to secure for each society a landed interest of its own. The first investment of their profits should be in a farm, whence they could procure their own milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, apples, etc. at first prices. Now, with all the town housekeepers interested in farming, and many of the ex-clerks and shopkeepers compelled to go into it, it is evident that an amount of capital, enterprise, and invention will be attracted to agriculture, such as has no parallel in modern history.

And why should it not be so? Is it not perfectly well understood that all material comfort, happiness, and wealth come first out of the ground? What do all the nations want above everything? Food. The voluptuary finds his most unalloyed enjoyment, the beggar his greatest solace, society its fullest expression of good fellowship, home its most gladsome union, the church its highest act of worship, in eating and drinking. In truth, we are so made that not only we cannot live without some food, but we cannot be well and good-tempered, happy, or comely, without pleasant and abundant food. And yet, instead of trying to get it, the whole world seems mad to make clothes, for these grow cheaper and cheaper,* while that grows dearer and dearer. Capitalists expend the strength of their resources in manufactures, and procure iniquitous tariffs to protect them, while poor suffering humanity faints by the wayside for want of "bread to strengthen its heart, wine to make it glad, and oil (or its Northern substitute, butter) to make it a cheerful countenance." Two hundred years ago the manufacturing swarms of Europe did not exist. See what they are now! But we, instead of founding a civilization that will eventually seat every man under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, seem trying to secure for our country, by the year 2000, a town population, the breath of whose miserable life is similarly dependent on the caprices of fashion.

I think no one can read that splendid prose-poem, Guyot's Earth and Man, wherein he characterizes the position and products of the American continents, without feeling that they ought to be the food producers of the world. They are the seat, he says, of excessive vegetable, as the continents of the Eastern hemisphere are of the noblest animal, development. Let us, then, rather set ourselves to carry out the grand design of Nature than to go against it. I am tired of the stories about Western farmers burning their corn. Let the dry-goods clerks be set to work on the railroads and canals to bring it to the seaboard, then. With butter at sixty cents and beefsteak at forty cents a pound, and flour at eighteen dollars a barrel, as they are in Boston at this present writing (May, 1868), it is absurd to say that we are producing enough for home consumption and for exportation too. Many and many a poor family have given up butter and sugar and juicy meat within these last eight years. The fact that a paper dollar is but two thirds of a gold dollar cannot account for provisions being two or three times their former price. No, the real trouble is that the American hates farming and loves trading, partly because he is physically undeveloped, and therefore physically lazy; partly because farming is lonely and stupid, and without any of the stimulus of human companionship to which his childhood at the district school accustoms him; partly because at that school he got no knowledge nor love of nature, but only the trading ideas instilled by six years of drill in the dollar-and-cent examples of the arithmetic; and last, though not least, because farming kills his wife, takes all the bloom, flesh, and vitality away from her at forty. Very often, even if she can afford one, she cannot get a servant; so that she

* Not that dress as a whole is cheaper, for fashion tries to make up the difference to the poor overcrowded artisans by compelling us all to put much more cloth into our garments, and to have many more of them than formerly.

is in truth, next to an Indian squaw, the greatest drudge on the American continent.

Now it seems very strange that, when manufactures and commerce are so largely carried on by companies, agriculture should still proceed altogether, or nearly so, on the old plan of each man for himself; and I cannot but think that this is the reason why, as compared with any other way of making money, it is hard and distasteful to the American. Our public schools accustom children to work and play together toward identical aims and ends, and it is inevitable that they should grow up with the gregarious instinct very strongly developed. This is why I believe women are much better prepared for co-operative housekeeping than may generally be supposed. There is already a continual feminine yearning for common action which manifests itself in the sewing-circles, fairs, and festivals so frequent among them; so that, after an unusual period of lull from these excitements, you will hear them say to each other, "Do let us *get up* something!" It is because unconsciously they are bored and wearied with their disconnected interests; and if this be true of them, of course it must be still more largely true of men, since combined action has become with them almost second nature.

How much easier and pleasanter, then, farming might be, if co-operation were the fundamental principle of the industrial community! Suppose a dozen farmers were to form a stock company, and in the centre of their farm of two or three thousand acres were to range their dozen cottages crescent-fashion on a wide lawn of pleasant grass and trees (with, as they grew rich, a fountain and a statue or two). Behind them would be a common kitchen, laundry, dairy, smoke-house, etc., in one of which every farmer's wife would have her own domestic function, and attend to that only. A quarter of a mile distant would be the barns and out-houses, and also the cottages of the laborers, whose wives would be the servants of the common kitchen and laundry. The laborers and their families would have their meals in common in a dining-room opening out of the kitchen, which might also serve them as a sort of club-room in the evening, if they wished it, while the meals of the farmers and their wives should be sent them from the kitchen, as in the town co-operative societies. No sewing excepting mending need be done on the farm, for all the farmers' wives would be members of a co-operative clothing-house in the nearest town, and they would not take their sewing home unless they chose. Opposite the middle of the crescent, and half the length of its diameter, should be the little Gothic school-house and chapel. Thus all would go merry as a marriage-bell, (of course, since it is the scheme of this writer!) The town women and the country women would be brought into close relationship with and knowledge of each other, and there would be a mutual stimulus to the production of whatever either needed most. Eventually a great part of the town population would stream into the country in the summer, and in winter the visit would be returned. Awkwardness and rusticity would disappear in one, in the other snobbishness and artificiality; and at last we should have introduced into our hard and dry American routine some of the healthful features and sweet influences of the life of the English country gentry, — last relic, as it almost is, of the old patriarchal system, which in many respects was so tranquil, so beneficent, and so beautiful.

I should apologize to the farmer or the business man who may happen to read the above for its probable exaggeration of statement and of idea. Agriculture is not my sphere, and I have no time to study it. But as a housekeeper of moderate means, anxious for the comfort and happiness of her family, I cannot help wishing good food were cheaper; and as a woman I wish to wake up compassion for the many

farmers' wives whom I believe to be now worked beyond their strength.

WHERE CAN CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING MOST APPROPRIATELY BE STARTED?

In the East, I should say, among those who, according to the ideal of Agur the prophet, have "neither poverty nor riches"; and perhaps the greatest proportion of this class, so far as New England and the Middle States are concerned, is to be found in towns of from ten to thirty thousand inhabitants. In these, people are not all on a level, as in country villages, so there would be fewer small jealousies to contend with; and yet they are not so distinctly divided into sets and circles as in the great cities; the various feminine social elements of such towns, therefore, would more easily and spontaneously play into each other's hands than either in very large or very small communities.

At the West, I should think all the upspringing towns and villages would go into it, if from nothing else than the scarcity and unskilfulness and insubordination of their servants. Western women, too, are so young, so energetic, so fearless of obstacles, so eager after new ideas, and so friendly and social among themselves, that co-operative housekeeping would seem to be the only appropriate expression of their good-fellowship and public spirit.

And as for the South, with her old labor system broken up, with the house-servants trained under it accustomed to do only one thing, and unwilling to attempt the variety that we exact from the Irish, with a terrible impoverishment that everywhere forces her delicate daughters into the coarsest tasks, and with rich fields going back into forest because there is neither capital nor organization wherewith to cultivate them, — surely, if there is a corner of the globe to which co-operation at this time seems especially appropriate, it is there. It cannot be a greater contrast to the old plan than the one the Southerners are struggling to learn now, and it might prove far better than either. Cease then, young gentlemen, this crowding into the towns, glad to be there as conductors, clerks, policemen, anything. With your diminished means and your single right arm, of course you cannot farm your great estates. But let even half of them lie fallow, if need be, — they will not run away, — and meantime band yourselves in companies of twelve or more together. Throw your capital, implements, horses, cattle, and part of your land, into a common stock, and start co-operative plantations. Try to induce the freedmen, or, if they will not, the freedwomen, to make common cause with you in tilling the fields. Pay them wages, but also sell or advance them a share of the stock, and make them feel that in working for you they are in fact working for themselves. Build the cottages for your wives and sisters all near together, so that they can help each other, and make the most of what service from the negro women they can get. Similarly, let the ladies in the towns combine their housekeeping, and so save to the community the expense of the retail trade. Connected with their co-operative kitchens, they could easily have preserving rooms for the preparation of the sweetmeats and other delicacies peculiar to their climate, and which, if made by the quantity, could be thrown upon the market as cheaply as the Shaker and English and French and India preserves, and so compete for an equal sale with them. Perhaps no women in the world are so fitted at this moment to attempt co-operative housekeeping as the impoverished women of the South; their sufferings and hardships have united them to an extraordinary degree. There is a spirit of mutual help and sacrifice and generosity among them that is just the spirit needed for such an enterprise; and though they may be as yet ignorant of the rules of business, they are rapidly acquiring its habits and its

ambition, since all who can are working for their daily bread, teaching, sewing, embroidering and preserving, — doing anything that will bring them money.

I now leave general considerations, which I am in truth too ignorant properly to discuss, and return to the effect of co-operative housekeeping upon the household.

The Servants.

In the first place, as all the cooking and washing are to be done out of the house, and as much of the sewing also as the mistress chooses, no cook or laundress or seamstress will ever come into it. Housework and table-work only will remain to be attended to; and as this can easily be undertaken by one person, many families that have hitherto kept three servants will now keep only one, while those that have kept one or two, by employing a woman to come in for a few hours in the morning, to put the house in order, need keep none at all.

Co-operative housekeeping, then, will almost entirely blot out from our domestic life the SERVANT ELEMENT! Those outrageous little kingdoms of insubordination, ignorance, lying, waste, sloth, carelessness, and dirt, that we unhappy home-queens have to subdue afresh every day, and every day more unsuccessfully, will all be merged as the good-for-nothing little German States are being swallowed by Prussia into a thoroughly organized, well-balanced central despotism, whose every department is arranged, down to its minutiæ, with the most scrupulous exactness, and where lynx-eyed matrons and officers have nothing else to do but to note that each servant does exactly the right thing at the right moment, and knows the place for everything and puts everything in its place.

Our Present System a Relic of Slavery.

We mistresses who try to regulate independently these creatures who come to us we know not whence, and flit away we know not where, little realize that we are bearing up the heavy fag-end of the once universal system under which not only domestic labor, but every possible species of agricultural and manufacturing art, was carried on in the houses or on the estates of their owners by slaves who could no more dream of giving their mistresses warning and leaving the following week, if they disapproved her arrangements, than they could hope to reverse the decrees of fate itself, — running away when there was nothing but slavery elsewhere to run to, not holding out those rosy inducements that of late the North did to the Southern bondwoman. Serfdom was at its last gasp in Queen Elizabeth's day, but the tradition of bondage remained for a hundred years or more. In Cromwell's time servants were only paid a few dollars a year; they seldom left their places, and were glad to transmit them to their children after them. But the disorganization begun by emancipation has culminated in our American chaos, where from its very foundation the domestic temple sways and fluctuates uneasily on its ever-changing basis of ill-trained and unprincipled service, creating an antagonistic feeling which renders the relation of mistress and servant but a cold-blooded bargain, formed in suspicion and dissolved with pleasure on the slightest provocation.

All our trouble comes because we are going against the spirit of the age, which revolts against submission to an individual will, but freely subjects itself to the despotism of an organization. American-born girls, as we all know, have long abandoned domestic service for the factory, the shop, and the district school; and the Irish girls are following their example, so that under the present system it is a grave question where, when Irish emigration ceases, the servants of the next generation are to come from. Even without this problem to trouble us, however, with the American idea deeply implanted in ser-

vants that the maid is as good as the mistress, it is absurd to hope for obedience and respect, and the only way to control them is by the unalterable laws and regulations of an organized corporation. The community would need fewer of them, their wages would be higher, and as service would then be as "respectable" and "independent" as factory work, and (owing to the good meals and lodgings we could easily provide for them) far more comfortable, a much better class of women would go into it than we ever see in our families, while even those who do so badly in private houses, by the accurate division of labor, and the having only *one kind of thing* to attend to all day long, would reach a higher standard of perfection than with their present diversity of duties they are capable of.

Faults of the Mistresses.

The new system would also bring about a reform in the mistresses, for we are scarcely less to blame than the servants. Often we do not understand work ourselves, and expect more of them than is reasonable. Lounging over a magazine or a piece of fancy-work, and making less downright exertion in a week than they do in a day, we complain of their indolence and inefficiency, forgetting that practically they are our slaves from morning until night, while, from some inscrutable and unjust arrangement of things, we, as far as they can discover, have nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves, and to spend constantly on the merest trifle of pleasure or adornment the sum which it costs them a whole week of incessant toil to earn. Worst of all, we take no care either of their happiness or their morals. We frown on their going out, on their having visitors, and are shocked if they go to a dance or the theatre; but we do nothing at all for their pleasure. If they are ill, we send them to the hospital; if they get into disgrace, we are but too apt to abandon them to the horrors of an unspeakable fate.

Reformation of the Mistresses.

Did we employ them co-operatively, however, all this could be improved. Seeing their mistresses actively engaged for the good of the community, and accepting labor as the natural and inevitable lot of woman, they would no longer have before their eyes that demoralizing ideal of indolent and luxurious fine-ladyism which has ruined so many pleasure-loving unfortunates, and must always be discouraging even to the industrious and sober-minded among them, but they would take heart in their work, and have a pride that *their* function of the great domestic organism should be perfectly fulfilled also. In turn, we could provide for their pleasure and improvement. We could give them a ball four times a year, celebrate their weddings, instruct them in the evenings, watch over them in sickness, rescue them from temptation, and, if they fell, help them back to respectability and virtue. When they married, by extending to their families the benefits of co-operation (either by making themselves members, or by some other arrangement), we should often be able to continue them in the service of the association; and thus the same kind solicitude, life-long help and trust, and feeling of mutual interest which subsisted between mistress and servant under the old slave system, and veiled many of its deformities, might return, to make both happier and better than in the lawless selfishness of the present arrangement is possible.

Co-operation as affecting Housekeepers in General.

To be a perfect housekeeper under the present system requires not only forethought, judgment, and incessant mental activity, but also practical knowledge and skill in various complicated industries wholly differing from each other, — for certainly there is no more affinity between sewing and cooking, for example, than there is between fruit-growing and house-building. Thus the mistress of a family must in fact be

many persons in one; but this is more than ought to be expected of anybody, and far more than civilized *men* ask of each other. Hence the general result is just what we see to-day, — ill-regulated or extravagant households, or harassed and over-worked mistresses, while hotels and boarding-houses are full to repletion with victims from both classes, and are constantly enlarging their borders. Here and there some woman of remarkable practical ability succeeds in compassing the whole difficulty with apparent ease to herself; but even then it is generally at the neglect of the æsthetic and intellectual elements of modern feminine culture, or by the sacrifice of the geniality, hospitality, and charity of social intercourse. In short, fix it how we may, in some direction the humanities and amenities are suffering all the time.

With the exit of the servant element from our families, however, and the lifting from the minds of their mistresses of all the load of care about the family meals, the family clothing, and the thousand indispensable trifles that go to make up domestic comfort and well-being, would come a great calm and freedom of spirit. The house would be, as it were, empty, swept, and garnished, and ready for all pleasant spirits to enter in and dwell there, and for all busy and beneficent enterprises to be conceived and energized there. The wife would no longer be obliged to neglect her charities, her accomplishments, or her friends. All excuse for the present prevailing feminine superficiality would be taken away, and there would be no reason why every woman should not now select her own specialty and perfect herself in it. In the quiet and peace of the new order of things the house-mistress would have so much time on her hands, that, though at first, with genuine feminine timidity and distrust of what is untried, she might have declined taking any "active part" in co-operation beyond buying her membership share of stock, ordering her meals and clothing, and paying for them when they were delivered, yet eventually the practical housewifely spirit of the association would communicate itself to her, and she would find it for her happiness to spend two or three hours of every day in company with her friends and acquaintance, like them doing her best in co-operative kitchen or laundry or sewing-room to promote the domestic comfort and social happiness of the community.

Clever Housekeepers would be more justly rewarded in Co-operation than they are now.

And I believe that not the smallest part of her pleasure in her work would be the sense that she was sure to be paid for it in money whatever it was worth. The labors of married women are now compensated very differently and very unjustly. Here will be seen a woman slaving herself to death, with one servant or none at all, up early and down late, keeping her house neat, her table supplied, her children tastefully dressed, saving and economizing in every direction, and getting for it all only the simplest food, furniture, and dress, together with an excellent chance for a quiet grave at forty; while there one of her acquaintance, perhaps not half so clever or so industrious as she, saunters through life surrounded with every luxury, and even looks down with contempt on her less fortunate sister. I say that now scarcely any woman stands among her own sex on her own merits, but in co-operative housekeeping this would in a measure be done away. One or two excellent housekeepers have said to me, when suggesting it as the true plan for perfect housewifery, "Ah yes! but it is the faithful and energetic few who would do all the work, and the indolent or incompetent majority would reap all the benefit." Even supposing this to be true, still it is the faithful ones who work the hardest now. They would work no harder, to say the least, in a co-operative association than they do at home to-day. The difference would be that the whole community

would join in paying them a just price for their skill and effort, instead of its being a chance, as at present, whether their husbands can or will do so.

Thus co-operative housekeeping, not only by "accumulating capital for each member," but also by paying each officer a salary, would necessarily make women partially independent of men in money matters, and in so far would shelter them from the misfortunes and cruel reverses to which they are now so helplessly exposed by the financial mistakes or ruin of their masculine protectors, and which form certainly one of the hardest features of the feminine lot. For they would then have two sources of support, — one, the natural maintenance accorded to every woman by her husband or father, and which often expresses more and often less than her value to him; the other, the estimate put upon her services to the co-operative association by its members, the value of which must depend wholly on her own efforts and qualifications. Then if some selfish or shiftless man — or, more pitiful still, some faithful and half-starved minister of Christ — is able to give his bright, enterprising wife no more than six hundred or a thousand dollars a year for household expenses, she will not as now have to degrade herself into a maid-of-all-work, and toil from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in order to live on it; but, besides the third saved to the family by co-operation, she might receive, as one of the able and energetic officers of the association, from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars a year.* If here is not a stimulus to feminine industry and ambition, I know not where one is to be found. Its consequences are incalculable.

The Effect of Co-operation upon Unskilful Housekeepers.

And, in truth, the whole moral and industrial influence of the association will so quicken and develop the feminine powers that no "indolent or incapable majority" need be feared at all. Women are naturally busy, and that more of them are not now perfect housekeepers is because modern housewifery is too complicated in its details; because so much comfort, luxury, and elaboration is demanded in every department, that few minds are equal to the strain. But when co-operative housekeeping gives us the boon of the division of labor, something will be found suited to every capacity, and many who cannot carry on a whole house satisfactorily will succeed in a special function thoroughly well.

Co-operation would utilize all the Unmarried Women of Society.

The housekeepers really incapable of being useful in any department of co-operation are, then, so few that they need not be counted at all. It is rather the invalids and nursing mothers for whom we must find substitutes. Now, since by Article II. of the constitution the housekeepers may select their officers and agents from the whole range of their feminine acquaintance, here will be a chance for the widows and the unmarried women over eighteen — nearly all of whom are dependent — to become honorable and self-supporting members of society. Those under twenty-five, and who have left school, could fill the minor offices and clerkships of the association; while the older ones, as they have fewer home cares and ties than the mistresses of families, could, if they chose, give to business more than the daily three hours before recommended, and thus not only gain larger salaries, but be in fact among the most valuable officers of the association. How much better, too, would it be for the girls who now waste the most precious years of their lives in mere waiting for marriage, to take their places by the side of their mothers or aunts in carrying on the serious business of the community, and thus learn beforehand how to be in their turn,

* I heard, the other day, that the "cutter" in a large clothing establishment in Boston receives a salary of three thousand dollars. I doubt if there is a woman in the country, in any capacity, who receives such a salary.

also, co-operative housekeepers. In truth, the employment of this expensive, and now nearly useless, class would not only be a vast economy to society, but would go far to solve its most perplexing problem, and assist in curing its worst evil.

For its worst evil is the social evil, and its most perplexing problem is how to make early marriages prudent; since it is the difficulty of the latter which is made the chief excuse for the former. Now, while there is no doubt that the social evil is greatly enhanced by the unnatural lateness of marriage throughout the civilized world, yet the history of all other crime and lawlessness proves clearly enough that it exists in its present dimensions chiefly because *there is no public opinion against it.* Who is to create this opinion? Not the men, for obvious reasons. Only the sex which is its real victim can be expected to begin the crusade against it; but this women cannot do successfully unless they are a power in society, which now I deny them to be. The real powers in society are the young men, and they are its despots; while the young girls (and their mothers too) are their cringing suppliants and flatterers, and this to such an extent that they dare not be independent in their characters, their pursuits, or even their principles.* They see that those among them who dress the best, dance the best, and are the most sweetly complacent to the other sex, also marry the best and the soonest. With what justice, then, do the newspapers keep up this perpetual scolding at them because they find the serious business of their lives in trimming their hats and walking-suits, and dancing the German, when yet their fate turns so much upon these very externals? Not the bright, original, self-devoted girl is the popular belle, but the faultlessly appointed floating statue, whose mind is given over to rust and sloth, but whose perfect use of the meaning smile and the meaningless laugh throws such deep witchery over the severe commonplaces of her conversation. This product of high conventional art the young men are not "afraid" of. She does not "know too much"; she is "feminine"; she is a "success"; and some fine fellow soon leads her to the altar in white satin and vapory veil, while the poor child of nature, who tried to live for something higher than clothes, either never marries at all, or, after a long time, drops quietly off with some insignificant person that nobody ever heard of.

The girls must be dull indeed on whom the frequent recurrence of the above phenomena makes no impression, and it does mischievously impress many of the best of them, so that I have frequently remarked girls of noble powers purposely living down to the stultified ideal of their social monarchs. A young lady belonging to the most fashionable and exclusive circle of Boston society once showed me a humorous poem she had written as a school-girl; and when I praised it, and asked her why she did not cultivate her literary talent, she replied, "O, I feel I could do a great deal, I could do anything if I were only encouraged to it. But it is all the other way. Why, it is perfect death to a girl in society to care for such things." The phrase may have been an exaggeration, and I leave fashionable young ladies to explain it; but if it could be said of "intellectual" Boston, what must be the requisite mental feebleness of the belles in other cities?

Whence, then, the fatal spell that compels young girls, even when they naturally prefer higher things, to spend the freest, freshest, most beautiful years of their lives in trifles and the chase after butterflies, content if they are "favorites with gentlemen," if they are considered "jolly," and if they "have a good time"? A writer in the "Nation" has justly remarked that girls seem to be educated with the view of

* If this be disputed, witness the "round dance" question alone, which the young men have so successfully carried against the disapproval of the mothers and the scruples of the daughters, simply by neglecting the young ladies who refused to join in such dances.

pleasing young men at the age when these are the least worthy of being pleased. But why *must* they please young men? Primarily, because they do not earn their own living. They are burdens at home upon their fathers, and when they marry, they will be burdens upon their husbands. The young man therefore holds in his gift for the young girl, not only what she too keeps for him, love, but also support, position, social consideration and dignity, enjoyment, — in short, the whole of that ordinary human success which she cannot achieve for herself, but must receive from him alone. She is the trembling, silken courtier before the absolute despot, and with so much at stake, she cannot venture to exact anything from him. I repeat it, I believe young men to be so immoral principally because women are in no condition to insist on their virtue; because, let them run almost what private career of vice they please, they know well enough that they can marry whenever they like, and almost whom they like, and that no questions will be asked or conditions demanded, no, not even by the girls' own mothers!

When, however, every young girl, on leaving school, begins at once to support herself in the co-operative association; when she knows that she could be married to-morrow, and be no additional burden to her husband; when, too, as the member of a great industrial organization, she has a thousand eager and absorbing interests along with the married and unmarried of her own sex, so that life is not a dull craving after a change or an excitement, but a round of healthy mental and physical activity all the time, — then she will begin to look on the young man with different eyes, not as the lawless arbiter of her destiny, but as a being to be loved and chosen according to his real value. Her acquaintance with him will not be that of the "German" merely, — astute social device for getting young people alone together in a crowd, — but the cool morning hours will also bring her into practical business relations with him (since ladies will not go to the importers and manufacturers, but they or their agents will send samples to them). Thus she will learn something of him as a man, instead of meeting him only as a beau; and, knowing her own worth, she will come to demand worth in him. The dignity and sacredness of wise and gracious womanhood will at length assert itself; and as the maiden gradually rises into a true aid and companion for man in his advanced intellectual and material condition, so the youth will have to make, and will rejoice in making, greater moral sacrifices to win her, — will scorn all baser passion, and fling himself a stainless knight at his shining lady's feet. Then no more will girlish hope and freshness fade, or manly ardor and purity perish while waiting until they can "afford" — O lamentable word! — to marry; but early marriage, the crown of human bliss, the safeguard of society, and the only cure for its direst ill, will return to bless the earth with all its old triumphant fruits of Love and Joy.

IN THE TEUTOBURGER FOREST.

NO part of Germany is so monotonous and unlovely as that plain which the receding waves of the North Sea left behind them. The stranger who lands at Bremen or Hamburg enters upon a dead, sandy level, where fields of lean and starveling cereals interchange with heathery moorlands and woods of dwarfish pine. Each squat, ugly farm-house looks as lonely as if there were no others in sight; the villages are collections of similar houses, huddled around a church-tower so thick and massive that it seems to be the lookout of a fortress. The patient industry of the people is here manifested in its plainest and sturdiest forms, and one cannot look for the external embellishments of life, where life itself is so much of an achievement.

As we advance southward the scenery slowly improves. The soil deepens and the trees rise; the purple heather clings only to the occasional sandy ridges, between which greenest meadows gladden our eyes. Groves of oak make their appearance; brooks wind and sparkle among alder thickets; the low undulations swell into broad, gently rounded hills, and at last there is a wavy blue line along the horizon. If you are travelling from Hanover to Minden, some one will point out a notch, or gap, in that rising mountain outline, and tell you that it is the Porta Westphalica, — the gateway by which the river Weser issues from the Teutoburger Forest.

I had already explored nearly every nook of Middle Germany, from the Hartz to the Odenwald; yet this — the storied ground of the race — was still an unknown region. Although so accessible, especially from the celebrated watering-place of Pyrmont, whence any of its many points of interest may be reached in a day's drive, I found little about it in the guide-books, and less in books of travel. Yet here, one may say, is the starting-point of German history. Hermann and Wittekind are the two great representatives of the race, in its struggles against Roman and Christian civilization; and the fact that it adopted both the one and the other, and through them developed into its later eminence, does not lessen the value of those names. Indeed, the power of resistance measures the power of acceptance and assimilation.

It was harvest-time as I sped by rail towards Minden along the northern base of the mountains. Weeks of drouth and heat had forced the fields into premature ripeness, and the lush green meadows were already waiting for the aftermath. About Bückeburg the rye-fields were full of reapers, in an almost extinct costume, — the men in heavy fur caps, loose white over-shirts, and boots reaching to the knee; the women with black head-dress, bodice, and bright scarlet petticoat. These tints of white, scarlet, and black shone splendidly among the sheaves, and the pictures I saw made me keenly regret that progress has rendered mankind so commonplace in costume. When I first tramped through Germany, in 1845, every province had its distinctive dress, and the stamp of the country people was impressed upon the landscapes of their homes; but now a great levelling wave has swept over the country, washing out all these picturesque characteristics, and leaving the universal modern commonplace in their stead. If the latter were graceful, or cheap, or practically convenient, we might accept the change; but it is none of these. Fashion has at last combined ugliness and discomfort in our clothing, and the human race is satisfied.

Soon after leaving Minden the road bends sharply southwards, and enters the Porta Westphalica, — a break in the Weser Mountains which is abrupt and lofty enough to possess a certain grandeur. The eastern bank rises from the water in a broken, rocky wall to the

height of near five hundred feet; the western slants sufficiently to allow foothold for trees, and its summit is two hundred feet higher. The latter is called "Wittekind's Mount," from a tradition that the famous Saxon king once had a fortress upon it. Somewhere in the valley which lies within this Westphalian Gate is the scene of the last battle between Hermann and Germanicus. Although the field of action of both those leaders extended over the greater part of Northern Germany, the chief events which decided their fortunes took place within the narrow circle of these mountains.

I passed through Oeynhausen, — a bright, cheerful watering-place, named after the enterprising baron who drove an Artesian shaft to the depth of two thousand feet, and brought a rich saline stream to the surface; and at Herford, the next station, left the line of rail. I looked in vain for the towers of Enger, a league or so to the west, where Wittekind died as a Christian prince, and where his bones still rest. Before turning aside for Detmold and the hills of the Teutoburger Forest, let me very briefly recall the career of that spiritual successor of Hermann.

Nothing certain is known of Wittekind's descent or early history. We first hear of him as one of the leaders of the Saxons in the invasion of Westphalia, which they undertook in the year 774, while Charlemagne was occupied in subduing the Lombards. Three years later, when this movement was suppressed and the greater part of the Saxon chiefs took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor at Paderborn, Wittekind fled to the court of his brother-in-law, King Siegfried of Jutland. He returned in 778, while Charlemagne was in Spain, driving back the Saracens, and devastated the lands of the Rhine. After carrying on the war with varying success for four years, he finally surprised and almost annihilated the Frank army at the Süntelberg, not far from Hameln, on the Weser. Enraged at his defeat, Charlemagne took a horrible revenge: he executed forty-five hundred Saxons, who were in his hands. All the tribes rose in revolt, acknowledged Wittekind as their king, and for three years more continued the desperate struggle, the end of which was a compromise. Wittekind received Christian baptism, was made Duke of Saxony, and, according to tradition, governed the people twenty years longer, from his seat at Enger, as a just and humane prince. The Emperor Karl IV. there built him a monument in the year 1377.

At Herford I took my place in the diligence for Detmold, with a horse-dealer for company on the way. It was a journey of three hours, through a very pleasant and beautiful country, lying broad and warm in the shelter of circling mountains, veined with clear, many-branched streams, and wooded with scattered groves of oak and beech. If there was any prominent feature of the scenery, as distinguished from that of other parts of Germany, it was these groves, dividing the bright meadows and the golden slopes of harvest, with their dark, rounded masses of foliage, as in the midland landscapes of England. The hills to the south, entirely clothed with forests, increased in height as we followed their course in a parallel line, and long before we reached Detmold I saw the monument to Hermann, crowning the Grotenburg, a summit more than a thousand feet above the valley.

The little capital was holding its annual horse-fair, yet I had no trouble in finding lodgings at one of its three inns, and should have thought the streets deserted if I had not been told that they were unusually lively. The principality of Lippe has a population of a little more than a hundred thousand, yet none of the appurtenances of a court and state are wanting. There is an old ancestral castle, a modern palace, a theatre, barracks and government buildings, — not so large as in Berlin, to be sure, but just as important in the eyes of the people. A stream which comes down from the mountains feeds a broad, still moat, encompassing three sides of the old castle and park, beyond which

the fairest meadows stretch away to the setting sun. Ducks and geese on the water, children paddling in the shallows, cows coming home from the pastures, and men and women carrying hay or vegetables, suggested a quiet country village rather than a stately *residenz;* but I was very careful not to say so to any Detmolder. The repose and seclusion of the place took hold of my fancy: I walked back and forth, through the same streets and linden-shaded avenues in the long summer evening, finding idyls at every turn; but, alas! they floated formlessly by and faded in the sunset.

Detmold is the birthplace of the poet Freiligrath, and I went into the two bookstores to see if they kept his poems, — which they did not. Fifty years hence, perhaps, they will have a statue of him. As I sat in my lonely room at the inn, waiting for bedtime, my thoughts went back to that morning by the lake of Zurich, when I first met the banished poet; to pleasant evenings at his house in Hackney; and to the triumphant reception which, at Cologne, a few days before, had welcomed him back to Germany. This was the end of twenty-three years of exile, the beginning of which I remembered. Noble, unselfish, and consistent as his political course had been, had he followed it to his detriment as a poet, or had he bridged the gulf which separates the Muses from party conflicts? That was the question, and it was not so easy to resolve. Poesy will cheer as a friend, but she will not *serve*. She will not be driven from that broad field of humanity, wherein the noise of parties is swallowed up, and the colors of their banners are scarcely to be distinguished. Freiligrath has written the best political poems in the German language, and his life has been the brilliant illustration of his principles; yet I doubt whether "The Dead to the Living" will outlive the "Lion-Ride."

I picked up, however, a description of the Teutoburger Forest, written by the Cantor Sauerländer of Detmold, — a little book which no one but a full-blooded Teuton could have written. Fatiguingly minute, conscientious to the last degree, overflowing with love for the subject, exhaustive on all points, whether important or not, the style — or, rather, utter lack of style — so placed the unsuspecting author before the reader's mind, that it was impossible to mistake him, — a mild, industrious, harmless egotist, who talks on and on, and never once heeds whether you are listening to his chatter.

I took him with me, but engaged, in addition, a young gardener of the town, and we set out in the bright, hot morning. My plan for the day embraced the monument to Hermann on the Grotenburg, the conjectured field of the defeat of Varus, and the celebrated Extern Rocks. Cool paths through groves of oak led from the town to the foot of the mountain, having reached which I took out the Cantor, and read: "From this point to the near forest the footpath mounts by a very palpable grade, wherefore the wanderer will find himself somewhat fatigued, besides suffering (frequently) from the burning rays of the sun, against which, however, it is possible to screen one's self by an umbrella, *for which reason* I would venture to suggest a moderate gait, and observant pauses at various points!" Verily, if his book had been specially prepared for the reigning prince, Paul Friedrich Emil Leopold, he could not have been more considerate.

The fatiguing passage, nevertheless, was surmounted in ten minutes, and thenceforth we were in the shade of the forest. At about two thirds of the height the path came upon a *Hünenring*, or Druid circle, one of the largest in Germany. It is nearly five hundred feet in diameter, with openings on the north and south, and the walls of rough stones are in some places twenty feet high. Large trees are growing upon them. There was another and greater ring around the crest of the mountain, but it has been thrown down and almost obliterated. German antiquarians consider these remains as sufficient evidence to prove that this is the genuine *Teutoburg*, — the fortress of Teut, or

Tuisco, the chief personage of the original Teutonic mythology. They also derive the name of Detmold from "Theotmalle," the place of Teut. There can be no doubt as to the character of the circles, or their great antiquity; and, moreover, to locate the Teutoburg here explains the desperate resistance of the tribes of this region both to Rome and to Charlemagne.

Near the summit I found some traces of the greater circle, many of the stones of which were used, very appropriately, for the foundation of the monument to Hermann. This structure stands in an open, grassy space, enclosed by a young growth of fir-trees. It is still incomplete; but we, who long ago stopped work on the colossal Washington obelisk, have no right to reproach the German people. Thirty years ago the Bavarian sculptor Von Bandel exhibited the design of a statue to Hermann. The idea appealed to that longing for German unity the realization of which seemed then so distant; societies were formed, collections made, fairs held for the object, and the temple-shaped pedestal, commenced in 1841, was finished in 1846, at a cost of forty thousand thalers. The colossal statue which should crown it demanded an equal sum, — two thirds of which, I am told, has been contributed. Parts of the figure have been already cast, and the sculptor, now nearly seventy years old, still hopes to see the dream of his life fulfilled. But the impression has gone abroad that the strength of the winds, sweeping unchecked from the Rhine and from Norway across the Northern Sea, is so great upon this Teutoburger height, that the statue would probably be thrown down, if erected. A committee of architects and engineers has declared that, with proper anchorage, the figure will stand; yet the contributions have ceased.

The design of the temple-base is very simple and massive. On a circular foundation, sixty feet in diameter by eleven in height, stands a structure composed of ten clustered pillars, connected by pointed arches, the outer spans of which are cut to represent stems of oak, while heavy garlands of oak-leaves are set in the triangular interspaces. The first rude beginning of Gothic art is here suggested, not as a growth from the Byzantine and Saracenic schools, but as an autochthonous product. Over the cornice, which is fifty feet above the base, rises a solid hemisphere of masonry, terminating in a ring twenty-five feet in diameter, which is to receive the metal base of the colossus. The latter will be ninety feet in height to the point of the sword, making the entire height of the monument a hundred and eighty-two feet.

I mounted to the summit, and looked over the tops of the forest upon a broad and beautiful panoramic ring of landscape. The well-wooded mountains of the region divided the rich valleys and harvest lands which they enclosed. On all sides except the west they melted away in the summer haze; there they sank into the tawny Westphalian plain, once the land of marshes, traversed by the legions of Varus. While yonder, beyond the ring of the forests sacred to Teut, the fields were withering and the crops wasting in the sun, here they gave their fullest bounty; here the streams were full, the meadows green, and the land laughed with its abundance. From this point I overlooked all the great battle-fields of Hermann and Wittekind. The mountains do not constitute, as I had supposed, a natural stronghold; but in their heart lies the warmest and most fertile region of Northern Germany.

In the neighboring hostelry there is a plaster model of the waiting statue. Hermann, with the winged helmet upon his head, and clad in a close leathern coat reaching nearly to the knee, is represented as addressing his warriors. The action of the uplifted right arm is good, but the left hand rests rather idly upon the shield, instead of unconsciously repeating in the grip of the fingers the energy of the rest of the figure. The face — ideal, of course — is quite as much Roman as Teuton, the nose being aquiline, the eyebrows straight,

and the lips very clearly and regularly cut. To me the physiognomy would indicate *dark* hair and beard. I found the body somewhat heavy and ungraceful; but as it was to be seen from below, and in very different dimensions, the effect may be all that is designed.

In the Hall of Busts in the Museum of the Capitol, in Rome, there is a head which has recently attracted the interest of German archæologists. It stands alone among the severe Roman and the exquisitely balanced Grecian heads, like a genial phenomenon of character totally distinct from theirs. When I stood before it, a little puzzled, and wondering at the absurd label of "CECROPS?" affixed to the pedestal, I had not learned the grounds for conjecturing that it may be a portrait of him whom Tacitus calls Arminius; yet I felt that here was a hero, of whom history *must* have some knowledge. It is certainly a blond head, with abundant locks, a beard sprouting thinly and later than in the South, strong cheek-bones, a nose straight but not Grecian, and lips which somehow express good-fellowship, vanity, and the habit of command. The sculptor Bandel made a great mistake in not boldly accepting the conjecture as fact, and giving Hermann this head. Dr. Emil Braun considers that it is undoubtedly a bust of one of the young German chiefs who were educated at the court of Augustus; and he adds, very truly, "If this can be proven, it will be of great importance as a testimony of the intellectual development of the German race, even in those early times."

Hermann, who was born in the year 16 B. C., must have gone to Rome as a boy, during the campaigns of Drusus and Tiberius in Northern Germany. He became not only a citizen, but a Roman knight, was intrusted with the command of a German legion, and fought in Pannonia. He acquired the Latin tongue, and acquainted himself with the military and civil science of the Romans. Had the wise and cautious policy of Tiberius been followed, he might have died as a Consul of the Empire; but the brutal rule of Varus provoked the tribes to resistance, and Hermann became a German again. He turned against Rome the tactics he had learned in her service, enticed Varus away from the fortified line of the Rhine, across the marshes of the Lippe, and on the southern slope of the Teutoburger Forest, in a three days' battle fought amid the autumn storms, annihilated the Roman army of fifty thousand men. Well might the Imperial city tremble, and the old Augustus cry out to the shade of the slain commander, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"

For five years the sovereignty of Hermann and the independence of his people were not disturbed. But after the death of Augustus, in the year 14 A. D., Germanicus determined to restore the prestige of the Roman arms. In the mean time Hermann had married Thusnelda, daughter of Segestus, another chief of the Cheruski, who had reclaimed her by force in consequence of a quarrel, and was then besieged by his son-in-law. Segestus called the Romans to his aid, and delivered Thusnelda into their hands to grace, two years later, the triumph decreed to Germanicus. Hermann, infuriated by the loss of a wife whom he loved, summoned the tribes to war, and the Roman commander collected an army of eighty thousand men. The latter succeeded in burying the bones of Varus and his legions, and was then driven back with great loss. Returning in the year 16 with a still larger army, he met the undaunted Hermann on the Weser, near Hameln. The terrible battle fought there, and a second near the Porta Westphalica, were claimed as victories by the Romans, yet were followed by a retreat to the fortresses on the Rhine. Germanicus was preparing a third campaign when he was recalled by the jealous Tiberius. The Romans never again penetrated into this part of Germany.

Hermann might have founded a nation but for the fierce jealousy of the other chieftains of his race. He was

victorious in the civil wars which ensued, but was waylaid and murdered by members of his own family in the year 21. His short life of thirty-seven years is an unbroken story of heroism. Even Tacitus, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, says of him: "He was undoubtedly the liberator of Germany, having dared to grapple with the Roman power, not in its beginnings, like other kings and commanders, but in the maturity of its strength. He was not always victorious in battle, but in war he was never subdued. He still lives in the songs of the Barbarians, unknown to the annals of the Greeks, who only admire that which belongs to themselves, — nor celebrated as he deserves by the Romans, who, in praising the olden times, neglect the events of the later years."

Leaving the monument, my path followed the crest of the mountain for two or three miles, under a continuous roof of beech. Between the smooth, clean boles I looked down upon the hot and shining valley, where the leaves hung motionless on the trees, but up on the shaded ridge of the hills there was a steady, grateful breeze. The gardener was not a very skilful guide, and only brought me to the *Winnefeld* (Winfield) after a roundabout ramble. I found myself at the head of a long, bare slope, falling to the southwest, where it terminated in three dells, divided by spurs of the range. The town of Lippspringe, in the distance, marked the site of the fountains mentioned by Tacitus. The *Winnefeld* lies on the course which an army would take, marching from those springs to assault the Teutoburg, and the three dells, wooded then as now, would offer rare chances of ambuscade and attack. There is no difficulty in here locating the defeat of Varus. That the Teuton victory was not solely the result of Hermann's military skill is proven by the desperate bravery with which his warriors confronted the legions of Germanicus five years later.

Standing upon this famous battlefield, one cannot but recall the subsequent relations of Germany and Rome, which not only determined the history of the Middle Ages, but set in action many of the forces which shape the present life of the world. The seat of power was transplanted, it was exercised by another race, but its elements were not changed. Hermann, a knight of Rome, learned in her service how to resist her, and it was still the Roman mind which governed Italy while she was a defiant dependency of the German Empire. Charlemagne took up the uncompleted work of Germanicus, and was the true avenger of Varus, after nearly eight hundred years. The career of Hermann, though so splendidly heroic, does not mark the beginning of Germany; the race only began to develop after its complete subjection to the laws and arts and ideas of Rome. Thus the marvellous Empire triumphed at last.

I descended the bare and burning slopes of the mountain into a little valley, plunged into a steep forest beyond, and, after plodding wearily for an hour or more, found myself, as nearly as I could guess, on the banks of a brook that descends to the town of Horn. The gardener seemed at fault, yet insisted on leading me contrary to my instinct of the proper course. We had not gone far, however, when a mass of rock, rising like a square tower above the wooded ridge to the eastward, signalled our destination; and my discomfited guide turned about silently, and made towards it, I following, through thickets and across swamps, until we reached the highway.

The Extern Rocks (*Externsteine*) have a double interest for the traveller. They consist of five detached masses of gray sandstone, one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, irregularly square in form, and with diameters varying from thirty to fifty feet. They are planted on a grassy slope, across the mouth of a glen opening from the mountains. Only a few tough shrubs hang from the crevices in their sides, but the birch-trees on the summits shoot high into the air and print their sprin-

kled leaves on the sky. The hills of the Teutoburger Forest are rounded and cliffless, and the same formation, it is said, does not reappear elsewhere.

In the base of the most northern of these rocks a chapel, thirty-six feet long, has been hewn, — but when, or by whom, are matters of conjecture. Some very imaginative antiquaries insist that the Romans captured by Hermann were here sacrificed to the pagan gods; others find evidence that the place was once dedicated to the worship of Mithras (the sun); but the work must probably be ascribed to the early Teutonic Christians. The rocks are first mentioned in a document of the year 1093. On the outer wall of the chapel there is a tablet of sculpture, in high relief, sixteen feet by twelve, which is undoubtedly the earliest work of the kind in Germany. Its Byzantine character is not to be mistaken, and, judging by the early Christian sculptures and mosaics in Italy, it may be as old as the ninth or tenth century. The tablet is in three compartments, the lower one representing the Fall of Man, the centre the Descent from the Cross, while at the top the Almighty receives the soul of the Son in his arms, and holds forth the Banner of the Cross. Although mutilated, weather-beaten, and partly veiled in obscuring moss, the pathos of the sculpture makes itself felt through all the grotesqueness of its forms. Goethe, who saw it, says: "The head of the sinking Saviour leans against the countenance of the mother, and is gently supported by her hand, — a beautiful, reverent touch of expression which we find in no other representation of the subject." The drapery also, though stiff, has yet the simplicity and dignity which we so rarely find in modern art.

Two of the rocks may be ascended by means of winding stairways cut in their sides. On the summit of the first there is a level platform, with a stone table in the centre, — probably the work of the monks, to whom the place belonged in the Middle Ages. By climbing the central rock, and crossing a bridge to the next, one reaches a second chapel, eighteen feet in length, with a rock-altar at the farther end. It is singular that there is no record of the origin of this remarkable work. We know that the spirit of the Teutonic mythology lived long after the introduction of Christianity, and the monks may have here found and appropriated one of its sacred places.

By the time I reached the town of Horn, a mile or so from the base of the mountains, I was too scorched and weary to go farther afoot, and, while waiting dinner in the guests'-room of the inn, looked about for a means of conveyance. Three or four stout *Philister*, drinking beer at an adjoining table, were bound for Steinheim, which was on my way; and the landlord said, "An 'extra post' will be expensive, but these gentlemen might make room for you in their carriage."

They looked at each other and at me. "We are already *seven*," said one, "and must be squeezed as it is."

"By no means," I replied to the landlord; "get me an extra post."

Both vehicles were ready at the same time. In the mean time I had entered into conversation with one of the party, — a bright, cheerful young man, — and told him that I should be glad to have company on the way.

"Why did you engage an extra post?" they all exclaimed. "It is expensive! we are only *five*: you might have gone with us, — we could easily make room for you!"

Yet, while making these exclamations, they picked out the oldest and least companionable of their party, and bundled him into my "expensive" carriage! I never saw anything more coolly done. I had meant to have the agreeable, not the stupid member, but was caught, and could not help myself. However, I managed to extract a little amusement from my companion as we went along. He was a Detmolder, after confessing which he remarked, —

"Now I knew where *you* came from before you had spoken ten words."

"Indeed! Where, then?"

"Why, from Bielefeld!"

My laughter satisfied the old fellow that he had guessed correctly, and thenceforth he talked so much about Bielefeld that it finally became impossible to conceal my ignorance of the place. I set him down in Steinheim, dismissed the extra post, and, as the evening was so bright and balmy, determined to go another stage on foot. I had a letter to a young nobleman, whose estate lay near a village some four or five miles farther on the road to Höxter. The small boy whom I took as guide was communicative; the scenery was of the sweetest pastoral character; the mellow light of sunset struck athwart the golden hills of harvest, the lines of alder hedge, and the meadows of winding streams, and I loitered along the road, full of delight in the renewal of my old pedestrian freedom.

It was dusk when I reached the village. The one cottage inn did not promise much comfort; but the baron's castle was beyond, and I was too tired to go farther. The landlord was a petty magistrate, evidently one of the pillars of the simple village society; and he talked well and intelligently, while his daughter cooked my supper. The bare rooms were clean and orderly, and the night was so warm that no harm was done when the huge globe of feathers under which I was expected to sleep rolled off the bed, and lay upon the floor until morning.

Sending my letter to the castle, I presently received word that the young baron was absent from home, but that his mother would receive me. As I emerged from the shadows of the narrow village street into the breezeless, burning air of the morning, the whole estate lay full and fair in view, — a thousand acres of the finest harvest land, lying in the lap of a bowl-shaped valley, beyond which rose a wooded mountain range. In the centre of the landscape a group of immemorial oaks and lindens hid the castle from view, but a broad and stately linden avenue connected it with the highway. There were scores of reapers in the fields, and their dwellings, with the barns and stables, almost formed a second village. The castle — a square mass of building, with a paved court-yard in the centre — was about three hundred years old; but it had risen upon the foundations of a much older edifice.

The baroness met me at the door, with her two daughters, and ushered me into a spacious room, the ceiling of which, low and traversed by huge beams of oak, was supported by a massive pillar in the centre. The bare oaken floor was brightly polished; a gallery of ancestral portraits decked the walls, but the furniture was modern and luxurious. After a friendly scolding for not claiming the castle's hospitality the night before, one of the daughters brought refreshments, just as a *Burgfräulein* of the Middle Ages might have done, except that she did not taste the goblet of wine before offering it. The ladies then conducted me through a range of apartments, every one of which contained some picturesque record of the past. The old building was pervaded with a mellow atmosphere of age and use; although it was not the original seat of the family, their own ancestral heirlooms had adapted themselves to its physiognomy, and seemed to continue its traditions. Just enough of modern taste was visible to suggest home comforts and conveniences; all else seemed as old as the Thirty Years' War.

After inspecting the house, we issued upon the *pleasaunce*, — a high bosky space resting on the outer wall of the castle, and looking down upon the old moat, still partially full of water. It was a labyrinth of shady paths, of arbors with leaf-enframed windows opening towards the mountains, and of open, sunny spaces rich with flowers. The baroness called my attention to two splendid magnolia-trees, and a clump of the large Japanese *polygonum*. "This," she said, pointing to the latter, "was given to my husband by Dr. von Siebold, who brought it from Japan; the magnolias came from seeds planted

forty years ago." They were the most northern specimens of the trees I had found upon the continent of Europe. But the oaks and lindens around the castle were more wonderful than these exotic growths. Each one was "a forest waving on a single stem."

The young baron was not expected to return before the evening, and I was obliged to continue my journey, though every feature of the place wooed me to stay. "But at least," urged the hostess, "you must visit my husband's twin brother, who is still living at the old *burg*. We were going to send for him to-day, and we will send you along." This was a lift on my way; and, moreover, it was a pleasure to meet a gentleman of whom I had heard so much, — a thinker, a man of scientific culture, and a poet, yet unknown to the world in either of these characters.

The youngest daughter of the house made ready to accompany me, and presently a light open wagon, drawn by a span of ponies, came to the door. After my yesterday's tramp in the forest it was a delightful change. The young lady possessed as much intelligence as refinement, and with her as a guide the rich scenery through which we passed assumed a softer life, a more gracious sentiment. From the ridge before us rose the lofty towers of a church attached to an extinct monastery, the massive buildings of which are now but half tenanted by some farmers; on the right a warm land of grain stretched away to the Teutoburger Forest; on the left, mountains clothed with beech and oak basked in the sun. We passed the monastery, crossed a wood, and dropped into a wild, lonely valley among the hills. Here the *Oldenburg*, as it is called, already towered above us, perched upon the bluff edge of a mountain cape. It was a single square mass of the brownest masonry, seventy or eighty feet high, with a huge, steep, and barn-like roof. It dominated alone over the beech woods; no other human habitation was in sight.

When we reached the summit, however, I found that the old building was no longer tenanted. Behind it lay a pond, around which were some buildings connected with the estate, and my fair guide led the way to the farther door of a house in which the laboring people lived. She went to seek her uncle, while I waited in a room so plainly furnished that an American farmer would have apologized for it. Presently I was summoned up stairs, where the old baron caught me by both hands, and pressed me down into his own arm-chair before it was possible to say a word. His room was as simple as the first; but books and water-color drawings showed the tastes of its occupant.

It was truly the head of a poet upon which I looked. Deep-set, spiritual eyes shone under an expansive brow, over which fell some thin locks of silky gray hair; the nose was straight and fine, with delicate, sensitive nostrils, and there was a rare expression of sweetness and purity in the lines of the mouth. It needed no second glance to see that the old man was good and wise and noble and perfectly lovable. My impulse was to sit on a stool at his feet, as I have seen a young English poet sitting at the feet of good Barry Cornwall, and talk to him with my arms resting upon his knees. But he drew his chair close beside me, and took my hand from time to time, as he talked; so that it was not long before our thoughts ran together, and each anticipated the words of the other.

"Now tell me about my friend," said he. "We were inseparable as students, and as long as our paths lay near each other. They say that three are too many for friendship, but we twin-brothers only counted as one in the bond. We had but one heart and one mind, except in matters of science, and there it was curious to see how far apart we sometimes were. Ah, what rambles we had together, in Germany and on the Alps! I remember once we were merry in the Thüringian Forest, for there was wine enough and to spare; so we buried a bottle deep among the

rocks. We had forgotten all about it when, a year or two afterwards, we happened all three to come back to the spot, and there we dug up the bottle, and drank what seemed to be the best wine in the world. I wonder if he remembers that I wrote a poem about it."

Then we walked out through the beech woods to a point of the mountain whence there was a view of the monastery across the wild valley. "It was but yesterday," said the old baron, "since I stood here with my brother, — both little boys, — and listened to the chimes of vesper. There were monks in the old building then. What is life, after all? I don't understand it. My brother was a part of myself. We had but one life; he married and his home was mine; his children are mine still. We were born together; three years ago he died, and I should have died at the same time. How is it that I live?"

He turned to me with tears in his eyes, and a sad, mysterious wonder in his voice. I could only shake my head, for he who could have answered the question would be able to solve all the enigmas of life. The man seemed to me like a semi-ghost, attached to the earth by only half the relation of other men. "I live here as you see," he continued; "but I am not lonely. All my life of seventy-three years I have been laying aside interest for this season. I have still my thoughts and questions, as well as my memories. I am part of the great design which I have always found in the world and in man, and I have learned enough to accept what I cannot fathom."

These were brave and wise words, and they led on to others, as we walked in the shadows of the beech woods, until summoned to dinner. The baron's niece superintended the meal, and a farmer's daughter waited at the table. I was forced to decline a kind invitation to return to the castle with the old man, and spend the night there, — for I could take but a brief holiday in the Teutoburger Forest. Then they proposed taking me to the town of Höxter, on the Weser, whither I was bound; but while I was trying to dissuade the young lady from a further drive of ten miles the sound of a horn suddenly broke the solitude of the woods. A post-carriage came in sight, drove to the door, and from it descended the *Kreisrichter* (District Judge), on a visit to the old baron. As I noticed that he intended remaining for the night, I proposed taking the carriage by which he had arrived, though I should have preferred making the journey on foot.

It was so arranged, and half an hour afterwards I took leave of the noble old man, with the promise — which all the battle-fields of Hermann and Wittekind would not have suggested to me — of some day returning to the Teutoburger Forest. Leaving the mountains behind me, I followed a road which slowly descended to the Weser through the fairest winding valleys, and before sunset reached Höxter. A mile farther, at the bend of the river, is the ancient Abbey of Corvey, where, in the year 1515, the first six books of the Annals of Tacitus, up to that time lost, were discovered. The region which that great historian has alone described thus preserved and gave back to the world a portion of his works.

AFTER ELECTION.

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how!
As on the thronged, unrestful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first:
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst!
Hark! — there the Alleghanies spoke;
That sound from lake and prairie broke!
That sunset-gun of triumph rent
The silence of a continent!

That signal from Nebraska sprung,
This, from Nevada's mountain tongue!
Is that thy answer, strong and free,
O loyal heart of Tennessee?
What strange, glad voice is that which calls
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls?

From Mississippi's fountain-head
A sound as of the bison's tread!
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak!
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke!
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set
Of sun. We have a country yet!

The praise, O God, be thine alone!
Thou givest not for bread a stone;
Thou hast not led us through the night
To blind us with returning light;
Not through the furnace have we passed,
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain!
November's moon, be slow to wane!
Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,
On brows of prayer a blessing pour;
And give, with full assurance blest,
The weary heart of Freedom rest!

CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

I.

CONSUMPTION in America, — its causes, — its eradication: such are the questions we propose for investigation. Who will deny their importance? What family in the land that has not suffered from the ravages of this terrible disease? As far back as our records go we find evidences of its existence. It was never more rife than it is now in New England, where, according to Keith Johnston, is its most favored seat.* How shall we cope with and perchance strangle it?

We believe that eventually the world will successfully meet these questions. We cannot hope in this article to do more than glance at our reasons for this belief; but, while giving them, we shall allude to some of the chief causes connected with the origin, and suggest some means for the probable mitigation, and, possibly, for the future extermination of the disease.

The various data afforded by modern investigations lead us more and more to the hope that consumption is at last on the point of unravelling to us its mysteries, as, of late, other diseases have revealed to us theirs. Some of these causes will hereafter be avoided by our descendants, although it may be too late to prevent the present generation from suffering for the many sins of commission and of omission perpetrated by itself and its ancestry. If our fathers and we had only known and acted upon some of the principles and rules we shall try to lay down in these pages, we should at the present day be saving at least one third, and perhaps more than one half, of all the young and the beautiful who now annually die in New England from this scourge of our race.†

As we proceed, we may at times seem dogmatical. If so, it will be because of the narrow limits of this paper. But we shall always try to keep within the lines of strict truth, and shall make no assertion which we do not believe fully sustained by facts.

Its Nature.

As a cause of death, it corrupts and destroys portions of the lungs and at times other organs of the body, by a development of bodies called tubercles, and by the inflammatory processes connected therewith. It is preceded by various influences tending to the fatal end.

By some persons it is considered no real disease by itself, but simply the culmination, it may be, of all other complaints, — an agency in nature prepared from the beginning of the world to sweep out of existence the thousands who, from their long and tedious ailments, or for their vicious hereditary tendencies, are no longer fit to live. We are no believers in this doctrine, and only allude to it now in order to draw attention to the point, and to express the hope that the perusal of the following arguments will lead all to believe that consumption is not necessarily fatal, even if it attacks a person, and that, like many other diseases, it is capable of being prevented if we act wisely.

Its Relative Prevalence formerly and at the Present Time. To whom must we appeal for Relief?

From the records of deaths in towns in former days and at the present time, and from the estimates of the ablest physicians * of the last century and our

* Geographical Distribution of Health and Disease. By Alexander Keith Johnston. Edinburgh. 1854.

† Though anticipating somewhat, we would refer the reader who doubts this broad assertion to the section on the influence of "Location"; and after candidly reading that, he will admit, we think, that we have abundant reason.

* Observations on Phthisis Pulmonalis, by Isaac Rand, M. D. Vol. I., Essay No. I., Mass. Med. Society's Communications, 1804; and also John Warren, M. D., on Mercurials in Phthisis, of same Communications, Vol. II. p. 507, 1813.

own, it is apparent that consumption is more prevalent now in New England than it was less than a century ago. It will, we fear, daily increase the number of its victims, unless the community learn wisdom.

It is unequally distributed in New England, being very rife in some parts, and rare, or scarcely known, in others. From an examination of the United States census, Dr. Gould * thinks — and we are inclined to agree with him — that, generally speaking, under similar hygienic influences, the disease lessens from North to South in the United States. It at present kills about one quarter of all who die annually in Massachusetts, and one sixteenth part of those dying in Louisiana. But if we can show that causes have been at work since the settlement of the country, over the whole extent of our land, insidiously tending to the development of consumption, which causes can be voluntarily overcome by individual exertion, or checked by philanthropic effort, or summarily abated, if need be, by legislative enactment, then what we advocate deserves the undivided attention of every human being in his capacity of parent, philanthropist, legislator, and capitalist. Before each and all of these we claim an impartial judgment and corresponding subsequent action; for no half-way measures are fitted for the occasion.

Residence on a Damp Soil as a Cause of Consumption.

We presume that the community at large are unaware of the vast influence of the location of a house or of a village on the existence of consumption. Many of the medical profession, if cognizant of the fact, still practically ignore it, and twenty years ago it was totally unknown. At that time all physicians believed that, as a whole, the world was everywhere decimated by the disease; that it made but little difference whether a man were born and had lived under the sunny skies of the Antilles, or had shivered amid the snows of Iceland, — everywhere this destroyer of his progeny would be present. And certainly no one dreamed, even ten years ago, that, in our bleak and misnamed temperate (!) climate of New England, places could be found almost free from consumption; while in other spots — particular homesteads even — it was frightfully rife.

All this is now changed. European observers, looking at the subject of climatic influences in their broadest sense, and, convinced by data drawn from the entire globe, have decided that certain places — such as Iceland in the North of Europe, the cool, clear, dry, and rarefied atmosphere of the Swiss mountains, the high plains of Mexico, some of the lofty valleys on the western slopes of the Andes in South America, raised high above the waters of the Pacific, and similar places elsewhere — enjoy a blessed immunity from consumption; while other places, quite differently situated, are very subject to it. Dr. R. H. Coolidge had foreshadowed this same fact in regard to this country, and hinted at its cause.*

In 1854 a committee was appointed by the Massachusetts Medical Society to investigate the origin of consumption in Massachusetts. Among questions sent out to physicians in every town in the Commonwealth, and upon which either positive statistics or medical opinion was obtained from all the towns, were two upon the influence of locality. Contrary to all preconceived notions, the committee was compelled to draw the following inferences † from the facts presented by correspondents: —

1st. Phthisis (consumption) is very unequally distributed in New England.

* Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Massachusetts. Twenty-first Report, 1862, p. 48.

* Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States. First and Second Reports. By Richard H. Coolidge, M. D. Washington.

† Annual Discourse before the Massachusetts Medical Society. By Henry I. Bowditch, M. D. Also, Prefatory and Historical Remarks to "Consumption in New England and Elsewhere, or Soil Moisture one of its Chief Causes," by same writer. Boston: David Clapp & Son. 1868.

2d. There are some places which enjoy a very great exemption from its ravages, if not quite as much exemption, as any portion of the globe can claim.

3d. There are some spots, nay, even particular houses, which are frightfully subject to it.

4th. There is a cause governing this unequal distribution of the disease, — a law not recognized before these investigations, and still practically ignored by the majority of human beings, which, however, is one of the main causes, if not the sole cause, of this *unequal* distribution in New England, and possibly elsewhere.

5th. This cause is intimately connected with, and apparently dependent on, moisture of the soil on or near which stand the villages or houses in which consumption prevails.

These results are based upon too large an array of facts to admit now of any doubt of their substantial correctness. They have been supported by similarly observed facts in Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, and New York, and by the registration returns of Massachusetts. They have very recently been confirmed by English investigations, carried on under the direction of the Privy Council,* which investigations have such an important bearing upon our subject that we feel that we ought pointedly to allude to them. The Council, being desirous of learning whether any effect had been produced upon the health of the inhabitants of towns where sanitary improvements had been fully carried out for a number of years, caused investigations to be made upon the relative prevalence of various diseases before and subsequent to the period at which said improvements were made.

Various important results were obtained, tending to show that the public health had been very much benefited thereby. But that which was deemed worthy of the name of "discovery by Dr. Buchanan," was the striking one, that *in towns that had been thoroughly subdrained*, and thus had been made comparatively *dry*, instead of having a soil permeated with moisture as previously, there was a *marked diminution in the number of deaths by consumption*, sometimes even to the extent of more than one half.

This discovery in Old England was simply a practical illustration of the truth of a law previously proved to exist in New England, where actual statistics in not a few instances had proved, —

1st. That there are from twice to three times as many deaths from consumption in the wet places of New England as in those that are dry; and

2d. That generally in proportion to the amount of dampness of the soil is the tendency to death by consumption.

This fact, that a law of soil-moisture, as a chief cause of consumption in Massachusetts, really existed, and the correlative fact that dryness of the soil is characteristic of those places in other parts of the globe where consumptives resort with advantage, had naturally suggested the inference that probably the same law is widespread over the globe, and is one of the real laws of the increase of consumption everywhere.

The results obtained by Dr. Buchanan were deemed so important, that the Privy Council directed him to continue his investigations during the past year, and he has arrived at results entirely analogous to, and fully sustaining, the views previously advanced by him, and by the committee of the Massachusetts Medical Society, years ago.

We have just received from Dr. Simon, the chief medical officer of the Privy Council, their Tenth Report. It contains the results of these further investigations in England and Scotland. The summary of the whole is in these words, and, in order to make them more emphatic, they are printed in the original partly in capitals, as given below: —

"The whole of the foregoing conclusions combine into one, — which may now be affirmed generally, and not only

* Ninth Report of the Medical Officers of the Privy Council, 1866.

of particular districts, — THAT WETNESS OF THE SOIL IS A CAUSE OF PHTHISIS TO THE POPULATION LIVING UPON IT."

The reporter terminates with these remarks: "Until the end of my own inquiry I was in complete ignorance of Dr. Bowditch's researches. I should not insist on this point, except for the purpose of giving to the conclusions which Dr. Bowditch and myself have obtained the additional weight that they deserve from having been arrived at by a second inquirer wholly ignorant of and therefore unbiassed by the work of the first." *

It seems to us that no unprejudiced mind, when remembering that this law has been thus proved to exist in this country and in Great Britain, and recalling this second fact that most of the places where consumptives resort are dry, and those they avoid are rather moist than dry, can hereafter doubt that sufficient proof is thereby given of the existence of a general law acting over large extents of country, and probably over the entire world.

This law certainly acts over wide extents of country, or within the narrowest districts of New England. There are even single homesteads in Massachusetts which for more than half a century, as actual statistics prove, have felt its influence, and others within a radius of a fraction of a mile upon which, owing to location merely, it scarcely ever has appeared to have any effect. Two or three generations have been cut down in the former houses, and more will continue to be cut down, unless the inmates become convinced *that no parent ought to attempt to bring up children in defiance of this natural law any more than he would attempt to do so in defiance of the laws of gravity or of combustion.*

Children will leave such homesteads hereafter, as they quitted them heretofore, and recover health only to fall back again if they return under the blighting influences of the consumption-breeding soil on which is placed the home of their childhood. We have known nearly one whole family thus cut down one after the other, and all ignorant of the essential cause of their disease. Finally, the youngest, as he grew up towards manhood, began to fail as his brothers and sisters had failed before. He wisely inferred that death to him was in the house; that something, he knew not what, prejudicial to his race existed there, and that he was doomed unless he forsook the spot. Acting on this just assumption, he left, and wholly recovered, and lived in other parts to a green old age.

We know of two families in Massachusetts of whom the following story may be told. Two healthy brothers married two healthy sisters. Both had large families of children. One lived on the old homestead, on the southern slope of one of the numerous beautiful and well-drained hills in that vicinity. The whole house was bathed all day long in sunlight, and consumption did not touch any of the young lives under its roof. The other brother placed his house at a very short distance off, but upon a grassy plain, covered all summer with the rankest verdure. In its front was a large open "common." In the centre of this, water oozed up from between the split hoofs of the cows, as they came lowing homeward at evening, and the barefooted boy who was driving them used to shrink from the place, and preferred to make the circuit of its edge rather than to follow the lead of his more quiet comrades. Back of the house was a large level meadow, reaching to the very foundations of the building. Through this meadow sluggishly crept the mill-stream of the adjacent village. Still further, all these surroundings were enclosed by lofty hills. The life-giving sun rose later and set earlier upon this than upon the other fair homestead. Till late in the forenoon, and long before sunset left the hillside home, damp and chilling emanations arose from the meadow, and day after day enveloped the tender forms of the children that were *trying in vain to grow* up healthily within them. But all effort was

* Tenth Privy Council Report, 1867, p. 109.

useless. Large families were born under both roofs. Not one of the children born in the latter homestead escaped, whereas the other family remained healthy; and when, at the suggestion of a medical friend who knew all the facts we have told, we visited the place for the purpose of thoroughly investigating them, we thought that these two houses were a terribly significant illustration of the existence of this all-powerful law. Yet these two homes had nothing peculiarly noticeable by the passing stranger. They were situated in the same township and within a very short distance one from the other, and scarcely any one in the village with whom we spoke on the subject agreed with us in our opinion that it was location alone, or chiefly that, which gave life or death to the inmates of the two.

We might speak of other homesteads which seem to us now to be the very nests of consumption in consequence of this law, and yet not one parent in a hundred acknowledges even theoretically his belief in the truth of our assertion. Parents themselves, during a long residence, may escape from the dire influences of location; and therefore they imagine, if their children are falling, that some other evil agency is at work, rather than this law.

Illustrative of this error on the part of parents, we cannot forbear relating the following fact. We know of a house situated about a foot above and just on the edge of a small lake. The cellar, if there be one, must be below the level of the water. The house, built with taste, nestles amid overhanging thickly leaved trees, through which the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate even at midday. The homestead is overrun with the springing woodbine, clematis, and honeysuckle. Coolness, dampness, and little sunlight are the characteristics of the spot. In the midst of summer it is the *beau ideal* of a quiet, refined country house, which any one, even the most fastidious, would desire to occupy. Yet as we have looked at it, and have remembered how one by one the children born in it have been cut off by consumption either at puberty or at early manhood or womanhood, we have turned with loathing from all its external beauties, and have regarded them all as so many false and fatal allurements, bringing inevitable ruin to those who should fall within the sphere of their influence.

These tales are no creations of our imagination, but positive and undeniable facts.

We have thus very briefly spoken of one of the primal causes of consumption in New England and Great Britain, and probably throughout the world. Let us now turn to several other apparent or real causes of the same. At the termination of the statements of all, we will give with equal conciseness our views as to what is required on the part of individuals and of the community in order to meet, and if possible subdue, those causes.

Is Consumption Hereditary?

In one of the rural cemeteries of this Commonwealth there is the following inscription in Latin on the tombstone marking the joint graves of a man and his wife, both of whom had died of consumption. It seems like the dying wail and prayer of the parents for the future welfare of their children: "Insatiable disease! thou hast destroyed both parents: spare, O spare our children!" That prayer was unanswered, possibly from a total neglect of the very means whereby alone such a prayer could be answered.

Undoubtedly it is true that public opinion considers consumption as hereditary, and medical experience seems to support this view. We presume that there is scarcely a physician anywhere who would not admit the truth of this belief. Yet no physician would dare to say that, in any given case, consumption would *necessarily* be transmitted from parent to child. Granted that, as a general rule, the child of a tuberculous or consumptive parent either dies early, or at the age of puberty or young manhood or womanhood, it

by no means follows that such is always the fact, or that we have no means wherewith we can contend against and fully subdue that downward tendency.

If we give to such children proper food, and fitly clothe them; if we exercise them freely in the open air from earliest babyhood; if at a later period we prevent too much study, and will not allow them to be closed up in abominable, furnace-heated schoolrooms, now so common throughout the land, but, on the contrary, urge them to engage in all athletic sports; if, when arriving at adult age, we caution those of tender frames against choosing sedentary employments, — such as clerkships, the ministry, and the thousand other semi-literary kinds of employment, which of themselves tend to deteriorate the bodily powers, — but rather lead them to the more active mechanic trades, or farm or sea or business life, — if with a *steady, untiring purpose* we do all these things, then we may hope to crush out the evil tendencies, all the "rash humors" that the parents give the child; we may smother the seeds of consumption planted before birth in the constitution, and instead of weakness give strength; and thus out of a weak, puny childhood we may form stalwart men and graceful and healthy women, fit to be the future parents of the race.

Both opinions are to a certain degree true. We cannot doubt that weakness of physical organization and actual tendencies to consumption are transmitted by some consumptive parents to their children; nevertheless, in many cases, *if these proper precautions be followed from the cradle up to at least thirty or forty years* of age, weakness and that tendency may be wholly overcome, and the individuals may be not only really healthy during that period, but for the usual age of man. The great difficulty is, that, where one family thinks of these precautions and is *convinced* of their necessity, there are a thousand who wholly neglect them from an ignorance of the common laws of hygiene. Some *wilfully neglect* them, owing to a want of real faith in their immense powers. Others again, though fully persuaded of their *general value*, lack that enduring, almost divine grace given very rarely to women and still more rarely to men, which, when possessed, leads one to recognize the fact that *years* of *untiring watchfulness* and of painful self-sacrifice perhaps will be needed, on the part of the parents, in order to prevent the seeds of disease, sown at the very moment of conception, from becoming so rapid and luxuriant of growth as to obstruct all the springs of healthful life in the dear young body committed to their charge.

But we must confess the sad and unwelcome truth, that, in many instances, with all our present knowledge, no amount of human and hence necessarily imperfect care can save some children. At their birth they are doomed to an early death. By the diseased condition of the parents, sometimes, alas! due to their own or to their ancestors' previous excesses, the tender bodies of the children are so tainted that life becomes a burden. We have often seen in such cases the terrible vindication of the power of the old Mosaic law, "For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Such children die early; and this is exactly right. The race would constantly deteriorate were it otherwise. For there is no greater proof of Divine foresight than the law which certainly prevails, that only to strength and perfect health belongs the highest life, which alone has as its birthright the will and the power to contribute to the continuance of the human race.

Is Consumption ever contagious?

In looking back upon the history of this question as held by previous centuries, one is struck with the curious degree of uncertainty that has prevailed in the medical profession in reference to it. Previously to 1775 or thereabouts, most authors and some entire communities believed in contagion. In Italy it was the common custom to dis-

infect the houses where consumptive patients died, and to burn the clothing that was believed to be contaminated by their touch. Morgani, undoubtedly one of the ablest and wisest of his day, and one whose works prove that he was constantly examining bodies of persons dead from all diseases, was said to have been actually afraid to dissect the body of a consumptive patient.

During the last quarter of the last century there was great indecision on the part of the faculty, and many protested against this strong position. From the writings of that period it is evident that the idea of contagion had met a strong opposition, and finally, early in this century, an opinion the exact reverse of contagion was arrived at. Forty years ago scarcely any one believed in it, and even Italy relaxed its strict rules. But within a few past years the belief in the contagiousness of tubercle, which is *usually* synonymous with consumption, has suddenly again sprung up in Germany, under the influence of experiments made by modern physiologists. Inoculations of tuberculous matter from men to animals have been made, and the disease has been reproduced in the animal. It is true that doubt has been thrown upon the real value of these experiments; and we think that doubt is a just one, because it has been found that any long-continued local irritation of an animal — as, for instance, the keeping up of a violently irritating sore on the body — may eventually excite tubercular disease. Moreover, the fact that tubercle when *inoculated*, that is, put under the skin by means of an operation, produces consumption in an animal, is no valid reason for thinking that the emanations from the breath or skin of a tuberculous patient would certainly convey the disease from man to man. Still further, if the disease were really so contagious as some believe, why have not physicians and nurses and attendants at special hospitals for the lungs, — as at Brompton, for example, — been taken down by the disease?

Nevertheless, we think we are correct in saying that some of the ablest physiologists of Germany and of France believe in the *inoculability*, and consequently, as they contend they have a right to do, they adhere to the doctrine of the *contagiousness* of the disease. In England, too, the same thought is beginning to germinate. Dr. Budd, of Bristol, last summer addressed a letter to the eminent surgeon, Mr. Paget, avowing that belief, deduced from his own experience during a medical practice of over thirty years' duration. Dr. Budd, however, gives us no facts, but simply the statement of his belief, drawn from what he deems sufficient data. Considering the distinguished merit and high character of Dr. Budd, his simple statement deserves great consideration, although we may not be able fully to adopt his views.

Briefly, we may say that medical opinion is, at present, much divided upon the topic of the contagiousness or otherwise of consumption. Few, if any, believe it to be equally contagious with small-pox and other kindred contagious diseases. Still, medical opinion rather verges now towards the belief that the disease is at times capable of producing a like disease in others, unless precautions are taken by those who have the care of ministering to the consumptive. With these precautions we believe there is no danger; without them there is peril. And to this let us now address ourselves. In doing so, we must be allowed to refer to some investigations made some years since. At that time we prepared a brief article on the question, "Is consumption ever contagious?"* We were able to remember but six cases, occurring in an experience of many years, of which we had full record, and in which when we commenced the investigation we supposed there was undoubted evidence of the transmission of consumption from one person to another. All of these cases were of individuals wholly disconnected by blood with the originally consump-

* Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

tive patients who were thought to have given the disease to them. They were of the persons who had had consumptive husband, wife, or female friend, and had been in very close and devoted attendance upon the consumptives. We have no doubt now upon the relation of cause and effect in all the cases. But it happened, unfortunately for rigid proof, that in all the cases some one ancestor, though frequently distant and collateral, had had consumption. Hence, although apparently this fact must have had a very trivial effect in any of the cases, it becomes impossible wholly to separate the element of hereditary influence from that produced by the supposed contagiousness of the disease. It may be remarked, however, that there is scarcely an individual in the community upon whom the same argument might not be used; for, in the wide prevalence of consumption, there is scarcely a man or woman who cannot find that some relative, near or remote, has died of it. The one case of our six cases in which this element was wholly absent, and in which all the relatives feel sure that the patient actually got the disease from attendance on the consumptive, is as follows: A young girl, a farmer's daughter, the very picture of robust health of body and mind, and of a quiet and calm disposition, had become devotedly attached to another young woman rather older than herself, of commanding intellect and of most charming character. The consequence was a real enthusiasm of friendship between the two. The elder was not in strong health when the union began, and erelong consumption became manifest in her. The young friend gave herself up wholly as special nurse, and stayed with the invalid daily and at night slept near her for some time. Her own strength finally broke down with a series of ill-defined symptoms, and great prostration of all the powers of life. The parents, who had long perceived an apparent decline of her health, and had vainly tried to persuade her of the dangers of the situation, immediately took her home. We then saw her as we had previously seen her companion, but irretrievable injury had already been done to the lungs. She was unwilling to part with her friend, except on the express condition of being informed when the symptoms should become so much more serious as to threaten an early death. The two friends determined to be together during the last few days of life. This was granted, and some months afterwards the younger girl again spent a week with the dying invalid, and, so far as her own health would allow, ministered to her. After the death of her friend our patient never rallied, but slowly sunk, and died of consumption; the whole process, from the moment of first attendance till her own death, being about two years. We have no doubt that, if she had not thus sacrificed herself to close devotion on the sick girl, she would not herself have been subsequently diseased.

A priori, we might infer that such cases would be more likely to occur among women than men. The earnest ways of women, their willingness to stay in constant attendance, and their unwillingness or inability to go out except very rarely, would make them more susceptible to any emanations from the sick than men would be. The active duties of life call men from home. The sympathies of men are less keen than those of women, so that their very natures are less fitted for personal attendance on the sick. On the contrary, the keener instincts of woman lead her at times to a truer self-devotion and even to death in such a cause.

In illustration of this, and to show by what means we believe that consumption is sometimes given by a husband to his wife, we will relate the following. It was our fortune to attend a man slowly dying of consumption, who, while hopelessly and helplessly ill, was devotedly cared for by his wife, who at the time felt herself, and seemed to be, in perfect health.

Years after her husband's death, and when she was bravely battling against the disease, which commenced its insid-

ious attacks immediately subsequent to his death, she related to me the following fact, but only on my definite inquiries as to how intimate her relations had been with him during his illness. It seems that often, in wintry nights, that faithful woman would arise from the side of her husband, who was lying with his dress drenched with the chilling sweat of increasing disease, and would persuade him to take her warm clothing and to lie down in the dry warm place she had just left, while, simply throwing a blanket over it, she would take the spot that had been previously occupied by him! Upon our expressing a horror at the thought of the danger she had run, and which apparently had told with so much power upon her, she quietly remarked that she knew at the time the danger that she was incurring. She had no thought of danger to herself, and only of her husband's comfort! "But," added she, "I then got what I have never recovered from." A certain vitality seemed to go out of her; and though her nature contended for many years against the encroachments of the disease, she finally died, always believing that she had taken consumption from her husband, but with a certain martyr-like joy that such had really been the fact.

We have now in our mind other and analogous cases, as, for example, of husbands having their first cough when "inhaling the breath of their sick wives," while ministering to their necessities. We have known daughters and sisters who, full of apparent health and strength, when consumption has seized a mother or sister, have continued to sleep with the invalid, and to breathe the same closed-up atmosphere at night, and to watch all day without perhaps a moment of healthful out-of-door exercise. And we have been distressed to find not a few of such healthy young persons gradually beginning to suffer with indigestion, debility, and finally cough, and all the symptoms of consumption. In some instances, in fact, the attendant has died before the life of the original patient has ended. These facts are very significant; and although we are well aware that, in some of them, other elements of disease may have had their fatal influences, still the cases have been full of suggestions as to the necessities of greater precautions than we, in this country, have usually taken in this matter. These precautions we shall speak of hereafter.

Influence of the different Trades and Professions as Causes of Consumption.

This question is of *vital* importance to every young person about to choose a profession or trade as the business of life. It is worthy of the maturest thought of every parent and every philanthropic employer; for upon the proper choice of a trade or profession will depend much of the future weal or woe of the youth just commencing life. At present there seems often to be, while making the choice, a woful amount of ignorance of the common rules of health.

We may consider the question in two lights; namely, first, as it regards a perfectly healthy youth; and, second, as it has reference to one that is either actually in ill health or who from physical organization or hereditary tendencies is liable to suffer from consumption.

And, *first*, it is undoubtedly true that a man may take any of the various trades or professions, and if he only do not neglect the rules of health, he may practise without injury any of these arts even to advanced life. Nevertheless, there are some which, from their very nature, or their necessarily accompanying circumstances, are less healthful than others. Among these may be named all those practised in places in which fine dust is floating in the air, whatever that dust may be. Especially deleterious is the trade of machinist, in working at which quantities of fine steel-dust are set flying; or the knife and scissors grinder's trade, in which, in addition to the steel, a cloud of emery-dust is drawn in with almost every breath. It is true that some of these various dusts do not produce real tuberculous

disease, but they all tend to clog up the finer air-cells of the lungs, and are liable to cause cough, emaciation, and death, at times with tubercular complications.

Next, perhaps, in order come all those trades that cramp the chest, and prevent free expansion of the lungs, and incline the patient to bend forward, thus permanently diminishing the calibre of the chest, compressing the delicate structure of the lungs, causing obstruction therein, with subsequent disease and death. Prominent among these trades stand such as that of shoemaker for men and that of seamstress for women. These are essentially sedentary in their nature, and have most strongly marked tendencies of the nature alluded to. But they likewise lead to the various forms of dyspepsia, to irregularities of the digestive and of other of the more delicate functions of the body. These latter complaints are too often found, when we unravel the history of cases of consumption, to be the precursors for months previously of the dreaded affection of the lungs. The whole internal arrangements of many large establishments for "slop" work, where perhaps from fifty to a hundred young women or men are collected in large unventilated rooms, are simply an outrage upon common decency, and infamous with regard to arrangement for the health of the employees. How general it is we know not, but not infrequently we have been informed by patients that at times, for example, no water-closets can be found on the premises, or, if found, they are in a deplorable state. Hence constipation and indigestion come to add their weight to the deleterious influences of the trade itself.

Less constantly confining to the chest, but as employments analogous to the last-mentioned trades in effect, we may name those of clerk and student. Both tend to induce inaction of the entire body and a curving forward of the chest; and although neither of these professions *necessarily* produces disease, and although it is possible for the student and clerk to avoid the evils that are impending, they very frequently do not avoid them, either from their own gross ignorance of hygienic laws, or from the cupidity of the employer, which prevents them from properly attending to the same. Those employed are at times compelled to work in houses totally unfit for human beings to inhabit, while at other times love of gain deprives them of the requisite time for exercise and for the taking of food.

Such cruelty on the part of employers, we admit, is rare. Moreover, we are inclined to think that there are but few who wilfully sin in this manner. They have ample means; and money with them is resolvable into human labor. In modern scientific language, of "the correlation of forces," they virtually say, "With the force of so much money we ought to get a corresponding degree of human force applied to the purposes required." Under this idea, the health of those employed is considered of but secondary importance. We confess that we think there are few even of our worthiest employers who have the perfect health of those employed seriously at heart; and this is not derogatory to them, for it is simply human nature, and will continue as long as our present mode of conducting business is continued. When a true Christian co-operation is introduced into all the channels of business, then, and not till then, will those employed see to it that everything is done to prevent detriment to their lives during their hours of toil.

Another evil tendency of certain trades is to require sudden transitions from heat to cold and wet to dry, the long continuance in cold, damp cellars or warerooms half underground, which, even in the heat of midsummer, though deliciously cool to the transient customer, are most deadly in their influences upon those permanently employed therein. Of such employments is that of the moulder, with his constant wet about him, and the beer-bottler's, who lives most of the time in damp, dark cellars; and analogous to these cellars in their influence on human health are the cool, damp underground rooms of dry-goods dealers, in all our

streets of business. These each and all tend to produce consumption, and are therefore nuisances as at present managed; for anything is a nuisance that tends to destroy human life. We have had to warn not a few clerks of the risk they were running in staying in such places. If they fly from them early, they may be saved. If they continue after health is once seriously impaired, they are doomed. Such places ought to be forbidden by law, and, when a proper public sentiment arises, this will be done.

We have thus far considered the influence of these various kinds of business upon persons in perfect health; and we may merely add, that, if there be danger to those in health, it will be madness on the part of those having hereditary tendencies to tubercular disease, or who are actually diseased, to enter into them, or into any of an analogous kind. Strange as it may seem, we find often an utter neglect of these rules, and pursuits in life are commenced without a thought of the effect on future health.

If a boy is puny, he is made more puny by being allowed to study, instead of being urged into the open air and to athletic sports, or into the farmer's field; and when he is of age to choose a profession, he becomes a dyspeptic clergyman, prepared to preach his own unwholesome vagaries, instead of healthful strong Christian doctrines, or we find him a nervous, irritable, one-sided professor, who, in his frantic efforts to govern the healthful impulses of students, forgets, if he ever had them, the dreams of his own youth; or perchance such a one will delve behind the accountant's desk in comparative misery through life. There seems to be little judgment, no forewarning of the young. By accident the choice is made, and, "according to the doctrine of chances," life becomes either healthful or a tissue of weak and morbid hours, too often cut short by consumption.

THE MEAN YANKEES AT HOME.

BY A SUMMER VISITOR.

THOSE horrible Yanks! I have seen them in their native haunts. The most dreadful creatures become interesting when, regarding them only as objects of natural history, we creep up near their den, and watch them as they devour their prey, caress their cubs, and gambol in the sun. Perhaps a busy universe, which has heard already a good deal about the mean, low, cheating, infidel, and entirely odious Yankee, may yet be willing to lean back in its arm-chair for a short time, and learn how he looks to a stranger's eyes, and how he comports himself amid his own hills and rocks, in that unique organization of his, a New England town.

There was published in this magazine, a year or two since, an article upon Chicago, which chanced to attract the notice of a young gentleman then residing among us, a citizen of the Argentine Republic, which is the United States of South America. He was so much struck with the exploits of the people of Chicago, that he translated the article into Spanish, and caused it to be published as a pamphlet in his native land, with a Preface calling upon his countrymen to imitate the spirit, energy, forethought, and patriotism displayed by the men of the prairie metropolis. It was well done of him; for, indeed, the creators of Chicago have performed, and are performing, the task assigned them in a manner unexampled in the history of the world;

and the record of what they have done and are doing will for ages be a chapter in our history honorable to this nation and instructive to others. But perhaps one of those quiet towns sleeping among the umbrageous hills of New England is a triumph of man over circumstances and over himself not less remarkable than the more striking and splendid achievements of the Chicagonese. And what is Chicago but a New England town in extremely novel circumstances, that was forced to undertake enormous enterprises, and compelled to expand, in thirty years, into a high-pressure Boston? If I could only succeed in revealing to mankind the town of New England, — its defects as well as its merits, — I should have produced something worth translating into every tongue.

It is evident that the Yankee system, with modifications, is destined to prevail over the fairest parts of this continent, if not finally over the best portions of the other. It prevails already in the West as far as San Francisco, the famous Vigilance Committee of which was a veritable town meeting. Wherever the Yankee soldier has tramped the Yankee schoolmarm will teach. Noble and chivalric gentlemen may throw stones at her windows, burn her school-house, drive her from their neighborhood; but she reappears, — she or her cousin, — and the work of Yankeefication proceeds. First Julius Cæsar, then Roman civilization, then Christianity. The soldier must always go first, and open the country. In this fortunate instance, the gentle and knowing schoolmarm quickly follows the man of war, and she is preparing the way for the gradual reorganization of the South upon the general plan of New England towns. It is hard for the noble and chivalric gentlemen to bear, but it seems inevitable. The Carolinas may object, and Georgia expel; Texas may slay, and Louisiana massacre, — it will not avail; *this* is the fate in reserve for them. The Yankee schoolmarm is extremely addicted to writing long letters home, which go the round of the village, are carried into the next county, and are sent at last to circulate by mail over all the land. Most graphic and powerful some of her letters are, and New England knows her new conquest in this way. The schoolmarm's lover has thoughts of settling there, when the land itself is "settled." Her uncle the capitalist has long had an eye on those rich lands, those unused watercourses, those mines and quarries. She is merely one of the first to tread the path worn by the army shoe stamped U. S. A.

A New England town, the distant reader will please take note, is not a town, though it may have a town in it, and two or three villages besides. It is a subdivision of a county, or, to use the language of the law-books, it is "an organized portion of the inhabitants of a State, within defined limits of territory, within the same county." It may consist of only three or four hundred people, or of several thousands. Perhaps two thousand may be an average number, which gives about three hundred voters; and the average circumference of the territory may be about ten miles. Every five years the selectmen are required to "perambulate" the boundaries, to see that the boundary-stones and guide-boards are right; and this work, I believe, is generally done in one day. The inhabitants of this area are an association for the performance of certain duties imposed upon them by the State. They are, says the law, a "corporate body," which is intrusted with powers defined and limited. It can fine you a dollar for driving over a bridge faster than a walk, or twenty dollars for declining a town office. It can itself be fined fifty dollars for not having a cattle-pound, five hundred dollars for not electing town officers, a thousand dollars if a person falls through a rotten bridge and loses his life, and three thousand dollars for sending to the legislature more members than it is entitled to. It is responsible — as much so as a railroad company — for any accidents happen-

ing through its fault, and can claim damages for an injury done to itself. It can sue and be sued as though it were one man. It can hold, hire, buy, sell, let, lease, or give away real estate. It can tax and be taxed, — both, however, for purposes named in the law, and for no others. For example, it can raise money by taxation to pay for schools, public libraries, the support of the poor, guide-boards, burial-grounds, bridges, roads, markets, pounds, hay-scales, standard weights and measures, public clocks, houses destroyed to stop a conflagration, the prosecution and defence of suits. Such of these things as concern other towns, or the county, the State, the United States, or the universe, each town is compelled to provide, — bridges, pounds, roads, and schools, for example. But the towns may or may not vote money for hay-scales or a public library. The schools are a necessity; the library is merely desirable in a high degree. The cattle-pound protects neighboring towns from devastation; but it is a question for each town to decide, whether or not it will have a public clock or a soldiers' monument.

The governing power of a New England town is the whole body of voters in town meeting assembled. Speaking generally (for all the States of New England have not yet quite come up to the standard of the most advanced), we may say, that every man, white or black, is a voter, who can read the constitution of his State in the English language understandingly, and who is not an alien, a lunatic, a pauper, or a convict.

The exclusion of paupers is of small consequence, because in most of the towns there are no paupers able to go to the polls, and in many there are no paupers at all. At the time of the first cable celebration, Mr. Cyrus Field, desirous that all the world should rejoice, sent orders to his native village in New England that a banquet should be provided at his expense for the paupers of the whole town. The selectmen sent back word that there were no paupers; and there are none there now. Your mean Yankee is a stickler for justice; and it would offend his sense of justice, that a man who had contributed nothing to the fund raised by taxation should have a voice in directing its expenditure. He is beginning to think, too, that it is hardly fair to tax a widow or an independent spinster, and refuse her a vote in town meeting. Here and there there is a bold Yankee who goes further than this, and pronounces it unwise to exclude such women as Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Catherine Beecher, and Mrs. Horace Mann, while admitting to the franchise every male citizen who can be trusted alone out of doors, and who can boggle through a paragraph of the Constitution. In some towns, where a few crusty old farmers can always be depended on to defeat a liberal scheme, the votes of the ladies, it is thought, would give a lift to the library and a blow to the grog-shop, and help all the civilizing measures. The necessity of women's assistance becomes more apparent as the towns advance in wealth and refinement; and the Yankee would long ago have seen this, and sought the aid of the decorative sex, but for a few words in an ancient epistle.

The exclusion from the polls of men who cannot read works nothing but good.* It is a measure absolutely necessary in the peculiar circumstances of the United States; and I will venture to predict that every State will in time adopt it, or, like the city of New York, become a prey to the spoiler. This law, however, excludes very few natives of the soil. If, in a New England town, there chances to be a native who cannot read and write, he is re-

* "No person shall have the right to vote, or be eligible to office under the Constitution of this Commonwealth, who shall not be able to read the Constitution in the English language, and write his name: *provided, however*, that the provisions of this amendment shall not apply to any person prevented by a physical disability from complying with its requisitions, nor to any person who now has the right to vote, nor to any persons who shall be sixty years of age or upwards at the time this amendment shall take effect." — *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

garded as a curiosity, and is pointed out to strangers as one of the objects of interest in the place. There is one such man near Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, who was pointed out to me last summer as the only native of New England in all that region who could neither read nor write. The people appeared to be rather proud of him than otherwise, as though he had given no slight proof of an ingenious mind in having escaped so many boy-traps and man-traps, baited with spelling-books, as they have in New England. The reading law merely keeps away from the polls the grossly ignorant among the foreign population, who, being unable to read, are dependent upon other men's eyes and minds for their political information, and who can be driven in herds to the polls by the party having the least scruples.

Major De Forest, in one of his valuable and entertaining articles on the "Man and Brother," has intimated an opinion that the black man will never associate in this country on equal terms with the white man. *Never* is a long time, and we cannot even see into the next century; but I should say that the condition of the colored people in New England supports the gallant Major's conjecture. There are not more than twelve or fifteen thousand negroes in Massachusetts; but they are so unequally distributed that you may occasionally find a considerable number of them in one town. They stand before the law equal to the white man; their children sit in the public schools side by side with his; they are treated with consideration and respect; they have the same opportunities to acquire property as the white man; they go with him to the ballot-box, and vote on the same terms and conditions, — nevertheless, their social position is precisely the same in New England as it is in North Carolina. They usually live in a cluster of cottages in the outskirts of the village; the men are laborers or waiters, and the women take in washing or go out to service. They live in peace and abundance, but they are no nearer social equality with the whites now than they were thirty years ago. They seldom get on so far as to own a farm, seldom learn a trade, and never run a factory or keep a store. In the free high schools — one of which nearly every town in New England supports, or helps support — a colored youth is rarely found. In and near Stockbridge, for example, there is a colored population of two hundred, and they have been settled there for many years; but no colored boy or girl has ever applied for admission to the high school, though it is free to all.

But the negro is an indispensable and delicious ingredient in the too serious and austere population of New England. They appear to be the only people there who ever *abandon* themselves to innocent merriment. What a joyous scene is one of the negro balls so frequently given in some of the New England villages! In the morning, the stranger notices upon the lordly, wide-spreading elm that shades the post-office a neatly written paper, notifying the public that an "entertainment" is to be given that evening for the "benefit" of some afflicted person, — perhaps a woman whose husband a ruthless constable has taken off to jail. "All who wish to enjoy a good time are respectfully invited to attend, — admission, twenty-five cents," for which a substantial supper of pork and beans and new cider is furnished. Soon after eight in the evening the village resounds with the voice of a colored Stentor, who calls out the figures of the quadrille, and all the world is thus notified that the "entertainment" has begun. The scene within the ball-room might make some persons hesitate to decide which destiny were the more desirable in New England, — to be born white or black. The participants seem so unconsciously and entirely happy! An ancient uncle, white-haired and very lame, stands near the entrance, seizes the newcomers with both hands, and gives them a roaring and joyous welcome; and there is a one-legged man with a crutch, and

four mothers with infants in their arms, who go through a quadrille with the best of them. The mothers, however, when they grow warm with the dance, hand the blessed baby to a passing friend to hold. The band, which consists of two male fiddlers and a woman who plays the accordion, is seated upon a platform at one end of the long room, and plays with eyes upcast, ecstatic, and keeps a heel apiece going heavily upon the boards. The room itself seems to be quivering. There is no walking through a quadrille here; but each performer, besides doing his prescribed steps, cuts as many supplementary capers as he can execute in the intervals. A dance begins, it is true, with some slight show of moderation; but as it proceeds the dancers throw themselves into it with a vigor and animation that increase every moment, until the quadrille ends in a glorious riot and delirium of dance and fun. No Mussulman would ask *these* people why they did not require their servants to do their dancing for them. On the contrary, that famous pacha, catching their most contagious merriment, would have sprung upon the floor, and dashed his three tails wildly about among those shining countenances. Nevertheless, there was not the smallest violation of decorum; all was as innocent as it was enjoyable. As the room was lined with white spectators, perhaps we shall some day learn the trick of cheap, innocent, and hearty enjoyment. One thing was very noticeable, and would certainly be noticed by any one familiar with the South, — the purity of blood exhibited in the faces of the company. Among the one hundred and fifty dancers, there were perhaps ten who were not quite black; and this was an ancient settlement of colored people, dating back beyond the recollection of the present inhabitants. The only fault with which their white neighbors charge them is, that one or two in a hundred has not yet got the old plantation *steal* out of their blood. A person interested in the health question would observe the roundness and all but universal vigorous health of these children of the tropics, which is another proof that human nature in America does not dwindle necessarily.

"In town meeting assembled." Once a year, and oftener if necessary, the voters of this small and convenient republic meet to elect town officers, consider proposed improvements, and vote taxes. The town meeting is a parliament, of which every voter is an equal member, and the authority of which is final so long as its acts are legal. It is a public meeting clothed with power.

I will here respectfully invite the attention of the Argentine Republic, France, Italy, Austria, Russia, and all countries supposed to be groaning under the yoke of the oppressor, and hoping one day to throw off that yoke, to the following truth, now for the first time given to the world: —

THAT PEOPLE IS FIT FOR FREEDOM WHICH CAN HOLD A PROPER PUBLIC MEETING.

To us how easy! to a great part of the rest of mankind how impossible! Before a community reaches the stage of development which admits of the public meeting, there must exist in it considerable ability and knowledge, and there must be a certain prevalence of what may be styled the virtues of maturity, — self-conquest and self-control. Men must respect themselves, but respect one another also, and, along with a proper confidence in their own opinions, have a genuine tolerance for those of their neighbors. With an ability to convince others, there must be in the people the possibility of being convinced, as well as of frankly submitting to a decision the most adverse to that for which they had striven. A strong, keen, and constant sense of justice must be tempered by a spirit of accommodation, an aversion to standing upon trifles, and a disposition to welcome a reasonable compromise. There must be in many of the people a true public spirit, and in some a very great and deep love of the public welfare, and a capacity for taking a prodigious amount

of trouble for a public object. The desire to shine, so natural to immature persons and races, must have been by many outgrown, or, at least, exalted into a noble ambition to be of service, and *thus* to win the approval of the community. An insatiate vanity in only two or three individuals might render profitable debate impossible; nor less harmful is that other manifestation of morbid self-love which we call bashfulness.

The horrible Yanks, with all their faults, do actually possess the qualities requisite for holding a public meeting in a higher degree than any other people. They have governed themselves by public meeting for two hundred years or more. It seems now instinctive in them, when a thing is to be done or considered by a body of men, to put it to the vote and be governed by the decision of the majority. The most curious illustration of this fact that has been recorded is the one related by Mrs. John Adams in one of her letters of 1774 to her husband. The men of Braintree and neighboring towns, alarmed lest the British general should seize their store of powder, assembled on a certain Sunday evening to the number of two hundred, marched to the powder-house, took out the powder, conveyed it to a place of safety, and secreted it. On their way they captured an odious Tory, and found upon him some still more odious documents aimed at the liberty of the Commonwealth. This man they took with them, and, when the powder was disposed of, they turned their attention to him and his documents. Readers familiar with the period do not need to be reminded that these men, marching so silently and seriously on that Sunday evening, were profoundly moved and excited. All New England, indeed, was thrilling and palpitating with mingled resolve and apprehension. Nevertheless, instinct, or ancient habit, was stronger than passion, even at such a crisis, in these two hundred Yankee men, and therefore they resolved themselves into a public meeting. Upon the hostile warrants being produced and exhibited, it was put to the vote whether they should be burnt or preserved. The majority voting for burning them, the two hundred gathered in a circle round the lantern, and looked on in silence while the offensive papers were consumed. That done, — and no doubt there were blazing eyes in that grim circle of Puritans as well as blazing papers, — "*they called a vote whether they should huzza; but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative.*"

The reader who comprehends the entire significance of that evening's performance knows New England. If I were a painter, I would try and paint the scene at the moment the blazing papers flashed light into the blazing eyes. If I were a king, I should think several times before going to war with people of that kind.

After a practice of two centuries, the Yankees would be able to hold a very good town meeting without assistance, and yet everything relating to it is prescribed and regulated by statute. The people must be notified in just such a way; the business to be done must be expressed in the summons; and nothing can be voted upon or discussed unless it has been thus expressed. In case the selectmen of a town should unreasonably refuse to call a town meeting, any ten voters can apply to a justice of the peace, and require him to issue a call. Every possible, and almost every conceivable, abuse or unfairness has been anticipated and guarded against by the legislature, and yet the town meeting is absolutely unfettered in doing right. It may also do wrong if it chooses, provided it does wrong in the right way, and the wrong is of such a nature as to harm nobody but itself. And I will here observe, that, if any one would know how deeply rooted in the heart of man is the love of justice, and would inspect the most complete system of fair play mankind possesses, let him buy, keep, and habitually read the volume containing the Constitution and Revised Statutes of Massachusetts. Most of the standard law books are

interesting and edifying, but this one is the most instructive and affecting of them all. It shows, in a striking manner, how much better the heart of man is than his head; for the community which wrought out this beautiful system of justice and humanity believed, *while it was doing it*, in the doctrine of total depravity! Delightful inconsistency! Would that all the head's mistakes could be so gloriously refuted by the other organ!

The principal town meeting of the year generally occurs in the spring, when the town officers are elected by ballot. The town officers are: Three, five, seven, or nine selectmen, who are the chief officers, and take care of things in general; a town clerk; three or more truant officers; three or more assessors; three or more overseers of the poor; a town treasurer; one or more surveyors of highways; a constable; one or more collectors of taxes; a pound-keeper; two or more fence-viewers; one or more surveyors of lumber; one or more measurers of wood and bark; a sealer of weights and measures; a gauger of liquid measures; a superintendent of hay-scales. Here is a chance for office-seekers! But, unfortunately, the emoluments attached to these offices are as small as the duties are light; and it has been found necessary to compel men to serve in them, if elected, under penalty of a fine of twenty dollars, — a sum much larger than the usual amount of the fees. But then no man can be made to serve two years in succession. These officers being elected, the town parliament proceeds to consider proposed improvements and appropriations; and you may frequently hear in the town hall excellent debating, very much in the quiet and rather homely manner of the British House of Commons, when country members get on their legs to discuss country matters. There is usually a total abstinence from all flights of oratory, for every man who speaks or votes has a personal and pecuniary interest in the question under debate. He who advocates a stone bridge in place of the rickety old wooden one knows that he will have to pay his share of the expense; and he who opposes it knows that he will have to cross the rickety structure, and will have to pay his part of a thousand-dollar fine when it lets a pedler through to destruction.

In the list of town magnates just given the reader may have noticed "truant officers." They must be explained.

There is one thing upon which these mean Yankees are entirely and unanimously resolved, and it is this: That no child, of whatever race, color, or capacity, shall grow up among them in ignorance. In the oldest of their records we find the existence of the school-house taken for granted. When there was no church in a town, no court-house, no town-hall, there was always a school-house, which served for all public purposes; and ever since that early day the school system has been extending and improving. Very pleasant it is of a summer day to ride past the little lone school-houses, and peep in at the open door, and see the schoolmarm surrounded with her little flock of little children, whose elder brothers are in the fields; nor less pleasant is it to mark in every village the free high school, where the pupils who have outgrown the common school continue their studies, if they desire it, to the point of being prepared for college, and snatch a daily hour for base-ball besides. Indeed, it is an excellent thing to be a child in this land of the Yankees. If you are a good boy or girl you have these common and high schools for your instruction; if you are a bad boy, they send you off to a reformatory school to be made better, or to a ship school to be changed into a good sailor; and if you are a bad girl, there is a girls' industrial school for you, where you will be taught good morals and the sewing-machine. And they do not leave the bad boys and girls to go on in their evil ways until they are developed into criminals. The towns in Massachusetts are now authorized to appoint the truant officers before mentioned, whose duty it is to take care that every child

between the ages of six and sixteen shall avail itself either of public or private means of education. No miserly parent, no hard master, no careless guardian, can now defraud a child of his right to so much instruction as will make it easy for him to go on instructing himself all his life.

By way of showing how much in earnest the Yankees are in this matter, I will insert upon this page certain "by-laws concerning truants and absentees," which I had the pleasure of reading last summer on a handbill displayed in the post-office of a small village in New England. It seems to me that these by-laws may convey a valuable hint to the Argentine and other republics. The following selection may be sufficient for our purpose: —

"2. Any child between the ages of six and sixteen, who, while a member of any school, shall absent himself or herself from school without the consent of his or her teacher, parent, or guardian, shall be deemed a truant." (Penalty, a fine of twenty dollars, or a term not exceeding two years in a reform school.)

"3. Any child between the ages of six and fifteen, who shall not attend some public school or suitable institution of instruction at least twelve weeks in a year, six of which shall be consecutive in the summer term, and six of which shall be consecutive in the winter term, shall be deemed an absentee.

"4. ABSENTEES OF THE SECOND CLASS. — Children between the ages of seven and sixteen years of age, wandering in the streets or loitering in stores, shops, or public places, having no lawful occupation or business, and growing up in ignorance, are hereby placed under *supervision* of the *truant officers*, so far as the law provides. The first offence shall be reported to parent, guardian, or master of said child by a truant officer, and, in case of the failure to secure said child the requisite amount of schooling or instruction elsewhere, he shall be fined twenty dollars; for the second offence of the same person, the child shall be sent to the almshouse or to the State Reform School, or the nautical branch of the same, or State Industrial School for girls, for a period agreeable to the statutes, as the justice of the court having jurisdiction of the same shall decide."

"6. It shall be the duty of every truant officer to inquire diligently concerning all persons, between the ages aforesaid, who seem to be idle or vagrant, or who, whether employed or unemployed, appear to be growing up in ignorance, and to enter a complaint against any one found unlawfully absent from school, or violating any of these by-laws.

"7. It shall be the duty of every truant officer, prior to making any complaint before a justice, to notify the truant or absentee child and its parents or guardian of the penalty for the offence. If he can obtain satisfactory pledges of reformation, which pledges shall subsequently be kept, he shall forbear to prosecute."

In one of those country towns of New England, a person likely to be elected a truant officer would have some knowledge of all the inhabitants. Hence it is now almost impossible for the most perverse or neglected child to avoid getting a little schooling. Each town, I should add, pays for the maintenance of children sent from it to a reformatory school, provided the parents or guardians cannot. The female teachers employed in the common schools receive now from five to eight dollars a week, and the master of a country high school from eight hundred to two thousand dollars a year. Twelve hundred dollars is very frequently the salary. Now, in a New England village, an active man who has a saving wife and an ordinary-sized garden, can live decently upon the salary last named, send a son to college, and give his daughters lessons on the piano.

I suppose that in New England there is a less unequal division of property than in any other region of a civilized country. I chanced to be in a country bank there last July, about the time when the coupons due on the first of

that month had been mostly paid, and the money for each individual had been done up in a neatly folded small package. The village was small, and remote from any important centre; and these packages of greenbacks belonged to the farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers of the neighborhood. I think there must have been half a peck of them, — perhaps a hundred packages. There are country towns in New England where nearly every respectable house has some United States bonds in it, and the Savings Bank will wield a capital of half a million dollars besides. Reason: *diversified industry*. These Yankees, finding themselves planted upon a soil not too productive, were compelled at a very early period to become good political economists; and while the fathers scratched the hard surface of the soil for a few bushels of corn, the sons rigged small schooners, and fished off the coast for cod. By and by they got on so far as to build ships, in which they sailed to the coast of Guinea, brought thence a load of slaves and a few quills of gold-dust, sold the slaves to the West-Indians for molasses, brought the molasses home, distilled it into rum, took the rum to Guinea for more slaves, sent most of the gold-dust to England for manufactured goods, and made the rest into watch-chains and gold beads. Thus Newport was enriched; thus was founded in Rhode Island the manufacture of jewelry and silver-ware which has attained such marvellous proportions. This infernal commerce is now regarded by the people of New England as wise and honest Catholics regard the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; that is, they wonder how their forefathers could have been guilty of it, and attribute it chiefly to the general barbarism of the age.

But the diversified industry remains, and it has enriched New England. Those streams which wind about the wooded hills and mountains of this region, useless as they are for navigation, shallow, winding, rocky, and rapid, frequently have such a descent that there can be a factory village every mile or two of their course for many successive miles. Travellers by such railroads as the Housatonic know this to their sorrow; for these villages are so frequent along the banks of the Housatonic River, that there is a stopping-place, at some parts of the line, every mile and a half. Among the glorious, wood-crowned hills of Berkshire I have passed in an afternoon ride the following manufactories: an iron-smelting furnace; two very extensive manufactories of the finest writing-paper, the linen rags for which are brought from the shores of the Mediterranean; a large woollen mill; a small factory of folding-chairs and camp-stools; a manufactory of something in cotton; a mill for grinding poplar wood into material for paper; and some others, at a little distance from the road, the nature of which could not be discerned. All these may be seen in a ride of ten miles along the Housatonic, and all are kept in motion by that little bustling stream.

So much of this diversified industry as is legitimate (i. e. unforced by a stimulating tariff) is beneficial; the rest is excessive and hurtful. It is excellent for the farmer to have a market near his barn, but it is bad for him to have to pay such a price for labor as neutralizes that advantage. These numberless factories absorb female labor to such a degree that I have known a family try for four months to get a servant-girl in vain; and the few girls in a village that will go out to service are often the refuse of creation, and rule their unhappy mistresses with a rod of iron. The factories, too, are attracting to some parts of New England Irish and German emigrants much faster than they can be assimilated. I read in a religious Report: "The mountain regions [of Massachusetts] are continually drained of a large part of their most enterprising population; the furnaces buy up the farms for the sake of their wood, and, having 'skinned them,' — in the expressive language of the region, — sell them out at low prices to

foreigners, who are thus, in a number of places, coming into possession of hundreds of these mountain acres. This transfer of population, while apparently beneficial both to those who go and those who come, throws new burdens on the churches, and adds new embarrassments to the already difficult problem of a general popular Christianization. Considerable numbers of the Canadian French are now coming into Berkshire, turning its forests into fuel for the mills and founderies."

This is partly owing to the tariff stimulation of the factories, and tends to show that stimulation is no better for the body politic than for the corporeal system of man. The truth remains, however, that diversified industry is one of the chief secrets of a country's prosperity and progress. The most desperate and deplorable poverty now to be seen on earth — so I am assured by an intelligent and universal traveller — is in some of the sugar and coffee districts of Cuba, where Nature has lavished upon the land her richest gifts. There is room there for the planter, the slave, and the importer of manufactures; all others cringe to the plantation lord, as toadies, beggars, or white trash.

It is curious to see how the emigrants, who arrive in the country at the rate of a thousand a day, distribute themselves over the land, and settle just where they are wanted. These obscure factory villages of New England swarm with Irish people and Germans; but no Yankee sends for them. They come. If they do well, they induce their relations and friends to join them; if work is scarce, if the factory closes, they either scatter among the farmers to subsist, and wait for the reopening, or a band of them moves off to Iowa, Wisconsin, or Minnesota. In the back country, employers will make considerable sacrifices to avoid closing their works during the long, snow-bound winter, partly from benevolent feeling, partly from their unwillingness to create a destitution which it will fall to them to relieve. Here, as elsewhere, it is only about one third of the workmen who save their money and improve their position in the world; another third about hold their own, or can get credit in dull seasons sufficient to carry them over to the next period of superabundance; another third live in such a way that, if work ceases this week, they must go hungry the next, unless more provident people help them. Some of the factories in odd, out-of-the-way nooks of New England are of such antiquity that men who went into them as boys are now gray-headed foremen or partners. Upon the whole, I must confess that some of the factory villages, with their rows of shabby cottages close together, their tall factory buildings humming with machinery, and all the refuse of manufacture lying about, do not leave an agreeable impression upon the mind of the visitor. But whatever in them is merely unpleasing to the eye admits of easy and inexpensive remedy.

The time was when very few men would be farmers in New England who could help it, and farming there is still far from being an attractive or popular occupation. The dearness of labor compels most of the proprietors of the soil to work with their hands from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; and, so long as this is the case, the more capable of our idle species will extol the noble occupation of the farmer, and avoid it. But the business is rising in dignity. It is beginning to detain the superior sons of farmers from the city, and now and then lures from the city a volunteer who brings to the soil a highly trained and sure intelligence. The railroads go everywhere, and enable the farmers of the most northern town of Vermont to send to New York (three hundred and fifty miles distant) commodities as bulky as hay and as perishable as blackberries. Along the lines of those quiet country railroads to points two hundred miles distant from New York or Boston a milk-train nightly passes, gathering up from every station its quota of cans of milk for the next morning's supply of those cities. They

have a way now of "curing" milk, which, without injuring it, causes it to keep longer, and prevents the cream from rising. A farmer among the hills of Berkshire, who cures his milk by this process, has sent to New York (one hundred and fifty miles off), every night for the last eighteen months, two hundred cans of milk, and has only lost one can by the milk spoiling. For the information of milk consumers, I will here communicate the fact, that the milk which costs us in New York the "war price" of ten cents a quart yields the Yankee farmer only four cents. The strangest thing of all is, that it cannot be brought to our doors for much less than ten cents. Another thing incredible (but true) is, that the Yankee farmer does *not* water the milk, nor even put into each can the "lump of ice to keep it," of which we hear in convivial hours.

Special farming appears to be more remunerative than general agriculture, and is one of the causes of the growing attractiveness of the business. The factories, wherein the milk of a hundred farms is made into cheese or butter, are an unspeakable relief to farmers' wives. Labor-saving machinery is doing wonders for the farming interest, and will do more. The high prices of produce during the last seven years have cleared many thousand farms in New England from encumbrance, and put away in their owners' money-boxes a few United States bonds. In a word, although few honest men will ever find it an easy thing to live, and every one of the legitimate occupations makes large demands of those who exercise them successfully, it may now be said of farming in New England, that it invites, and will sufficiently reward, intelligent labor. The difficulty is the first five years. After that, if you manage well, you may have as much money as is necessary, and work no harder than is becoming. Probably there is now no business in which a little sound sense and extra judicious expenditure yield results so certain, so lasting, so desirable as this of farming.

It seems strange that the mean Yankees should have taken so much trouble as they have to make their homes and villages pleasant to the eye. If the New-Yorker wishes to find a delightful village in which to spend the summer, he has only to go up in a balloon some fine afternoon in June, when the wind is blowing toward the east, and, when the balloon is over New England, let himself gently descend into a field, and make for the nearest collection of houses. He will be almost certain to have reached a pleasant place; but if not, there will be sure to be one a very few miles distant. I have been in New England towns of four or five thousand inhabitants, in which I could not discover by diligent search one squalid house, one untidy fence, one decidedly disagreeable object. They make their very wood-sheds ornamental, and pile the wood in them so evenly that the sawed ends of the sticks make a wall smooth, clean, and compact, pleasing to behold. A frequenter of New England could tell when he had reached that strange land by the wood-piles. Almost everything you see or handle there is a mechanical curiosity, for the Yankees take infinite trouble to invent trouble-saving implements and apparatus. They have most curious and novel hinges, locks, latches, padlocks, keys, curry-combs, pig-troughs, and horse-shoes; and nothing pleases them better than to be the first to have a new and startling invention, such as a front-door key that weighs half an ounce (a pretty little thing of polished steel, fit for the vest pocket, and yet capable of turning a huge lock), or a stove that puts on its own coal, or a gate that opens as the horseman approaches and closes when he has passed through, or a flat-iron that keeps itself hot, or a gas-burner so contrived that the gas lights by being merely "turned on." A genuine Yankee delights to expound such things to the stray New-Yorker, and, in his eagerness, does not mark the impenetrable blank of his guest's countenance as he strives to look as

though he understood them. A Yankee establishment, including house, fences, gates, barn, stable, wood-shed, chicken-yard, pig-sty, and tool-box, is a museum of ingenuities, all of which will "work," and all of which were made with a purposed symmetry and elegance.

Some of the older villages have grown exceedingly lovely. A long, wide street, not straight, — O no, *not* straight, — nor violently crooked either, but gently curving as a country road usually does, which sets off to the best advantage the grand old elms lining the street on both sides, and affords many a glimpse of the pretty houses nestling under them, — such is the usual village of New England. Few white fences, few white houses, but almost all that man has made is of a hue to harmonize with the prevailing colors of nature. The pillared edifices of fifty years ago, and the elaborate picket fences, have nearly disappeared, and all is becoming villa-like, neat, subdued, elegant. The width of the street gives room for two wide strips of grass, which beautifully relieve the heavy, dark masses of foliage on each side; and these masses are further relieved by the lawns, the flowers, and the flowering shrubs that surround every house. Sometimes of a morning, when the sun slants across the street, and lights up the grass so that it looks like sheets of emerald, and touches with glory every object, and brings into clear view the distant, pleasing bend of the road, transmuting its very dust into gold, — sometimes, I say, about 7 A. M., in one of these older villages of New England, when the jaded citizen steps out upon the path, and looks up and down the street, the view is such as to melt his heart and haunt him in his softer moments ever after. The scene is at once so peaceful and so brilliant, and its beauty has not been too dearly purchased. It is not one man's ostentation or one class's privilege which has created this enchanting scene; it is not a gorgeous castle, and an exclusive park, with a squalid village near by. *This* loveliness is the result of a sense of the becoming which pervades the community, and which the whole community has indulged. The cost in money is trifling indeed. Looking over the records of a town in Vermont, I happened to fall upon an entry which showed that the town had paid for planting those mighty elms in its public square twenty-five cents each. There are many men in the United States who would count it a rare piece of good luck to be able to buy one of them for twenty thousand dollars, — cash on delivery in good condition.

Of late years there has been a revival of interest in the matter of village decoration in New England. This movement originated in the mind of a public-spirited lady of Stockbridge, Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich, who, in 1853, was chiefly instrumental in forming the famous Laurel Hill Association of that place, since imitated in other towns. The objects of these associations, as expressed in their constitutions, are "to improve and ornament the streets and public grounds by planting and cultivating trees, cleaning, trimming, and repairing the sidewalks, and doing such other acts as shall tend to beautify and improve such streets and grounds." Every person over fourteen who agrees to pay one dollar a year for three years, or who plants and protects one tree under the direction of the executive committee, is a member of the association. Any one may become a life-member by paying ten dollars a year for three years, or twenty-five dollars at one time. To interest the children in the matter, who might otherwise injure the young trees, or tread carelessly on the edges of the paths, all persons under fourteen are admitted members by paying twenty-five cents a year for three years, or "by doing an equivalent amount of work annually for three years, under the direction of the executive committee." This executive committee, who, of course, do all the work of the association, consists of the president, the four vice-presidents, the treasurer, the secretary, and fifteen others, "part of whom shall be ladies." The

committee meets once a month, determines what shall be done, at what expense, and under whose supervision. The result is, that the village is properly shaded, the grass on each side of the road is cut at proper times, the paths are trimmed and kept free from weeds, the public ground is improved and beautified, the cemetery is duly cared for, the happiness of every civilized being in the place is increased, and the value of all the village property is enhanced. Once a year the association meets to elect officers, to hear what has been done, how much spent, and what else is needed and desired. Sometimes this annual meeting is held in midsummer out of doors in the public park, and the ladies seize the opportunity to make it a kind of village festival.

Speaking of these associations reminds me of another of the many ways in which the Yankees in their native towns display their meanness. Ever since New England was settled, the inhabitants have had dinned in their ears, two or three times a week, such sentiments as that it is more blessed to give than to receive, that strength is bestowed upon the strong that they may help the weak, and wisdom upon the wise that they may guide the foolish. In fact, the very Constitution of Massachusetts contains an Article upon the encouragement of literature, which, it says, ought to be encouraged for the following reasons: "To countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in dealings, sincerity, good-humor, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people." Hence we can hardly find a town in New England, of any considerable age or wealth, which has not been the recipient of a gift or gifts from one or more of its inhabitants. There is little Stockbridge, among the hills of Berkshire, where the lynx and the otter are still caught, and from which the bear has not been long gone. The village contains but fifty or sixty houses, and the whole town has only a population of about nineteen hundred and fifty; but the following is an imperfect catalogue of the gifts which it has received. First, its remarkably beautiful public ground, containing ten or twelve acres, was a gift to the town from the family known to the whole country by the talents of one of its members, the late Miss Catherine Sedgwick. Upon this fine park the public high school has been built, behind which the ground rises into a rocky and almost precipitous hill, densely covered with wood, affording a capital playground to the boys, and a most agreeable retreat to all the people. Near by is a solid stone structure, the public library building, given to the town by Mr. J. Z. Goodrich. Another native of Stockbridge, Mr. Jackson, had previously had the meanness to start a public library by the gift of two thousand dollars' worth of books, to which other residents had added many valuable volumes; whereupon Mr. Goodrich builds this solid and spacious edifice to contain the books, and to afford a pleasant reading-room for the people in the afternoons, when many of them can spend an hour or two over the papers and magazines. That done, the town took fire, — in town meeting assembled, — and voted four hundred dollars a year for the increase of the library, and the compensation of the young lady who serves as librarian (from 2 to 5 P. M., five days a week). Then President Hopkins, of Williams College, hearing what was going on in his native place, gave to the library an unusually interesting collection of minerals. Other contributions of pictures and books have followed fast; until really the library of little Stockbridge is only inferior to such ancient establishments as that of Newport, which also has grown to its present importance chiefly by gifts and bequests. In Stockbridge, too, there is a very elegant fountain, the marble figures of which, executed in Milan, were presented by a well-

known New-Yorker, John H. Gourlie, who has a cottage near it. The town, however, excavated and built the fountain, the water of which comes from mountain springs some miles away. Incredible as it may seem, this ridiculous little village has had the insolence to tap a mountain, and bring excellent spring water into every house that chooses to have it! Another gift is a carved marble drinking-fountain, temporarily placed at the side of the library building. Finally, there is a handsome monument of brown stone, erected, at a cost of two thousand dollars, to the immortal and dear memory of the men of Stockbridge who fell in the war. This was built by general subscription.

The propensity to make presents to the public is so general and so strong in New England, that it requires checking and warning rather than stimulating. In the course of time, when the progress of civilization shall have still further loosened the general clutch upon money, and the man who has the mania for needless accumulation will be generally recognized as a madman, it will probably become necessary to further regulate this matter of public gifts and bequests by law. No man has a right to saddle posterity with a hurtful burden. There is not a man in a million wise and far-seeing enough to give away a million dollars without doing more harm than good. By and by we shall see men competing for the honor and privilege of giving something to the public, and town meetings will be called to consider whether a proffered sum of money will be, upon the whole, and in the long run, a benefit or an injury. There are colleges in New England the efficiency of which would be doubled if the trustees could disregard those conditions of gifts and bequests which frustrate the giver's benevolent intentions.

To a New-Yorker who finds himself for the first time in New England, it is a great disappointment that he can find no Yankees about. In the ridiculous comedy of The American Cousin, the audience is given to understand that Asa Trenchard, the Yankee hero of the play, is a native of Brattleboro', Vermont. A visitor to that delightful town is as likely to find an Asa Trenchard there as he would be to meet a Tony Lumpkin at a dinner-party in Windsor Castle. Brattleboro', forsooth! it would be difficult to discover on earth a village less capable of producing such a preposterous ass. They have a club there for taking the periodicals of continental Europe, such as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the numbers of which circulate from house to house. They have a Shakespeare Club, which assembles on winter evenings to read and converse upon the plays of that poet, each member of the club taking a part. They form other winter clubs to study a language in common under the same teacher. They have an endowed library, for which, no doubt, some liberal soul or souls will provide a building erelong. They have also some vigorous ball clubs and an engine company; but I defy Tom Taylor to discover among them any creature ever so remotely resembling Mr. Trenchard, Salem Scudder, or any of the other stage Yankees. The stage Yankee is gone from the earth. There are no "Yankees" in New England outside of the theatre. Indeed, we may say of the whole of the Northern States, that rusticity in all its forms is disappearing, and everything, as well as everybody, is getting covered with a metropolitan varnish. Go where you will, you cannot get far beyond the meerschaum pipe, white kids, lessons on the piano, and the Atlantic Monthly.

A melancholy feature of village life in New England is the great number of intelligent, refined, and gifted ladies who have no career nor rational expectation of one. A large proportion of the young men leave their native towns at an age when marriage cannot be thought of; they repair to a city, or plunge into the all-absorbing West, and are seen no more, until, perhaps, at fifty-five, their fortunes made, their families grown up, they come back to spend the evening of their days near

their childhood's home. Consider, for example, the case of the well-known Field family, and you will see why there are so many old maids in New England. There were six vigorous, ambitious boys of them, sons of a Puritan clergyman, whose doctrine and whose salary were both of the old school. When this fine old bulwark of the faith had given his boys a college education, and assisted them into a profession, what more could he or Berkshire do for them? They must needs adopt Napoleon's tactics, and "scatter to subsist." One, indeed, stayed at home, where he was long a leading lawyer of Western Massachusetts, and represented it in the State senate. Another became a New York merchant, and forced a reluctant world to re-lay the Atlantic cable. Another tried for fame and fortune at the New York bar, and won a superfluity of both. Another distinguished himself as a naval officer. Another emerged to the public view as editor of a leading religious newspaper. Another made his way to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. These able men have had a career in the world, as thousands of other New England lads have had, and are having. But what of the "girls they leave behind them"? Some, it is true, go forth, and make a career; but many seem compelled to remain at home, where they amuse themselves as best they can with German lessons, gardening, fairs, ecclesiastical needle-work, and going out to tea; willing to do any suitable work, but unwilling to deprive of it work-women who must have it. It is easy enough to find villages in New England where there are twenty admirable girls under thirty years of age, and not one marriageable young man.

A precious relief it is to these when the long June days bring at length, after the slow winter and tardy, tedious spring, the first summer visitors, with their huge trunks piled high on the village coach. Not for the new fashions' sake, — O dear, no! There is not a device nor passing whim of fashion which these Yankee girls do not know as soon as it is known in the Fifth Avenue. No city damsel need expect to astonish *them* with her novelties from Paris. Such of the Yankee girls as have been so unfortunate as to catch the clothes mania, now raging in most Christian countries, are walking Harper's Bazars of fashionable knowledge. Very many of them make their own dresses, and trim their own bonnets, but they do it in the most recent and killing manner. The gay summer birds that come to these sweet nooks of New England are welcome for many reasons: they fill the churches, patronize the fairs, enliven the street, and join the tea-parties; but they cannot tell the Yankee girls anything they do not know already, unless it is what Tostée really does, my dear, in *La Grande Duchesse*.

A curious thing about New England is the variety of eccentric characters to be found there. In almost every town there is a farmer or mechanic who has addicted himself to some kind of knowledge very remote from his occupation. Here you will find a shoemaker, in a little shop (which he locks when he goes to dinner or to the post-office, much to the inconvenience of customers), who has attained celebrity as a botanist. In another village there may be a wheelwright who would sell his best coat for a rare shell; and, not far off, a farmer, who is a pretty good geologist, and is forever pecking away at his innocent rocks. Again, you will find a machinist who is enamored of "large-paper" copies of standard works, and rejoices in the possession of rarities in literature which he cannot read. I know an excellent steel-plate engraver, who, besides being a universal critic, is particularly convinced that the entire railroad system of the world is wrong, — ties, rails, driving-wheels, axles, oil-boxes, everything, — and employs his leisure in inventing better devices. Then there are people who have odd schemes of benevolence, such as that of the Massachusetts farmer who went to Palestine to teach the Orientals the

true system of agriculture, and was two years in finding out that they would n't learn it. There are morose men and families who neither visit nor are visited; and there is, occasionally, a downright miser, of the ancient type, such as we read of in old magazines and anecdote books. There are men, too, of an extreme eccentricity of opinion. I think there are in Boston about a dozen as complete, immovable, if not malignant, Tories, as can be found this side of Constantinople, — men who plume themselves upon hating everything that makes the glory of their age and country. And, speaking of Boston, — solid, sensible Boston, — what other city ever accomplished a feat so eccentric as the production of those twin incongruities, George Francis Train and the Count Johannes?

In matters more serious there is an occasional eccentricity still more marked. So, at least, it is said by those who look deeper than the smiling summer surface of New England. In the religious Report* quoted above I read a startling passage to this effect: "Our purely American communities, that have had a natural growth, are (with an exception soon to be named) religious and church-going communities." That exception, says the Report further on, is where "some form of religious error" — i. e. a creed different from ours — "has prevailed. In some such places there is an obstinate indifference to worship and to religious truth, and even to religious questions in general. In others, a mental indisposition of peculiarly mischievous character substitutes for this indifference *an acrid hostility*. This epidemic — which in some localities has become endemic — is characterized by a general habit of opposition, — a habit, not of eclecticism or of criticism, but of attack and denunciation; not of broad survey and genial correction, but of perverse misconception and invective." In several communities, continues the Report, "the results begin to appear in a *retrogression towards the paganism of the later empire*, — a virulent hatred of Christianity, an assertion of the sufficiency of philosophy and the uselessness of religion, a contempt for worship and the Lord's Day, and a doubt of immortality."

This is eccentric indeed. It is such eccentricity as the summer visitor seldom has an opportunity of observing; for in the villages which he frequents the entire population on Sunday morning seems to come forth in its excellent Sunday clothes, and gently wind its way to the churches, — much to the discomfort of a city pagan, whom this apparent unanimity leaves to a silent, reproachful solitude. I think the most "acrid" of the pagans of "the later empire," who should witness, from a convenient point, the long lines of well-dressed people strolling churchward on Sunday in a green New England village, all gardens and loveliness, would be compelled to confess (to himself) that this weekly grooming of the whole people, this peaceful assembling, this silent, decorous sitting together for an hour or two, these friendly greetings at the church doors, and the chatty stroll home with neighbors, is rather a good thing than otherwise, and certainly *very* much better that staying at home in the same old clothes, doing the same old work, and being "acrid." If the pagans of the later empire are numerous enough, they should hasten to establish a Sunday gathering, and so get rid of their acridity; for there are but two evils in the world, and one of them is ill-humor.

But how changed is New England religion from the time when Jonathan Edwards made mad the guilty and appalled the free in Northampton and Stockbridge a hundred and twenty years ago! Strange being! Wonderful creed! There was a certain Sunday morning in Northampton, in 1737, when the gallery of the church gave way in consequence of the heaving of

* First Report of the [Massachusetts] State Committee on Home Evangelization. Presented to the General Conference [of Congregational Clergymen] September 13, 1866.

the ground in spring. The account which Edwards gives of this event is a most curious study of character, of history, and of mania. He gives, first of all, a careful, exact explanation of what he would have called the "natural causes" of the catastrophe, — showing how the ends of the supporting timbers were drawn out of their sockets by the bulging of the wall. Then he describes the event: "The gallery, in falling, seemed to break and sink first in the middle, so that those who were upon it were thrown together in heaps before the front door. But the whole was so sudden, that many of those who fell knew nothing what it was, at the time, that had befallen them. Others in the congregation thought it had been an amazing clap of thunder. The falling gallery seemed to be broken all to pieces before it got down; so that some who fell with it, as well as those who were under, were buried in the ruins, and were found pressed under heavy loads of timber, and could do nothing to help themselves." But no one was killed, and only one seriously hurt. Why was this? Mr. Edwards answers: "It seems unreasonable to ascribe it to anything else but the care of Providence in disposing the motions of every piece of timber, and the precise place of safety where every one should sit and fall, when none were in any capacity to care for their own preservation." Hence he continues: "We thought ourselves called on to set apart a day to be spent in the solemn worship of God, to humble ourselves under such a rebuke of God upon us, in time of public service in his house, by so dangerous and surprising an accident; and to praise his name for so wonderful, and as it were miraculous, a preservation."

The stranger who now visits the church belonging to the society of which Jonathan Edwards was the minister finds himself introduced into a spacious and elegant edifice, with all the modern improvements in upholstery and cabinet work. The scene is bright and cheerful. A fine organ, well played, soothes and exalts the mind, and a highly trained quartette discourses beautiful music. If the gallery should break down some Sunday morning, the occupants would not have far to fall, and the church would bring an action against the builder. The sermon, of course, is not such as the acrid pagans of the later empire approve; but it is better than a man can be reasonably expected to produce who has to preach twice a week, and the *first* necessity of whose position is, not to offend the people that pay him.

In these transition times it is hard to be a clergyman in New England; for whether the clergyman advances faster than the people, or the people get ahead of the clergyman, the result is equally distressing to the weaker party. Perhaps there is not a more agonizing situation on earth than that of the clergyman of a modern fastidious church, who, having a sickly wife, six children, and no head for business, has incurred the hideous calamity of knowing too much. If ever we have in America a great fictitious literature, much of the agony of the same will be of that internal and spiritual nature here referred to.

The time was when there was an intimate connection between these town governments and the church, — the established church of New England, — and when all other beliefs and rites were forbidden. Once a man could be lawfully taxed against his will for the support of the Congregational minister, and it was death to say mass. But New England, from its first settlement to the present hour, has always given that sole certain evidence of spiritual life which is afforded by "growth in grace." The essential difference between a wise and a foolish person, between a superior and an inferior community, is, that one learns and the other does not. The Mathers and Edwardses of a former generation are succeeded by the Channings, Beechers, Parkers, Motleys, and Emersons of this; and these, in their turn, will be followed by men equal to the task of

carrying on and *organizing* the regeneration which has been so worthily begun. The old restraints and privileges have long ago been abolished, and perfect religious and irreligious freedom prevails. A family can now take a ride on Sunday afternoon, or receive visitors on Sunday evening, without exciting consternation or calling out the constable. In almost every village all the principal sects are represented, and there is usually the utmost possible friendliness between them. At the Congregational church you will generally find the solid aristocracy of the place, — the president of the railroad, the president of the bank, the master of the high school, the employing manufacturers, the old doctor, the rich farmers, the large store-keeper, and the colored man who thinks he waited on General Washington in the Revolutionary War. But, in some towns, the Unitarians have a share of these great men, as well as a good number of the polite people who are sometimes described in New England as "literary." In most villages there may now be found a pretty little box of an Episcopal church, half hidden in foliage, which in summer, during the reign of the summer visitors, is filled to overflowing with the gayest costumes; though in winter, they say, the attendance dwindles to a company which is as small in number as it is fervent in zeal. There is, also, usually a Methodist church, and frequently a Baptist, which have their proportion of adherents. Each of these denominations maintains a vigorous Sunday school, and the friendly rivalry between the schools gives the poorer children many a picture-book, doll, cake, and picnic which they would not otherwise have.

Perfect freedom, I have just said, prevails in religious matters in New England; but this has not long been the case. Some of the elderly people in the elderly towns found it hard to tolerate the building of Catholic churches in their midst, and consequently Catholics occasionally found it difficult to buy ground for the purpose. No one had any lots to sell, or a preposterous price was asked; the true reason being, that the wink had been passed among the land-owners, and an understanding come to that the priest was not to have any land. I am acquainted with a large town in Vermont where these tactics were successful for some years, in spite of the disorderly Sundays in the Irish quarter, which were a weekly argument in favor of the priest's coming. At length, by stratagem, the requisite lots were obtained; and then the Catholics, being put upon their mettle by this inconsiderate opposition, took their revenge by building a twenty-thousand-dollar church of brick instead of a three-thousand-dollar one of wood, as first proposed. Not content with this fell vengeance, they carried their animosity so far as to behave ever after with the strictest propriety on Sundays.

The stranger is surprised to find in small sequestered villages, renowned perhaps in the annals of Puritanism, Catholic churches of good size, with thick walls of handsome and well-cut stone, nearly as white as marble, and surrounded by lawns and shrubbery, not very ill kept. The explanation of the mystery sometimes is, that in these remote villages among the mountains there are human minds all alive to the stir and impulse of the time, to whom the men, the books, the ideas, the aspirations, the dismay, and the despair of the age are more real and familiar than to us who live in distracting cities; and some of these yearning, imaginative souls have listened in their seclusion to the rending cry of Lacordaire in Notre Dame, to Hyacinthe, to Newman, and have been seduced to abandon the hereditary fold, and fly, shivering, to the ancient ark. Hence the Catholic churches are sometimes more costly than they naturally would be, and we find in them a crowded congregation of Irish laborers and their families, and *one* solitary native of ancient name and wealth, who contributed a large part of the building fund. Along the northern border, where many of the

laboring class are French, there are a few rather ancient Catholic churches; in some of which the sermon is in French one Sunday and in English the next, and French confessions alternate with English on Saturdays. It were much to be desired that *some* religion had power enough on the frontier to put an end to the petty smuggling that goes on there continually, corrupting the poor man who perpetrates the offence, and the summer visitor who instigates or rewards it.

I think the Catholic bishops must reserve a few wild priests for the remoter country congregations, where there is little chance for proselyting. I witnessed a Catholic service, a summer or two since, in the very heart of New England, which was a chapter of Charles O'Malley come to life, — a bit of old Ireland transferred bodily to the New World. Toward nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the hour appointed for the semi-monthly mass, the people gathered about the gate under the trees, while the ruddy and robust priest stood at the church door, accosting those who entered with a loud heartiness that made every word he uttered audible to the people standing without and to the people kneeling within. He was a jovial and sympathetic soul, who could (and *did*) laugh with the merry and grieve with the sad; but it was evident that laughter came far more natural to him than crying. When he had concluded, at 9.15, a boisterous and most jovial conversation with Mrs. O'Flynn at the door, every word of which was heard by every member of the waiting congregation, he entered the church, and proceeded to the altar, before which he knelt, holding his straw hat in his hand. His prayer ended, he went into a small curtained alcove at the side, where his priestly robes were hanging. Without taking the trouble to let the curtains fall, he took off his coat, in view of the whole assembly, and put on part of his ecclesiastical garments, unassisted by his only acolyte, — a little boy in the usual costume, who stood by. He then went again to the altar, and arranged the various objects for the coming ceremonial; after which he stepped aside and completed the robing, — not even going into the alcove, but standing outside, and reaching in for the different articles. He might have spared the congregation the pain of seeing his struggles to tie his strings behind him; but no; he chose to perform the whole without help and without disguise. When all was ready, he said the mass with perfect propriety, and with unusual manifestations of feeling. But the sermon, if sermon it could be called, was absolutely comic, and much of it was intended to be so. There had been a fair recently for the re-decoration of the altar; and in the first part of his discourse the gratified pastor read a list of the contributors, with comments, in something like the style following: —

"Mrs. McDowd, $13.50; and very well done, too, considering they had nothing but cake upon their table, — no, not so much as an apple. John Haggerty, $2.70; and indade he 's only a boy, a mere lad, — and a good boy he *is*. Mrs. O'Sullivan, $37.98; yes, and $27.42 before. Ah! but that was doing well, — that was wonderful, considering what she had to contend with. Mrs. O'Donahue, $7.90; and every cent of it got by selling a ten-cent picture. Very well done of you, Mrs. O'Donahue! Peter O'Brien, $12.00; good *for* you, Peter, and I thank you in my own name and in the name of the congregation. . . . . Total, $489.57. Nearly five hundred dollars! It 's really astonishing! and how much of it, my children" (this he said with a wink and a grin that excited general laughter), — "and how much of it do you think your priest will kape for himself? Not much, I 'm thinking. No indeed. Why should I kape it? What do I want with it? I have enough to eat, drink, and wear, and what more does a priest want? I have no ambition for money, — not I; and you know it well. You know that the whole of this money will be spent upon the altar of God; and we shall spend it with the greatest economy.

Not Brussels carpet, of course. That would cost four or five dollars a yard. Good ingrain will do well enough for us at present, and last long enough too; for can't it be turned? You know it can. Twenty years from now, when we are all dead and gone, they'll be turning and turning and turning it, and holding it up to the light, and saying, 'I wonder who laid down this ould carpet!' In all my life, I never saw such an altar as this in a church of this size" (turning to the altar, and surveying it with an indescribably funny attempt to look contemptuous), — "so *mane*, so *very* mane! I tell you, if I had been here when this altar was made, I'd have *wheeled* the man out of church pretty quick." (These last words were accompanied with the appropriate gesture, expressive of taking the delinquent carpenter by the back of the neck, and propelling him thereby down the aisle.) "But what shall I say of those who have given nothing to this fair? Ah! I tell you, when the decorations are all done, and you come here to mass on Sunday mornings, and see God's house and the sanctuary where he dwells all adorned as it should be with the gifts of the faithful, and when you think that you gave not one cent towards it, I tell you you'll blush if there's a blush in you."

After proceeding in this tone for twenty minutes, during which he laughed heartily himself, and made the people laugh outright, he changed to another topic, which he handled in a style well adapted to accomplish the object intended. He said he had heard that some of the "hotel girls" had been swearing and quarrelling a good deal that summer. "Ah," he continued, "I was sorry to hear it! The idea of *ladies* swearing! How wrong, how mean, how contemptible, how nasty, how unchristian! Don't you suppose that the ladies and gentlemen at the hotel have heard how many Protestants are coming into the bosom of the Catholic Church? Don't you suppose they watch you? They know you're Catholics, and don't you suppose they'll be judging of Catholics by *you?* And, besides, who would marry a swearing lady? Tell me *that!* The most abandoned blackguard that walks the streets would n't marry a girl that he had heard swear, for he knows very well that she'd be a bad mother. If I were a young man, and heard my true love swear, do you think I'd marry her? *Hey?* do you think I would? By no *manes!* And I wish to God I had spoken about this before; for now the season is almost over, and many of the Protestant people have gone home, and very likely are talking about it now in New York and Boston. You know what they'll say. They'll say, 'If that's the way Catholic ladies behave, you don't catch me turning Catholic.'"

At the conclusion of his discourse he took up the collection himself, saying, as he left each pew, "Thank you," in a strong, hearty tone of voice; and if any one took a little extra trouble to reach over, or put into the box something more than the usual copper coin, he bowed, and said, "I thank you very much, madam, — very much indeed." He was a strange mixture of the father and the ecclesiastic, of the good fellow and the gentleman. In Tipperary, in the Colleen Bawn, in Charles Lever, we are not surprised to find him; but who would have expected to make his acquaintance in a secluded valley of New England, and to discover that he has the largest congregation in the neighborhood? And O how much better is such a priest than one of the howling-dervish description!

So much for life in a New England town; for I have left myself no room to speak of the unequalled efficiency of the Yankee town system in time of war. No despot has ever invented a mode of bringing out "the last man and the last dollar" half so simple, cheap, prompt, and certain as this. As soon as a call for troops is flashed over the wires, the officers of each town can ascertain exactly how many men they have to produce; and they know where the men are, and what the men are,

who are most open to an offer. They know what the families of the soldiers require, and those soldiers have an assurance that their families will not suffer in their absence. It was this town system that saved the country in the late war.

Universal liberty may be a dream. Henry Clay's pleasing fancy of a continent of closely allied Republics settling all differences and difficulties by an occasional Congress on the Isthmus of Darien, wherein the honorable giant from Patagonia would join in harmonious debate with the honorable dwarf from Greenland, may never be realized. But if universal liberty is not a dream, if the whole habitable earth is ever to be occupied by educated, dignified, and virtuous beings, it is probable that those beings will arrange themselves in self-governing communities, similar in magnitude, similar in institutions and laws, to a New England town. It is strange that such people as Yankees are said to be, struggling for life in the wilderness against savage man and savage nature, should have hit upon methods which seem scarcely capable of essential improvement.

DANTE.

The following lines were written about the time of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, which was celebrated in various parts of the civilized world in May, 1865. If they have any interest for the reader, they will owe it in a good degree to the recent admirable translations of Dante's great poem, which have familiarized the American public with the character of his mind and what he did for his own age and the ages which succeeded him, — the translation of the entire poem by Longfellow, in which the naked grandeur of the original is reproduced with a severe fidelity, and that of the "Inferno" by Parsons, remarkable for the ease and spirit of its rendering.

The allusion in the last stanza of the lines here given will be readily understood to refer to the history of our own country for the year 1865.

WHO, midst the grasses of the field
That spring beneath our careless feet,
First found the shining stems that yield
The grains of life-sustaining wheat;

Who first upon the furrowed land
Strowed the bright grains to sprout and grow,
And ripen for the reaper's hand, —
We know not, and we cannot know.

But well we know the hand that brought
And scattered, far as sight can reach,
The seeds of free and living thought
On the broad field of modern speech.

Midst the white hills that round us lie
We cherish that Great Sower's fame;
And, as we pile the sheaves on high,
With awe we utter Dante's name.

Six centuries, since the poet's birth,
Have come and flitted o'er our sphere;
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year.

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

WALKING one day toward the Village, as we used to call it in the good old days when almost every dweller in the town had been born in it, I was enjoying that delicious sense of disenthralment from the actual which the deepening twilight brings with it, giving as it does a sort of obscure novelty to things familiar. The coolness, the hush, broken only by the distant bleat of some belated goat, querulous to be disburdened of her milky load, the few faint stars, more guessed as yet than seen, the sense that the coming dark would so soon fold me in the secure privacy of its disguise, — all things combined in a result as near absolute peace as can be hoped for by a man who knows that there is a writ out against him in the hands of the printer's devil. For the moment, I was enjoying the blessed privilege of thinking without being called on to stand and deliver what I thought to the small public who are good enough to take any interest therein. I love old ways, and the path I was walking felt kindly to the feet it had known for almost fifty years. How many fleeting impressions it had shared with me! How many times I had lingered to study the shadows of the leaves mezzotinted upon the turf that edged it by the moon, of the bare boughs etched with a touch beyond Rembrandt by the same unconscious artist on the smooth page of snow! If I turned round, through dusky tree-gaps came the first twinkle of evening lamps in the dear old homestead. On Corey's hill I could see these tiny pharoses of love and home and sweet domestic thoughts flash out one by one across the blackening salt-meadow between. How much has not kerosene added to the cheerfulness of our evening landscape! A pair of night-herons flapped heavily over me toward the hidden river. The war was ended. I might walk townward without that aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem stained with blood. I remembered with a pang, half-proud, half-painful, how, so many years ago, I had walked over the same path and felt round my finger the soft pressure of a little hand that was one day to harden with faithful grip of sabre. On how many paths, leading to how many homes where proud Memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, must not men be walking in just such pensive mood as I? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond moth or rust in the treasure-chamber of Death.

Is not a country, I thought, that has had such as they in it, that could give such as they a brave joy in dying for it, worth something, then? And as I felt more and more the soothing magic of evening's cool palm upon my temples, as my fancy came home from its revery, and my senses, with reawakened curiosity, ran to the front windows again from the viewless closet of abstraction, and felt a strange charm in finding the old tree and shabby fence still there under the travesty of falling night, nay, were conscious of an unsuspected newness in familiar stars and the fading outlines of hills my earliest horizon, I was conscious of an immortal soul, and could not but rejoice in the unwaning goodliness of the world into which I had been born without any merit of my own. I thought of dear Henry Vaughan's rainbow, "Still young and fine!" I remembered people who had to go over to the Alps to learn what the divine silence of snow was, who must run to Italy before they were conscious of the miracle wrought every day under their very [redacted] the sunset, who must call [redacted] Berkshire hills to teach them what a

painter autumn was, while close at hand the Fresh Pond meadows made all oriels cheap with hues that showed as if a sunset-cloud had been wrecked among their maples. One might be worse off than even in America, I thought. There are some things so elastic that even the heavy roller of democracy cannot flatten them altogether down. The mind can weave itself warmly in the cocoon of its own thoughts and dwell a hermit anywhere. A country without traditions, without ennobling associations, a scramble of *parvenus*, with a horrible consciousness of shoddy running through politics, manners, art, literature, nay, religion itself? I confess, it did not seem so to me there in that illimitable quiet, that serene self-possession of nature, where Collins might have brooded his "Ode to Evening," or where those verses on Solitude in Dodsley's Collection, that Hawthorne liked so much, might have been composed. Traditions? Granting that we had none, all that is worth having in them is the common property of the soul, — an estate in gavelkind for all the sons of Adam, — and, moreover, if a man cannot stand on his two feet (the prime quality of whoever has left any tradition behind him), were it not better for him to be honest about it at once, and go down on all fours? And for associations, if one have not the wit to make them for himself out of his native earth, no ready-made ones of other men will avail him much. Lexington is none the worse to me for not being in Greece, nor Gettysburg that its name is not Marathon. "Blessed old fields," I was just exclaiming to myself, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes, "dear acres, innocently secure from history, which these eyes first beheld, may you be also those to which they shall at last slowly darken!" when I was interrupted by a voice which asked me in German whether I was the Herr Professor, Doctor, So-and-so? The "Doctor" by brevet or vaticination, to grade easier to my pocket.

One feels so intimately assured that he is made up, in part, of shreds and leavings of the past, in part of the interpolations of other people, that an honest man would be slow in saying *yes* to such a question. But "my name is So-and-so" is a safe answer, and I gave it. While I had been romancing with myself, the street-lamps had been lighted, and it was under one of these detectives that have robbed the Old Road of its privilege of sanctuary after nightfall that I was ambushed by my foe. The inexorable villain had taken my description, it appears, that I might have the less chance to escape him. Dr. Holmes tells us that we change our substance, not every seven years, as was once believed, but with every breath we draw. Why had I not the wit to avail myself of the subterfuge, and, like Peter, to renounce my identity, especially, as in certain moods of mind, I have often more than doubted of it myself? When a man is, as it were, his own front-door, and is thus knocked at, why may he not assume the right of that sacred wood to make every house a castle, by denying himself to all visitations? I was truly not at home when the question was put to me, but had to recall myself from all out-of-doors, and to piece my self-consciousness hastily together as well as I could before I answered it.

I knew perfectly well what was coming. It is seldom that debtors or good Samaritans waylay people under gas-lamps in order to force money upon them, so far as I have seen or heard. I was also aware, from considerable experience, that every foreigner is persuaded that, by doing this country the favor of coming to it, he has laid every native thereof under an obligation, pecuniary or other, as the case may be, whose discharge he is entitled to on demand duly made in person or by letter. Too much learning (of this kind) had made me mad in the provincial sense of the word. I had begun life with the theory of giving something to every beggar that came along, though sure of never finding a native-born countryman among them. In a

small way, I was resolved to emulate Hatem Tai's tent, with its three hundred and sixty-five entrances, one for every day in the year, — I know not whether he was astronomer enough to add another for leap-years. The beggars were a kind of German-silver aristocracy; not real plate, to be sure, but better than nothing. Where everybody was overworked, they supplied the comfortable equipoise of absolute leisure, so æsthetically needful. Besides, I was but too conscious of a vagrant fibre in myself, which too often thrilled me in my solitary walks with the temptation to wander on into infinite space, and by a single spasm of resolution to emancipate myself from the drudgery of prosaic serfdom to respectability and the regular course of things. This prompting has been at times my familiar demon, and I could not but feel a kind of respectful sympathy for men who had dared what I had only sketched out to myself as a splendid possibility. For seven years I helped maintain one heroic man on an imaginary journey to Portland, — as fine an example as I have ever known of hopeless loyalty to an ideal. I assisted another so long in a fruitless attempt to reach Mecklenburg-Schwerin, that at last we grinned in each other's faces when we met, like a couple of augurs. He was possessed by this harmless mania as some are by the North Pole, and I shall never forget his look of regretful compassion (as for one who was sacrificing his higher life to the flesh-pots of Egypt) when I at last advised him somewhat strenuously to go to the D——, whither the road was so much travelled that he could not miss it. General Banks, in his noble zeal for the honor of his country, would confer on the Secretary of State the power of imprisoning, in case of war, all these seekers of the unattainable, thus by a stroke of the pen annihilating the single poetic element in our humdrum life. Alas! not everybody has the genius to be a Bobbin-Boy, or doubtless all these also would have chosen that more prosperous line of life! But moralists, socialogists, political economists, and taxes have slowly convinced me that my beggarly sympathies were a sin against society. Especially was the Buckle doctrine of averages (so flattering to our free-will) persuasive with me; for as there must be in every year a certain number who would bestow an alms on these abridged editions of the Wandering Jew, the withdrawal of my quota could make no possible difference, since some destined proxy must always step forward to fill my gap. Just so many misdirected letters every year and no more! Would it were as easy to reckon up the number of men on whose backs fate has written the wrong address, so that they arrive by mistake in Congress and other places where they do not belong! May not these wanderers of whom I speak have been sent into the world without any proper address at all? Where is our Dead-Letter Office for such? And if wiser social arrangements should furnish us with something of the sort, fancy (horrible thought!) how many a workingman's friend (a kind of industry in which the labor is light and the wages heavy) would be sent thither because not called for in the office where he at present lies!

But I am leaving my new acquaintance too long under the lamp-post. The same Gano which had betrayed me to him revealed to me a well-set young man of about half my own age, as well dressed, so far as I could see, as I was, and with every natural qualification for getting his own livelihood as good, if not better, than my own. He had been reduced to the painful necessity of calling upon me by a series of crosses beginning with the Baden Revolution (for which, I own, he seemed rather young, — but perhaps he referred to a kind of revolution practised every season at Baden-Baden), continued by repeated failures in business, for amounts which must convince me of his entire respectability, and ending with our Civil War. During the latter, he had served with distinction as a soldier, taking a main part in ev-

ery important battle, with a rapid list of which he favored me, and no doubt would have admitted that, impartial as Jonathan Wild's great ancestor, he had been on both sides, had I baited him with a few hints of conservative opinions on a subject so distressing to a gentleman wishing to profit by one's sympathy and unhappily doubtful as to which way it might lean. For all these reasons, and, as he seemed to imply, for his merit in consenting to be born in Germany, he considered himself my natural creditor to the extent of five dollars, which he would handsomely consent to accept in greenbacks, though he preferred specie. The offer was certainly a generous one, and the claim presented with an assurance that carried conviction. But, unhappily, I had been led to remark a curious natural phenomenon. If I was ever weak enough to give anything to a petitioner of whatever nationality, it always rained decayed compatriots of his for a month after. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* may not be always safe logic, but here I seemed to perceive a natural connection of cause and effect. Now, a few days before I had been so tickled with a paper (professedly written by a benevolent American clergyman) certifying that the bearer, a hard-working German, had long "sofered with rheumatic paints in his limps," that, after copying the passage into my note-book, I thought it but fair to pay a trifling *honorarium* to the author. I had pulled the string of the shower-bath! It had been running shipwrecked sailors for some time, but forthwith it began to pour Teutons, redolent of *lager-bier*. I could not help associating the apparition of my new friend with this series of otherwise unaccountable phenomena. I accordingly made up my mind to deny the debt, and modestly did so, pleading a native bias towards impecuniosity to the full as strong as his own. He took a high tone with me at once, such as an honest man would naturally take with a confessed repudiator. He even brought down his proud stomach so far as to join himself to me for the rest of my townward walk, that he might give me his views of the American people, and thus inclusively of myself.

I know not whether it is because I am pigeon-livered and lack gall, or whether it is from an overmastering sense of drollery, but I am apt to submit to such bastings with a patience which afterwards surprises me, being not without my share of warmth in the blood. Perhaps it is because I so often meet with young persons who know vastly more than I do, and especially with so many foreigners whose knowledge of this country is superior to my own. However it may be, I listened for some time with tolerable composure as my self-appointed lecturer gave me in detail his opinions of my country and its people. America, he informed me, was without arts, science, literature, culture, or any native hope of supplying them. We were a people wholly given to money-getting, and who, having got it, knew no other use for it than to hold it fast. I am fain to confess that I felt a sensible itching of the biceps, and that my fingers closed with such a grip as he had just informed me was one of the effects of our unhappy climate. But happening just then to be where I could avoid temptation by dodging down a by-street, I hastily left him to finish his diatribe to the lamp-post, which could stand it better than I. That young man will never know how near he came to being assaulted by a respectable gentleman of middle age, at the corner of Church Street. I have never felt quite satisfied that I did all my duty by him in not knocking him down. But perhaps he might have knocked *me* down, and then?

The capacity of indignation makes an essential part of the outfit of every honest man, but I am inclined to doubt whether he is a wise one who allows himself to act upon its first hints. It should be rather, I suspect, a *latent* heat in the blood, which makes itself felt in character, a steady reserve for the brain, warming the ovum of thought to life, rather than cooking it by a too

hasty enthusiasm in reaching the boiling-point. As my pulse gradually fell back to its normal beat, I reflected that I had been uncomfortably near making a fool of myself, — a handy salve of euphuism for our vanity, though it does not always make a just allowance to Nature for her share in the business. What possible claim had my Teutonic friend to rob me of my composure? I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me. Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintance would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man, and I humbly disclaim being either. But if I was not smarting in person from any scattering shot of my late companion's commination, why should I grow hot at any implication of my country therein? Surely *her* shoulders are broad enough, if yours or mine are not, to bear up under a considerable avalanche of this kind. It is the bit of truth in every slander, the hint of likeness in every caricature, that makes us smart. "Art thou *there*, old Truepenny?" How did your blade know its way so well to that one loose rivet in our armor? I wondered whether Americans were over-sensitive in this respect, whether they were more touchy than other folks. On the whole, I thought we were not. Plutarch, who at least had studied philosophy, if he had not mastered it, could not stomach something Herodotus had said of Bœotia, and devoted an essay to showing up the delightful old traveller's malice and ill-breeding. French editors leave out of Montaigne's "Travels" some remarks of his about France, for reasons best known to themselves. Pachydermatous Deutschland, covered with trophies from every field of letters, still winces under that question which Père Bouhours put two centuries ago, *Si un Allemand peut être bel-esprit?* John Bull grew apoplectic with angry amazement at the audacious persiflage of Pückler-Muskau. To be sure, he was a prince, — but that was not all of it, for a chance phrase of gentle Hawthorne sent a spasm through all the journals of England. Then this tenderness is not peculiar to *us?* Console yourself, dear man and brother, whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality, or the world would be at a sad pass shortly. The surprising thing is that men have such a taste for this somewhat musty flavor, that an Englishman, for example, should feel himself defrauded, nay, even outraged, when he comes over here and finds a people speaking what he admits to be something like English, and yet so very different from (or, as he would say, to) those he left at home. Nothing, I am sure, equals *my* thankfulness when I meet an Englishman who is *not* like every other, or, I may add, an American of the same odd turn.

Certainly it is no shame to a man that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart, and who ever heard even the friendliest appreciation of that unexpressive she that did not seem to fall infinitely short? Yet it would hardly be wise to hold every one an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes. It seems to be the common opinion of foreigners that Americans are *too* tender upon this point. Perhaps we are; and if so, there must be a reason for it. Have we had fair play? Could the eyes of what is called Good Society (though it is so seldom true either to the adjective or noun) look upon a nation of democrats with any chance of receiving an undistorted image? Were not those, moreover, who found in the old order of things an earthly paradise, paying them quarterly dividends for the wisdom of their ancestors, with the punctuality of the seasons, unconsciously bribed to misunderstand if not

to misrepresent us? Whether at war or at peace, there we were, a standing menace to all earthly paradises of that kind, fatal underminers of the very credit on which the dividends were based, all the more hateful and terrible that our destructive agency was so insidious, working invisible in the elements, as it seemed, active while they slept, and coming upon them in the darkness like an armed man. *Could* Laius have the proper feelings of a father towards Œdipus, announced as his destined destroyer by infallible oracles, and felt to be such by every conscious fibre of his soul? For more than a century the Dutch were the laughing-stock of polite Europe. They were butter-firkins, swillers of beer and schnaps, and their *vrouws* from whom Holbein painted the all-but loveliest of Madonnas, Rembrandt the graceful girl who sits immortal on his knee in Dresden, and Rubens his abounding goddesses, were the synonymes of clumsy vulgarity. Even so late as Irving the ships of the greatest navigators in the world were represented as sailing equally well stern-foremost. That the aristocratic Venetians should have

> "Riveted with gigantic piles
> Thorough the centre their new-catchëd miles,"

was heroic. But the far more marvellous achievement of the Dutch in the same kind was ludicrous even to republican Marvell. Meanwhile, during that very century of scorn, they were the best artists, sailors, merchants, bankers, printers, scholars, jurisconsults, and statesmen in Europe, and the genius of Motley has revealed them to us, earning a right to themselves by the most heroic struggle in human annals. But, alas! they were not merely simple burghers who had fairly made themselves High Mightinesses, and could treat on equal terms with anointed kings, but their commonwealth carried in its bosom the germs of democracy. They even unmuzzled, at least after dark, that dreadful mastiff, the Press, whose scent is, or ought to be, so keen for wolves in sheep's clothing and for certain other animals in lions' skins. They made fun of Sacred Majesty, and, what was worse, managed uncommonly well without it. In an age when periwigs made so large a part of the natural dignity of man, people with such a turn of mind were dangerous. How could they seem other than vulgar and hateful?

In the natural course of things we succeeded to this unenviable position of general butt. The Dutch had thriven under it pretty well, and there was hope that we could at least contrive to worry along. And we certainly did in a very redoubtable fashion. Perhaps we deserved some of the sarcasm more than our Dutch predecessors in office. We had nothing to boast of in arts or letters, and were given to bragging overmuch of our merely material prosperity, due quite as much to the virtue of our continent as to our own. There was some truth in Carlyle's sneer, after all. Till we had succeeded in some higher way than this, we had only the success of physical growth. Our greatness, like that of enormous Russia, was greatness on the map, — barbarian mass only; but had we gone down, like that other Atlantis, in some vast cataclysm, we should have covered but a pin's point on the chart of memory, compared with those ideal spaces occupied by tiny Attica and cramped England. At the same time, our critics somewhat too easily forgot that material must make ready the foundation for ideal triumphs, that the arts have no chance in poor countries. And it must be allowed that democracy stood for a great deal in our shortcoming. The Edinburgh Review never would have thought of asking, "Who reads a Russian book?" and England was satisfied with iron from Sweden without being impertinently inquisitive after her painters and statuaries. Was it that they expected too much from the mere miracle of Freedom? Is it not the highest art of a Republic to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such? It may be fairly doubted whether we have produced this higher type of man yet. Perhaps it is the collec-

tive, not the individual, humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. We shall see. We have a vast amount of imported ignorance, and, still worse, of native ready-made knowledge, to digest before even the preliminaries of such a consummation can be arranged. We have got to learn that statesmanship is the most complicated of all arts, and to come back to the apprenticeship-system too hastily abandoned. At present, we trust a man with making constitutions on less proof of competence than we should demand before we gave him our shoe to patch. We have nearly reached the limit of the reaction from the old notion, which paid too much regard to birth and station as qualifications for office, and have touched the extreme point in the opposite direction, putting the highest of human functions up at auction to be bid for by any creature capable of going upright on two legs. In some places, we have arrived at a point at which civil society is no longer possible, and already another reaction has begun, not backwards to the old system, but towards fitness either from natural aptitude or special training. But will it always be safe to let evils work their own cure by becoming unendurable? Every one of them leaves its taint in the constitution of the body-politic, each in itself, perhaps, trifling, but all together powerful for evil.

But whatever we might do or leave undone, we were not genteel, and it was uncomfortable to be continually reminded that, though we should boast that we were the Great West till we were black in the face, it did not bring us an inch nearer to the world's West-End. That sacred enclosure of respectability was tabooed to us. The Holy Alliance did not inscribe us on its visiting-list. The Old World of wigs and orders and liveries would shop with us, but we must ring at the area-bell, and not venture to awaken the more august clamors of the knocker. Our manners, it must be granted, had none of those graces that stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, in whatever museum of British antiquities they may be hidden. In short, we were vulgar.

This was one of those horribly vague accusations, the victim of which has no defence. An umbrella is of no avail against a Scotch mist. It envelops you, it penetrates at every pore, it wets you through without seeming to wet you at all. Vulgarity is an eighth deadly sin, added to the list in these latter days, and worse than all the others put together, since it perils your salvation in *this* world, — far the more important of the two in the minds of most men. It profits nothing to draw nice distinctions between essential and conventional, for the convention in this case *is* the essence, and you may break every command of the decalogue with perfect good-breeding, nay, if you are adroit, without losing caste. We, indeed, had it not to lose, for we had never gained it. "*How* am I vulgar?" asks the culprit, shudderingly. "Because thou art not like unto Us," answers Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and there is no more to be said. The god of this world may be a fallen angel, but he has us *there!* We were as clean, — so far as my observation goes, I think we were cleaner, morally and physically, than the English, and therefore, of course, than everybody else. But we did not pronounce the diphthong *ou* as they did, and we said *eether* and not *eyther*, following therein the fashion of our ancestors, who unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's; and we did not stammer as they had learned to do from the courtiers, who in this way flattered the Hanoverian king, a foreigner among the people he had come to reign over. Worse than all, we might have the noblest ideas and the finest sentiments in the world, but we vented them through that organ by which men are led rather than leaders, though some physiologists would persuade us that Nature furnishes her captains with a fine handle to their faces that Opportunity may get a good purchase on them for dragging them to the front.

This state of things was so painful

that excellent people were not wanting who gave their whole genius to reproducing here the original Bull, whether by gaiters, the cut of their whiskers, by a factitious brutality in their tone, or by an accent that was forever tripping and falling flat over the tangled roots of our common tongue. Martyrs to a false ideal, it never occurred to them that nothing is more hateful to gods and men than a second-rate Englishman, and for the very reason that this planet never produced a more splendid creature than the first-rate one, witness Shakespeare and the Indian Mutiny. If we could contrive to be not too unobtrusively our simple selves, we should be the most delightful of human beings, and the most original; whereas, when the plating of Anglicism rubs off, as it always will in points that come to much wear, we are liable to very unpleasing conjectures about the quality of the metal underneath. Perhaps one reason why the average Briton spreads himself here with such an easy air of superiority may be owing to the fact that he meets with so many bad imitations as to conclude himself the only real thing in a wilderness of shams. He fancies himself moving through an endless Bloomsbury, where his mere apparition confers honor as an avatar of the court-end of the universe. Not a Bull of them all but is persuaded he bears Europa upon his back. This is the sort of fellow whose patronage is so divertingly insufferable. Thank Heaven he is not the only specimen of cater-cousinship from the dear old Mother Island that is shown to us! Among genuine things, I know nothing more genuine than the better men whose limbs were made in England. So manly-tender, so brave, so true, so warranted to wear, they make us proud to feel that blood is thicker than water.

But it is not merely the Englishman; every European candidly admits in himself some right of primogeniture in respect to us, and pats this shaggy continent on the back with a lively sense of generous unbending. The German who plays the bass-viol has a well-founded contempt, which he is not always nice in concealing, for a country so few of whose children ever take that noble instrument between their knees. His cousin, the Ph. D. from Göttingen, cannot help despising a people who do not grow loud and red over Aryans and Turanians, and are indifferent about their descent from either. The Frenchman feels an easy mastery in speaking his mother tongue, and attributes it to some native superiority of parts that lifts him high above us barbarians of the West. The Italian *prima donna* sweeps a courtesy of careless pity to the over-facile pit which unsexes her with the *bravo!* innocently meant to show a familiarity with foreign usage. But all without exception make no secret of regarding us as the goose bound to deliver them a golden egg in return for *their* cackle. Such men as Agassiz, Guyot, and Goldwin Smith come with gifts in their hands; but since it is commonly European failures who bring hither their remarkable gifts and acquirements, this view of the case is sometimes just the least bit in the world provoking. To think what a delicious seclusion of contempt we enjoyed till California and our own ostentatious *parvenus*, flinging gold away in Europe that might have endowed libraries at home, gave us the ill repute of riches! What a shabby downfall from the Arcadia which the French officers of our Revolutionary War fancied they saw here through Rousseau-tinted spectacles! Something of Arcadia there really was, something of the Old Age; and that divine provincialism were cheaply repurchased could we have it back again in exchange for the tawdry upholstery that has taken its place.

For some reason or other, the European has rarely been able to see America except in caricature. Would the first Review of the world have printed the *niaiseries* of Mr. Maurice Sand as a picture of society in any civilized country? Mr. Sand, to be sure, has inherited nothing of his famous mother's literary outfit, except the pseudonyme. But since the conductors of

the *Revue* could not have published his story because it was clever, they must have thought it valuable for its truth. As true as the last-century Englishman's picture of Jean Crapaud! We do not ask to be sprinkled with rose-water, but may perhaps fairly protest against being drenched with the rinsings of an unclean imagination. The next time the *Revue* allows such ill-bred persons to throw their slops out of its first-floor windows, let it honestly preface the discharge with a *gardez-l'eau!* that we may run from under in season. And Mr. Duvergier d'Hauranne, who knows how to be entertaining! I know *le Français est plutôt indiscret que confiant*, and the pen slides too easily when indiscretions will fetch so much a page; but should we not have been *tant-soit-peu* more cautious had we been writing about people on the other side of the Channel? But then it is a fact in the natural history of the American long familiar to Europeans, that he abhors privacy, knows not the meaning of reserve, lives in hotels because of their greater publicity, and is never so pleased as when his domestic affairs (if he may be said to have any) are paraded in the newspapers. Barnum, it is well known, represents perfectly the average national sentiment in this respect. However it be, we are not treated like other people, or perhaps I should say like people who are ever likely to be met with in society.

Is it in the climate? Either I have a false notion of European manners, or else the atmosphere affects them strangely when exported hither. Perhaps they suffer from the sea-voyage like some of the more delicate wines. During our Civil War an English gentleman of the highest description was kind enough to call upon me mainly, as it seemed, to inform me how entirely he sympathized with the Confederates, and how sure he felt that we could never subdue them, — "they were the *gentlemen* of the country, you know." Another, the first greetings hardly over, asked me how I accounted for the universal meagreness of my countrymen. To a thinner man than I, or from a stouter man than he, the question *might* have been offensive. The Marquis of Hartington * wore a secession badge at a public ball in New York. In a civilized country he might have been roughly handled; but here, where the *bienséances* are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it. A French traveller told me he had been a good deal in the British colonies, and had been astonished to see how soon the people became Americanized. He added, with delightful *bonhomie*, and as if he were sure it would charm me, that "they even began to talk through their noses, just like you!" I was naturally ravished with this testimony to the assimilating power of democracy, and could only reply that I hoped they would never adopt our democratic patent-method of seeming to settle one's honest debts, for they would find it paying through the nose in the long-run. I am a man of the New World, and do not know precisely the present fashion of May-Fair, but I have a kind of feeling that if an American (*mutato nomine, de te* is always frightfully possible) were to do this kind of thing under a European roof, it would induce some disagreeable reflections as to the ethical results of democracy. I read the other day in print the remark of a British tourist who had eaten large quantities of our salt, such as it is (I grant it has not the European savor), that the Americans were hospitable, no doubt, but that it was partly because they longed for foreign visitors to relieve the tedium of their dead-level existence, and partly from ostentation. What shall we do? Shall we close our doors? Not I, for one, if I should so have forfeited the friendship of L. S., most lovable of men. He somehow seems to find us human, at least, and so did Clough,

* One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gentleman when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the President of the Broken Bubble. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good-breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henri IV. done this, it would have been famous.

whose poetry will one of these days, perhaps, be found to have been the best utterance in verse of this generation.

The fine old Tory aversion of former times was not hard to bear. There was something even refreshing in it, as in a northeaster to a hardy temperament. When a British parson, travelling in Newfoundland while the slash of our separation was still raw, after prophesying a glorious future for an island that continued to dry its fish under the ægis of Saint George, glances disdainfully over his spectacles in parting at the U. S. A., and forebodes for them a "speedy relapse into barbarism," now that they have madly cut themselves off from the humanizing influences of Britain, I smile with barbarian self-conceit. But this kind of thing became by degrees an unpleasant anachronism. For meanwhile the young giant was growing, was beginning indeed to feel tight in his clothes, was obliged to let in a gore here and there in Texas, in California, in New Mexico, in Alaska, and had the scissors and needle and thread ready for Canada when the time came. His shadow loomed like a Brocken-spectre over against Europe, — the shadow of what they were coming to, that was the unpleasant part of it. Even in such misty image as they had of him, it was painfully evident that his clothes were not of any cut hitherto fashionable, nor conceivable by a Bond Street tailor, — and this in an age, too, when everything depends upon clothes, when, if we do not keep up appearances, the seeming solid frame of this universe, nay, your very God, would slump into himself, like a mockery king of snow, being nothing, after all, but a prevailing mode. From this moment the young giant assumed the respectable aspect of a phenomenon, to be got rid of if possible, but at any rate as legitimate a subject of human study as the glacial period or the silurian what-d'ye-call-ems. If the man of the primeval drift-heaps is so absorbingly interesting, why not the man of the drift that is just beginning, of the drift into whose irresistible current we are just being sucked whether we will or no? If I were in their place, I confess I should not be frightened. Man has survived so much, and contrived to be comfortable on this planet after surviving so much! I am something of a protestant in matters of government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches, if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham. Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment, and that is the debt of the Maker of this Universe to the Universe he has made. I have no notion of selling out my stock in a panic.

It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert, we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? Hm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences, I, for one, have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was not the fellow-being of these explorers: I was a curiosity; I was a *specimen*. Hath not an American organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions even as a European hath? If you prick us, do

we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? I will not keep on with Shylock to his next question but one.

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been carrying doughtily on for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shop-keepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard. Feudalism had by degrees made commerce, the great civilizer, contemptible. But a tradesman with sword on thigh and very prompt of stroke was not only redoubtable, he had become respectable also. Few people, I suspect, alluded twice to a needle in Sir John Hawkwood's presence, after that doughty fighter had exchanged it for a more dangerous tool of the same metal. Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life which we call country, was not merely unheard of, but portentous. It was the nightmare of the Old World taking upon itself flesh and blood, turning out to be substance and not dream. Since the Norman crusader clanged down upon the throne of the *porphyrogeniti*, carefully-draped appearances had never received such a shock, had never been so rudely called on to produce their titles to the empire of the world. Authority has had its periods not unlike those of geology, and at last comes Man claiming kingship in right of his mere manhood. The world of the Saurians might be in some respects more picturesque, but the march of events is inexorable, and it is bygone.

The young giant had certainly got out of long-clothes. He had become the *enfant terrible* of the human household. It was not and will not be easy for the world (especially for our British cousins) to look upon us as grown up. The youngest of nations, its people must also be young and to be treated accordingly, was the syllogism. Youth

has its good qualities, as people feel who are losing it, but boyishness is another thing. We had been somewhat boyish as a nation, a little loud, a little pushing, a little braggart. But might it not partly have been because we felt that we had certain claims to respect that were not admitted? The war which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, cannot look death in the eye for four years, without some strange reflections, without arriving at some clearer consciousness of the stuff it is made of, without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone. We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognize that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declamation. It is noticeable also that facility of communication has made the best English and French thought far more directly operative here than ever before. Without being Europeanized, our discussion of important questions in statesmanship, political economy, in æsthetics, is taking a broader scope and a higher tone. It had certainly been provincial, one might almost say local, to a very unpleasant extent. Perhaps our experience in soldiership has taught us to value training more than we have been popularly wont. We may possibly come to the conclusion, one of these days, that self-made men may not be always equally skilful in the manufacture of wisdom, may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.

So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world, I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending manner of foreigners toward us. The more friendly they mean to be the more ludicrously prominent it becomes. They can never appreciate the immense amount of silent work that has been done here, making this continent slowly fit for the abode of man, and which will demonstrate itself, let us hope, in the character of the people. Outsiders can only be expected to judge a nation by the amount it has contributed to the civilization of the world; the amount, that is, that can be seen and handled. A great place in history can only be achieved by competitive examinations, nay, by a long course of them. How much new thought have we contributed to the common stock? Till that question can be triumphantly answered, or needs no answer, we must continue to be simply interesting as an experiment, to be studied as a problem, and not respected as an attained result or an accomplished solution. Perhaps, as I have hinted, their patronizing manner toward us is the fair result of their failing to see here anything more than a poor imitation, a plaster-cast of Europe. And are they not partly right? If the tone of the uncultivated American has too often the arrogance of the barbarian, is not that of the cultivated as often vulgarly apologetic? In the America they meet with is there the simplicity, the manliness, the absence of sham, the sincere human nature, the sensitiveness to duty and implied obligation, that in any way distinguishes us from what our orators call "the effete civilization of the Old World"? Is there a politician among us daring enough (except a Dana here and there) to risk his future on the chance of our keeping our word with the exactness of superstitious communities like England? Is it certain that we shall be ashamed of a bankruptcy of honor, if we can only keep the

letter of our bond? I hope we shall be able to answer all these questions with a frank *yes*. At any rate, we would advise our visitors that we are not merely curious creatures, but belong to the family of man, and that, as individuals, we are not to be always subjected to the competitive examination above mentioned, even if we acknowledged their competence as an examining board. Above all, we beg them to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external interest to be discussed and analyzed, but *in* us, part of our very marrow. Let them not suppose that we conceive of ourselves as exiles from the graces and amenities of an older date than we, though very much at home in a state of things not yet all it might be or should be, but which we mean to make so, and which we find both wholesome and pleasant for men (though perhaps not for *dilettanti*) to live in. "The full tide of human existence" may be felt here as keenly as Johnson felt it at Charing Cross, and in a larger sense. I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. "Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them. She cannot help confounding the people with the country, and regarding us as lusty juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugar-plums on us as if we had not outgrown them. I am no believer in sudden conversions, especially in sudden conversions to a favorable opinion of people who have just proved you to be mistaken in judgment and therefore unwise in policy. I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy, — how should she? — but Alabamas are not wishes. Let her not be too hasty in believing Mr. Reverdy Johnson's pleasant words. Though there is no thoughtful man in America who would not consider a war with England the greatest of calamities, yet the feeling towards her here is very far from cordial, whatever our Minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining. Mr. Adams, with his famous "My Lord, this means war," perfectly represented his country. Justly or not, we have a feeling that we have been wronged, not merely insulted. The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman whose nature they perfectly understand, and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding. The common blood, and still more the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension. Let them give up *trying* to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence, for they will never arrive at that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are and not as they suppose us to be. Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law, it is a great many years since we parted. Since 1660, when you married again, you have been a step-mother to us. Put on your spectacles, dear madam. Yes, we *have* grown, and changed likewise. You would not let us darken your doors, if you could help it. We know that perfectly well. But pray, when we look to be treated as men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer.

> "Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
> Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
> Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig!"

GNADENHÜTTEN.

I HOPE that it is something better than an idle love of picturesque and ancient days that prompts me to cast a glimmer of their light on this page, and trace the origin of a poor little Indian village that flourished and fell, beyond the Ohio, ninety years ago, to that remote century, when the Paulician fathers, Chyrillus and Methodius, went out of Constantinople and established Christianity among the heathen of Moravia. The fate of Gnadenhütten is so dolorous in itself that I have no need to borrow pathos of the past; yet I own that its obscure troubles have a peculiar interest to me in their relation to those of a people whose seat was in the world's most famous places, and whose heroes' and martyrs' names are quick in all men's minds.

The annals of the Moravian Church link in the same chain of sorrows and calamities the burning of Huss at Constance and the murder of the hapless Christian Indians on the Muskingum; and if they cannot make them equal sharers with him in the glory of martyrdom, they declare their death equally magnanimous and saintly, their faith as great, and their spirit the same. It was this spirit, at once zealous and patient, which made the Moravian Church first among the missionary churches, and which early in its history awakened persecution against it. Indeed, the Moravians were scarcely converted to Christianity in 860, when Rome assailed them with all the reasons of popes and kings, and the fagot and sword were constantly employed against people whose bodies at least would have remained much more comfortable if they had continued heathen instead of becoming heretics. Their chances of heaven may have been impaired, in the opinion of their persecutors, if that were possible, when, after two hundred years of suffering, they united with the Waldenses, in Bohemia; but the chances of being burned alive were unquestionably diminished by this union, and there was no more persecution of either sect till Rome began to feel the first movements of the Reformation within herself. The Moravian Church then became especially obnoxious to her, and she determined to uproot that heresy. So it came to the martyrdom of Huss and of Jerome, and of many more unremembered, and at last to the armed resistance of the Moravians under Zisca. When Zisca died, the persecuted people quarrelled among themselves, and divided into the Taborites, who held for a pure Scriptural church, and the Calixtines, who were received into the Roman Church with the promise of certain privileges afterward only partially or never fulfilled; but a part of the Taborites and a body of the Calixtines came together again, and called their new band Unitas Fratrum, and so eagerly devoted themselves to the work of conversion, that the Romish Calixtines stirred up a new persecution. The temporal power refused the United Brethren its protection; their civil rights were forfeited, the prisons were filled with them; they were driven from their homes in midwinter, and reduced to scattered remnants that dwelt in the forests and the uninhabited places, kindling fires only by night, lest the element that saved them from one death should betray them to another yet more cruel. These fugitives finally met together in the wilderness, to the number of seventy, and reaffirmed their fealty to their ancient church, and their preference for the episcopal over the presbyterian constitution. Through the Paulician fathers, first sent to them, and again through their union with the Waldenses, they traced an episcopal succession, hitherto unbroken, up to the apostles themselves; and now, casting lots for such of their number as should receive the succession, they sent these secretly to the Waldensen bishop,

Stephen in Austria, who consecrated them.

After Stephen was burnt, many Waldenses united with the Moravians, and, in the midst of persecutions, they re-entered upon their career as a missionary church. They published the Bohemian Bible in 1470, and they multiplied copies of the Scriptures at two printing-offices in Bohemia and one in Moravia.

Luther, after a preliminary quarrel with them about discipline, received a copy of their confession of faith, and acknowledged them worthy of all Christian love, a little before Charles V., declaring them worthy of all Christian hate, because he believed they influenced the Bohemians in their refusal to fight against the Protestant Elector of Saxony, confiscated their property, outlawed their nobles, and racked their bishops. Their sufferings continued throughout the Thirty Years' War, and at its close the Protestant powers abandoned them to the fury of Austria, who disposed so effectively of their pestilent Bibles and other books, of their churches and their schools, that she might well believe herself to have extirpated them. Their Bishop Comenius, however, escaped to England, where he was received with all affection and respect by the Anglican clergy, and whence he went later to Holland, where he wrote the history of his church. Before he died he caused the ordination of two bishops, and thus transmitted the apostolic succession to the church in our times, through the few Brethren whom that devout man, Count Zinzendorf, found at Fulneck in Bohemia, and invited to a safer and quieter abode on his vast estates at Bertholsdorf. There, in 1722, they founded their famous hamlet of Herrnhut, and established their church once more in all the ardor of its zeal and hope.

They were for the most part simple peasant folk and artisans, but they were afterwards joined by scholars and people of condition from all parts of Germany. It appears they did not in all cases bear their peace and security with so great dignity as they had borne their sorrows and wrongs. They sometimes fell into silly ecstasies of devotion, and permitted themselves a latitude of metaphor and expression that scandalized the whole Protestant world, — the excellent Protestant world, that had given them up to their mortal enemies, and had endured their calamities with such exemplary fortitude. Zinzendorf was himself an enthusiast, and unwittingly provoked the weaker Brethren to this verbal and sentimental excess, though he was afterwards first and severest in rebuking it, when the clamor rose against it. The offending zealots owned their indecorousness, and sent their apology to all the Protestant churches. Their folly had never passed beyond words; and in the mean time the works of the Moravian community were of a character to win it our profoundest respect, if they did not attract so much contemporary attention.

During the first ten years after their colonization on Count Zinzendorf's estates, and while they yet numbered but six hundred, the Moravians sent missionaries to all parts of the heathen world, to Greenland, to the West Indies, to Tartary, to Lapland, to Guinea, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Ceylon, and to North America. Their missionaries first landed upon our continent at Savannah in 1735, and attempted the conversion of the neighboring Creeks, but withdrew to Pennsylvania a few years later, and founded their town of Bethlehem, and entered upon their mission to the Delawares. They had afterwards their greatest success with this tribe; but the first Indian community seems to have been formed among the Mohicans at Shekomeko in New York and Pachgatgoch in Connecticut. There the efforts of the Brethren for the conversion and civilization of the Indians affected the whiskey traffic with the savages in a short time to such a degree that nothing but their interruption saved the border from ruin. It was certainly a cruel burlesque of

their real character, and of their past, that these poor Moravians should have been accused as Papists; but in this quality they were dragged to and fro for several days about Connecticut, until at last they were brought into the presence of the governor, who promptly liberated them. Yet they could never hope to be free from molestation there: the traders instigated the savages to attempt their lives, and the local religious feeling was averse to their missionary enterprise; while in the Province of New York the intelligent conception that they were French spies gave them as great trouble as their reputed Papistry in Connecticut. The Moravians were non-resistants, and they had conscientious scruples about taking oaths; and the Provincial Assembly passed an act banishing from New York all who refused the oath of allegiance, and forbidding the missionaries to instruct the Indians. They were thus forced to abandon their missions in New York and Connecticut, and retire to Bethlehem, which had already begun to assume that character of spiritual capital still belonging to it among the Moravians. The whites near Shekomeko at once seized upon the lands of the Indian converts; and it is consoling to know that a pious struggle for their souls ensued between the local Christians and the local savages, the former striving to attach the converts to their churches, and the latter to drag them back into heathenism.* The savages, however, got nothing at all; and the Christians, nothing but the land; for, after a great deal of suffering and molestation, the converts thought best to follow their teachers to Bethlehem.

The Moravians were now confined in their enterprise to the Province of Pennsylvania, where the precedent of the Friends had already so far depraved public sentiment, that it was possible for them not only to refuse oaths and military service, but to pursue their benevolent efforts among the Indians without incurring so much resentment as in Connecticut and New York.

This, however, was but for a time. Many Scriptural-minded colonists of that day held that the Indians were Canaanites; and many others, who knew enough of God to swear by, interpreted the Divine will to the extinction, not the conversion, of the heathen. The French War broke out, and it appeared certain to all these that people who treated the Indians with love and kindness, whereas God had imposed no duty toward them but the simple and elementary obligation of destruction, must in reason be French spies; while the heathen, on the other hand, took it into their wrong, thick heads that the Moravians must be the foes of their race, and secretly leagued with the English, being of such an inimical color as they were. The savages, therefore, fell upon a Moravian station on the river Mahony, and killed all the Brethren, with their wives and children, whom they found there. This unsettled the colonial mind somewhat concerning their complicity with the French, but did nothing to disabuse it of other prejudices. Some murders committed on the border exasperated the feeling against the converts to such degree that it was judged best by their teachers to abandon their exposed and isolated villages, and place themselves under the protection of the troops at Philadelphia. But when they repaired to the barracks, with the governor's order for their admission, the soldiers would not let them enter, and they remained a whole night before the gate, exposed to the insults and outrages of the mob that gathered about them, and that threatened to revenge on these helpless folk the crimes and injuries of the savages. They were then sent to Province Island, where they were lodged for some months in comparative safety and comfort; but about the beginning of the year 1764 orders came from the government for their removal to New York, and, very scantily clad, and burdened with their

* History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America. In Three Parts. By George Henry Loskiel. Translated from the German by Christian Ignatius La Trobe. London, 1794.

old and sick, they set out on a journey which was attended with exposure not only to the severity of the winter, but to the contumely of the mobs that followed them in all the stupid and wicked little towns, and assembled to revile them as they passed along their route.

They had not reached the New York frontier, however, when they were met by a messenger from the governor of that Province, forbidding them to cross it; and so they returned upon their weary steps to Philadelphia, where the authorities now succeeded in lodging them in the barracks. For no other reason than that they were Indians, and with scarcely the pretence of any other reason, a mob assembled to destroy them, and nothing but the most prompt and energetic measures on the part of the military and the better citizens saved them. The danger was so great, and the intended outrage so abominable, that even some of the younger Quakers took up arms in defence of a people whose use and creed would not permit them to defend themselves; and indeed the Quakers, throughout the unmerited sufferings of these harmless Indians, were their true and steadfast friends, insomuch that one of them said, Even the sight of a Quaker made him happy. In this, as in other things, the Friends bore witness to the superior civilization of their sect, and to the faithful and generous spirit of their relations with the Indians, at which it has in these days grown easy and cheap to sneer. Next to the drab-coats it was the red-coats that treated the Christian Indians with the greatest tenderness and respect, and in effect protected them against the popular fury, until the end of the war, which came in December, 1764, after they had been under arrest a whole year. They were then set at liberty, the danger from partisans of either side being past; and with greatly enfeebled numbers (fifty-six had died of small-pox during the summer) they repaired to a point on the Susquehanna, in what is now Bradford County, and there founded their first considerable town. The Indian name of the place was Wyalusing; but the Moravians, out of their thankful and hopeful hearts, called it Friedenshütten, or Tents of Peace. It is needless to relate at length how their hopes were turned to despair, as the whites encroached upon them, and the traders attempted to make their village a rendezvous whence they might debauch and plunder all the neighboring savages. The great blow to their tranquillity and confidence was the sale of the whole region round about them, which was ceded to the English by the Iroquois, in violation of the solemn promises of that truculent and faithless tribe confirming the Christians in the possession of the lands on which they had settled. The Moravians had already extended their operations westward as far as the Ohio, and had a prosperous station on Beaver Creek, and there now came to them, for the third time, messages from the chiefs of the Delawares, inviting them to establish a mission in their country. The Lennilenape, as they called themselves, were then a numerous and powerful people, in alliance with many important tribes, who, having abandoned Pennsylvania, where they were subject to the Iroquois, now inhabited a vast and fertile country about midway between the Ohio River and Lake Erie, and had their principal towns on the Walhonding and Tuscarawas, whose confluence forms the Muskingum. It was from these capitals that the invitation came to the Christians at Friedenshütten, offering them lands and the protection of the Delaware nation, with full and free opportunity to the missionaries of preaching the Gospel and introducing the arts of peace. The messages added that the land should never be alienated from them, as it had been at Friedenshütten by the Iroquois; and both teachers and people saw that in this invitation, from one of the mildest and most intelligent of the Indian nations, a great and smiling field of usefulness opened to them, remote alike from the evil influences of the border and the bad faith and secret enmity of

the Iroquois. It was true, the governor of Pennsylvania had assured them that they should never be molested in the tenure of their lands, and had forbidden the survey of any territory within five miles of their villages on the Susquehanna; but their experience of the colonists had taught them to distrust, not the good-will, but the strength of their authorities. Still less were the Moravians disposed to listen to the remonstrances and repentant prayers of the Iroquois, who now besought them not to abandon their country. They heard the Delaware embassy with favor, and sent out to Ohio David Zeisberger, their leading missionary, and five Indian families to look at the land offered them; and these arriving on the Tuscarawas made choice of a tract which, when they described it to the Delaware chiefs, proved to be the very land destined to them by the nation.

The pioneers found the soil of their allotted domain excellent,* and the game abundant in the forest, and with well-contented hearts they built themselves cabins, and laid out their peaceful city on the site of an old Indian town, long since deserted and falling to decay. Ramparts and other traces of ancient fortification were still visible beside the small lake where the gentle Moravian and his followers planned their home, and from the heart of the ruin burst forth that beautiful spring for which he named their city, Schönbrunn. All round them stood the primeval, many-centuried woods; the river, never vexed by keel, flowed beside them from solitude to solitude; even the lodges of their savage hosts and benefactors were a day's journey out of sight.

It was in April, 1772, and in the summer of the same year the whole community of Friedenshütten abandoned their houses and farms, and departed on their long pilgrimage through the wilderness, to seek the country given them beside the Muskingum; and though their historians set down

> "The short and simple annals of the poor

in terms something of the driest, yet an irrepressible pathos communicates itself to the reader as these writers tell how they all left their beloved village on the Wyalusing to the malice of men and elements, and trusted themselves to the promise of the desert. At Friedenshütten they had dwelt seven happy, prosperous years, which they had employed so well that their town wore a substantial and smiling aspect, with its great street eighty feet wide, and its lines of pretty cottages, —"built of squared pine logs," and flanked by gardens, — radiating from the spacious chapel in the midst; while around it on every hand rippled their yellow wheat, and the broad acres of bladed corn spread their serried ranks. The green fruit mantled to ripeness in their generous orchards, and all the flattery of harvest was in the landscape from which this poor little people turned their heavy eyes.

They must, of course, leave the greater part of their substance, but such things as were most necessary or most portable they carried with them, and departed a heavily laden train, bearing each one his burden, and all driving their well-freighted horses and their flocks and herds before them. Hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness stretched between Friedenshütten and the land of promise; and their path was beset, not only by the sylvan beasts, but by the wild brethren of the new Christians. The converts had all the toils and fatigues of the pilgrimage to bear, and they must have often found a potent fascination in the desert, where the wildness without allured the wildness within them, and pleaded eloquently for their return to the allegiance of the woods. But they none of them faltered in obedience to the pious and humble teachers who led them, neither

* The gallant Colonel Bouquet, who penetrated to the Muskingum country, at the head of a small army, some eight years before Zeisberger's arrival, and forced the Delawares to make peace and deliver their prisoners to him, found the whole region surpassingly fertile and attractive, watered by fine streams and springs and dotted with "savannahs or cleared spots, which are by nature extremely beautiful."

for love of the desert if it beguiled, nor for fear of the drunken savages, who sometimes molested their march.

The pilgrims were far from suffering from hunger, for they killed a hundred deer upon their journey; but their course was through tangled depths of woodland and morass, across floods, and over mountains, and their steps were always in peril of rattlesnakes, which infested the wilderness in great numbers. Those who journeyed by land fared not more painfully and slowly than others of the brethren who descended the rivers towards the Ohio in heavily laden canoes, and over the long portages or beside the shrinking streams carried craft and freight alike upon their shoulders.

Heckewelder,* who tells us this much, tells little of all that it would now be so interesting to know of this strange pilgrimage, nor do other Moravian writers, except in a dry and general way, touch upon its events, at best vaguely sketching a picture which the reader's fancy must fill up. Their thoughts are doubtless upon the things of which these wanderings were but the shadow and symbol; yet here and there a touch illumines the whole with a vivid and purely human interest. Such a one shows us a certain poor mother, who took her crippled son upon her shoulder, and so set out from Friedenshütten with the rest, and bore him many and many days' journey through the desert. Sickness appeared among the pilgrims, and some of the little ones drooped and died; and that which shall one day ease us all of our burdens, whether they console or whether they oppress us, drew softly near the crippled boy. Day after day the poor mother found the load upon her shoulder grow lighter, and that within her breast heavier and heavier, as if the burden were shifted, till at last those walking at her side saw by his white lips and shrinking visage that the hand of death had touched the child. The cripple, between signs and sounds, made them understand that he desired baptism before he died, and, tenderly lifting him from his mother's shoulder, they consecrated him by the ancient rites of that church of the poor and martyrs. So he died; and the mother mixed again with the rest, and we know her thenceforth only as part of the sorrow of her people.

In fact, the history of Gnadenhütten follows with certainty few individual fortunes; but its chroniclers, who touch upon no others in that march, tell us how every night, when the footsore and failing train halted after their long day's journey, they built a great fire in the midst of their camp, and, as around an altar, raised their voices in hymns of praise and thanksgiving. It may be that, at these times, when the echoes of the songs died away in distant solitudes, the teacher who led them sought to give his wild flock such idea as they might grasp of their church's past, and recounted her history to those who were keeping unbroken here, in another race and remote deserts, the long succession of her martyrs. Fancy may have her will as to what strange images of imperial Levantine and lordly German cities, of Byzantium, of Vienna, of Prague, and of the embattled life of those far-off lands, arose before the wondering eyes of these children of the forest, as the story ran; for not one of their kindred survives in any generation to refute her, but all have entered upon their inheritance.

On the 23d of August, 1772, the pilgrimage came to an end, and beside the Muskingum the wanderers kindled their great camp-fire, and for the last time gathered about it to utter the common gratitude in songs and prayers. On the morrow they arose and began their guiltless warfare with the wilderness.

The good Moravians who had led

* A Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohican Indians, from its Commencement in the Year 1740 to the Close of the Year 1808. Comprising all the remarkable Incidents which took place at their Missionary Stations during that Period. Interspersed with Anecdotes, Historical Facts, Speeches of Indians, and other interesting Matter, by John Heckewelder, who was many Years in the Service of that Mission. Philadelphia: McCarty and Davis. 1820.

them hither had no grand or novel ideas of a state, and perhaps their success in civilizing the Indians was largely due to the fact that they formed for them no high civic ideal, but seem to have made them as like German peasant-folk as they could where neither Kaisers devoured them in wars nor lords in peace, and where the intermittent persecutions of their white and red brethren could have but poorly represented the continual oppressions of Fatherland. They taught their communities to sow and reap, they instructed them in humble and useful trades; they inculcated the simple policy of thrift, the humble virtues of meekness and obedience. But if the political ideal of the Moravians was lowly, their religious idea and their discipline was lofty and severe, — so severe, indeed, that it had in time of great peril and necessity barred their union even with the early Lutherans. They had sought these lately savage men, not with the awful prophets of doom, and the sword of the Lord sharpened against them, nor had they come among them as the equally zealous and devoted Jesuits did, to take their imaginations with the picturesque splendors of ritual. The ardent faith of the Hussites and the meek goodness of Herrnhut were the arms with which they surprised these wild, wily hearts, and conquered them for heaven, making their converts lay down the savage, not in creed only, but in life also, and put on the Christian with all the hard conditions of forgiveness to enemies, of peace, and of continual labor. Never since Eliot preached to the Indians in New England had efforts so sincere and so fortunate been made for their conversion, and never had civilization been so strictly united with conversion. For once the unhappy race, whom romance has caressed, and sentiment has weakly compassionated, but from whom our prudent justice has always averted its face, was here taken by the strong hand of love and lifted to the white man's level, and saved for earth as well as for heaven. It appears that the converts yielded an implicit submission to the advice and laws of the Moravians, who assumed no superiority over them, who married among them, and who shared equally with them in their toils and privations.

Chief among these teachers was the brave, steadfast, and pious David Zeisberger, a learned and diligent man, and an apostle of zeal and love not less than Eliot's. He was born in Moravia, but his early life was passed at Herrnhut, whither his parents repaired at Zinzendorf's invitation; and he was eighty-seven years old when he died, in 1808. Of these years he had spent sixty-two in unceasing labors among the Indians, without reward save such as came to him through the sense of good work well done; for he always refused to "become a hireling," and never took pay for his missionary services. He was the author of a German and of an English grammar of the Onondaga language, and a dictionary in that tongue containing near two thousand pages, as well as a Delaware grammar and spelling-book; he was translator of innumerable hymns and sermons for the use of the Indian congregations; and he was well versed in different native dialects. He was a man of simple and abstemious life, of a most benevolent heart, and a courageous and undaunted temper. We need not refuse to know that "he was of small stature, with a cheerful countenance," that "his words were few, and never known to be wasted at random or in an unprofitable manner."*

The Rev. John Heckewelder, who

* The life and labors of so good and useful a man as this should not be suffered to fall into forgetfulness, and we are glad to know that the Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, a distinguished minister of the United Brethren at Bethlehem, formerly editor of The Moravian newspaper, and now President of the Moravian Theological Seminary, has in preparation a very complete biography of Zeisberger. This work, which is the fruit of many years' diligence and thorough research among the records of the missionaries and the other archives of the Church, cannot fail to be a most important contribution to American history, in a department hitherto neglected by students, and almost an unknown land to the mere general reader. Mr. De Schweinitz's volumes will contain a full history of the events sketched in the present article.

imparts these facts, was himself only second to Zeisberger in the length and ardor of his labors among the Indians. He was born of Moravian parents in England, but came to this country when a young man, and spent nearly his whole life in the companionship of Zeisberger, and in the work which engaged him. He left a daughter, born in one of the Indian villages on the Tuscarawas, who survived until last September at Bethlehem; and he bequeathed to our literature a work on the history, character, and customs of some tribes of the North American Indians, which was received with great favor and great disgust by differing North American Reviewers of other days. I have here availed myself freely of his Narrative, the statements of which there is no reason to doubt, whatever may be thought of his philosophy of Indian life. He and Zeisberger arrived among the first in the Muskingum country in 1772, and continued there throughout the ten years of its occupation by the Christians, being later joined by Brothers Edwards, Sensemann, and Jungmann, and others.

The Christian Indians who appeared on the banks of the Tuscarawas in 1772, and who built Schönbrunn, were two hundred and forty-one in number; a little later came a congregation of Mohicans, and on the same river some miles to the southward founded the village which gives my history its great tragic interest, and which they named Tents of Grace, or Gnadenhütten. In 1776 Zeisberger and Heckewelder, at the prayer of the Delaware chiefs, laid out a third village, which they called Lichtenau, near the heathen town of Goschocking, and stationed a Missionary there, that the wives and children of these chiefs might hear the preaching of the Christian faith. All these communities now prospered and grew in the likeness of civilization exceeding that of any of the border settlements. It was yet ten years before the first white man had fixed his place west of the Ohio; a few hunters held Kentucky against the Indians north of the river, and sustained with that region the primitive relations of horse-stealing and scalping; in Virginia the frail and lonely settlements creeping westward made friends with the desert and produced a population nearly as wild as its elder children and quite as fierce and truculent. In the mean time the old-world peasant-thrift and industry, moving the quick and willing hands of the new Christians, made those shores of the Muskingum glad with fields and gardens. The villages were all regularly laid out and solidly built upon nearly the same plan. The chapel stood in the midst, and the streets, branching away from it to the four quarters, were wide and kept scrupulously clean, and cattle were forbidden to run at large in the public ways. The houses of the people were the log-cabins common to all pioneers in the West; but they were built upon foundations of stone, and neatly constructed within and without, and their grounds were prettily fenced with palings. The chapels, for their greater honor and distinction, were built, not of the ordinary trunks of trees, but of logs squared and smooth-hewn, and they had shingle roofs, and were surmounted with belfries, from which the voice of evening and of Sabbath bells floated out over the happy homes, and took the heathenish heart of the wilderness beyond.

The people were for the most part farmers, but some exercised mechanical trades. There was neither poverty nor wealth in the state, but all lived in abundance upon the crops that the generous acres yielded them, and the increase of their flocks and herds; and at a time when none but the rudest fare was known to their Virginian neighbors, any of them could set before the guest who asked their hospitality a meal's victuals (as Heckewelder quaintly phrases it) of good bread, meat, butter, cheese, milk, tea, and coffee, and chocolate, with such fruits and vegetables as the season afforded. They dressed decorously, and not after that heathen fashion which took the fancy of the younger of the white settlers; the men

wore their hair like Christians, not shaving it as the savages did, nor decorating their heads and faces with feathers and paint in their vain manner; and the women doubtless wore the demure caps and linen fillets which it is said the good Count Zinzendorf once passed a sleepless night in contriving for the Moravian sisterhood.

The government of the villages was akin in form and spirit to that of all other Moravian communities. By an ancient usage of the church in Bohemia and Moravia, each minister received under his roof and into his family two or three acolytes or assistants, whom he educated in certain offices of piety and religion, such as visiting the sick, catechizing the young, and caring generally for the moral welfare of the people. When the church was revived at Herrnhut, the minister ceased to receive the acolytes into his family; but they still continued a part of the social and religious government, and in all the missions of the Brethren, being chosen from among the converts, they were particularly useful and active. They were of either sex, the men being charged to oversee the Brethren, and the women, who must always, according to the Discipline, be "respectable, prudent, and grave matrons," having particular care for the helplessness of widows, and the innocence of young maidens. They were never ordained, but they gave their right hands to the Elders as a pledge that they would be faithful in duty. In the Muskingum towns, the authority rested in a council composed of these acolytes and of the missionaries, subject to the mission-board at Bethlehem,* and this council enacted the laws under which the people lived. Heckewelder gives the substance of their laws, which were eminently practical in most things, and were remarkable, as will be seen, for embodying some principles of legislation supposed to be entirely the fruit of modern reform. These enactments, which were accepted by the whole congregation at Schönbrunn, and applied afterwards to all the other towns, declared that God only should be worshipped among them, that the Sabbath should be hallowed, and that parents should be honored, and supported in helplessness and age. It was made unlawful for any convert to be received without the consent of the teachers; and neither adulterers, drunkards, thieves, nor those that took part in the feasts, dances, or sacrifices of the heathen, were suffered to remain in the Christian towns. The people renounced "all juggles, lies, and deceits of Satan," affirmed their will to obey the teachers and acolytes, and to live peaceably together, and not to be idle or untruthful in anything. None should strike another; but if any were injured in person or property, the wrongdoer should make just atonement. "A man," the statutes continue, "shall have but one wife, love her, and provide for her and the children," and she shall be obedient to him, take care of the children, "and be cleanly in all things." The young were forbidden to marry without their parents' permission; and no one might go on a long hunt or journey without first informing the teachers or assistants. All persons were enjoined not to contract debts with traders, and none could receive goods to sell for them without leave of the council; all should contribute cheerfully of labor and substance to the public work of building school-houses and churches, and other enterprises of the community. There was a law, also, forbidding the converts to use witchcraft or sorcery in hunting, as the heathen did, the Moravians esteeming it perhaps wicked, or perhaps only a foolish and unbecoming thing for Christians; and among these Indians the first prohibitory liquor law was rigorously enforced. They allowed no intoxicating drink to be brought within their borders; and if strangers or traders chanced to have such drink with them, the acolytes took it in charge, and delivered it to them only on their departure. Some time after the adoption of these rules, when the Revolutionary War broke out, and a war-party

* Letter of the Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz.

sprang up among the Delawares, the native assistants, of their own motion, enacted that "no one inclining to go to war, which is the shedding of blood," or that gave encouragement to theft and murder by purchasing stolen goods of warriors, could remain among them.

Offenders against any of the laws were first admonished, and, upon repeated offence, sent out of the towns.

The reader must have noted how little these stern and simple enactments flattered any savage instinct. Under them, a people fiercely free became meek and obedient, changed their wild unchastity and loose marital relations for Christian purity and wedlock; left their indolence for continual toil; learned to forego revenge, and to withhold the angry word and hand; eschewed the delights and deliriums of drunkenness; and, above all, in a time and country where all men, red and white alike, seemed born to massacre and rapine, set their faces steadfastly against war, and did no murder. The success of the good men who effected this change seems like a poet's dream, in view of what we know of Indian life; and it must indeed have been a potent bond of love which so united their converts to them that the order of the villages was only once disturbed from within, and was then restored by the penitent return to the church of those who had been seduced by the heathen. Doubtless the hold of the Moravians upon the Indians was strengthened by those ties of marriage and adoption which they formed with them; but, after all, their marvellous triumph was due to the fact that their efforts were addressed to the reason of the savages, and to humanity's inherent sense of goodness and justice. I confess that this alone interests me in the history of Gnadenhütten, and lifts its event out of the order of calamities into a tragedy of the saddest significance. Not as Indians, but as men responding faithfully and sincerely to the appeals of civilization and Christianity, and reflecting in their lives a far truer image of either than their destroyers, its people have a claim to sympathy and compassionate remembrance which none can deny.

In spite of many vexatious disturbances from the incessant border frays, the prosperity and happiness of the Christian towns were so great that their fame spread throughout the whole Indian country, and the heathen came from far and near to look with their own eyes upon the marvel. They lost their savage calm when they beheld these flourishing villages peopled by men of their kindred and color, each dwelling in his own house with his wife and little ones in peace and security, and in such abundance as the wilderness never gave her children. They saw with amazement the spreading fields, and all the evidences of thrift and comfort afforded by flocks and herds, and the free hospitality which welcomed them as guests, and feasted them as long as they cared to linger; and though they doubtless regarded with grave misgiving those points of the Moravian system which required men who would naturally have been naked and idle braves to clothe themselves like white men, and go unpainted and industriously about women's work of tilling the earth, and which, teaching them how to use the axe and saw and hammer, left them unskilled in the nobler arts of tomahawking and scalping, yet they could not deny that the whole result was exceedingly comfortable and pleasant. They shook their heads, and murmured gloomily over the contrast their own state presented to that of the Christians; and they loudly blamed their chiefs for not listening to the preachers. It was not strange that the Moravians should conceive hopes of converting the whole Delaware nation, both from the effect of their people's visible prosperity upon the imagination of the savages and from more substantial facts. Converts were made in such numbers that it became necessary to build new and larger chapels at Schönbrunn and Gnadenhütten; while, in a council of the whole Delaware nation, it was determined that the Christian Indians and their teachers should

enjoy throughout their country equal rights and liberties with other Indians, and that, while all should be free to listen to the doctrine of the missionaries, no heathen Indians should be permitted to settle in the neighborhood of the Christian towns or in any wise disturb them. The Moravians had exacted a pledge of neutrality from the Delawares in the wars between the whites and Indians; in 1776, when the war of our Revolution began, they stood firm upon the maintenance of this pledge; and in the national council it was determined to keep faith with them. Schools for the children were maintained in the villages, and instruction was given from elementary books prepared by Zeisberger; and the religious activity of the ministers never ceased.

In the midst, however, of these happy and successful labors, the storm which was gathering to the eastward burst upon the whole country, and at last involved the Christian communities in ruin.

There had never been peace between the white settlers and the other Indian tribes, and now, at the outbreak of hostilities between the Colonies and England, the Delaware borders burned with warfare, the rumor of which beset the timid Moravian flocks with terror. In spite of the protection of the Delawares, they trembled at the threats of the tribes that accused them of secret alliance with the Americans; and they were especially afraid of the Monseys, — once a truculent and bloodthirsty people, but now extinct as the Spartans, — and, alarmed at the advance of a Monsey war party upon Schönbrunn, they abandoned that village and fled to Gnadenhütten, first taking care to destroy their beloved chapel, lest it should be desecrated by heathen powwows and dances. But the Monseys passed harmless by Schönbrunn, and in three days the Christians came back; though they finally abandoned the place, and drew nearer the Delaware capital of Goschocking, in Lichtenau. Here, with the fugitives from Gnadenhütten, which had been in like manner abandoned, they enlarged the chapel, and pushed forward their work of conversion and civilization. In time they returned to the deserted villages, and rebuilt Schönbrunn, which had been destroyed; but as new dangers threatened, and the Delawares seemed about to swerve from their neutrality, even Lichtenau was vacated, and the united congregations founded a new town, which they called Salem. Schönbrunn and Gnadenhütten were still inhabited; and the converts continued obedient to their teachers; laboring as their wont was, and enjoying seasons of prosperity and happiness with longer and longer intervals of disturbance. The war parties of the Wyandots had free passage to and from Virginia through the Delaware country, and the pioneers made their avenging forays over the same ground; the Christian villages were thus overrun by warlike guests, to whom they dared not deny their hospitality, and they came to be regarded with an evil eye by either side. The pioneers especially complained that they fed and comforted the murderous bands that preyed upon the borders, and desolated them with warfare as pitiless and indiscriminate as that waged by themselves, and forgot that the Christians, claiming from the Indians a right earned by their hospitality, saved from blows and death the unhappy captives who were carried through their country, and when it was possible ransomed them, and sent them back to their friends. Indeed, according to the American and Moravian annalists alike, the Missionaries frequently forewarned the settlements of Indian forays, — not as spies in our interest, but as good men abhorring the cruelties of savage warfare, and anxious to avert its atrocities from helpless women and children. The authorities on either side recognized the vast advantage gained to the American cause by the neutrality in which they held the Delawares and the allies of that nation. At the most disastrous period of our Revolution this neutrality was observed by a body of ten thousand warriors, whom the British vainly

endeavored to incite against us, and it was not broken till the great contest had been virtually decided in our favor. President Reed of Philadelphia, in a letter to Zeisberger, thanked "him in the name of the whole country for his services among the Indians, particularly for his Christian humanity in turning back so many war parties on their way to rapine and massacres"; and there is no doubt of the merciful and beneficent attitude held toward us by a people afterwards requited with such murderous wrong.*

It had been the custom of some of the settlers to steal the horses of the Brethren, and the entire population of the border seems to have inherited that stupid hatred which everywhere attended the enterprises of the Moravians. Sometimes large bodies of pioneers, bent upon errands of theft and murder among the hostile Indians, would pass through the Christian country. Such a body once halted at Salem and asked provision; and then, while the greater part remained with their commandant, who was conversing with Heckewelder and assuring him of his respect for the Brethren, and his confidence in their neutrality, certain of the men stole away to destroy the other villages, and could scarcely be restrained from that purpose by their leader, to whom knowledge of it was happily brought in time.

On the other hand, the war parties of the Wyandots grew more and more insolent and exacting. They appeared in larger numbers and with greater appetites, and the hospitality offered them came to be a very oppressive tribute, which they occasionally acknowledged by threatening the lives of the teachers, whom they had often plotted to carry off to the English commandant at Detroit.

During the long summer months the Christian territory was infested by these unwelcome guests. It was a grateful relief, therefore, that the winter brought the teachers and elders, when the last party of warriors, in their paint and savage panoply, marched down the peaceful streets, chanting their melancholy farewell song, and doubtless taking some hearts among their civilized kindred; for here and there a young girl must have melted to look on their splendor, here and there a boy's heart leaped with delight in those free wild men; and even in some of the Brethren tempting memories of other days, when they, too, had trodden the war-path, may have been stirred by these sylvan notes. But the wives and mothers all rejoiced with the Moravians, when the distance hid the nodding plumes, and the last echo let the farewell song die. A profound peace fell upon the solitudes with the falling snow; for even if the woods had not now become impassable to the warriors, the drifts would have betrayed their steps beyond hope of concealment, and pursuit and vengeance would have too surely attended any raid upon the white settlements. And now, life in the Muskingum villages lapsed into a tranquillity broken only by the advent from the forest of some poor heathen, on whom the words of the ministers had wrought, and who came at last, with prayers and tears, entreating to be received into the brotherhood of the Christians. It was the season of social enjoyment, and the people, released from the labor of their farms, paid friendly visits between village and village and from house to house, or all met in their chapels to celebrate those Love-Feasts, by which their church remembered the earliest Christians, — eating and drinking together, and joining in worship. It was also the time of in-doors industry; the loom clattered at the window, and the wheel murmured beside the hearth much the same music that the children made over Father Zeisberger's spelling-books in the well-ordered schools. No sound but that of the chapel bell broke upon these homely harmonies, save when some peaceful soul departed to its inheritance, and the people, according to the Moravian fashion, hailed its release from earthly tribulations with

* Letter to the author from Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz.

the jubilant sound of horns and clarionets, continuing their solemn exultation while the bearers of the dead carried their burden through the street to the house where it was prepared for burial. The winter was the great harvest of the missionaries, and they wrought zealously in their pious work, animating those who had grown cold, and calling the unconverted to repentance. The churches grew in numbers and activity; and it must have been with something like a pang that the Moravians and their assistants saw the buds beginning to swell upon the naked boughs, and found the first violet in the woods.

All was changed with the return of spring, and with the renewal of every year the dangers of their people increased.

Most of the allies of the Delawares had at last joined in the war against the Americans, and there had grown up among the Delawares themselves a hostile faction, which constantly increased. The leaders of this party perceived that nothing but the presence of the Christian Indians hindered them from dragging the whole nation into the war, and all their efforts were bent to their removal. The commandant of the Americans at Pittsburg was also perfectly sensible of this fact. He seems to have been one of those humane, enlightened, and faithful soldiers who have been only too rarely intrusted with the control of our Indian relations, and the Delawares held him in the greatest love and honor. When they applied to him for advice, he counselled them to treat the wards of their nation with favor and kindness; and we may well believe, from the report of the missionaries, and from concurrent facts, that something better than mere policy prompted this advice. But his friendship in the end furnished the war Delawares with an accusation against the Moravians, and determined the English commandant before whom it was made to remove the Christians from the Muskingum. The letters from Pittsburg to the nation were craftily carried to the missionaries to be read and answered. They could not refuse this service, but they rendered it sorely against their will, for they feared that it would bring upon them the charge of alliance with the Americans and unfaithfulness to their neutrality, as indeed finally happened. When the missionaries confronted their chief accuser before the English commandant, the savage with deep grief and shame owned his fraud and declared them wholly innocent; but in the mean time the ruin of the villages had been compassed.

All the events leading to the final disaster are pathetic enough in themselves, and fantastic enough in their travesty of the fatalities by which greater states have fallen. A little wicked diplomacy, a great deal of ineffectual persuasion, appeals to the common sense of danger answered by a few weak souls, and a *coup de main* at last accomplished the purposes of the Indians against the Brethren. The war faction amongst the Delawares had already fruitlessly urged the Moravians to remove to the Miami country, when, on the 10th of August, 1781, a chieftain of the Hurons called the Half-King appeared in Salem at the head of a hundred and forty armed men, flying the Cross of St. George, and accompanied by Captain Elliott and a trader named McCormick. It does not appear certain that these Englishmen were regularly in the king's service, but on this occasion they gave his authority to the whole transaction, and the Half-King and his warriors acted under the direction of Elliott, who was deputed to this service by the governor of Detroit. They marched down the startled village street, and, after a halt on the borders of the place, passed on to Gnadenhütten, where their number was increased to three hundred by the arrival of Monseys and war Delawares. A week of riot and debauchery in the heathen camp celebrated these preliminary steps, but no acts of violence were committed against the Brethren; and, as soon as his followers had recovered from their drunken stupor, the Half-King, in full council, urged the converts to abandon

a place where they were in continual peril from the Virginians, and to place themselves under the protection of the British at Sandusky. Being answered by the assistants that they were at peace with all men, and had no fear of the Virginians, and that, moreover, they were too heavy with substance to think of leaving their present homes, and must in any case delay giving a final answer till spring, the Half-King and his men declared themselves satisfied, and, as a clear expression of their minds, fired upon the British colors. Loskiel and Heckewelder dwell with sad unction upon the events which we need only allude to, telling us with much circumstance how Elliott now turned to evil account the departure of two of the Brethren to Pittsburg, whither they went to inform the commandant of their affairs, and to beg that he would not interfere, lest he should thereby confirm the Indians in their suspicions; how the warriors, incensed by Elliott's report that the Virginians were marching to the rescue of the Brethren, shot down their cattle and threatened their teachers; how the savage politicians tampered with the weaker converts, alluring them with pleasant pictures of the Sandusky country, and terrifying them with the fate that awaited them if they remained on the Muskingum; and how about one tenth of the Christians were brought to favor removal, and some were unhappy enough to give the hint upon which the savages afterwards acted, saying, "We look to our teachers; what *they* do, we likewise will do!"

By this time all the villages were in the utmost confusion; and at Gnadenhütten the women and children were in terror of their lives; many of the houses were sacked, and the cattle which had been shot down in the streets and fields sent up an intolerable stench. Well might Zeisberger write to Heckewelder: "It has the appearance as if Satan is again about to make himself merry by troubling and persecuting us. No wonder he grows angry when he sees how many of his subjects he loses by our preaching the Gospel. His roaring, however, must not frighten us; we have a heavenly Father, without whose will he dare not touch us. Let us rely on Him who so often has delivered us from his machinations." In the midst of these sorrows and troubles this good man meekly gathered his flock about him at Gnadenhütten, and preached to them for the last time in the beloved chapel, while enemies compassed them about; giving "a most emphatic discourse," says Heckewelder, "on the great love of God to man," and charging them in no event to place themselves "on a level with the heathen by making use of weapons" for their defence.

Soon after, the heathen, having received a repetition of the answer originally made them by the Christians, when they urged the removal of the latter, resolved to seize upon the missionaries, and compel their followers to abandon the Muskingum country. Their capture was easily effected, for they made no effort to escape, and the fears of the savages that the Brethren would attempt their rescue were idle. They patiently submitted to the outrage and insult offered them by the Monseys into whose hands they fell, and who, having stripped them of nearly all their clothing, carried them prisoners before Captain Elliott. The Englishman, who seems to have undertaken the expedition chiefly through a desire to profit by the distress and necessities of the Brethren, and who was particularly bent upon buying their cattle for a trifling sum to sell again at a great price in Detroit, had the grace to express some shame when these harmless men were brought maltreated and almost naked into his presence; but he did nothing to relieve them; indeed, he speculated in the clothing of which the savages had plundered their houses, and they were kept from bodily suffering only by the compassion of some of the heathen, who gave back part of their stolen gear, and the Brethren who brought them blankets. Their calamity was not the less real because it took

at this and other times the face of comedy. Heckewelder's coat, restored to him without the skirts, and worn in that amusing state of mutilation, covered an aching heart, and the fortune that similarly made a jest of his associates, not the less afflicted them with anguish for the wreck of their just and good hopes, for the unhappiness of their people, and for the cruel state of their families: for their wives and children had likewise been seized by the heathen, and Sister Sensemann was driven from one village to another, with her babe four days old in her arms. As to their treatment by the warriors, in whose camp they were confined, "What incommoded us most," says Heckewelder, with a quaint pathos, "was their custom of repeating the scalp yell so often for each of their prisoners during the night, as well as in the daytime; but this is a general custom with them, and is continued until the prisoner is liberated or killed. Another very incommoding custom they have is that of performing their war dances and songs during the night near their prisoners,—all which we had to endure, exclusive of being thereby prevented from enjoying sleep. Otherwise the addresses paid us by a jovial and probably harmless Ottawa Indian, who, having obtained of the Wyandot warriors sufficient of our clothes to dress himself as a white man, and placing a white nightcap on his head, being mounted on a horse, would ride through the camps, nodding to us each time he passed, caused much amusement through the camp, and in some measure to us also." The men to whom this moderate diversion was offered had already been entertained by threats against their lives, and were at the moment of the Ottawa's pleasantries perhaps sufficiently amused in guessing what fate was reserved for them. They were very glad to be released at last on their promise (exacted by Elliott's command) that they would no longer resist the will of their captors, but would prepare at once to go with them to Sandusky. It was hard to persuade the Brethren that they were indeed to abandon their homes; and the missionaries had to call them, not only from the labors of the field, but from their efforts to repair the damages done by the warriors to their gardens and houses; and of one it is related that he was summoned to the general meeting at Salem, away from the new cottage on which he had just put the last touches of loving industry. But they all obeyed the appeals of their teachers, and on the 9th of September assembled from Gnadenhütten and Schönbrunn at Salem, where for the last time the three congregations met together in worship. "A most extraordinary sensation of the presence of the Lord comforted their hearts," says Heckewelder; the Gospel was preached, the holy sacrament was administered to the communicants, and, even in this hour of earthly extremity, a convert was baptized.

The Christians were in the mean time guarded by a body of the hostile Delawares. Many of these attended the service, which was in their tongue, and all treated the congregations with perfect decorum and respect; but on the next day the Half-King and his followers arrived, and renewed at Salem the scenes of rapine and devastation already enacted at Schönbrunn and Gnadenhütten. Then the teachers besought their captors to delay no longer, and on the third day, which was the 11th of September, the Brethren turned their faces from the valley of the Muskingum.

"Never," says Heckewelder, "did the Christian Indians leave a country with more regret"; and he and his brother annalists, Holmes and Loskiel, briefly relate the losses the Brethren underwent, most of all lamenting the destruction of the writings and records of the little state, of the books of instruction and worship prepared with so much pains and labor for the converts and children, and now heaped into the streets and burned by the Wyandots, as a century before the Bibles of the Moravians were burnt by the Austrians.

The total loss of the Christians is computed at twelve thousand dollars, — a great sum for that rude time and country and that humble people. The Wyandots had destroyed six hundred head of swine and cattle, and hundreds of young cattle had wandered into the woods. The crops of the last year were left in the garners; and three hundred acres of corn, ripe for harvest, nodded in the September sunshine, as the captives looked their last upon their beloved villages.

At Sandusky the Brethren halted and prepared to pass the winter; while their teachers were carried on to Detroit, where they confronted their accusers before the English governor, and were honorably acquitted. The season was very cold, and the miserable people, assembled on the bleak Sandusky shores without proper food and shelter, suffered greatly, and many little children died of cold and famine; but our story follows the fate only of those who from time to time stole back to the Muskingum, and gathered the corn yet standing in the fields for the rescue of the starving Brethren.

In March, 1782, a larger party than usual arrived at the deserted villages and began their belated harvest. Great number of these were women and children, and the men bore only such arms as served them in hunting. Even if their bloodless creed had permitted them to guard against the attacks of enemies, they would not have prepared to defend themselves in a region now abandoned by hostile Indians, and lying near the settlements of the whites whom they had so often befriended; for it was the firm belief of these ill-starred people that they had only to fear savages of their own race, and that they were all the safer for their proximity to the Americans. They worked eagerly and diligently, gathering the corn, and securing it in sacks for removal to Sandusky, and it would scarcely have alarmed them to know that Virginian spies had noted their presence and reported it in the settlements.

But on the border deadly influences were operating against them. In February, a party of Indians from Sandusky had fallen upon a lonely cabin, and had murdered all its inmates, with facts of peculiar atrocity. Earlier in the winter, a number of the Christians had been taken, while gathering corn on the Muskingum, and sent to Fort Pitt, where they were promptly liberated by the commandant. It was the public sentiment of the border, that these captives ought to have been killed, religiously as Canaanites and politically as Indians; and there was a very bitter feeling against their liberator, extending to Colonel Williamson, who had taken the prisoners and might have butchered them on the spot, instead of sending them to Fort Pitt. Williamson had been the most popular man in the backwoods, and he was deeply hurt by the reproach his clemency had brought upon him. He was, according to the testimony of the annalist* who most severely condemns the Gnadenhütten massacre, "a brave man, but not cruel. He would meet an enemy in battle, and fight like a soldier, but not murder a prisoner." Out of these evil elements — bigotry, lust of vengeance, and a generous but weak man's shame — was shaped the calamity of the Christian Indians. As soon as it was noised through the settlements of Western Virginia and Pennsylvania that a large body of the converts had returned to the Muskingum, a band of a hundred and sixty pioneers hastily assembled, and, under the lead of Colonel Williamson, who burned to wipe out the stain of his former pity, advanced upon the deserted villages with the avowed purpose of putting the Indians to death. We must record, upon the unquestionable authority given below, that these murderers were not vagabonds or miscreants, but in many cases people of the first social rank in the settlements; and perhaps

* Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from the Year 1763 to 1783 inclusive, together with a View of the State of Society and Manners of the First Settlers of the Western Country. By the Rev. Dr. Jos. Doddridge. Wellsburg, Va. Printed at the office of the Gazette, for the Author. 1824.

we ought to respect them as vigorous and original thinkers, whose ideas of an Indian policy still largely inspire us.

They hastily organized, and then pushed forward with an eagerness in their purpose which defied all attempts at order and discipline, if any were made. Their advance was not that of a military expedition, but consciously and evidently that of a band of robbers and cutthroats, descending upon victims from whom they expected no resistance. And throughout the whole transaction, as if their deed were to have the lustre of no virtue, they behaved with infamous cowardice as well as treachery.

It is pitiful to think of the blind trust and security in which their victims awaited them. The commandant at Fort Pitt, hearing of the expedition and its object, sent a messenger to warn the Christians of their peril, but he unhappily arrived too late. Yet they were not wholly taken unawares. Information of the approach of Williamson's men had reached them through another channel; but they quietly continued their labors, unable to believe that any harm was meant them; and the murderers found them in the fields at work.

In fact, they had almost completed their harvest, and they were preparing for an early departure when the whites appeared in their midst at Gnadenhütten. The first innocent life had been taken, and the hands extended in friendship to the Brethren were already stained with the blood of one of their number. About a mile from the village the whites found a half-breed boy, the son of the missionary Schebosch and his Indian wife, and, giving him a peaceful greeting, they approached and killed him with their tomahawks, he crying out between tneir blows that his father was a white man, and imploring them to spare him. To the main body of the Christians whom they found in the cornfields they now declared that they had come to remove them to Fort Pitt, where they would be safe from dangers that menaced them as the friends of the Americans, at the same time taking care to secure their rifles, lest in their extremity these helpless people should be tempted to make some effort at self-defence. The Brethren thanked them for their kindness, and mingled freely with their captors, who walked about among them, "engaging them in friendly conversation," asking them concerning their civil and religious customs, and praising them for their practical Christianity. They persuaded them to send messengers with a detachment ordered to Salem, and urge the Brethren in the fields there to repair to Gnadenhütten. In the mean time, the whites remaining suddenly fell upon their bewildered prisoners and bound them; and the expedition, acting upon preconcerted measures, re-entered Gnadenhütten with the Salem converts disarmed and manacled.

Although the purpose of the campaign had been perfectly understood from the beginning, the officers were now loath to execute it upon their own responsibility: and it is Doddridge's belief, from his personal knowledge of Williamson's character, that if he had been an officer with due authority, and not merely the leader of a band of marauders, he would not have suffered any of his prisoners to be slain. But he was powerless, and could only refer their fate to a vote of his men. When, therefore, it was demanded, Should the Christian Indians be put to death, or should they be sent to Fort Pitt? only eighteen voted to spare their lives. It still remained a question whether they should be burned alive, or tomahawked and scalped; and the majority having voted for the latter form of murder, one of the assassins was deputed to inform the Indians, that, inasmuch as they were Christians, they would be given one night to prepare for death in a Christian manner.

It is related that the merciful eighteen reiterated their protests to the last against the atrocity, but neither their protests nor the appeals of the Indians availed. One of the women who had

been educated at Bethlehem, and who spoke good English, fell upon her knees at Williamson's feet, and besought his protection; but the greater number of the victims seem to have submitted silently, with something of the old stoical fortitude of the savage, and something of the martyr's serene resignation. They embraced with tears and kisses, and asked forgiveness one of another, and thus meekly prepared themselves for their doom. They were Christians whose lives had witnessed to the sincerity of their conversion; and, now brought face to face with death, their faith remained unshaken. Among them were five of the national assistants, one of whom was well educated in English, and all of whom were men of exemplary thought and deed. These led the rest in the fervent prayers and hymns with which they wore away the night.

At dawn the assassins grew impatient of the delay they had granted, and sent to the Brethren, demanding whether they were not yet ready to die; and, being answered that they had commended their souls to God and received the assurance of His peace, the whites parted them, the men from the women and children, and placed them in two houses, to which, from some impulse of grotesque and ferocious drollery, they gave the name of the Slaughter-Houses.

Few even among those who had voted for the murder of the Brethren took part in the actual butchery. The great body of the whites turned aside from the ineffable atrocity, while those who with their own hands did the murder now entered the cabins.

The house in which the men were confined had been that of a cooper, and his mallet, abandoned in the removal of the preceding autumn, lay upon the floor. One of the whites picked it up, and saying "How exactly this will answer for the business!" made his way among the kneeling figures toward Brother Abraham, a convert, who, from being somewhat lukewarm in the faith, had in this extremity become the most fervent in exhortation. Then, while the clear and awful music of the victims' prayers and songs arose, this nameless murderer lifted his weapon and struck Abraham down with a single blow. Thirteen others fell by his hand before he passed the mallet to a fellow-assassin, with the words "My arm fails me. Go on in the same way. I think I have done pretty well." In the house where the women and children awaited their doom the massacre began with Judith, a very old and pious widow; and in a little space, the voices of singing and of supplication failing one by one, the silence that fell upon the place attested the accomplishment of a crime which, for all its circumstances and conditions, must be deemed one of the blackest in history. The murderers scalped their victims as they fell, and, when the work was done, they gathered their trophies together and rejoined their comrades. But before nightfall they came again to the Slaughter-Houses for some reason; and as they entered that of the men, one of the Brethren who had been stunned and scalped, but not killed, lifted himself upon his hands, and turned his blood-stained visage towards them with a ghastly stare. They fell upon the horrible apparition, and it sank beneath their tomahawks to rise no more; and then, with that wild craving for excitement which seems the first effect of crime in the guilty, they set fire to the cabins, and, withdrawing to a little distance, spent the night in drunken revelry by the light of the burning shambles.

The sole witnesses of their riot were two Indian boys, who had almost miraculously escaped the general butchery, and who afterwards met in the woods outside of the village. One of them had been knocked down and scalped with the rest, and, reviving like the Brother who was killed on the return of the murderers to the Slaughter-Houses, had taken warning by his fate, and, feigning death, had fled as soon as they were gone. The other, having concealed himself beneath the house

the women and children, remained there, the blood dripping down upon him through the floor, until nightfall. A companion who had taken refuge with him, and attempted to escape with him through the cabin window, stuck fast and was burned to death.

"Thus," says Bishop Loskiel,—"thus ninety-six persons magnified the name of the Lord by patiently meeting a cruel death"; and he adds in another place, with a meek self-denial of one who had fain claimed the greater glory for his people, that inasmuch as, from the admissions of the murderers, the Moravians were destroyed, not as Christians, but as Indians, "I will not therefore compare them with the martyrs of the ancient Church, who were sometimes sacrificed in great numbers to the rage of their persecutors, on account of their faith in Christ. But thus much I can confidently assert, that these Christian Indians approved themselves to the end as steadfast confessors of the truth, ... and delivered themselves without resistance to the cruel hands of their bloodthirsty murderers, and thus bore witness to the truth and efficacy of the Gospel of Jesus." Brother John Holmes, writing like Bishop Loskiel at a distance, accepts this strict construction of the position of the Indians in the Church; but Heckewelder, whose life for many years had been passed in the closest and tenderest association with these hapless victims,—who had doubtless been the means of conversion to many, who had joined them in marriage, and had baptized their little ones, who had shared their lowly joys and sorrows, sat at their boards and by the beds of their dying,—has no heart for these ecclesiastical niceties, but breaks into lamentation none the less touching because the words awkwardly express the anguish of his spirit: "Here they were now murdered, together with the little children!—the loving children who so harmoniously raised their voices in the chapel, at their singing-schools, and in their parents' houses, in singing praises to the Lord!—those whose tender years, innocent countenances, and tears made no impression on these pretended white Christians, were all butchered with the rest!"

What recoil of their crime, if any, there was upon the Gnadenhütten murderers themselves is not certainly known. A dim tradition, one of the few in the West which have not yet hardened into print, relates that their leader in after years lost the popular favor that he consented to buy at so dear a cost. Old friends looked on him coldly, and the humanity of a younger generation regarded him with horror. He could never be brought to speak of the atrocious deed, and his men shunned all talk of it. But since, in the year following the massacre, the same leader and men organized a force to complete their work of murder by taking off the remaining converts in this refuge at Sandusky, it may be doubted whether the defeat that attended this effort, and the burning of such of their number as were captured by the Indians, in avowed revenge for the murder of the Christians, were not the only regretable circumstances connected in their minds with the Gnadenhütten massacre, until a better and more civilized public sentiment illumined them. Their act at the time did not lack defenders in Eastern gazettes, and many years afterwards Heckewelder tells that he met and rebuked a ruffian who justified them, and regretted that they had not killed all the Christian Indians.

It is true that the Gnadenhütten murderers but fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of the backwoodsmen, which had been formed and attempted twenty years earlier in Pennsylvania; and it can be said, in their defence, that they had provocation as well to cruelty as to mercy. The race and color of their victims represented to them the pitiless savages who had so often desolated their homes, sparing neither age nor sex, and holding them in continual wrath and terror; and though many white prisoners owed their welfare or their ransom to the humane offices of

the Moravians, the compulsory hospitality of the Muskingum villages to the war parties of marauding Indians was, as has been said, a constant offence to the pioneers. Yet this offence, at the time of the massacre, had entirely ceased, through the removal of the Christians to Sandusky, and the murder was utterly wanton. Doubtless the slaughter of a few Indians, more or less, was not quite a crime to their tough consciences; in the ethics of the border, according to Heckewelder, it was no more harm to kill an Indian than a buffalo, — a sentiment which with contemporary moralists of our Western plains finds expression in the maxim, "Good Indians dead Indians." We can perhaps hardly arraign these murderers before any tribunal of civilized thought; but their deed was nevertheless hideous, and it was most lamentable in its consequences, for it weakened, if it did not break, the hope of a whole race. It was so horrible, that in the face of it the Moravians never regained full courage, nor the Indians full trust; and though the Moravian mission to the Delawares continued for some forty years thereafter, the early vigor of the enterprise was never restored.

The crime, indeed, had the far-reaching consequences of every evil action; it embittered the warfare between the whites and Indians in tenfold degree, and filled their infrequent truces with hazard and doubt. Nay, it seems to have broken up all foundation of faith as well as mercy between the two races; many of the converts themselves relapsed into heathenism, and were lost among the multitude of warriors; and when the Moravians sent to seek these out and reclaim them, they sometimes found their bewildered minds filled with a dreadful and unimagined suspicion. "I cannot," said such a one to the Indian Brother who discovered him among the warlike savages, painted and armed like the rest, — "I cannot but have bad thoughts of our teachers. I think it was their fault that so many of our countrymen were murdered at Gnadenhütten. They betrayed us and informed the white people of our being there, by which they were enabled to surprise us with ease. Tell me now, is this the truth or not?" This poor soul had lost all his children and most of his kindred in the massacre, and even when brought to see the injustice of his suspicions, he was impotent to repair the wrong or to return to his old life. "I have now a wicked and malicious heart," he said, mournfully, "and therefore my thoughts are evil. As I look outwardly," he continued, pointing to his crimson paint and warrior's plumes, "so is my heart within. What would it avail if I were outwardly to appear as a believer, and my heart were full of evil?" *

There yet stands beside the Muskingum, near the site of the hapless Indian village, a little hamlet bearing the pious name of Gnadenhütten, and its chapel bells still call the Moravian Brethren to the worship of their ancient church. But no Christian of Indian blood shares in the celebration of its rites; the stone foundations of the cabins, some aged apple-trees planted by their hands, and a few pathetic traces of the fire that consumed the victims of the massacre, alone remain to attest the success and the disastrous close of the Moravians' loving and devoted labors at Gnadenhütten. The survivors of the great murder and of the cold and famine of that winter at Sandusky attempted a settlement in Canada under British protection, and later built a village in Northern Ohio; but they always longed to return to the Muskingum, to their old fields, and to the scenes endeared to them by so many years of happiness and consecrated by the sufferings of so many of their kindred. Before the close of the century this wish was gratified through the Congressional grant to the Christian Indians of all the lands assigned them by the Delawares; and they came back and founded near the ruins of Schönbrunn a new town called Goshen.

* Loskiel.

of their teachers came with them, and Heckewelder, assisted by a Moravian Brother, gathered together the charred bones of the Indian martyrs, and gave them Christian burial.* But the life of the experiment was gone, as if their hopes had been buried in that grave. Defeat met the renewed efforts at conversion; the influences of the border infected the broken and disheartened people; Zeisberger died; the rigid laws of the community were trampled upon by the borderers, among whom the war of 1812 revived all the old bitterness against the Indians; drink was brought into the village; and, before the removal of the community to Canada in 1823, the spectacle of drunken converts in the streets bore witness, if not to the inherent viciousness of the Indian, at least to the white man's success in tempting and depraving him.

* Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz's letter from Gnadenhütten, in "The Moravian."

CINDERS FROM THE ASHES.

THE personal revelations contained in my report of certain breakfast-table conversations were so charitably listened to and so good-naturedly interpreted, that I may be in danger of becoming over-communicative. Still, I should never have ventured to tell the trivial experiences here thrown together, were it not that my brief story is illuminated here and there by a glimpse of some shining figure that trod the same path with me for a time, or crossed it, leaving a momentary or lasting brightness in its track. I remember that, in furnishing a chamber some years ago, I was struck with its dull aspect as I looked round on the black-walnut chairs and bedstead and bureau. "Make me a large and handsomely wrought gilded handle to the key of that dark chest of drawers," I said to the furnisher. It was done, and that one luminous point redeemed the sombre apartment as the evening star glorifies the dusky firmament. So, my loving reader, — and to none other can such table-talk as this be addressed, — I hope there will be lustre enough in one or other of the names with which I shall gild my page to redeem the dulness of all that is merely personal in my recollections.

After leaving the school of Dame Prentiss, best remembered by infantine loves, those pretty preludes of more serious passions; by the great forfeit-basket, filled with its miscellaneous waifs and deodands, and by the long willow stick by the aid of which the good old body, now stricken in years and unwieldy in person, could stimulate the sluggish faculties or check the mischievous sallies of the child most distant from her ample chair, — a school where I think my most noted schoolmate was the present Bishop of Delaware, — I became the pupil of Master William Biglow. This generation is not familiar with his title to renown, although he fills three columns and a half in Mr. Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature. He was a humorist hardly robust enough for more than a brief local immortality. I am afraid we were an undistinguished set, for I do not remember anybody near a bishop in dignity graduating from our benches.

At about ten years of age I began going to what we always called the "Port School," because it was kept at Cambridgeport, a mile from the College. This suburb was at that time thinly inhabited, and, being much of it marshy and imperfectly reclaimed, had a dreary look as compared with the thriving College settlement. The tenants of the many beautiful mansions

that have sprung up along Main Street, Harvard Street, and Broadway can hardly recall the time when, except the "Dana House" and the "Opposition House" and the "Clark House," these roads were almost all the way bordered by pastures until we reached the "stores" of Main Street, or were abreast of that forlorn "First Row" of Harvard Street. We called the boys of that locality "Port-chucks." They called us "Cambridge-chucks," but we got along very well together in the main.

Among my schoolmates at the Port School was a young girl of singular loveliness. I once before referred to her as "the golden blonde," but did not trust myself to describe her charms. The day of her appearance in the school was almost as much a revelation to us boys as the appearance of Miranda was to Caliban. Her abounding natural curls were so full of sunshine, her skin was so delicately white, her smile and her voice were so all-subduing, that half our heads were turned. Her fascinations were everywhere confessed a few years afterwards; and when I last met her, though she said she was a grandmother, I questioned her statement, for her winning looks and ways would still have made her admired in any company.

Not far from the golden blonde were two small boys, one of them very small, perhaps the youngest boy in school, both ruddy, sturdy, quiet, reserved, sticking loyally by each other, the oldest, however, beginning to enter into social relations with us of somewhat maturer years. One of these two boys was destined to be widely known, first in literature, as author of one of the most popular books of its time and which is freighted for a long voyage; then as an eminent lawyer; a man who, if his countrymen are wise, will yet be prominent in the national councils. Richard Henry Dana, Junior, is the name he bore and bears; he found it famous, and will bequeathe it a fresh renown.

Sitting on the girls' benches, conspicuous among the school-girls of unlettered origin by that look which rarely fails to betray hereditary and congenital culture, was a young person very nearly of my own age. She came with the reputation of being "smart," as we should have called it, clever as we say nowadays. This was Margaret Fuller, the only one among us who, like Jean Paul, like the Duke, like Bettina, has slipped the cable of the more distinctive name to which she was anchored, and floats on the waves of speech as Margaret. Her air to her schoolmates was marked by a certain stateliness and distance, as if she had other thoughts than theirs and was not of them. She was a great student and a great reader of what she used to call "náw-véls." I remember her so well as she appeared at school and later, that I regret that she had not been faithfully given to canvas or marble in the day of her best looks. None know her aspect who have not seen her living. Margaret, as I remember her at school and afterwards, was tall, fair complexioned, with a watery, aqua-marine lustre in her light eyes, which she used to make small, as one does who looks at the sunshine. A remarkable point about her was that long, flexile neck, arching and undulating in strange sinuous movements, which one who loved her would compare to those of a swan, and one who loved her not to those of the ophidian who tempted our common mother. Her talk was affluent, magisterial, *de haut en bas*, some would say euphuistic, but surpassing the talk of women in breadth and audacity. Her face kindled and reddened and dilated in every feature as she spoke, and, as I once saw her in a fine storm of indignation at the supposed ill-treatment of a relative, showed itself capable of something resembling what Milton calls the viraginian aspect.

Little incidents bear telling when they recall anything of such a celebrity as Margaret. I remember being greatly awed once, in our school-days, with the maturity of one of her expressions. Some themes were brought home from the school for examination by my fa-

ther, among them one of hers. I took it up with a certain emulous interest (for I fancied at that day that I too had drawn a prize, say a five-dollar one, at least, in the great intellectual life-lottery) and read the first words.

"It is a trite remark," she began.

I stopped. Alas! I did not know what *trite* meant. How could I ever judge Margaret fairly after such a crushing discovery of her superiority? I doubt if I ever did; yet O, how pleasant it would have been, at about the age, say, of threescore and ten, to rake over these ashes for cinders with her, — she in a snowy cap, and I in a decent peruke!

After being five years at the Port School, the time drew near when I was to enter college. It seemed advisable to give me a year of higher training, and for that end some public school was thought to offer advantages. Phillips Academy at Andover was well known to us. We had been up there, my father and myself, at anniversaries. Some Boston boys of well-known and distinguished parentage had been scholars there very lately, — Master Edmund Quincy, Master Samuel Hurd Walley, Master Nathaniel Parker Willis, — all promising youth, who fulfilled their promise.

I do not believe there was any thought of getting a little respite of quiet by my temporary absence, but I have wondered that there was not. Exceptional boys of fourteen or fifteen make home a heaven, it is true; but I have suspected, late in life, that I was not one of the exceptional kind. I had tendencies in the direction of flageolets and octave flutes. I had a pistol and a gun, and popped at everything that stirred, pretty nearly, except the house-cat. Worse than this, I would buy a cigar and smoke it by instalments, putting it meantime in the barrel of my pistol, by a stroke of ingenuity which it gives me a grim pleasure to recall; for no maternal or other female eyes would explore the cavity of that dread implement in search of contraband commodities.

It was settled, then, that I should go to Phillips Academy, and preparations were made that I might join the school at the beginning of the autumn.

In due time I took my departure in the old carriage, a little modernized from the pattern of my Lady Bountiful's, and we jogged soberly along — kind parents and slightly nostalgic boy — towards the seat of learning, some twenty miles away. Up the old West Cambridge road, now North Avenue; past Davenport's tavern, with its sheltering tree and swinging sign; past the old powder-house, looking like a colossal conical ball set on end; past the old Tidd House, one of the finest of the ante-Revolutionary mansions; past Miss Swan's great square boarding-school, where the music of girlish laughter was ringing through the windy corridors; so on to Stoneham, town of the bright lake, then darkened with the recent memory of the barbarous murder done by its lonely shore; through pleasant Reading, with its oddly named village centres, — "Trapelo," "Readinwoodeend," as rustic speech had it, and the rest; through Wilmington, then renowned for its hops; so at last into the hallowed borders of the academic town.

It was a shallow, two-story white house before which we stopped, just at the entrance of the central village, the residence of a very worthy professor in the theological seminary, — learned, amiable, exemplary, but thought by certain experts to be a little questionable in the matter of homoousianism, or some such doctrine. There was a great rock that showed its round back in the narrow front yard. It looked cold and hard; but it hinted firmness and indifference to the sentiments fast struggling to get uppermost in my youthful bosom; for I was not too old for home-sickness, — who is? The carriage and my fond companions had to leave me at last. I saw it go down the declivity that sloped southward, then climb the next ascent, then sink gradually until the window in the back of it disappeared like an eye that shuts, and

leaves the world dark to some widowed heart.

Sea-sickness and home-sickness are hard to deal with by any remedy but time. Mine was not a bad case, but it excited sympathy. There was an ancient, faded old lady in the house, very kindly, but very deaf, rustling about in dark autumnal foliage of silk or other murmurous fabric, somewhat given to snuff, but a very worthy gentlewoman of the poor-relation variety. She comforted me, I well remember, but not with apples, and stayed me, but not with flagons. She went in her benevolence, and, taking a blue and white soda-powder, mingled the same in water, and encouraged me to drink the result. It might be a specific for sea-sickness, but it was not for home-sickness. The *fiz* was a mockery, and the saline refrigerant struck a colder chill to my despondent heart. I did not disgrace myself, however, and a few days cured me, as a week on the water often cures sea-sickness.

There was a sober-faced boy of minute dimensions in the house, who began to make some advances to me, and who, in spite of all the conditions surrounding him, turned out, on better acquaintance, to be one of the most amusing, free-spoken, mocking little imps I ever met in my life. My roommate came later. He was the son of a clergyman in a neighboring town, — in fact I may remark that I knew a good many clergymen's sons at Andover. He and I went in harness together as well as most boys do, I suspect; and I have no grudge against him, except that once, when I was slightly indisposed, he administered to me — with the best intentions, no doubt — a dose of Indian pills, which effectually knocked me out of time, as Mr. Morrissey would say, — not quite into eternity, but so near it that I perfectly remember one of the good ladies told me (after I had come to my senses a little, and was just ready for a sip of cordial and a word of encouragement), with that delightful plainness of speech which so brings realities home to the imagination, that "I never should look any whiter when I was laid out as a corpse." After my roommate and I had been separated twenty-five years, fate made us fellow-townsmen and acquaintances once more in Berkshire, and now again we are close literary neighbors; for I have just read a very pleasant article, signed by him, in the last number of the "Galaxy." Does it not sometimes seem as if we were all marching round and round in a circle, like the supernumeraries who constitute the "army" of a theatre, and that each of us meets and is met by the same and only the same people, or their doubles, twice, thrice, or a little oftener, before the curtain drops and the "army" puts off its borrowed clothes?

The old Academy building had a dreary look, with its flat face, bare and uninteresting as our own "University Building" at Cambridge, since the piazza which relieved its monotony was taken away, and, to balance the ugliness thus produced, the hideous projection was added to "Harvard Hall." Two masters sat at the end of the great room, — the principal and his assistant. Two others presided in separate rooms, — one of them the late Rev. Samuel Horatio Stearns, an excellent and lovable man, who looked kindly on me, and for whom I always cherished a sincere regard, — a clergyman's son, too, which privilege I did not always find the warrant of signal virtues; but no matter about that here, and I have promised myself to be amiable.

On the side of the long room was a large clock-dial, bearing these words: —

YOUTH IS THE SEED-TIME OF LIFE.

I had indulged in a prejudice, up to that hour, that youth was the budding time of life, and this clock-dial, perpetually twitting me with its seedy moral, always had a forbidding look to my vernal apprehension.

I was put into a seat with an older and much bigger boy, or youth, with a fuliginous complexion, a dilating and whitening nostril, and a singularly malignant scowl. Many years afterwards

he committed an act of murderous violence, and ended by going to finish his days in a madhouse. His delight was to kick my shins with all his might, under the desk, not at all as an act of hostility, but as a gratifying and harmless pastime. Finding this, so far as I was concerned, equally devoid of pleasure and profit, I managed to get a seat by another boy, the son of a very distinguished divine. He was bright enough, and more select in his choice of recreations, at least during school hours, than my late homicidal neighbor. But the principal called me up presently, and cautioned me against him as a dangerous companion. Could it be so? If the son of that boy's father could not be trusted, what boy in Christendom could? It seemed like the story of the youth doomed to be slain by a lion before reaching a certain age, and whose fate found him out in the heart of the tower where his father had shut him up for safety. Here was I, in the very dove's nest of Puritan faith, and out of one of its eggs a serpent had been hatched and was trying to nestle in my bosom! I parted from him, however, none the worse for his companionship so far as I can remember.

Of the boys who were at school with me at Andover one has acquired great distinction among the scholars of the land. One day I observed a new boy in a seat not very far from my own. He was a little fellow, as I recollect him, with black hair and very bright black eyes, when at length I got a chance to look at them. Of all the newcomers during my whole year he was the only one whom the first glance fixed in my memory, but there he is now, at this moment, just as he caught my eye on the morning of his entrance. His head was between his hands (I wonder if he does not sometimes study in that same posture nowadays!) and his eyes were fastened to his book as if he had been reading a will that made him heir to a million. I feel sure that Professor Horatio Balch Hackett will not find fault with me for writing his name under this inoffensive portrait. Thousands of faces and forms that I have known more or less familiarly have faded from my remembrance, but this presentment of the youthful student, sitting there entranced over the page of his textbook, — the child-father of the distinguished scholar that was to be, — is not a picture framed and hung up in my mind's gallery, but a fresco on its walls, there to remain so long as they hold together.

My especial intimate was a fine, rosy-faced boy, not quite so free of speech as myself perhaps, but with qualities that promised a noble manhood, and ripened into it in due season. His name was Phinehas Barnes, and, if he is inquired after in Portland or anywhere in the State of Maine, something will be heard to his advantage from any honest and intelligent citizen of that Commonwealth who answers the question. This was one of two or three friendships that lasted. There were other friends and classmates, one of them a natural humorist of the liveliest sort, who would have been quarantined in any Puritan port, his laugh was so potently contagious.

Of the noted men of Andover the one whom I remember best was Professor Moses Stuart. His house was nearly opposite the one in which I resided, and I often met him and listened to him in the chapel of the Seminary. I have seen few more striking figures in my life than his, as I remember it. Tall, lean, with strong, bold features, a keen, scholarly, accipitrine nose, thin expressive lips, great solemnity and impressiveness of voice and manner, he was my early model of a classic orator. His air was Roman, his neck long and bare like Cicero's, and his *toga* — that is, his broadcloth cloak — was carried on his arm, whatever might have been the weather, with such a statue-like rigid grace that he might have been turned into marble as he stood, and looked noble by the side of the antiques of the Vatican.

Dr. Porter was an invalid, with the prophetic handkerchief bundling his throat, and his face "festooned" — as

I heard Hillard say once, speaking of one of our College professors — in folds and wrinkles. Ill health gives a certain common character to all faces, as Nature has a fixed course which she follows in dismantling a human countenance: the noblest and the fairest is but a death's-head decently covered over for the transient ceremony of life, and the drapery often falls half off before the procession has passed.

Dr. Woods looked his creed more decidedly, perhaps, than any of the Professors. He had the firm fibre of a theological athlete, and lived to be old without ever mellowing, I think, into a kind of half-heterodoxy, as old ministers of stern creed are said to do now and then, — just as old doctors grow to be sparing of the more exasperating drugs in their later days. He had manipulated the mysteries of the Infinite so long and so exhaustively, that he would have seemed more at home among the mediæval schoolmen than amidst the working clergy of our own time.

All schools have their great men, for whose advent into life the world is waiting in dumb expectancy. In due time the world seizes upon these wondrous youth, opens the shell of their possibilities like the valves of an oyster, swallows them at a gulp, and they are for the most part heard of no more. We had two great men, grown up both of them. Which was the more awful intellectual power to be launched upon society, we debated. Time cut the knot in his rude fashion by taking one away early, and padding the other with prosperity so that his course was comparatively noiseless and ineffective. We had our societies, too; one in particular, "The Social Fraternity," the dread secrets of which I am under a lifelong obligation never to reveal. The fate of William Morgan, which the community learned not long after this time, reminds me of the danger of the ground upon which I am treading.

There were various distractions to make the time not passed in study a season of relief. One good lady, I was told, was in the habit of asking students to her house on Saturday afternoons and praying with and for them. Bodily exercise was not, however, entirely superseded by spiritual exercises, and a rudimentary form of base-ball and the heroic sport of foot-ball were followed with some spirit.

A slight immature boy finds his materials of thought and enjoyment in very shallow and simple sources. Yet a kind of romance gilds for me the sober tableland of that cold New England hill where I came in contact with a world so strange to me, and destined to leave such mingled and lasting impressions. I looked across the valley to the hillside where Methuen hung suspended, and dreamed of its wooded seclusion as a village paradise. I tripped lightly down the long northern slope with *facilis descensus* on my lips, and toiled up again, repeating *sed revocare gradum*. I wandered in the autumnal woods that crown the "Indian Ridge," much wondering at that vast embankment, which we young philosophers believed with the vulgar to be of aboriginal workmanship, not less curious, perhaps, since we call it an escar, and refer it to alluvial agencies. The little Shawshine was our swimming-school, and the great Merrimack, the right arm of four toiling cities, was within reach of a morning stroll. At home we had the small imp to make us laugh at his enormities, for he spared nothing in his talk, and was the drollest little living protest against the prevailing solemnities of the locality. It did not take much to please us, I suspect, and it is a blessing that this is apt to be so with young people. What else could have made us think it great sport to leave our warm beds in the middle of winter and "camp out," — on the floor of our room, — with blankets disposed tent-wise, except the fact that to a boy a new discomfort in place of an old comfort is often a luxury.

More exciting occupation than any of these was to watch one of the preceptors to see if he would not drop dead while he was praying. He had a

dream one night that he should, and looked upon it as a warning, and told it round very seriously, and asked the boys to come and visit him in turn, as one whom they were soon to lose. More than one boy kept his eye on him during his public devotions, possessed by the same feeling the man had that followed Van Amburgh about with the expectation, let us not say the hope, of seeing the lion bite his head off sooner or later.

Let me not forget to recall the interesting visit to Haverhill with my roommate, and how he led me to the mighty bridge over the Merrimack which defied the ice-rafts of the river; and to the old meeting-house, where, in its porch, I saw the door of the ancient parsonage, with the bullet-hole in it through which Benjamin Rolfe, the minister, was shot by the Indians on the 29th of August, 1708. What a vision it was when I awoke in the morning to see the fog on the river seeming as if it wrapped the towers and spires of a great city! — for such was my fancy, and whether it was a mirage of youth or a fantastic natural effect I hate to inquire too nicely.

My literary performances at Andover, if any reader who may have survived so far cares to know, included a translation from Virgil, out of which I remember this couplet, which had the inevitable cockney rhyme of beginners:

> "Thus by the power of Jove's imperial *arm*
> The boiling ocean trembled into *calm*."

Also a discussion with Master Phinehas Barnes on the case of Mary, Queen of Scots, which he treated argumentatively and I rhetorically and sentimentally. My sentences were praised and his conclusions adopted. Also an Essay, spoken at the great final exhibition, held in the large hall up stairs, which hangs oddly enough from the roof, suspended by iron rods. Subject, *Fancy*. Treatment, brief but comprehensive, illustrating the magic power of that brilliant faculty in charming life into forgetfulness of all the ills that flesh is heir to, — the gift of Heaven to every condition and every clime, from the captive in his dungeon to the monarch on his throne; from the burning sands of the desert to the frozen icebergs of the poles, from — but I forget myself.

This was the last of my coruscations at Andover. I went from the Academy to Harvard College, and did not visit the sacred hill again for a long time.

On the last day of August, 1867, not having been at Andover for many years, I took the cars at noon, and in an hour or a little more found myself at the station, just at the foot of the hill. My first pilgrimage was to the old elm, which I remembered so well as standing by the tavern, and of which they used to tell the story that it held, buried in it by growth, the iron rings put round it in the old time to keep the Indians from chopping it with their tomahawks. I then began the once familiar toil of ascending the long acclivity. Academic villages seem to change very slowly. Once in a hundred years the library burns down with all its books. A new edifice or two may be put up, and a new library begun in the course of the same century; but these places are poor for the most part, and cannot afford to pull down their old barracks.

These sentimental journeys to old haunts must be made alone. The story of them must be told succinctly. It is like the opium-eater's showing you the pipe from which he has just inhaled elysian bliss, empty of the precious extract which has given him his dream.

I did not care much for the new Academy building on my right, nor for the new library building on my left. But for these it was surprising to see how little the scene I remembered in my boyhood had changed. The Professors' houses looked just as they used to, and the stage-coach landed its passengers at the Mansion House as of old. The pale brick seminary buildings were behind me on the left, looking as if "Hollis" and "Stoughton" had been transplanted from Cambridge, — carried there in the night by orthodox angels,

perhaps, like the *Santa Casa*. Away to my left again, but abreast of me, was the bleak, bare old Academy building; and in front of me stood unchanged the shallow oblong white house where I lived a year in the days of James Munroe and of John Quincy Adams.

The ghost of a boy was at my side as I wandered among the places he knew so well. I went to the front of the house. There was the great rock showing its broad back in the front yard. *I used to crack nuts on that*, whispered the small ghost. I looked in at the upper window in the farther part of the house. *I looked out of that on four long changing seasons*, said the ghost. I should have liked to explore further, but, while I was looking, one came into the small garden, or what used to be the garden, in front of the house, and I desisted from my investigation and went on my way. The apparition that put me and my little ghost to flight had an old dressing-gown on its person and a gun in its hand. I think it was the dressing-gown, and not the gun, which drove me off.

And now here is the shop, or store, that used to be Shipman's, after passing what I think used to be Jonathan Leavitt's bookbindery, and here is the back road that will lead me round by the old Academy building.

Could I believe my senses when I found that it was turned into a gymnasium, and heard the low thunder of ninepin balls, and the crash of tumbling pins from those precincts? The little ghost said, *Never! It cannot be.* But it was. "Have they a billiard-room in the upper story?" I asked myself. "Do the theological professors take a hand at all-fours or poker on week-days, now and then, and read the secular columns of the Boston Recorder on Sundays?" I was demoralized for the moment, it is plain; but now that I have recovered from the shock, I must say that seems to show a great advance in common sense from the notions prevailing in my time.

I sauntered, — we, rather, my ghost and I, — until we came to a broken field where there was quarrying and digging going on, — our old base-ball ground, hard by the burial-place. There I paused; and if any thoughtful boy who loves to tread in the footsteps that another has sown with memories of the time when he was young shall follow my footsteps, I need not ask him to rest here awhile, for he will be enchained by the noble view before him. Far to the north and west the mountains of New Hampshire lifted their summits in a long encircling ridge of pale blue waves. The day was clear, and every mound and peak traced its outline with perfect definition against the sky. This was a sight that had more virtue and refreshment in it than any aspect of nature that I had looked upon, I am afraid I must say for years. I have been by the seaside now and then, but the sea is constantly busy with its own affairs, running here and there, listening to what the winds have to say and getting angry with them, always indifferent, often insolent, and ready to do a mischief to those who seek its companionship. But these still, serene, unchanging mountains, — Monadnock, Kearsarge, — what memories that name recalls! — and the others, the dateless Pyramids of New England, the eternal monuments of her ancient race, around which cluster the homes of so many of her bravest and hardiest children, — I can never look at them without feeling that, vast and remote and awful as they are, there is a kind of inward heat and muffled throb in their stony cores, that brings them into a vague sort of sympathy with human hearts. It is more than a year since I have looked on those blue mountains, and they "are to me as a feeling" now, and have been ever since.

I had only to pass a wall, and I was in the burial-ground. It was thinly tenanted as I remember it, but now populous with the silent immigrants of more than a whole generation. There lay the dead I had left, — the two or three students of the Seminary; the son of the worthy pair in whose house I lived, for whom in those days hearts

were still aching, and by whose memory the house still seemed haunted. A few upright stones were all that I recollect. But now, around them were the monuments of many of the dead whom I remembered as living. I doubt if there has been a more faithful reader of these graven stones than myself for many a long day. I listened to more than one brief sermon from preachers whom I had often heard as they thundered their doctrines down upon me from the throne-like desk. Now they spoke humbly out of the dust, from a narrower pulpit, from an older text than any they ever found in Cruden's Concordance, but there was an eloquence in their voices the listening chapel had never known. There were stately monuments and studied inscriptions, but none so beautiful, none so touching, as that which hallows the resting-place of one of the children of the very learned Professor Robinson: "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."

While I was musing amidst these scenes in the mood of Hamlet, two old men, as my little ghost called them, appeared on the scene to answer to the grave-digger and his companion. They christened a mountain or two for me, "Kearnsarge" among the rest, and revived some old recollections, of which the most curious was "Basil's Cave." The story was recent, when I was there, of one Basil, or Bezill, or Buzzell, or whatever his name might have been, a member of the Academy, fabulously rich, Orientally extravagant, and of more or less lawless habits. He had commanded a cave to be secretly dug, and furnished it sumptuously, and there with his companions indulged in revelries such as the daylight of that consecrated locality had never looked upon. How much truth there was in it all I will not pretend to say, but I seem to remember stamping over every rock that sounded hollow, to question if it were not the roof of what was once Basil's Cave.

The sun was getting far past the meridian, and I sought a shelter under which to partake of the hermit fare I had brought with me. Following the slope of the hill northward behind the cemetery, I found a pleasant clump of trees grouped about some rocks, disposed so as to give a seat, a table, and a shade. I left my benediction on this pretty little natural caravansera, and a brief record on one of its white birches, hoping to visit it again on some sweet summer or autumn day.

Two scenes remained to look upon, — the Shawshine River and the Indian Ridge. The streamlet proved to have about the width with which it flowed through my memory. The young men and the boys were bathing in its shallow current, or dressing and undressing upon its banks as in the days of old; the same river, only the water changed; "The same boys, only the names and the accidents of local memory different," I whispered to my little ghost.

The Indian Ridge more than equalled what I expected of it. It is well worth a long ride to visit. The lofty wooded bank is a mile and a half in extent, with other ridges in its neighborhood, in general running nearly parallel with it, one of them still longer. These singular formations are supposed to have been built up by the eddies of conflicting currents scattering sand and gravel and stones as they swept over the continent. But I think they pleased me better when I was taught that the Indians built them; and while I thank Professor Hitchcock, I sometimes feel as if I should like to found a chair to teach the ignorance of what people do not want to know.

"Two tickets to Boston," I said to the man at the station.

But the little ghost whispered, "*When you leave this place you leave me behind you.*"

"*One* ticket to Boston, if you please. Good by, little ghost."

I believe the boy-shadow still lingers around the well-remembered scenes I traversed on that day, and that, whenever I revisit them, I shall find him again as my companion.

MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH.

THE victory which the Republican party gained in the November election, after the most fiercely contested struggle recorded in our political history, is the crowning victory of the War of the Rebellion, and its real close. A war such as raged in this country between April, 1861, and April, 1865, is ended, not when the defeated party ceases to fight, but when it ceases to hope. The sentiments and principles which led to the Rebellion were overturned, not in 1865, but in 1868. After the exhaustion of physical power, which compelled the Rebels to lay down their arms, came the moral struggle which has resulted in compelling them to surrender their ideas. If these ideas had been on a level with the civilization of the age, or in advance of it; if the "Lost Cause" had been the cause of humanity and freedom, of reason and justice, of good morals and good sense, — such a catastrophe would be viewed by every right-minded man as a great calamity. But the Rebellion was essentially a revolt of tyrants for the privilege to oppress, and of bullies for the right to domineer. Its interpretation of the Constitution was an ingenious reversal of the purposes for which the Constitution was declared to be made, and its doctrine of State Rights was a mere cover for a comprehensive conspiracy against the rights of man. The success of such a "cause" could not have benefited even its defenders, for the worst government for the permanent welfare even of the governing classes is that in which the intelligent systematically prey upon the ignorant, and the strong mercilessly trample on the weak. In a large view, the South is better off to-day for the military defeat which dissipated its wild dream of insolent domination, and for the political defeat which destroyed the last hopes of its reviving passions.

Those who are accustomed to recognize a providence in the direction of human affairs may find in the course and conduct equally of this military and political struggle the strongest confirmation of their faith. The great things that have been done appear to have been done through us, rather than by us. During the war, it seemed as if no mistakes could hinder us from gaining victories, no reverses obstruct our steady advance, no conservative prudence prevent us from being the audacious champions of radical ideas. The march of events swept forward government and people on its own path, converting the distrusted abstraction of yesterday into the "military necessity" of to-day and the constitutional provision of to-morrow. President, Congress, parties, all felt the propulsion of a force more intelligent than individual sagacity, and mightier than associated opinion. So strong was the stress on the minds of Republicans, that the charge of inconsistency, made by such politicians as had succeeded in secluding themselves from the heroic impulse of the time, not only fell pointless, but was welcomed as an indication that the men conducting the war were intelligent enough to read aright its grim facts as they successively started into view. The result proved that the very absence of what is called "a leading mind" indicated the presence of a Mind compared with which Cæsars and Napoleons are as little as Soubises and Macks.

What was true of the military is true of the political contest. After the armed Rebellion was crushed by arms, and the meaner rebellion of intrigue, bluster, and miscellaneous assassination began, both parties had reason to be surprised at the issue. The Rebels found that their profoundest calculations, their most unscrupulous plottings, their most vigorous action, only led them to a more ruinous defeat. Their opponents had almost equal reason for wonder, for the plan of recon-

struction, which they eventually passed and repeatedly sustained by more than two thirds of both Houses of Congress, would not have commanded a majority in either House at the time the problem of reconstruction was first presented. Whether we refer this unexpected and unpremeditated result to Providence, to the nature of things, or to the logic of events, it still shows that our forecast did little more than "make mouths at the invisible event." The country was not so much ruled as overruled.

The form which reconstruction eventually took was, however, the form which from the first reason would have decided to be the best. It offended strong prejudices and roused bitter animosities; but it was necessary to insure the safety and honor of the nation, and it was fitted to the peculiar facts and principles of the case. The question to be decided referred primarily to suffrage. The Republicans were at first inclined to think it should be conferred on the educated alone. How would this principle have applied to the Rebel States? Those who could read and write in those States were the originators of the Rebellion, and remained, after its military overthrow, in a state of sullen discontent with the government by which they had been subdued. To give them the suffrage, and deny it to the great body of the blacks and the poor whites, would be to put the Rebel States into the hands of the enemies of the United States. This condition of things would be little improved by allowing all whites to vote, and only such blacks as should happen to possess educational qualifications. The class on whose loyalty the government could depend would be practically sacrificed to the classes whose loyalty the government had the best reason to distrust. It is true that the blacks were, as a general thing, ignorant; but they at least possessed the instinct of self-preservation, and they were placed in such a position that the instinct of self-preservation would inevitably lead them to take the side of orderly government. Their interests, hopes, and passions, their very right to own themselves, were all bound up in the success of the national cause, to which the interests, hopes, and passions of the so-called educated classes were opposed. Besides, it might be said that education implies the recognition of sentiments of humanity, ideas of freedom, duties of beneficence, which are on a level with the civilization of the age; and the blacks were better educated in this sense than the great majority of their former masters, who had notoriously perverted natural feeling, right reason, and true religion in their vain effort to defend an indefensible institution. Southern education, for many years before the Rebellion broke out, had been an education in self-will, and its most shining results were men distinguished for the vehemence of manner and sharpness of intellect with which they defended paradoxes that affronted common sense, and assailed truths too tediously true to admit of serious debate. They were reasoning beings without being reasonable ones. Now, the blacks could not help being more in sympathy with the sentiments and ideas of the age than such men as these, for their simple, selfish instincts identified them with advanced opinions. And education, if not made the condition of suffrage, would be its result. If made its condition, the negroes would hold no political power, and common schools for all classes are only established by those legislative assemblies in which all classes are represented. At first, therefore, they would vote right, because they would vote as their instincts taught them; and by the time that their instincts might not be the measure of their true interests, they would be educated.

In the first step made towards reconstruction, that called "the President's Plan," no heed was paid to these considerations. The negroes were practically delivered over to the tender mercies of their former masters, and the political power of the Rebel States was put into Rebel hands. Profligate as this scheme really was, it had sufficient plausibility

to deceive many honest minds, and at one period there was imminent danger of its adoption. The reaction consequent on a long conflict, the desire of the people for a speedy settlement of the questions growing out of the war, the natural indisposition of the Republican leaders to quarrel with the President, the fear to face resolutely the question of negro suffrage, the seeming apathy or paralysis of the great body of Republican voters, — all seemed to point to a settlement which would be a surrender, and by which the supporters of the war would be swindled out of its fair and legitimate results. Fortunately, however, the great enemy of the President's plan was the President. His vulgarity undid the work which his cunning had planned. The force which impelled the Republican party to overturn Mr. Johnson's policy was derived from Mr. Johnson himself. It is needless here to recapitulate the mistakes by which he succeeded in concentrating Northern opinion, and making his opponents irresistible. The Republicans owe to him a debt of gratitude they can never pay, for the peculiar manner in which he schemed to split them into factions made them a unit. The small, intelligent, and unscrupulous clique of politicians known as "the President's friends" sorrowfully admit that Mr. Johnson's policy was a magnificent political game, which must have succeeded had it not been for the bad playing of Mr. Johnson. If the executive department of the government lost the respect of all parties during his administration, it was due to the fact that the President confounded the office with his personality. Nobody could respect the officer, and yet the officer persistently identified himself with the office.

After Mr. Johnson had broken with Congress, he became a President in search of a party. He sought it everywhere, and particularly at the South. At the North he could get politicians enough, but he could get no representative politicians, — no politicians who had "a following." At the South he obtained the support of the great body of the Rebels, but they were without any political power. They could speak for him, mob for him, kill negroes for him, but they could not vote for him. Believing, however, in the certainty of his eventual success, they repudiated, with a great display of indignant eloquence, the first "Congressional Plan" of reconstruction, which merely contemplated the identification of their political interests with the enfranchisement of the colored race, and denied them the privilege of counting, in the basis of representation, four millions of people to whom they refused political rights. Certainly no conquerors ever before proposed such mild terms to the vanquished, and yet the terms were rejected with a fury of contempt such as would have misbecome a triumphant faction, mad with the elation both of military and political success. The ludicrous insolence of this course ruined the last prospect these men had of rebuilding Southern society on its old foundations. The plan of reconstruction which has recently triumphed at the polls was the necessary result of their folly and arrogance. The reorganization of the Southern States on the comprehensive principle of equality of rights became possible only through the madness of its adversaries. Congress and the people repeatedly hesitated, but in every moment of hesitation they were pushed forward by some new instance of Mr. Johnson's brutality of speech, or by some fresh examples of Southern proclivity to murder.

As it regards the right of the government of the United States to dictate conditions of reconstruction, it must be remembered that the difference between the President's Plan and the Congressional Plan was not, in this respect, a difference in principle; and that the position held by the Democratic party — that the Rebellion was a rebellion of individuals, and not of States — equally condemns both. This position, however, can only be maintained by the denial of the most obvious facts. The

enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure in putting down the Rebellion were made necessary by the circumstance that it was a rebellion of States. Had it been merely an insurrection of individuals, it would have been an insurrection against State governments as well as against the government of the United States. We had, both before the war and during its continuance, examples of such insurrections. The Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, and Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts, were risings of individuals against the laws; but nobody believes that Pennsylvania and Massachusetts lost any State rights by those disturbances. In Kentucky and Missouri, during the recent war, there was a tenfold more terrible rebellion of individuals against the United States government, but nobody pretends that Missouri and Kentucky forfeited any State rights by this crime of their individual citizens. In all these cases, the governments of the States remained in loyal hands. But the peculiarity of our war against the Confederate States consisted in the fact that all the State governments were *voted* by the people into Rebel hands. The result was, that the supreme powers of taxation and conscription, placing every man and every dollar at the service of the Confederate States, were lodged in a revolutionary government, and the cost of suppressing the Rebellion was increased at least fourfold by this fact. After losing two hundred and fifty thousand men, and two billions and a half of dollars, — more than would have been necessary to crush a rebellion of individual insurgents, — we are told that the States never rebelled; that the loyal but bodiless souls of these communities still existed, whilst certain Rebel "individuals" exercised their supreme powers; and that, the moment these Rebel individuals succumbed, the bodiless souls instantly became embodied and continued loyal in the Rebel individuals aforesaid! Out of Bedlam no such argument was ever propounded before.

In truth, there was no possibility that the Rebel States could "resume their practical relations" with the United States except by the intervention of the United States in their internal affairs. Though the plan of reconstruction eventually adopted is called the "Congressional Plan," it was really the plan of the government of the country. In our system, a mere majority of Congress is impotent, provided the President, however "accidental" he may be, however mean, base, false, and traitorous he may be, nullifies its legislation by his vetoes; but Congress becomes constitutionally the governing power in the nation, when its policy is supported by two thirds of the Representatives of the people in the House, and two thirds of the Representatives of the States in the Senate. President Johnson has pushed to the extreme the powers granted to the executive by the Constitution, and if he has failed in carrying his policy it has been through no encroachments of the legislature on his constitutional rights. Passed over his vetoes, he was bound to consider the reconstruction laws as the acts of the government. It is notorious that he has systematically attempted to nullify the operation of the laws which, by the Constitution, it was his simple duty to execute.

It was almost inevitable, however, that, in the measures by which Congress attempted to make Mr. Johnson perform his duties, it should commit errors of that kind which tell against the popularity of a party, if not against its patriotism and intelligence. In spite of executive opposition Congress had succeeded in getting new State governments organized at the South, and the representatives of the legal people of those States were in the Senate and House of Representatives. Mr. Johnson and the Democratic party pronounced these reconstructed State governments to be utterly without validity, though their Representatives formed part of the Congress of the United States, and though Congress has by the Constitution the exclusive right of judging of the qualifications of its own

members, and, by the decision of the Supreme Court, has the exclusive right of judging of the validity of State governments. Whatever popularity, therefore, the Republicans may have lost by their reconstruction policy, it was more than offset by the blunder made by their opponents in proposing the overthrow of that policy by revolutionary measures. Elections are commonly decided by the votes of a class of independent citizens, who belong strictly to neither of the two parties; and the course pursued by the Democrats pushed this class for the time into the Republican ranks. The intellect of the Democratic party is concentrated, to a great degree, in its Copperhead members; and these had become so embittered and vindictive by the turn events had taken, that their malignity prevented their ability from having fair play. They assailed the Republicans for not giving peace and prosperity to the nation, and then laid down a programme which proposed to reach peace and prosperity through political and financial anarchy. They selected unpopular candidates, and then placed them on a platform of which revolution and repudiation were the chief planks. Perhaps even with these drawbacks they might have cajoled a sufficient number of voters to succeed in the election, had it not been for the frank brutality of their Southern allies. To carry the North their reliance was on fraud, but the Southern politicians were determined to carry their section by terror and assassination, and no plausible speech could be made by a Northern Democrat the effect of which was not nullified by some Southern burst of eloquence, breathing nothing but proscription and war. The Democratic party was therefore not only defeated, but disgraced. To succeed as it succeeded in New York and New Jersey, in Louisiana and Georgia, did not prevent its fall, but did prevent its falling with honor. To the infamy of bad ends it added the additional infamy of bad means; and it comes out of an overwhelming general reverse with the mortifying consciousness that its few special victories have been purchased at the expense of its public character. The only way it can recover its *prestige* is by discarding, not only its leaders, but the passions and ideas its leaders represent.

The moral significance of the struggle which has just closed is thus found in the fact that the good cause was best served by its bitterest enemies. A bad institution, like slavery, generates a bad type of character in its supporters, and urges them blindly on to the adoption of measures which, intended for its defence, result in its ruin. The immense achievement of emancipating four millions of slaves, and placing them on an equality of civil and political rights with their former masters, is due primarily to such men as Calhoun and McDuffie, Davis and Toombs, Vallandigham, Pendleton, Belmont, Johnson, and Seymour. The prejudice in the United States against the colored race was strong enough to overcome everything but their championship of it. These persons taught the nation that its safety depended on its being just. The most careless glance over the chief incidents in the long contest shows that all the enemies of human freedom needed for success was a little moderation and good sense, but moderation and good sense are fortunately not the characteristics of men engaged in doing the Devil's work for the Devil's pay. "The Lord reigns,"—a simple proposition, but one which politicians find it hard to accept, and which they often waste immense energies in the impotent attempt to overturn.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty Frederick William IV. at the Court of St. James. Drawn chiefly from Family Papers by his Widow, FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Longmans & Co.

UNITED Germany could alone cope successfully with these prodigious volumes, invade them at every point, and wring from them their guarded significance. Powers of less patience and endurance can indeed attack them here and there, and perhaps lightly overrun their territory; but this is very far from a conquest, and the unsubdued country closes solidly behind the retreating force, whose trophies are meagre and trivial. Let us be plainly just to the Baroness Bunsen, and own that if she had been born German, she could not have produced out of the material a more fatiguing book. The Baroness Bunsen has that domesticity of mind to which all things appear equally important; she has that thorough education of English-women, which turns grace to propriety, and common sense to commonplace; while, from long contact with German life, her style shows here and there the effusiveness of the German spirit, and the character of the German speech. Yet the reader sees through all the true nature of a good and honest-hearted woman, who, having passed her life in the atmosphere of courts, and dearly loving dignities, was not warped or dazzled by them, but grew steadily with her husband into something like due appreciation of the people, and respect for the humble rank from which he came. They were both too earnestly religious ever to be snobbish, but, made a part of the organized and enacted disregard of popular aspirations, it would be strange if they had not forgotten at times that the masses existed for any end save to be governed. There seems to have been nothing to offend the younger diplomatist in that officious and shocking act of Niebuhr's, by which the great scholar, as Prussian Minister, supplied the necessities of an Austrian army marching to invade Naples, and suppress a revolution; and Bunsen may be said to have been educated into love of liberty chiefly by the success of its friends. This was a great deal, for the true Tory, wherever found, is never so sure that his enemies are wrong as when they have beaten him. It was a great deal, but let us recognize that it was not the most. For the admirer of Bunsen's other qualities of head and heart, when he comes to read in his letter to the Duchess of Argyll, "I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero! Now twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in him," it is mortifying to remember little in the record of the writer's twenty years' life in Italy to prove that he had any faith in her power to achieve freedom and unity, or even desired her to do so. Yet one forgives him, when he listens to these words from his death-bed, and considers through what difficult and dangerous prosperity the man had worked right at last: "All power founded on supposed privileges must perish: it is all of evil. The United States of America have much yet to do, much for their future, to purify themselves, to make themselves free." He had, in fact, six years earlier than this expressed a negative sympathy with those here who were endeavoring to establish freedom instead of privilege: "The world has never seen such a worthless and base President of the United States as Pierce. . . . . We are at an end, in Europe and in the United States, if we are not converted to this belief in God, in humanity, in moral individuality. . . . . The Slave States are doomed. May God soon grant us cotton-fields in India, Persia, Armenia, and above all in Africa! otherwise Mammon will keep up the original ones." If Bunsen did nothing to promote political reform, he could understand the value of a step in advance when made. He would fain have had his king be true to the revolution of '48; and he was never part of the reaction against it. He deplored the ascendency of Austria and Germany, and he desired a constitutional government in Prussia.

But he was in reality no politician, though he had much to do with politics, as he was no diplomatist, though he was always concerned with diplomacy. He was essentially a man of religion; all his study and his im-

mense researches had a religious direction, and he was only literary in the service of religion. He was chiefly estimable in his personal character, and Dr. M'Cosh says that he found Bunsen "respected and beloved by all, except the enemies of civil and religious liberty," though "his speculations, philosophical or theological, carried very little weight in Germany." Even this great book does not give the idea of a great man; even this dull book does not obscure in his life the charm of its beauty and purity. Is it not a rare testimony to his goodness, that after reading twelve hundred pages about him you still do not hate Bunsen?

He was born at Corbach, in the principality of Waldeck, in 1791; and though his parents were both too old to expect him, they knew very well what to do with him after he came. They were poor, and lived scantily upon the produce of a few ancestral acres and the father's pension as a retired soldier, and such pay as he could get for copying law-papers. Bunsen's mother was a good woman, and his father good and sagacious, too, and taught his son two sets of maxims, which admirably corrected each other, and which one finds expressed in much that Bunsen was and did in after-life. "In clothing, live up to your means; in food, below your means; in dwelling, above your means," were the worldly precepts; and "Don't become a soldier, don't cringe to nobles," were the manly lessons. Armed with this wisdom, Bunsen in due time went to school, where he distinguished himself, and then passed to the University of Göttingen, where he entered upon his vast philological and antiquarian labors with that religious purpose which imbued his whole after-life, whatever were its occupations or duties. The plan of study which he submitted to Niebuhr at this time involved Asiatic travel and personal research in many countries, and had to be greatly modified. Bunsen was then tutor to Mr. William B. Astor of New York (with whom he continued in relations of lifelong friendship), and once thought of coming to America; but went instead to Florence, where, parting with Mr. Astor, he was left to very discouraging uncertainties of income. To eke out his means of support, he gave lessons in French to an Englishman, while he worked "with real fury" in the libraries at his Oriental studies; but the hope of Niebuhr's friendship and instruction was an attraction that drew him soon afterwards to Rome, where he found employment in the Legation. On Niebuhr's retirement he succeeded him as Prussian Minister, and continued at Rome in that capacity for twenty years. He had early in his diplomatic career married Miss Waddington, a young English girl sojourning at Rome, and in his charming house, whither all that was brilliant and learned in the world's capital resorted, she became the centre of one of the happiest homes. Bunsen was as domestic as he was religious; this *enfant de cinquante ans*, as he came one day to be called, had always a lover's devotion for his wife, and a young father's enthusiastic tenderness for his half-score children. His wife entered heart and soul into those studies whose religious purpose robbed them of their dryness, and their existences were so interfused in the exchange of intellectual and affectional sympathies, that it is indeed their "common life" which the Baroness Bunsen here presents us. Few marriages have been so perfect; and the author is nowhere so graceful and so happy as in her revelations of its perfection.

During this long and tranquil residence at Rome, most of Bunsen's great works were begun or planned, but there is not more said of them than of his Hymn-Book and his Liturgy, and in fact he was as thoroughly interested in the adoption of these in the churches as in the establishment of Egypt's place in history. These enterprises brought him into close relations with his king, who was also very religious in the headstrong fashion of the Prussian princes; and it is melancholy to see how two men meant to be friends and to serve one another were powerless to do so in their essentially false positions of sovereign and subject. This king, who loved Bunsen and would receive and dismiss him with kisses, had afterwards a state reason for making him a scapegoat for the difficulty with Rome about mixed marriages in the Rhenish provinces; and so the man who had contended for justice and toleration towards the Catholics became the victim of the Pope's resentment, and had to give up his place. The court party in Berlin always hated Bunsen for his plebeian birth, and for so much revolution as was embodied in his success; and its enmity was at first sufficiently powerful to hinder the king's favor from bestowing on him any place greater than that of Minister to Switzerland; and finally, when his appointment to England seemed inevitable, its reluctance was made apparent by

a very curious procedure. The king was persuaded that it would be an affront to the aristocratic court of St. James to send a commoner thither, and so he offered to Victoria's choice three names, including Bunsen's, in order that his merit might not be entirely ignored, and yet that he might be snubbed if necessary. The Queen, however, at once chose Bunsen; and he now entered upon that full intellectual life, so fruitful in great purposes and results, so happy in its relations to a people whose politics and civilization he admired above all things.

From the prince to the peasant he had loved the whole English nation, and he loved the good in it none the less intensely when he began to see that neither in temporal nor spiritual affairs was its government perfection. He found London, even more than Rome, the world's capital, and in the esteem and honor of a free Protestant sovereign and people he had the greatest pleasure and incentive. Afterward, in the comparatively provincial German life he led, he had to lament, not only the facilities and means of the vast city in libraries and in men who were as useful and as easily accessible as books, but the rapid interchange of ideas and the direct influence of intellectual sympathies. Nothing, in fact, could have been more prosperous and delightful than all the circumstances of the great religious scholar, and his relation to diplomacy and to Berlin could alone make him unhappy. The king tried to be his friend, and was so in that feeble fashion in which kings can benefit good men; and one of the last sane acts of poor Frederick William's life was to make his old and faithful servant peer of Prussia with a seat in the upper house as Baron. "This," writes Bunsen to a friend, "is a triumph of progress in the English direction. The court party wanted to make me pass through a preparatory stage of ordinary *noblesse* (*Junkerthum*), but I insisted on giving up the whole, or that a creation should take place as was done by Queen Victoria in the case of Macaulay."

This elevation to the peerage was almost the sole event of political import in Bunsen's life after he left England. From that time until his death his biography is scarcely more than the record of his prodigious literary labors, which besides the production of his *Bibelwerk* ("a corrected translation of the Scriptures, with parallel passages, and comprehensive explanations of the sense and its connection below the text") included work upon his "Egypt's Place in Universal History," the publication of "Signs of the Times," and various minor enterprises. He had become a spectator in politics, and had purposely avoided residence in Prussia that he might not be drawn into the political affairs of his own country. His interest in these things, however, did not fail with his waning health and the advance of age upon him; on the contrary, with his release from diplomatic functions his political vision seems to have brightened and widened, and the letters referring to European events during the periods of his residence at Charlottenberg and Bonn have a value not remarkable in those of other times. He had so far worked free and clear in his sentiments as to have become the fixed antagonist of Austrian influence in Germany, and to have conceived of that German unity in an aggrandized Prussia which Bismarck is now accomplishing. He was ashamed of the mean and inferior part his country played in German affairs; and when the war of France and Italy against Austria broke out, in 1859, he was one of very few Germans whose aspirations were for the better cause, and who comprehended that the liberation of Italy was the hope of German unity. His imagination was taken, too, with the heroic figure of Garibaldi, and Garibaldi's desire for the Bible and Protestantism, and on the last birthday which he celebrated he gave the health of the people's soldier.

Baroness Bunsen treats the closing period of his life with a tender fulness which shows all the sweet qualities of one of the most amiable men. The love of their perfect marriage burnt purer and brighter than ever, and the home it had created seemed never so beautiful as when the shadow of death began to fall upon it. Bunsen's disorder was of the heart, and it might be said that he was dying for months before the release came from that agony over which his serene spirit constantly triumphed in expressions of exalted faith and affection. His letters throughout these volumes breathe, in all circumstances and conditions, the same spirit; but otherwise they are not interesting letters: they are almost as wholly wanting in *esprit* as the narrative in which they are set; they are often exuberant and earnest, and they are often solid and earnest; but they are nearly always verbose and tedious.

The Memoirs of Bunsen give the idea of

a man whose whole scheme of intellectual life was too vast for fulfilment, and who, throughout a career of wonderful prosperity, came short of perfect success. As means to a literary and religious end, he accepted employments alien to him; but this did not affect the impregnable sincerity and singleness of his character, though it divided his interests; and we do not love him less because he was not a great diplomatist. In this new country, where nearly every aspiring man works ten hours for his living, in order that he may give two hours to his life's work, there is a lesson, both in Bunsen's success and in his measure of failure; while as a plebeian, seizing public honors in the most stupidly aristocratic country in Europe, we democrats can all rejoice in him.

Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil. By FELIX O. C. DARLEY. The Drawings engraved on Wood by J. Augustus Bogert and James L. Langridge. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

How it may be with those unhappy ones to whom the American destiny of an European tour has not yet beckoned, as they turn over these delightful sketches, we do not know. Doubtless they feel their humor, and are persuaded, by some inner evidence of things unseen, that they are marvellously true; but it is not the high privilege of such to declare: "This is the very peasant *I* saw in the church at Munich; that beggar took money of me for the favor of not being run over by my driver in Genoa; those donkeys are personal acquaintance, as are those priests and monks and fishermen; that gondola bore me through the Venetian street to my hotel; that sleepy waiter is he who yawned in my face when I arrived late at his damp, stony, delightful little inn." We stand again on the steps in the Piazza di Spagna as we gaze upon that group of models; we hear the twang of the Neapolitan dialect out of that noisy picture of the crowded quay; the *bigolante* stepping freely towards us bears all the Grand Canal in the buckets at her shoulder; what memories of the swift-seen Low-Countries rise not up in those figures of market-folk and fishermen? The bits of ruin and of architecture, the glimpse of a tower, the turn of a street, the porch of a church, are all full of suggestion and association. Mr. Darley seems at his happiest here, and his pen has pleasantly done the little his pencil could not do. Europe has been an inspiration to him. While all that is characteristic of him remains in these pictures, that which was unpleasantly manneristic is absent; delicate and jealous finish marks them, of course, and there is fresh life and enjoyment of it in them. How sharply and subtly the different nationalities are discriminated in the different figures as well as faces, and how unmistakably every smallest sketch is made to express France or England, Holland or Italy! There are touches of fine and pleasant sentiment in some of the pictures, but they are chiefly of a humorous cast, and record without exaggeration those common fortunes of travel which befall every tourist. Whatever so good an artist should say of art would be worth reading, and Mr. Darley's criticism of famous works is not the less valuable for being very informally and modestly offered, — perhaps all but the admirers of Ruskin would agree with us that it is the more valuable for that reason. The only exception we take to the book is upon a point of propriety: whether it was proper to caricature Lord Lytton, and to do it so well that it should seem the best thing in the book, and should threaten to associate itself hereafter with the ideas of his elegant poetry.

The New England Tragedies. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. I. *John Endicott.* II. *Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.* Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

SINCE this is the effect, we cannot imagine it to have been other than the intention of Mr. Longfellow in these poems to seize the popular idea of the witch and Quaker persecutions of our olden time, and to present it in the array of the simplest words and scenes. Great part of the plot here consists of the situations furnished by history; and the characters shine through the often colorless medium of the drama with the form and hues that tradition and association have stamped upon them. The plays, in fact, are as unartificial and as conventional as old ballads; as in these all gold is red, all ladies fair, and all knights brave, so in our New England Tragedies the Puritan rulers are austere, the Quakers are meek and bold, the accused of witchcraft are movingly steadfast and eloquently innocent in their extremity and de-

spair. In spite of the free use of historic material, the critic cannot feel that they are true portraits of the past; but as pictures of the vague and generalized past existing in the common imagination, he must recognize their fidelity, and the fine art with which they are presented. We shall still go to Dr. Palfrey and Mr. Upham for the history of New England; we shall still throw the weird lustre of "the Scarlet Letter" upon Puritan life, for a closer and deeper study of its character, — but we know that in the sense of men, when the old New England days are spoken of, the

> "Images of the glimmering dawn,
> Half-shown,"

are no other than the images of these tragedies.

One could not read a page of the book without perceiving that it was Longfellow's, nor without seeing that he had sacrificed some of his peculiarities to the purpose of it; for here is none of the efflorescence of earlier poems, little of the metaphor with which he sometimes paints his lilies so as to make them look like pictures of lilies in old missals. Doubtless for the contemporaries who have grown into love of him for his consecutive gifts a great poet could never sing in vain; the music of all past songs haunts each new effort, and clothes it with a charm that defies inquisition for comparative excellence; yet, in these latest poems of Mr. Longfellow, we are sensible of the burden he lays upon us in those we like least. The moral rests very heavily upon the action of the first tragedy, and nearly every person of the drama has a private pulpit from which he preaches. The Quakers are, of course, shown with some limitations of the fact in their offences against the Puritan law, and their arrogant intolerance and indecencies; but still the tragedy is not strongly *motivée*, and depends in great degree for its interest upon hints of the tragedy beyond and without it. The scarcely more than intimated love of John Endicott the younger for fair Edith Christison the Quakeress gives the poem a pensive grace it would have wanted in a more downright passion; the iron hardness of the times that in Master Merry casts a stone at the Sabbath-breaking doves on his housetop, the dim-seen anguish of Governor Endicott for the rebellious soft-heartedness of his son, the grave friendship of the Puritan elders and rulers, — are elements of the tragedy that have a force not felt in the attitudes and suffering of the Quakers, to whose madness, indeed, it was perhaps impossible to give any method. Those scenes in which Governor Endicott is prominent are all specially effective through the solemn stateliness of his presence, — a figure far better conceived than that of John Norton, his spiritual adviser, — and the play reaches its climax, as well as its close, in the misgiving of this strong man, in whom the sign of relenting is the sign of death, — who can break, but not bend.

In "Giles Corey," as in "John Endicott," there is no strong local presentation of fact; it is the light of legend and common association on the woods, the village, and the tribunal; something still less authentic than these seems to be flattered in the character of Tituba, the Indian witch, — a character that recalls Maestro Verdi's music, and the scenes of that opera of which the scene is laid near Salem. All the other people are natural; and the protest against superstition has little of the merely ethical effect of the moralizing in "John Endicott." Mr. Longfellow had much to do because there could be so little to say that his reader did not already feel. You have but to think of a score of innocent people put to death by the delusion of just and good men, and you have a tragedy more terrible than any possible to write. What scene of drama ever moved like the sight of that old warrant in the Salem court-house, for the execution of Bridget Bishop, with the sheriff's return upon it? The poet could only take the tragical facts and clothe them in a little imagined circumstance, paint us Giles Corey's peaceful life in that home over which the cloud soon should drift; suggest the agony and horror of the rending ties of trust and affection between old friends and neighbors as the blight of accusation fell upon one and another; hint the cruel conscientiousness of the magistracy, the loath conviction of the minister, the panic and dismay of the people; show the accused, with the accusers falling into torment before them; and bring us at last into the presence of the dead victim of the most terrible fear that ever fell on men's souls. All this he has done with so much simplicity and reticence that his success is scarcely recognized except as the reader in his afterthought finds all his vague impressions and associations of the witchcraft history given an ordered shape and embodi-

ment. There are few passages to be quoted from the poem; it would be hard to fix upon any scene as expressive of the spirit in which the whole is written; but it holds the reader to the end, and at last he is conscious of that strange, sad pleasure, that "*angenehmer Schmerz*," which high tragic poetry alone can give through sympathies evoked and baffled by some inexorable doom, yet not so sharply rejected but they cling even to its accomplishment with some dim purpose of rescue.

What Answer? By ANNA E. DICKINSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS said the other day that times were when his color would secure him the advantage of a whole seat in a railroad car, but that since the war he was by no means safe from molestation. He told a good story of a citizen with conquered prejudices, who stirred him up out of his nap on the cars recently, and demanded a place beside him. "I 'm a nigger," said Mr. Douglass, showing his head from beneath the shawl in which it had been wrapped. "I don't care *what* you are," answered the liberal-minded intruder; "I want a seat."

It is not easy to tell how far expediency may carry us towards justice, but there is a great deal to be hoped from human selfishness, fortunately, and we shall not despair of mankind while we all continue so full of egotistical desires and interested ambitions. *Pure* cussedness is much rarer than would appear, and we believe it is rarer than Miss Dickinson would have us think, though we will not be positive about this; and we are not saying that it ought not to be warred upon as long as it exists at all. In fact, we object to "What Answer?" that one phase of our great social problem is not treated with perfect courage in it.

Of course it is the general prejudice against the blacks with which Miss Dickinson deals, and in so far as she treats of their exclusion from the suffrage, the meanness with which the government acted toward them in the war, and the unmanliness which calls for their exclusion from public tables and conveyances (though Mr. Douglass is not the only witness to the fact that we are growing better in this respect), her position is not to be assailed; but as to the question of intermarriage with the negroes, and the society prejudices against it, we do not think Miss Dickinson presents the point directly. It seems to us that it required no heroic effort in William Surrey to fall in love with a beautiful young girl, who was as brilliant in intellect as fair in face, and had no trace of negro blood in her, — who, in fact, became known to her lover as the niece of a rich and aristocratic Englishwoman, — and when she turns out the daughter of a mulatto gentleman, endowed with every personal, pecuniary, and mental gift, the sacrifice of marrying her, even at the cost of all ties of kindred, and many ties of friendship, is greatly mitigated. It is not uncommon to sever these ties by marriage, and at the best they are subjected to a pretty severe strain. Moreover, the case of William Surrey's family and social suffering appears to us an extreme one. We are not persuaded that so much evil would befall the husband of a lady with as good a complexion as any of us, and with so much more wit and money. The family, if they could not hush up her origin, would make a brave attempt to trace it back to African royalty, and possibly the arms of Dahomey might be quartered on the Surrey escutcheon, while society would be far more amiable to the *mésalliance* than it was to that of the lady who married her Irish coachman some years ago. Her heroine's beauty, her brilliancy, her fortune, would do more for her in the world, we think, than in Miss Dickinson's book. Yes, in some lion-hunting circles, we can imagine a peculiar zest given to the chase by the fact of that dash of black blood casting such glory on her eyes and hair. Of course, if she attempted to mingle in genteel Irish companies, or with those low-down Democrats who spell negro with two g's, she would be made to know her place, which would be naturally much above theirs; and we could also conceive of her suffering a good deal from her cook and second-girl, if it ever became known to them that she was black; but she and her husband would be well received by most of the most refined people in the country.

In ordinary circumstances, and if Miss Dickinson had merely desired us to answer whether her story amused us or not, we should say Miss Ercildoune was not a very objectionable heroine, — though we could wish her a trifle more imperfect in some respects. But as the answer demanded here is, Shall you obey your instincts and principles of right at extreme cost? we say that the sacrifice required of William Surrey by Fran-

cesca Ercildoune is neither certain nor great enough. She should have been black to the sense as to the mind, and her father some poor but respectable whitewasher or barber. It should only be requisite that she should have so fine a mind and so beautiful a soul that Surrey could not help loving her. After that would come due vulgar hooting and outrage, tempered still by the inalienable friendship of just men; and, having thus settled her hero and heroine, Miss Dickinson might well ask, "What Answer?"

But even with the extreme case presented, we should be obliged to say that we had no answer ready. We should shirk the question. We should postpone its decision. We should be heartily glad that it was not in the Chicago Platform. The most we could be got to answer would be: Let every one conquer his own prejudices as far as William Surrey did, — or farther, if he finds himself called upon to do so, — and the prejudices of others will take care of themselves, as pounds do when pence are well looked to. We should not, we hope, be saying in this answer that a mixture of the races is desirable. We reserve our opinion on this point for publication in the January "Atlantic" of 2869, when the question will be, perhaps, practically presented.

Meantime, our most earnest and hearty sympathies are with Miss Dickinson for the largest individual freedom, and our antipathies are with her against the tyranny and cruelty of prejudice, political inequality, and ignorance, organized or unorganized.

The Civil Service. Report of Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, from the Joint Select Committee on Retrenchment, made to the House of Representatives of the United States, May 14, 1868. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Mr. Jenckes proposes that our civil service shall be improved by admitting candidates for executive appointment to competitive examination, and keeping them in place during good behavior, with the just hope and incentive of promotion, and he has therefore reported a bill for the establishment of a Department of the Civil Service, under the direction of the Vice-President of the United States, and embodying the idea of merit and efficiency in the public employees.

The present volume contains matter which makes it far more interesting than most of the ephemeral — we wish we could call them light — publications of the Government Printing-office. It opens with a report of the Committee on Retrenchment, which is an historical notice of the management of the Civil Service before the election of General Jackson, and its enduring corruption under him by the introduction of the principle of rotation in office; to this report is appended an extract from Mr. Parton's "Life of Jackson," pertinent to the business; and then follows a series of questions addressed by the committee to persons now in nearly all branches of the Civil Disservice, and practically acquainted with the workings of the present system, and their answers to the questions; after which we have the opinions of the earlier presidents, testimonies of the press, full notices of the civil services in China, Prussia, England, and France, and two speeches of Mr. Jenckes, arguing in a plain, straightforward way the advantages of the proposed changes in our own system.

The replies of the employees to the Committee's questions are noticeable as favoring in nearly all cases the passage of Mr. Jenckes's bill; though one of its provisions is that no one now in the government service shall be promoted without undergoing an examination, while any appointee below the grade of those confirmed by the Senate may be summoned before the examining board, and dismissed for incompetency. We may suppose a reasonable share of public spirit and of patriotism has prompted them, and that those favoring Mr. Jenckes's bill are as sincere as those opposing it. What seems to be the principal objection to it comes from a gentleman who conceives of the proposed civil service establishment as in the nature of a standing army, and who argues that the employees of the government are better for want of preparation, since in the late war those officers and soldiers drawn from the "farm, the office, and the workshop," were "often superior to hot-bed growths of a permanent military-service establishment," like Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas. Moreover, having served in the comptroller's office at Washington, he is able to say that the old clerks who had been in place twenty and fifty years constituted "a 'circumlocution office,' such as was satirized by Dickens"; and he tells of a "fresh, active, and hopeful young clerk," who, having been

appointed in the usual way for no reason, expected to be as logically dismissed in four years, but did more work in a day than any two of the "civil-service men" did in a week. In a word, this gentleman makes as ingenious an argument for the measure he opposes as its friends would wish to see. We should hardly be willing to accept the "civil-service men" whom he knew in the comptroller's office as prophetical of the effects to be produced by Mr. Jenckes's system, since they were in fact the withered fruit of the old principle of rotation, chosen for no other reason than their political friendship with the President who appointed them. Under the proposed civil-service law, nothing would be easier than to summon them before the examining board, and dismiss such couples of them as it took a week to do one day's work. We doubt, moreover, whether the quadrennial accession of ignorance and inexperience will cut the toils of red-tape in the departments, or deliver us from circumlocution there. On the contrary, we suspect, from all this gentleman says, that nothing is so much needed for the rescue of the civil government from dishonesty and incompetency as competitive examination of all candidates for executive appointment, and strict surveillance afterwards of their work and character, with promotion in view on the right hand, and dismissal from place on the left. Every sincere man who has held a government office must own that it would have been well for him if thorough preparation for its duties had been first required of him, and he cannot deny that the possibility of advance in reward for zeal and efficiency would have been an agreeable ally to his conscience in the discharge of those duties. Every rogue and incompetent now in place must gratefully celebrate the fortune that gave him position because he was a Johnson man, and must regard with trembling the probable passage of a law which shall deal with him as a bad man or a useless one. The establishment of a civil service upon the basis proposed by Mr. Jenckes would not only afford greater efficiency to the governmental business at home and abroad for vastly less money than is now spent on it, but would greatly tend to purify the unwholesome body politic. It would teach the people that presidential elections were held for the purpose of directing the course of the government, not for changing all its machinery; that administrations are organic through the popular will, not through the clerks in the department. It would teach that while office-holding may be a career, office-seeking must cease to be so; it would prevent the ignorant from offering themselves for places they cannot fill, and we hope it would abash many lazy and worthless ward and school-district politicians from their present ambition to rule, or at least to feed upon, the nation.

Poems. By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

IN the millennium, when each of us shall want to do only the work for which he is most fit, we imagine that Miss Larcom will not care to write poems of so great variety as we have here. All her performance is respectable, but from her who gave us "Hannah Binding Shoes" we should not have asked pieces which doubtless cost her more trouble. We should not have asked "Skipper Ben," for instance, though this and the poem before named deal with the same feeling. One, however, is drawn from life, and the other is drawn from a favorite poet; when Skipper Ben goes down, that is the last of him; but poor lone Hannah is an immortal pathos, and haunts whatever shape binds shoes at windows. It is a very touching poem, and wrought with such perfect simplicity and self-control, that we do not see how it could be better. The local truth, too, is most admirable and valuable; so little life gets into verse, in any time, and especially in this, when the Muse has shown herself not indisposed to patronize reality. The study of the little Yankee maiden "Prudence" is also charmingly easy and lifelike; the touches are very light, but each tells, and there is none too many. In "Getting Along," the art is not so good, or the luck not so great, but the sentiment is genuine, and the poem is history and nature, and is full of a delicately veiled sadness of half-conscious disappointment. "Elsie in Illinois" is as pretty and dainty a little idyl as we care to read, told in sparing and fortunate words, and with a true sense of East and West in it.

Throughout the book we see evidences of a quick fancy and of thoughtful effort, of a tolerably distinct ideal, and of conscientious and praiseworthy work; but in these five poems we are aware of a gift to move and please, which certainly does not come from the poetic culture of our age, and which we do not mind calling genius.

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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

IV.

AUNT JANE DEFINES HER POSITION.

THE next morning had that luminous morning haze, not quite dense enough to be called a fog, which is often so lovely in Oldport. It was perfectly still; the tide swelled and swelled till it touched the edge of the green lawn behind the house, and seemed ready to submerge the slender pier; the water looked at first like glass, till closer gaze revealed long sinuous undulations, as if from unseen water-snakes beneath. A few rags of storm-cloud lay over the half-seen hills beyond the bay, and behind them came little mutterings of thunder, now here, now there, as if some wild creature were roaming up and down, dissatisfied, in the shelter of the clouds. The pale haze extended into the foreground, and half veiled the schooners that lay at anchor with their sails up. It was sultry, and there was something in the atmosphere that at once threatened and soothed. Sometimes a few drops dimpled the water and then ceased; the muttering creature in the sky moved northward and grew still. It was a day when every one would be tempted to go out rowing, but when only lovers would go. Philip and Hope went.

Kate and Harry, meanwhile, awaited their opportunity to go in and visit Aunt Jane. This was a thing that never could be done till near noon, because that dear lady was very deliberate in her morning habits, and always averred that she had never seen the sun rise except in a panorama. She hated to be hurried in dressing, too; for she was accustomed to say that she must have leisure to understand herself, and this was clearly an affair of time.

But she was never more charming than when, after dressing and breakfasting in seclusion, and then vigilantly watching her handmaiden through the necessary dustings and arrangements, she sat at last with her affairs in order to await events. Every day she expected something entirely new to happen, and was never disappointed. For she herself always happened, if nothing else did; she could no more repeat

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herself than the sunrise can; and the liveliest visitor always carried away something fresher and more remarkable than he brought.

Her book that morning had displeased her, and she was boiling with indignation against its author.

"I am reading a book so dry," she said, "it makes me cough. No wonder there was a drought last summer. It was printed then. Worcester's Geography seems in my memory as fascinating as Shakespeare, when I look back upon it from this book. How can a man write such a thing and live?"

"Perhaps he lived by writing it," said Kate.

"Perhaps it was the best he could do," added the more literal Harry.

"It certainly was not the best he could do, for he might have died, — died instead of dried. O, I should like to prick that man with something sharp, and see if sawdust did not run out of him! Kate, ask the bookseller to let me know if he ever really dies, and then life may seem fresh again."

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Somebody's memoirs," said Aunt Jane. "Was there no man left worth writing about, that they should make a biography about this one? It is like a life of Napoleon with all the battles left out. They are conceited enough to put his age in the upper corner of each page, too, as if anybody cared how old he was."

"Such pretty covers!" said Kate. "It is too bad."

"Yes," said Aunt Jane. "I mean to send them back and have new leaves put in. These are so wretched, there is not a teakettle in the land so insignificant that it would boil over them. Don't let us talk any more about it. Have Philip and Hope gone out upon the water?"

"Yes, dear," said Kate. "Did Ruth tell you?"

"When did that aimless infant ever tell anything?"

"Then how did you know it?"

"If I waited for knowledge till that sweet-tempered parrot chose to tell me," Aunt Jane went on, "I should be even more foolish than I am."

"Then how did you know?"

"Of course I heard the boat hauled down, and of course I knew that none but lovers would go out just before a thunder-storm. Then you and Harry came in, and I knew it was the others."

"Aunt Jane," said Kate, "you divine everything: what a brain you have!"

"Brain! it is nothing but a collection of shreds, like a little girl's work-basket, — a scrap of blue silk and a bit of white muslin."

"Now she is fishing for compliments," said Kate, "and she shall have one. She was very sweet and good to Philip last night."

"I know it," said Aunt Jane, with a groan. "I waked in the night and thought about it. I was awake a great deal last night. I have heard cocks crowing all my life, but I never knew what that creature could accomplish before. So I lay and thought how good and forgiving I was; it was quite distressing."

"Remorse?" said Kate.

"Yes, indeed. I hate to be a saint all the time. There ought to be vacations. Instead of suffering from a bad conscience, I suffer from a good one."

"It was no merit of yours, aunt," put in Harry. "Who was ever more agreeable and lovable than Malbone last night?"

"Lovable!" burst out Aunt Jane, who never could be managed or manipulated by anybody but Kate, and who often rebelled against Harry's blunt assertions. "Of course he is lovable, and that is why I dislike him. His father was so before him. That is the worst of it. I never in my life saw any harm done by a villain; I wish I could. All the mischief in this world is done by lovable people. Thank Heaven, nobody ever dared to call me lovable!"

"I should like to see any one dare call you anything else, — you dear, old, soft-hearted darling!" interposed Kate.

"But, aunt," persisted Harry, "if you only knew what the mass of young men are — "

"Don't I?" interrupted the impetuous lady. "What is there that is not known to any woman who has common sense, and eyes enough to look out of a window?"

"If you only knew," Harry went on, "how superior Phil Malbone is, in his whole tone, to any fellow of my acquaintance."

"Lord help the rest!" she answered. "Philip has a sort of refinement instead of principles, and a heart instead of a conscience, — just heart enough to keep himself happy and everybody else miserable."

"Do you mean to say," asked the obstinate Hal, "that there is no difference between refinement and coarseness?"

"Yes, there is," she said.

"Well, which is best?"

"Coarseness is safer by a great deal," said Aunt Jane, "in the hands of a man like Philip. What harm can that swearing coachman do, I should like to know, in the street yonder? To be sure it is very unpleasant, and I wonder they let people swear so, except, perhaps, in waste places outside the town; but that is his way of expressing himself, and he only frightens people, after all."

"Which Philip does not," said Hal.

"Exactly. That is the danger. He frightens nobody, not even himself, when he ought to wear a label round his neck, marked 'Dangerous,' such as they have at other places where it is slippery and brittle. When he is here, I keep saying to myself, 'Too smooth! too smooth!'"

"Aunt Jane," said Harry, gravely, "I know Malbone very well, and I never knew any man whom it was more unjust to call a hypocrite."

"Did I say he was a hypocrite?" she cried. "He is worse than that; at least more really dangerous. It is these high-strung sentimentalists who do all the mischief; who play on their own lovely emotions, forsooth, till they wear out those fine fiddlestrings, and then have nothing left but the flesh and the D. Don't tell me!"

"Do stop, auntie," interposed Kate, quite alarmed, "you are really worse than a coachman. You are growing very profane indeed."

"I have a much harder time than any coachman, Kate," retorted the injured lady. "Nobody tries to stop him, and you are always hushing me up."

"Hushing you up, darling?" said Kate. "When we only spoil you by praising and quoting everything you say."

"Only when it amuses you," said Aunt Jane. "So long as I sit and cry my eyes out over a book, you all love me, and when I talk nonsense you are ready to encourage it; but when I begin to utter a little sense you all want to silence me, or else run out of the room! Yesterday I read about a newspaper somewhere, called the 'Daily Evening Voice'; I wish you would allow me a daily morning voice."

"Do not interfere, Kate," said Hal. "Aunt Jane and I only wish to understand each other."

"I am sure we don't," said Aunt Jane; "I have no desire to understand you, and you never will understand me till you comprehend Philip."

"Let us agree on one thing," Harry said. "Surely, aunt, you know how he loves Hope?"

Aunt Jane approached a degree nearer the equator, and said, gently, "I fear I do."

"Fear?"

"Yes, fear. That is just what troubles me. I know precisely how he loves her. *Il se laisse aimer*. Philip likes to be petted, as much as any cat, and, while he will purr, Hope is happy. Very few men accept idolatry with any degree of grace, but he unfortunately does."

"Unfortunately?" remonstrated Hal, as far as ever from being satisfied. "This is really too bad. You never will do him any justice."

"Ah?" said Aunt Jane, chilling again, "I thought I did. I observe he is very much afraid of me, and there seems to be no other reason."

"The real trouble is," said Harry,

after a pause, "that you doubt his constancy."

"What do you call constancy?" said she. "Kissing a woman's picture ten years after a man has broken her heart? Philip Malbone has that kind of constancy, and so had his father before him."

This was too much for Harry, who was making for the door in indignation, when little Ruth came in with Aunt Jane's luncheon, and that lady was soon absorbed in the hopeless task of keeping her handmaiden's pretty blue and white gingham sleeve out of the butter-plate.

V.

A Multivalve Heart.

Philip Malbone had that perfectly sunny temperament which is peculiarly captivating among Americans, because it is so rare. He liked everybody and everybody liked him; he had a thousand ways of affording pleasure, and he received it in the giving. He had a personal beauty, which, strange to say, was recognized by both sexes, — for most handsome men must consent to be mildly hated by their own. He had travelled much, and had mingled in very varied society; he had a moderate fortune, no vices, no ambition, and no capacity of ennui.

He was fastidious and over-critical, it might be, in his theories, but in practice he was easily suited and never vexed. He liked travelling, and he liked staying at home; he was so continually occupied as to give an apparent activity to all his life, and yet he was never too busy to be interrupted, especially if the intruder were a woman or a child. He liked to be with people of his own age, whatever their condition; he also liked old people because they were old, and children because they were young. In travelling by rail, he would woo crying babies out of their mothers' arms, and still them; it was always his back that Irishwomen thumped, to ask if they must get out at the next station; and he might be seen handing out decrepit paupers as if they were of royal blood, and bore concealed sceptres in their old umbrellas. Exquisitely nice in his personal habits, he had the practical democracy of a good-natured young prince; he had never yet seen a human being who awed him, nor one whom he had the slightest wish to awe. His courtesy had, therefore, that comprehensiveness which we call republican, though it was really the least republican thing about him. All felt its attraction; there was really no one who disliked him except Aunt Jane; and even she admitted that he was the only person who knew how to cut her lead-pencil.

That cheerful English premier who thought that any man ought to find happiness enough in walking London streets and looking at the lobsters in the fish-markets, was not more easily satisfied than Malbone. He liked to observe the groups of boys fishing at the wharves, or to hear the chat of their fathers about coral-reefs and penguins' eggs; or to sketch the fisher's little daughter awaiting her father at night on some deserted and crumbling wharf, his blue pea-jacket over her fair ringleted head, and a great cat standing by with tail uplifted, her sole protector. He liked the luxurious indolence of yachting, and he liked as well to float in his wherry among the fleet of fishing schooners getting under way after a three days' storm, each vessel slipping out in turn from the closely packed crowd, and spreading its white wings for flight. He liked to watch the groups of negro boys and girls strolling by the window at evening, and strumming on the banjo, — the only vestige of tropical life that haunts our busy Northern zone. But he liked just as well to note the ways of well-dressed girls and boys at croquet parties, or to sit at the club window and hear the gossip; he was a jewel of a listener, and not easily bored even when Philadelphians talked about families, or New-Yorkers about bargains, or Bostonians about books. A man who has not one absorbing aim can get a great many miscellaneous things into each twenty-four hours;

and there was not a day in which Philip did not make himself agreeable and useful to a great many people, receive a great many confidences, and give much good-humored advice about matters of which he knew nothing. His friends' children ran after him in the street, and he knew the pet theories and wines of elderly gentlemen. He said that he won their hearts by remembering every occurrence in their lives except their birthdays.

It was, perhaps, no drawback on the popularity of Philip Malbone that he had been for some ten years reproached as a systematic flirt by all women with whom he did not happen at the moment to be flirting. The reproach was unjust; he had never done anything systematically in his life; it was his temperament that flirted, not his will. He simply had that most perilous of all seductive natures, in which the seducer is himself seduced. With a personal refinement that almost amounted to purity, he was constantly drifting into loves more profoundly perilous than if they had belonged to a grosser man. Almost all women loved him, because he loved almost all; he never had to assume an ardor, for he always felt it. His heart was multivalve; he could love a dozen at once in various modes and gradations, press a dozen hands in a day, gaze into a dozen pair of eyes with unfeigned tenderness; while the last pair wept for him, he was looking into the next. In truth, he loved to explore those sweet depths; humanity is the highest thing to investigate, he said, and the proper study of mankind is woman. Woman needs to be studied while under the influence of emotion; let us therefore have the emotions. This was the reason he gave to himself; but this refined Mormonism of the heart was not based on reason, but on temperament and habit. In such matters logic is only for the by-standers.

His very generosity harmed him, as all our good qualities may harm us when linked with bad ones; he had so many excuses for doing kindnesses to his friends, it was hard to quarrel with him if he did them too tenderly. He was no more capable of unkindness than of constancy; and so strongly did he fix the allegiance of those who loved him, that the women to whom he had caused most anguish would still defend him when accused; would have crossed the continent, if needed, to nurse him in illness, and would have rained rivers of tears on his grave. To do him justice, he would have done almost as much for them, — for any of them. He could torture a devoted heart, but only by a sort of half-wilful unconsciousness; he could not bear to see tears shed in his presence, nor to let his imagination dwell very much on those which flowed in his absence. When he had once loved a woman, or even fancied that he loved her, he built for her a shrine that was never dismantled, and in which a very little faint incense would sometimes be found burning for years after; he never quite ceased to feel a languid thrill at the mention of her name; he would make even for a past love the most generous sacrifices of time, convenience, truth perhaps, — everything, in short, but the present love. To those who had given him all that an undivided heart can give he would deny nothing but an undivided heart in return. The misfortune was that this was the only thing they cared to possess.

This abundant and spontaneous feeling gave him an air of earnestness, without which he could not have charmed any woman, and, least of all, one like Hope. No woman really loves a trifler; she must at least convince herself that he who trifles with others is serious with her. Philip was never quite serious and never quite otherwise; he never deliberately got up a passion, for it was never needful; he simply found an object for his emotions, opened their valves, and then watched their flow. To love a charming woman in her presence is no test of genuine passion; let us know how much you long for her in absence. This longing had never yet seriously troubled Mal-

bone, provided there was another charming person within an easy walk.

If it was sometimes forced upon him that all this ended in anguish to some of these various charmers, first or last, then there was always in reserve the pleasure of repentance. He was very winning and generous in his repentances, and he enjoyed them so much they were often repeated. He did not pass for a weak person, and he was not exactly weak; but he spent his life in putting away temptations with one hand and pulling them back with the other. There was for him something piquant in being thus neither innocent nor guilty, but always on some delicious middle ground. He loved dearly to skate on thin ice, — that was the trouble, — especially where he fancied the water to be just within his depth. Unluckily the sea of life deepens rather fast.

Malbone had known Hope from her childhood, as he had her cousins, but their love dated from their meetings beside the sick-bed of his mother, over whom he had watched with unstinted devotion for weary months. She had been very fond of the young girl, and her last earthly act was to place Hope's hand in Philip's. Long before this final consecration, Hope had won his heart more thoroughly, he fancied, than any woman he had ever seen. The secret of this crowning charm was, perhaps, that she was a new sensation. He had prided himself on his knowledge of her sex, and yet here was a wholly new species. He was acquainted with the women of society, and with the women who only wished to be in society. But here was one who was in the chrysalis, and had never been a grub, and had no wish to be a butterfly, and what should he make of her? He was like a student of insects who had never seen a bee. Never had he known a young girl who cared for the things which this maiden sought, or who was not dazzled by things to which Hope seemed perfectly indifferent. She was not a devotee, she was not a prude; people seemed to amuse and interest her; she liked them, she declared, as much as she liked books. But this very way of putting the thing seemed like inverting the accustomed order of affairs in the polite world, and was of itself a novelty.

Of course he had previously taken his turn for a while among Kate's admirers; but it was when she was very young, and, moreover, it was hard to get up anything like a tender and confidential relation with that frank maiden; she never would have accepted Philip Malbone for herself, and she was by no means satisfied with his betrothal to her best beloved. But that Hope loved him ardently there was no doubt, however it might be explained. Perhaps it was some law of opposites, and she needed some one of lighter nature than her own. As her resolute purpose charmed him, so she may have found a certain fascination in the airy way in which he took hold on life; he was so full of thought and intelligence; possessing infinite leisure, and yet incapable of ennui; ready to oblige every one, and doing so many kind acts at so little personal sacrifice; always easy, graceful, lovable, and kind. In her just indignation at those who called him heartless, she forgot to notice that his heart was not deep. He was interested in all her pursuits, could aid her in all her studies, suggest schemes for her benevolent desires, and could then make others work for her, and even work himself. People usually loved Philip, even while they criticised him; but Hope loved him first, and then could not criticise him at all.

Nature seems always planning to equalize characters, and to protect our friends from growing too perfect for our deserts. Love, for instance, is apt to strengthen the weak, and yet sometimes weakens the strong. Under its influence Hope sometimes appeared at disadvantage. Had the object of her love been different, the result might have been otherwise, but her ample nature apparently needed to contract itself a little, to find room within Philip's heart. Not that in his presence

she became vain or petty or jealous; that would have been impossible. She only grew credulous and absorbed and blind. A kind of gentle obstinacy, too, developed itself in her nature, and all suggestion of defects in him fell off from her as from a marble image of Faith. If he said or did anything, there was no appeal; that was settled, let us pass to something else.

I almost blush to admit that Aunt Jane — of whom it could by no means be asserted that she was a saintly lady, but only a very charming one — rather rejoiced in this transformation.

"I like it better, my dear," she said, with her usual frankness, to Kate. "Hope was altogether too heavenly for my style. When she first came here, I secretly thought I never should care anything about her. She seemed nothing but a little moral tale. I thought she would not last me five minutes. But now she is growing quite human and ridiculous about that Philip, and I think I may find her very attractive indeed."

VI.

"Some Lover's Clear Day."

"Hope!" said Philip Malbone, as they sailed together in a little boat the next morning, "I have come back to you from months of bewildered dreaming. I have been wandering, — no matter where. I need you. You cannot tell how much I need you."

"I can estimate it," she answered, gently, "by my need of you."

"Not at all," said Philip, gazing in her trustful face. "Any one whom you loved would adore you, could he be by your side. You need nothing. It is I who need you."

"Why?" she asked, simply.

"Because," he said, "I am capable of behaving very much like a fool. Hope, I am not worthy of you; why do you love me? why do you trust me?"

"I do not know how I learned to love you," said Hope. "It is a blessing that was given to me. But I learned to trust you in your mother's sick-room."

"Ay," said Philip, sadly, "there, at least, I did my full duty."

"As few would have done it," said Hope, firmly, — "very few. Such prolonged self-sacrifice must strengthen a man for life."

"Not always," said Philip, uneasily. "Too much of that sort of thing may hurt one, I fancy, as well as too little. He may come to imagine that the balance of virtue is in his favor, and that he may grant himself a little indulgence to make up for lost time. That sort of recoil is a little dangerous, as I sometimes feel, do you know?"

"And you show it," said Hope, ardently, "by fresh sacrifices! How much trouble you have taken about Emilia! Some time, when you are willing, you shall tell me all about it. You always seemed to me a magician, but I did not think that even you could restore her to sense and wisdom so soon."

Malbone was just then very busy in putting the boat about, but when he had it on the other tack he said, "How do you like her?"

"Philip," said Hope, her eyes filling with tears, "I wonder if you have the slightest conception how my heart is fixed on that child. She has always been a sort of dream to me, and the difficulty of getting any letters from her has only added to the excitement. Now that she is here, my whole heart yearns toward her. Yet, when I look into her eyes, a sort of blank hopelessness comes over me. They seem like the eyes of some untamable creature whose language I shall never learn. Philip, you are older and wiser than I, and have shown already that you understand her. Tell me what I can do to make her love me?"

"Tell me how any one could help it?" said Malbone, looking fondly on the sweet, pleading face before him.

"I am beginning to fear that it can be helped," she said. Her thoughts were still with Emilia.

"Perhaps it can," said Phil, "if you

sit so far away from people. Here we are alone on the bay. Come and sit by me, Hope."

She had been sitting amidships, but she came aft at once, and nestled by him as he sat holding the tiller. She put her face against his knee, like a tired child, and shut her eyes; her hair was lifted by the summer breeze; a scent of roses came from her; the mere contact of anything so fresh and pure was a delight. He put his arm around her, and all the first ardor of passion came back to him again; he remembered how he had longed to win this Diana, and how thoroughly she was won.

"It is you who do me good," said she. "O Philip, sail as slowly as you can." But he only sailed farther instead of more slowly, gliding in and out among the rocky islands in the light north wind, which for a wonder lasted all that day, — dappling the bare hills of the Isle of Shadows with a shifting beauty. The tide was in and brimming, the fishing-boats were busy, white gulls soared and clattered round them, and heavy cormorants flapped away as they neared the rocks. Beneath the boat the soft multitudinous jelly-fishes waved their fringed pendants, or glittered with tremulous gold along their pink translucent sides. Long lines and streaks of paler blue lay smoothly along the enamelled surface, the low amethystine hills lay couched beyond them, and little clouds stretched themselves in lazy length above the beautiful expanse. They reached the ruined fort at last, and Philip, surrendering Hope to others, was himself besieged by a joyous group.

As you stand upon the crumbling parapet of old Fort Louis, you feel yourself poised in middle air; the sea-birds soar and swoop around you, the white surf lashes the rocks far below, the white vessels come and go, the water is around you on all sides but one, and spreads in pale blue beauty up the lovely bay, or, in deeper tints, southward, towards the horizon line. I know of no ruin in America which nature has so resumed; it seems a part of the living rock; you cannot imagine it away.

It is a single round, low tower, shaped like the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. But its stately position makes it rank with the vast sisterhood of wave-washed strongholds; it might be King Arthur's Cornish Tyntagel; it might be the teocallis tower of Tuloom. As you gaze down from its height, all things that float upon the ocean seem equalized. Look at the crowded life on yonder frigate, coming in full-sailed before the steady sea-breeze. To furl that heavy canvas a hundred men cluster like bees upon the yards, yet to us upon this height it is all but a plaything for the eyes, and we turn with equal interest from that thronged floating citadel to some lonely boy in his skiff.

Yonder there sail to the ocean, beating wearily to windward, a few slow vessels. Inward come jubilant white schooners, wing-and-wing. There are fishing-smacks towing their boats behind them like a family of children; and there are slender yachts, that bear only their own light burden. Once from this height I saw the whole yacht squadron round Point Judith, and glide in like a flock of land-bound sea-birds; and above them, yet more snowy and with softer curves, pressed onward the white squadrons of the sky.

Within, the tower is full of *débris*, now disintegrated into one solid mass, and covered with vegetation. You can lie on the blossoming clover, where the bees hum and the crickets chirp around you, and can look through the arch which frames its own fair picture. In the foreground lies the steep slope overgrown with bayberry and gay with thistle blooms; then the little winding cove with its bordering cliffs; and the rough pastures with their grazing sheep beyond. Or, ascending the parapet, you can look across the bay to the men making hay picturesquely on far-off lawns, or to the cannon on the outer works of Fort Adams, looking like vast black insects that have crawled forth to die.

Here our young people spent the day; some sketched, some played croquet, some bathed in rocky inlets where the kingfisher screamed above them, some rowed to little craggy isles for wild roses, some fished, and then were taught by the boatmen to cook their fish in novel island ways. The morning grew more and more cloudless, and then in the afternoon a fog came and went again, marching by with its white armies, soon met and annihilated by a rainbow.

The conversation that day was very gay and incoherent, — little fragments of all manner of things; science, sentiment, everything: "Like a distracted dictionary," Kate said. At last this lively maiden got Philip away from the rest, and began to cross-question him.

"Tell me," she said, "about Emilia's Swiss lover. She shuddered when she spoke of him. Was he so very bad?"

"Not at all," was the answer. "You had false impressions of him. He was a handsome, manly fellow, a little over sentimental. He had travelled, and had been a merchant's clerk in Paris and London. Then he came back, and became a boatman on the lake, some said, for love of her."

"Did she love him?"

"Passionately, as she thought."

"Did he love her much?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why did she stop loving him?"

"She does not hate him?"

"No," said Kate, "that is what surprises me. Lovers hate, or those who have been lovers. She is only indifferent. Philip, she had wound silk upon a torn piece of his *carte-de-visite*, and did not know it till I showed it to her. Even then she did not care."

"Such is woman!" said Philip.

"Nonsense," said Kate. "She had seen somebody whom she loved better, and she still loves that somebody. Who was it? She had not been introduced into society. Were there any superior men among her teachers? She is just the girl to fall in love with her teacher, at least in Europe, where they are the only men one sees."

"There were some very superior men among them," said Philip. "Professor Schirmer has a European reputation; he wears blue spectacles and a maroon wig."

"Do not talk so," said Kate. "I tell you, Emilia is not changeable, like you, sir. She is passionate and constant. She would have married that man or died for him. You may think that your sage counsels restrained her, but they did not; it was that she loved some one else. Tell me honestly. Do you not know that there is somebody in Europe whom she loves to distraction?"

"I do not know it," said Philip.

"Of course you do not *know* it," returned the questioner. "Do you not think it?"

"I have no reason to believe it."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Kate. "Things that we believe without any reason have a great deal more weight with us. Do you not believe it?"

"No," said Philip, point-blank.

"It is very strange," mused Kate. "Of course you do not know much about it. She may have misled you, but I am sure that neither you nor any one else could have cured her of a passion, especially an unreasonable one, without putting another in its place. If you did it without that, you are a magician. Philip, I am afraid of you."

"There we sympathize," said Phil. "I am sometimes afraid of myself, but I discover within half an hour what a very commonplace and harmless person I am."

Meantime Emilia found herself beside her sister, who was sketching. After watching Hope for a time in silence, she began to question her.

"Tell me what you have been doing in all these years," she said.

"O, I have been at school," said Hope. "First I went through the High School; then I stayed out of school a year, and studied Greek and German with my uncle, and music with

my aunt, who plays uncommonly well. Then I persuaded them to let me go to the Normal School for two years, and learn to be a teacher."

"A teacher!" said Emilia, with surprise. "Is it necessary that you should be a teacher?"

"Very necessary," replied Hope. "I must have something to do, you know, after I leave school."

"To do?" said the other. "Cannot you go to parties?"

"Not all the time," said her sister.

"Well," said Emilia, "in the mean time you can go to drive, or make calls, or stay at home and make pretty little things to wear, as other girls do."

"I can find time for that too, little sister, when I need them. But I love children, you know, and I like to teach interesting studies. I have splendid health, and I enjoy it all. I like it as you love dancing, my child, only I like dancing too, so I have a greater variety of enjoyments."

"But shall you not sometimes find it very hard?" said Emilia.

"That is why I shall like it," was the answer.

"What a girl you are!" exclaimed the younger sister. "You know everything and can do everything."

"A very short everything," interposed Hope.

"Kate says," continued Emilia, "that you speak French as well as I do, and I dare say you dance a great deal better; and those are the only things I know."

"If we both had French partners, dear," replied the elder maiden, "they would soon find the difference in both respects. My dancing came by nature, I believe, and I learned French as a child, by talking with my old uncle, who was half a Parisian. I believe I have a good accent, but I have so little practice that I have no command of the language compared to yours. In a week or two we can both try our skill, as there is to be a ball for the officers of the French corvette yonder." And Hope pointed to the heavy spars, the dark canvas, and the high quarter-deck which made the "Jean Hoche" seem as if she had floated out of the days of Nelson.

The calm day waned, the sun drooped to his setting amid a few golden bars and pencilled lines of light. Ere they were ready for departure, the tide had ebbed, and, in getting the boats to a practicable landing-place, Malbone was delayed behind the others. As he at length brought his boat to the rock, Hope sat upon the ruined fort, far above him, and sang. Her noble contralto voice echoed among the cliffs down to the smooth water; the sun went down behind her, and still she sat stately and noble, her white dress looking more and more spirit-like against the golden sky; and still the song rang on, —

> "Never a scornful word should grieve thee,
> I 'd smile on thee, sweet, as the angels do;
> Sweet as thy smile on me shone ever,
> Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

All sacredness and sweetness, all that was pure and brave and truthful, seemed to rest in her. And when the song ceased at his summons, and she came down to meet him, — glowing, beautiful, appealing, tender, — then all meaner spells vanished, if such had ever haunted him, and he was hers alone.

Later that evening, after the household had separated, Hope went into the empty drawing-room for a light. Philip, after a moment's hesitation, followed her, and paused in the doorway. She stood, a white-robed figure, holding the lighted candle; behind her rose the arched alcove, whose quaint cherubs looked down on her; she seemed to have stepped forth, the awakened image of a saint. Looking up, she saw his eager glance; then she colored, trembled, and put the candle down. He came to her, took her hand and kissed it, then put his hand upon her brow and gazed into her face, then kissed her lips. She quietly yielded, but her color came and went, and her lips moved as if to speak. For a moment he saw her only, thought only of her; it was as if he lived over again with her all the fresh, pure happiness of the past.

Then, even while he gazed into her eyes, a flood of other memories surged over him, and his own eyes grew dim. His head swam, the lips he had just kissed appeared to fade away, and something of darker, richer beauty seemed to burn through those fair features; he looked through those gentle eyes into orbs more radiant, and it was as if a countenance of eager passion obliterated that fair head, and spoke with substituted lips, "Behold your love." There was a thrill of infinite ecstasy in the work his imagination did; he gave it rein, then suddenly drew it in and looked at Hope. Her touch brought pain for an instant, as she laid her hand upon him, but he bore it. Then some influence of calmness came; there swept by him a flood of earlier, serener memories; he sat down in the window-seat beside her, and when she put her face beside his, and her soft hair touched his cheek, and he inhaled the rose-odor that always clung around her, every atom of his manhood stood up to drive away the intruding presence, and he again belonged to her alone.

When he went to his chamber that night, he drew from his pocket a little note in a girlish hand, which he lighted in the candle, and put upon the open hearth to burn. With what a cruel, tinkling rustle the pages flamed and twisted and opened, as if the fire read them, and collapsed again as if in agonizing effort to hold their secret, even in death! The closely folded paper refused to burn, it went out again and again; while each time Philip Malbone examined it ere relighting, with a sort of vague curiosity, to see how much passion had already vanished out of existence, and how much yet survived in utterances that might drive him to desperation if revealed. For each of these inspections he had to brush aside the calcined portion of the letter, once so warm and beautiful with love, but changed to something that seemed to him a semblance of his own heart just then, — black, trivial, and empty.

Then he took from a little folded paper a long tress of dark silken hair, and, without trusting himself to kiss it, held it firmly in the candle. It crisped and sparkled, and sent out a pungent odor, then turned and writhed between his fingers, like a living thing in pain. What part of us has earthly immortality but our hair? It dies not with death. When all else of human beauty has decayed beyond corruption into the more agonizing irrecoverableness of dust, the hair is still fresh and beautiful, defying annihilation, and restoring to the powerless heart the full association of the living image. These shrinking hairs, they feared not death, but they seemed to fear Malbone. Nothing but the hand of man could destroy what he was destroying; but his hand shrank not, and it was done.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started towards the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'T was love and fear and triumph blended;
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I 'd give— But who can live youth over?

OUR POSTAL DEFICIENCIES.

WHEN Sir Rowland Hill first proposed the penny postage and reforms in the postal system of England, a noble lord, then Postmaster-General, referring to his plan, remarked: "Of all the wild and visionary schemes I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant."

At that time the annual delivery of letters in the British Isles was eighty-two millions and a half, yielding on the average nearly twenty-five cents each, and costing for transmission nearly two thirds of that amount; and the idea of reducing the rate to a penny, or two cents, a letter, with any hope of covering the expense, seemed to be preposterous. At length, however, after long discussions, the measure was adopted, and with remarkable success; and the success of the reduction has led to other important results not then contemplated, and to improvements which appear to be progressive.

At first, there was a great decline in revenue, but letters have annually increased under the new system, and in 1867 rose to the number of 774,831,000, or to forty-six letters on the average from each inhabitant, nearly tenfold the number before reduction. England is enabled by the returns to pay to railways alone, of which she has thirteen thousand miles, two millions eight hundred thousand dollars for transmission of letters.

Induced by this success, Parliament then engrafted upon the system the carriage of books and parcels of moderate size, and these rose during the last year to the number of one hundred and two millions.

The next step in the progress of the post-office was the establishment, in the chief offices, of agencies for the transmission of money by orders from one part of the kingdom to any other, in small sums, the charge for the transfer of each sum ranging from six to twelve cents. This measure has been alike successful. The money-order offices have increased to thirty-six hundred, and are found in all the principal towns and villages; and the funds they transmit, sent with perfect safety, have grown to ninety millions of dollars yearly.

After this advance, it soon became apparent that the public required further facilities. Funds were often sent in small sums from the country to the towns, for friends to deposit in savings banks, by persons who could not leave home for the purpose, and this was attended by inconvenience and occasional loss. It was difficult, too, for depositors at a distance to withdraw their funds. To obviate these evils, it was determined to make the chief offices depositories for savings, and this measure was successfully adopted. Under this system funds were received in small sums from the humbler classes, at the low rate of two and a half per cent interest, under a national guaranty of principal and interest, and these funds were transmitted to London for investment in the public stocks.

By the contract with the depositors, the government reserves for its risk and charges the excess over two and a half per cent, and pays the depositor both principal and interest at any postal bank.

These banks now number thirty-six hundred and twenty-one, and hold in deposit fifty millions of dollars, annually increasing at the rate of fifteen per cent, and their operations result in profit to the government. But there are other benefits. The depositors in the savings banks of England, who exceed two millions two hundred thousand in number, if we include all, become interested in the public stocks and in the stability of government, and many a stream and rivulet of the country pours its contribution into the coffers of the state, and funds which would have remained dormant or idle, attracted by the

national guaranties and the great facilities thus brought home to the people, are utilized and made subservient to the public wants at extremely low rates of interest; while the depositor places his funds beyond the reach of accident, and renders them productive, until he requires them, and can then command them on a day's notice.

The success of the savings banks has paved the way for another step onward. It was found that many artisans and laborers desired to insure their lives by frequent payments, or to purchase small annuities as a provision for old age. They would trust the state with their funds, but were unwilling to trust companies or individuals for long terms of time. It was the interest of the state to avert pauperism and provide for age, and it was ascertained that it could command rates more than commensurate with the risk, and it allowed the postal banks to issue small annuities and policies of insurance, and has already received from this source more than eight hundred thousand dollars, which has been placed in government stocks.

More was yet to be done; letters were despatched annually from England, first by sailing packets, and then by steamships, to all parts of the globe, and the post-office was obliged to negotiate for their transmission; this suggested to the state the policy of using its receipts from ocean postages and surplus income for subsidies, to establish lines of fast steamers to all the countries engaged in commerce with England. This was the most important measure of all. England, by the payment of one or two dollars per mile for each mile run by the steamer, not only gave despatch to her mails, but enabled her steamers, that could cover their expense by freight and passengers, to pay large dividends and build new steamships by the subsidies.

Thus she not only expanded her commerce and her tonnage, but, by an average payment of four millions of dollars yearly, has supplied herself with at least half a million tons of steamships, well manned and officered, which in peace extend her commerce, and in war become transports, despatch frigates, and thunderbolts of war. She has thus made the department her chief navy agent, more efficient than the admiralty itself.

Accustomed as we have been here to see men advanced to office for political services, and to see these services rendered by men who engage in politics after failing in other pursuits, our first inquiry as to these novel measures is, What has been their pecuniary result? and we learn with pleasure that these measures, so beneficent, so widely ramified, so conducive to the comfort and convenience of the people, have been crowned with success.

Each department of the post-office exhibits large profits. The gross income exceeds twenty-three million dollars, and the net income of the department has risen from $1,735,000 in 1857 to $7,106,000 in 1867, or four hundred per cent, after deducting all expenses for the collection, carriage, and delivery of letters and parcels, all expenses for money orders, for banks, insurance, annuities, and mail subsidies, — an unprecedented success, in the highest degree encouraging both for the future of England and for the future of our own country, whose attention has been diverted from these subjects by the insurgent States.

But England has not paused in her progress. Thus far telegraphy has been confined to private companies, and has gradually increased, until it now sends six million messages yearly in the British Isles. These companies, after extending their wires to most of the important towns and villages, and establishing in some of them three competing offices where one might suffice, have recently combined to raise their rates; and now the average charge for transmitting messages amounts to forty-six cents per telegram; and while the British post-offices exceed ten thousand, the towns and villages provided with telegrams

are less than one seventh of that number.

The post-office has won the confidence of the people. The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, and the associated Boards of Trade, and many leading merchants of England, have petitioned Parliament to empower it to assume all the telegraph lines of the kingdom; and after several elaborate reports and estimates from commissioners and officials, a bill has been carried through the principal stages in the House of Commons providing for the purchase of all the lines in the kingdom, and the reduction of the charge for all telegrams to a uniform rate of twenty-four cents for each message of twenty words, beside the address, with an addition of ten cents for ten words or less added to the message.

It is proposed also to connect the wires with the post-offices in all towns and villages whose population exceeds two thousand, and that each post-office and each pillar-box should be made a depository for telegrams to be written on paper bearing a twenty-four cent stamp, and addressed to the nearest telegraph office, to be transmitted free from any further charge for transmission or delivery within post-office limits. It is also proposed, as a further facility, that a book shall be published yearly, and sold for sixpence, containing a list of all post and telegram offices; and that, when a telegram is addressed to a town not reached by the wires, the telegram, on its arrival at the end of the wire, shall be sent free of postage by the first mail, or, if stamped express, shall be sent on by a special messenger.

Thus the state is bringing telegraphy home to the people, giving facilities for the most rapid interchange of thoughts and desires, providing new safeguards for life, promoting human happiness, advancing commerce and public improvement. It is the ambition of England to be foremost among nations in placing on a proper footing the department of the electric telegraph, as she has already presented to mankind a perfect system of postal communication.

Shall the United States, which invented the steamship, which first made electricity useful, which established between Baltimore and Washington the first line adapted for the transmission of messages, resign to England the supremacy in both steamships and telegraphy?

The United Kingdom has now sixteen thousand miles of telegraph lines, with seventy-seven thousand miles of wire, which have cost on the average, with their instruments and wires, about $750 per mile of telegraph line, or $150 per mile of wire. These have earned, on the average, about five and a half per cent; and the nation proposes to assume them at twenty years' purchase, or at twenty times their annual net return, after making reserves for deterioration.

In order to determine if it is the policy of the United States to assume the lines of America, let us glance at the facts and arguments that have led to this action of England.

Our first inquiry is, Can telegraphy, like the postal system, be intrusted to government? Upon this point the Report of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce in favor of the sale of the telegraphs to government deserves our notice.

"The time has passed," says the Report, "when every action of government was looked upon with suspicion. It is now admitted to be an organization capable of the most valuable uses; its members are not suspected of speculating in stocks or produce, and its servants are believed to be as trustworthy as those of any great public company or association. The public would implicitly trust its messages as well as its letters to them. We know that, for some years after the reduction of the rates of postage, there was a diminution of net revenue, but that loss has been more than recovered, and we know how widespread has been the benefit resulting from that great measure. It has been objected that the

analogy between the postal and telegraphic system is not complete, and that a low tariff for telegraphic messages would not be successful, because these have to be sent separately and singly, while letters are carried collectively. This is a reason why telegrams cannot be carried so cheaply as letters, but the increase of price necessary on that ground is easily calculable. By the adoption of improved apparatus, the time and expense required for this part of the work have already been greatly reduced, and will, no doubt, be still further reduced, when some of the more recent inventions have been brought into practical application; and, low as are the rates of postage, it must be borne in mind that each letter has to be sorted, weighed, stamped, and delivered singly. The obstacles which stand in the way of government assuming the control of telegraphic communication are comparatively few and unimportant. No powerful opposing interest, like that of the railway companies, has yet arisen, nor would any enormous capital require to be dealt with."

In some of our cities — Boston, for instance — the post-office is admirably organized, with its pillar-boxes, messengers, and six deliveries daily, with its well-patronized money-order office, and other improvements. If our system as a whole is not perfect, if improvement is too much dependent on political changes or services, let us at once adopt the system so ably recommended by the Hon. T. A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, and make choice and promotion dependent on education. Let us, when candidates are recommended by legislators, subject them, as they do in England, to a rigid examination, and make the office a road to preferment, and dependent on good behavior only.

Under such an act as Mr. Jenckes presents, the United States, with its energetic people and high cultivation, can make telegraphs and its post-offices at least equal to those of Europe.

The estimates submitted to the British Parliament by the post-office are based upon the present number of telegrams sent annually in the United Kingdom, which amount to six millions. It is computed that the reduction of charge from an average of forty-six cents per message to twenty-four cents for twenty words will increase these messages to eleven millions annually. As some telegrams will exceed twenty words, the average return is set at twenty-eight cents per message, and the annual revenue at $3,200,000.

It is estimated, from the experience of Belgium, that the present expenses will be increased but one third by an increase of eighty-five per cent in messages, attended by the abolition of some six hundred duplicate offices, and will not, after the combination with the post-office, exceed $2,100,000, thus leaving a margin of $1,100,000. This will exceed the interest on the expected cost of fifteen millions of dollars by six hundred thousand, and will furnish an ample margin and reserve for future expansion. The estimate may be considered reliable, as the calculations of the department are made with great caution.

The British Parliament have not been led to this important step by the success of their postal reform, and their combination of banks, insurance, annuities, and postal orders with the mails alone, but by the success of the best governed countries of Europe, — Belgium, the garden of Europe, a land blessed with free institutions, and the Swiss Republic.

Belgium, under the wise administration of Leopold, took the initiative in national railways, and, a third of a century since, built lines uniting her chief cities and connecting with the great lines of France and Germany. She did this at the national expense, and borrowed the money on a long term of years at less than four per cent. Her lines were planned and constructed with skill and sagacity, and the lowest rates of freight and fare were adopted, under which her large iron and woollen manufactures have been developed, and her exports and imports increased more than tenfold. Such was her success,

that, on the accession of the new king at the close of 1865, her rates, then the lowest in Europe, were again reduced more than a third, with further benefit to the revenue; and in a few years they will, with their present success, defray the whole original cost and interest. She has pursued the same liberal policy with respect to telegraphy. Some seventeen years since she constructed two thousand miles of electric lines, and connected them with two hundred and eighty-one of her chief post-offices.

The larger offices were kept open all night, the second class from seven A. M. until midnight, and the smaller offices from seven A. M. until nine P. M. Telegrams for many years were sent and delivered promptly at twenty cents per message of twenty words, beside the address, and with such success that the revenue met the interest and the entire cost of construction. One of the last measures of the late benevolent king was to sanction the measure presented by his minister for a reduction on inland telegrams from twenty to ten cents per message of twenty words; and this liberal measure, far in advance of the legislation of all other countries, has resulted in profit. Little change was made in the charge for international or transit messages, like those between the United States and Canada, or between the Maritime Provinces and Canada, across our States; and while these between 1865 and 1867 increased from 435,469 to 474,202, or less than seven per cent, the inland messages grew from 374,400 to 819,668, or one hundred and eighteen per cent. The average cost of each message, including inland transit and international, has fallen to fifteen cents, — five cents more than the average rate for the local message; but as Belgium charges a little more for transit and international than for local telegrams, an average return of fifteen cents on all about covers the expenses, and the rapid growth of business is rendering the lines self-supporting, and will eventuate in profit.

Thus have the statesmen of Belgium promoted the social intercourse and home trade of nearly five millions of people, by bringing home to them the telegraph at rates less than half the former average postages of British and American letters.

This feat is one of the great achievements of the age, one of the great triumphs of modern science.

While in Great Britain there is at present but one telegram for one hundred and twenty-one letters, and in Switzerland one for sixty-nine, Belgium has one for forty-seven, and the disparity between telegrams and letters is fast diminishing.

The administration of Belgium, in their official report in 1866, remark that the telegraph yields some indirect revenue to the nation beside its direct returns. The different departments of the administration use the telegraphs gratuitously; and out of 311,837 free official messages (one fourth of all the messages sent), but twenty-eight thousand were on account of the telegraph itself.

The public rarely avails itself of the night service; and, to satisfy its real requirements, it would be sufficient to keep the four principal offices open until one A. M.

"For more than three years the inland messages have cost more than they have produced; the net profit on the whole system being obtained from the compensation afforded by the international messages. In 1866 the loss on an inland message was increased; and it may be asked, how it happens that, with this augmented loss, multiplied by a great number of transactions, there has been, or ever can be, an advantageous result. It is easy to answer this question.

"The general items, like the special items of cost, being divisible equally amongst all the units of work, it follows that every augmentation in the number of any one of three kinds of messages tends to reduce the cost of each unit of work, provided the expense be not augmented in a like proportion. Now, the cost of each unit of work being reduced

by the remarkable growth in the number of inland messages, it follows that not only the average cost of an inland message, but the average cost of the international and transit messages also, has been reduced. Though it is true that, notwithstanding the reduction by one half of the tariff for land messages, a single year has not sufficed to reduce by one half the average cost of an inland message, it is also true that, but for the reduction of the inland tariff, and the extraordinary increase in the number of inland messages which has followed it, the cost of international and transit messages would have remained the same as in the preceding years, in spite of the reductions which have taken place in the tariff for such messages. There would have been less loss on the inland service; but, on the other hand, there would have been a smaller profit on the international service.

"We may hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have a net profit in excess of that which we should have obtained through the ordinary progression of receipt and expenditure under the influence of the old inland tariff. The distinction which we have made between the present results of the inland traffic, and those of the international traffic, carries with it a valuable lesson. It imposes on the administration the duty of neglecting nothing that would tend to reduce the cost of the unit of work, of admitting no change that would tend to complicate the service, and of restraining within the limits of the actual requirements of the country the extension of the system.

"The telegraphic service, then, without burdening the public treasury, may henceforth spend annually the whole of its gross receipts, on condition that it does not exceed in its outlay on future extensions the profit which it has realized up to the present time. There is good reason to hope that it may do more, and that, without debarring itself from useful extensions, it may, by the development of its traffic, continue to maintain a position so satisfactory from a financial point of view."

The capacity of the Belgian lines for transmitting telegrams is by no means exhausted. With the best instruments forty messages per hour may be sent easily on a single wire, and on the Belgian lines the average number of messages sent is still but one hundred and eighty-one a year per mile of telegraph, so that we may well anticipate future extension.

Switzerland is less populous than Belgium, having but two millions of people, although it had a few more miles of telegraph lines, namely, 2,130 miles of line with 3,717 miles of wire in 1865, in place of 2,000 miles of line and 5,395 miles of wire in Belgium. It has, however, a decided advantage for telegraphing, namely, less miles of railway, for this deficiency delays the transmission of letters.

Telegrams are not, like letters, despatched together, but are sent one by one in the order of their arrival; and when many messages, in the busy hours of the day, arrive simultaneously, or in case of any sudden accumulation, much time may be required for their transmission. Where railways exist and mail-trains are frequent, the merchant is tempted by their frequency and low rates of postage to resort to the first in preference to the telegraph; and doubtless the deficiency in railways has contributed to the use of the telegraph in Switzerland, where the Alps impede the progress of railways. Switzerland, too, in proportion to her inhabitants, has more offices than Belgium; while the latter has but one office for sixteen thousand people, the Swiss Republic has one for every ten thousand, and, beside her two hundred and fifty-two offices, has twenty-eight places for deposit.

The uniform charge for transmission from one part of Switzerland to another, irrespective of distance, is twenty cents per message of twenty words, with half a dime for a line not exceeding ten words more. This charge secures the prompt delivery of the message at the

house of the person addressed, when that house is within three fourths of a mile of the telegraph office, without any further expense; and if his residence is more remote, the writer is entitled to a special messenger at the rate of twenty cents for three miles' distance, or in that proportion.

The Swiss system has another advantage, as money orders may be sent by telegraph, — an advantage due to the union of the post-office with the telegraph.

In 1867 the income of the Swiss lines from telegrams, drawn from 709,000 messages, had risen to $ 165,000, and the expenses amounted to but $ 150,000. There was in Switzerland in 1860 one telegram for eighty-four letters, and in 1866 one for sixty-nine letters only, while in the British Isles there was but one for one hundred and twenty-one mailed letters.

The great distinction between the British and the Swiss and Belgian systems is, that the latter have been planned and are conducted for the sole benefit of the public, while the former has been managed to subserve the interests of the stockholders more than those of the people; though the cost of working and maintaining lines in the United Kingdom is less than it is in Belgium and Switzerland, and averages in the three countries but twenty-five dollars per mile of wire.

There is, therefore, no necessity of charging more for their use in the United Kingdom than on the Continent, on account of difference in cost. By the evidence submitted to Parliament, it appears that the lines of the Continent were all conducted by government at lower rates than those of the British telegraph. Among the papers submitted were two interesting letters from Sidney, Australia, addressed to Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, by Montefiore, the manager of the postal and telegraphic systems at Victoria. In these he urges the department to adopt measures that have proved successful in that colony, remarking that "the telegraph, like the post-office, cannot be so well conducted by companies as by the government. The latter alone can enforce regularity in all its branches, can make them reach every district, and, when necessary, pass the frontiers, and is in the best position to make favorable arrangements with foreign states. Every argument in favor of the control of the post-office by government has equal weight for its control of the telegraph, which should be considered only as a more rapid mode of postal communication when still greater speed is requisite."

Every post-office and sub-office and every pillar-box should be a depository, and cleared once an hour or half-hour. Thus would the electric telegraph, with all its wonderful advantages, be brought to the very doors of the people, as is at present the admirable, although slower, system of the postal service.

By the adoption of a moderate and uniform rate, it is certain that, not only would the telegraphic business now in existence be greatly increased, but an entirely new class of persons would recognize and make use of the advantages offered who have hitherto been deterred by the want of facilities and the uncertainty of cost. Even under the present arrangements, in every case where a decrease of charge has been made, a vast corresponding increase in quantity has been the result.

Therefore it may be anticipated with certainty that the business of the telegraph will augment in accordance with the facilities in a ratio equal to the increase in the postal department since the introduction of penny postage.

The effect of reduction from high to moderate rates is well illustrated also by the report of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. At the meeting of the company held at the London Tavern, September 7, 1868, it was officially stated that each successive reduction from £20 to £10, from £10 to £5, and finally to £3 17*s.* 6*d.*, had increased the revenue, — the last having raised it from £495 to £525 per day.

It is a little surprising that there was not more opposition to the consolida-

tion of the telegraph lines with the post-office in Great Britain; but the unanimity of the Board of Trade and of the public journals in support of the measure prove the success of the department in the discharge of its multifarious duties. The only opposition which appeared in print was from Mr. Grimston, the chairman of the International Electric Telegraph Company. This corporation had extended its lines through the principal part of Great Britain, and established charges much above the present rates. In 1862 a new company, the United Kingdom, was chartered, and limited to a shilling per message. It opened a hundred and twenty offices at the new rate, but was met by a reduction on the part of its rival to the same rate in the towns accommodated by both. Although the National Electric Telegraph Companies maintained higher rates in all other districts, and although the merchants and brokers using the wires had very generally subscribed to the new company, it was unable to control half the business of the towns it reached, in consequence of advantages offered by its rivals; and, after struggling in vain for a dividend, was obliged by competition to ask permission to advance its rates. Up to the time of the rise the International Electric Company had stated in its reports that its charges were not remunerative; but after the advance, and when it was proposed by government to purchase at rates to be based on present income, the secretary of this company took another ground, and suggested that his company, while dividing but five per cent, had eighty-five per cent more in reserved profits, chiefly earned during the season of competition; and the chairman of this double-faced company, Mr. Grimston, sent out a pamphlet against annexation.

It is desirable that a new and important measure should be discussed before its adoption, and that its defects should be pointed out. If there were any in the scheme proposed, the manager of such a company would have the strongest motives to detect them; he had triumphed in his opposition, and compelled the public to come to his terms, and was prepared to make an extra dividend of eighty-five per cent. In his pamphlet he makes the following points: —

First, that ninety-seven per cent of the profits of his company were drawn from a hundred stations or less, while the other three per cent were drawn from eleven hundred stations; that a loss would attend the extension to all the small towns and villages of the island.

Second, that the country postmasters were unfit for the work, and would not deliver promptly; that clerks must be trained and educated from youth to acquire skill in telegraphing.

Third, that the government, instead of purchasing, should consolidate the existing companies into one.

Fourth, that the telegraphs of England were better managed than those of the Continent.

Fifth, that the district company, which had served the city of London and its environs, had shown, by its advance from sixpence to a shilling, and previous inability to make dividends, that low rates would not answer.

Mr. Grimston's pamphlet was ably reviewed by Frank I. Scudamore, the secretary of the Post-office Department, a gentleman of great ability, on whom the mantle of Sir Rowland Hill seems to have fallen.

Mr. Scudamore showed in his review: First, that the clerks in the post-office and in telegraphic offices, banks, and counting-rooms were recruited from the same classes and did not require a long training, and that many postmasters and their children knew how to telegraph; that competent clerks could be found for the new duties when the present offices of the telegraph were abandoned; that with the new business the post-office could give larger salaries and command a higher class of talent; that they could deliver by special messengers in the cities, while the letter-carriers could collect from pillar-boxes without in-

creased expense; that most of the letters were received and delivered in the morning and evening, while most of the telegrams come in between ten A. M. and four P. M., when the clerks were least occupied, and could move with despatch.

Second, with respect to the extension to many new offices, that the department would use for extensions its surplus income, which the companies devote to larger dividends, and, beginning with the towns now accommodated, would discontinue nearly a third of the offices existing in towns which had stations of rival companies, and would reduce rents by the use of post-office buildings, and gradually carry the benefits of the telegraph to stations which would give no profit until their business was developed, and which no company would accommodate; that it was fair to ascribe twice the amount they received to branch offices, as they contributed as much more to the income of other offices, and should be fostered by the nation.

Third, that the effect of combining private companies might be to reduce their expenses and increase their dividends; it might benefit the stockholders, but would check extension and repress energy; and as respected the cost and rate of charge, the policy of Mr. Grimston's company showed that, after a large reduction in rates, there had been the following striking results: —

	1862.	1866.
Messages transmitted	1,534,590	3,150,149
An increase at the rate of 105 per cent.		

	1862.	1866.
Revenue	$1,097,000	$1,682,000
Working expenses	743,000	1,043,000
Increase 40 per cent.		
Net produce	364,000	639,000
Increase 80 per cent.		
Percentage on capital	$7\frac{8}{10}$	12
Number of messages per mile of wire	44	66

The report of Mr. Grimston, in the hands of his adversary, became a powerful weapon against him, and it was shown to the satisfaction of the committee that the tendency of the English companies was towards an advance of rates, which checked the growth of telegraphing and left many important towns destitute; that rivalry led to wasteful competition in towns easily accessible, while in smaller towns there were vexatious delays and the offices were open for a few hours of the day only; that of English towns traversed by telegraph lines, thirty per cent were well served, forty per cent indifferently, twelve badly, and thirteen per cent not at all.

Mr. Scudamore having successfully met the objections of his opponent, the committee presented their report, and the bill for the union of the postal and telegraphic system has already passed most of the debatable stages.

American Post-offices and Telegraphs.

Our American post-office has been progressive, but has not kept pace with the British system, and possibly we may have marked our rates too low to make it self-sustaining, while full accommodation is given to the South and West, although it met its expenses in the loyal States during the war. The rates were reduced to three cents per letter in 1857. This low rate carries a half-ounce letter over a territory thirty times as large as Great Britain, where the rate is two thirds of our own. But under this postage our letters have increased from twenty millions in 1856 to four hundred and sixty-two millions in 1867, and the gross revenue from seven millions to sixteen millions. The expenses are in part defrayed by the general revenue, but the country is benefited and held together, and it is to be hoped that our Pacific Railway may increase the amount of correspondence, while it reduces the cost of transmission.

The money-order system has been adopted with marked success in 1,463 of our offices, and the sales of postal orders have risen from nine to fifteen millions of dollars in 1867. No steps have yet been taken to establish banks or insurance offices, and no subsidies are now paid to steamers in our trade with Europe, although moderate sums

are allowed to steamers running to Brazil, Aspinwall, San Francisco, and China.

When Morse established the first successful line of electric telegraph for commercial purposes, between the capital and Baltimore, he utilized the discovery of Franklin, who first grasped and guided the thunderbolt; and to-day the telegraphic system of Morse is pronounced the best invented. We have no records to show the progress of the American system, but it appears from the British Blue Books, printed "by command of her Majesty," several of which are devoted to telegraphy, that in 1859, before the war, the annual receipts of the American companies to which we have confided our telegraphing were two millions of dollars, drawn from five millions of messages, while in the same year the receipts of British telegraphs were thirteen hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, derived from fifteen hundred and seventy-five thousand messages. While the income of British lines has increased to twenty-eight hundred thousand dollars, our American lines, from further extensions at higher rates, have advanced their income to seven millions of dollars. We have not the length of our lines, but the length of their wires at the close of the present year is given by the editor of the Telegrapher as one hundred and twelve thousand miles; and if we estimate four wires to each line, we may compute the entire length of our lines at twenty-eight thousand miles, all but four thousand of which are held by the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose nominal capital and bonds amount to forty-five millions of dollars.

The actual capital of the other lines, which average but two wires each, cannot exceed two millions, and the gross income of the whole may be safely set at seven millions of dollars.

Most of the American lines have been absorbed by a single gigantic company, whose revenue and expenses for the past two years have been as follows, namely: —

Revenue and Expenses of the Western Union Telegraph Company for 1867 *and* 1868.

Income,	$13,177,545
Expenses,	7,967,202
Net income,	$5,210,343, or $2,605,172 a year.

It has arrived at its large capital by successive amalgamations and purchases of other lines, on which occasions additions have been made to the valuations. The current price of its stock is now seventy per cent upon the nominal par, which doubtless exceeds the actual cost; and were we to reduce the present prices of all our telegraph stocks to gold, the amount would fall below twenty-five millions of dollars at a gold valuation.

The cost of constructing a new line with a single wire in the United States does not exceed two hundred dollars per mile, while each additional wire, with the apparatus, would fall below one hundred dollars more. Were telegraphs to be assumed by government, it might well afford to allow for them twenty-five millions in gold, or two hundred and twenty-five dollars per mile of wire. As the good-will is worth more than that of the British lines, this nation might well afford to allow twenty-five dollars per mile more than the British standard of two hundred dollars per mile of wire, and thus remunerate the present holders, both for the original cost and the outlay on the improvements here, and give a moderate profit. They should be fairly, if not liberally, remunerated. It would be impolitic for us to discourage enterprise by attempting to coerce the telegraph lines into a sale by our power to build new and competing lines in connection with our post-offices. We should not resort to extreme measures, unless the existing companies should deliberately determine to delay improvement and defy the government.

All the reasons which impel the British nation to assume the electric lines are operative here. Indeed, they have additional force on this side of the ocean, as a greater monopoly exists here than is found in England. Nine

years since, the average cost of messages in England was eighty-four cents; it has now fallen to forty-six cents, or nearly one half.

In 1859 the average charge for a message here was but forty cents; it is now much higher. As our companies have combined the price has risen, while the shilling charge of the United Kingdom Company in England has brought the British prices down — they are falling to a shilling. Is it not time for us to have a commission, and ascertain if we may not wisely follow the precedents of Belgium and Great Britain?

Can we as a commercial nation afford to fall behind them? Would it not be the policy of our country to authorize a purchase of our lines for twenty-five millions, payable in gold, in the course of 1870? We are on our return to gold, and for two years could pay the interest in gold. The interest would not exceed $2,600,000 in currency, and might be easily defrayed.

Our currency will soon become equivalent to gold. We might at once reduce our charges to twenty-five cents for six hundred miles, the length of Great Britain, and to fifty cents for longer distances, with ten cents for each additional line of ten words or less. These rates would probably give less than forty cents for an average price per message, and this was the average charge in 1859, and would, if we take into view the expense due to distance, be proportionate to an average charge of twenty cents in the compact kingdom of Belgium, and twenty-eight cents in the British Isles, which are not larger than Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. With the benefit of post-office connections and facilities, we might reasonably anticipate no loss of net revenue from the reduction, and from a surplus income of a million and a half might annually add three per cent to our lines, and thus keep pace with population, and once in five years reduce from ten to twenty per cent, from the accumulation and the growth of revenue.

And if little Belgium, with two thousand miles of line, can afford to send for government without charge three hundred thousand messages a year, why might we not, with fourteen times that length of lines, afford to send several millions gratuitously? But it will be asked, Shall we add twenty-five millions to our war debt, and thus depress the price of our bonds, and impair the national credit? We have another alternative, altogether superior.

Let us adopt the policy of sagacious England, and convert our chief post-offices into savings banks. Let us give the national guaranty, allow interest at three and a half per cent, or one per cent more than England allows, — for we can afford to do so, — and have the funds we gather invested by our Treasury Department at Washington either in national stocks or new telegraph bonds at four per cent, and allow the depositor to withdraw his funds from any office on due notice and the surrender of his certificate.

If the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of but thirty millions and with less deposits in savings banks than we have, accumulates in its postal banks seven millions yearly, surely we, with nearly forty millions of people, can in less than three years accumulate enough in similar banks to buy our telegraphs, and thus confer a double benefit on the people.

Is it not politic at once to make the national post-office a bank of deposit?

"In Scotland," says Mr. Derby, in his Report on Reciprocity, "banks have been established for one hundred and fifty years; they are now thirteen in number, six of which may issue a circulation of twenty-two million dollars. The stockholders in these Scotch banks are all liable for the engagements. They are so cautiously conducted that none of them has ever failed to pay its bill-holders and depositors. It is their practice to keep a reserve equal to one third of their notes and deposits, and to allow an interest of three per cent to their depositors upon their daily bal-

ances. These banks have no less than six hundred and fifteen branches diffused through all parts of Scotland, which attract from the farmers and small traders their accumulations, and transfer them to the commercial centres, where they are profitably employed. These facilities have done much to stimulate the growth of Scotland, which, under a sky of steel, a harsh climate, with great asperity of surface, has in the last century made more rapid progress than any other portion of Europe.

"Much is due to the management of its banks and bankers, to cash credits and allowance of interest on deposits, which empty the till and the stocking into the vault of the central banking-house, which collect and gather up and utilize all the dewdrops, rills, and rivers of wealth, and pour them in fertilizing streams over the country. They may well be copied in America."

But while we find much to admire in the banks of Scotland, the banking system of Great Britain has no form or symmetry, presents many imperfections, and is inferior to the new system of the United States. The circulation is anomalous and irregular, based partly on public securities, partly on the strength of joint-stock companies, subject to few restrictions, and partly on the credit of individual bankers; and no institution, except the Bank of England, makes any return to the state for the privilege of creating a currency.

While our national currency pervades the country from the Bay of Fundy to the Rio Grande, from the highlands of Neversink to the Sierra Nevada, the bills of the private banker rarely "circulate beyond his own city or county." And why may not we grasp all the rills and rivulets of wealth and use the dormant energies of the nation? If the six hundred banks of Scotland are useful, six times that number of postal banks must be much more effective. In England the depositors in banks of saving are one out of eleven of the entire population, or nearly one for every two families. This would give one hundred and eighty-one depositors in a town of two thousand inhabitants. In most of our counties with two thousand people there are no savings banks, and people must travel long distances to reach them. But the emigrant who would trust no private banker, and the freedman who would trust no Southern bank, would bring out his dollars, and seek the security and the interest of a national institution with more avidity than the three thousand subscribers a day of Jay Cooke took the national loans; it would be alike useful to the depositor and the nation. But it will be asked, Can we impose so many duties on the post-office and secure efficiency? The English idea is that, if we would insure efficiency, we must extend duty. It fortunately happens that letters reach the offices chiefly in the morning and evening, and telegrams in the intermediate periods; that telegrams are sent chiefly by day and letters by night, and it is as easy for the receiving clerks, after numbering and stamping the message, to hand it to the electrician as to the messenger or mail-carrier.

With respect to electricians, all the good men should be at once transferred with the telegraphs to the post-office; they will all be wanted. The civil-service bill of Mr. Jenckes should at once be applied to the post-office, and the officers should hold their places, like judges, during good behavior. The electrician who has devoted himself to his profession, and helped to improve it, should be placed above contingencies, and be advanced in pay as he progresses. He should hold his position by no precarious tenure.

The pillar-boxes should be adopted for telegrams, and emptied hourly in the large cities, and the smaller towns should be dealt with liberally. If it be true, as it is stated officially, that two thirds of the revenue of the post-office is drawn from the larger towns and cities, it should be remembered that nearly half that revenue comes from the correspondence between them and

small country offices, and would be lost with the revenue of the latter were they to be discontinued; and if telegraphy is developed, the village that could barely sustain a post-office may be productive when it receives letters, deposits, premiums, and telegrams.

Subsidies to Mail Steamers.

But one topic remains for discussion, — the provision of mail steamers to carry our mails and strengthen our navy, and to be the messengers of our commerce. Unless we provide them, we shall expose our commerce and our coast to the depredations of European nations. France and Great Britain, by liberal grants for the carriage of the mail by subsidies ranging from one to three dollars per mile, create fleets of fast frigates and devote to European vessels most of the ocean postages we collect. We, by duties on material and a false currency, place an interdict on the construction of sea-going steamers, and apply our ocean postages to build up the British and French navies.

Are we infatuated, have we forgotten Farragut and a host of naval heroes, and their ships and steamers by which we recaptured the seaports of the South? Could we have put down secession without them, and are we prepared to resign our naval power and prestige?

Can the West afford it? Can it afford to lose the four millions of customers, the heads of whose families and whose efficient members were engaged in building, repairing, and navigating, when our tonnage exceeded five millions of tons, and consumed the surplus of twice their number engaged in agriculture, — can it afford to convert them into farmers, and make them producers instead of consumers? Would not such conversion carry corn back to twenty cents a bushel, and pork to two cents per pound? Let us make the post-office productive, let us enrich it by increasing its revenue as we may, or by liberal appropriations as we can, and make it the mother of steam frigates, and our most efficient navy agent, as is done in Great Britain.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

IV.

CO-OPERATION WOULD SET FREE THE INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC ENERGIES OF THE SEX.

IN the last number of this magazine I suggested that, in place of such invalid or incapable housekeepers as could not be depended upon in a responsible co-operative organization, the unmarried women of the community could profitably be employed. But there is another and very different class for whom they could also act as substitutes. I mean those women who are unfitted, both by talent and the modern education, for any of the duties and triumphs of practical housewifery, and who now, compelled by conventionality or poverty to a never-ending round of distasteful occupation, sigh bitterly indeed in the ear of Heaven over their ignoble captivity, but are unheard and unheeded by all the world beside. These unfortunates, if liberated from the prison of the household and freed from the fetters of the needle, the broom, and the receipt-book, would play the same noble part among women that the masculine leaders of knowledge, of art, of government, and of morality have enacted among men.

A Lost Genius.

I knew a woman once, gifted so extraordinarily by God that she might have been a florist, a musician, an artist, a physician, a teacher, an evangelist, — since to the mastery of any one of these callings she could have brought a nearly equal power and passion. Whatever her fiery mind fastened upon it fused into itself, nor was there anything her cunning right-hand sought to do in which it did not excel. At fourteen her precocity was so great that her father cut short her studies, because she "knew enough for a woman," and made her a teacher in his school. At sixteen she married a young clergyman. Children came fast. Her health gave way, but her energy remained. She was never idle a moment; but, alas! neither father nor husband nor one of all her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law saw that it would be better economy to give the genius they were all so proud of, a musical or an artistic or a medical education, that she might pay with her earnings some commoner mortal to make clothes for her little ones, than to let her do it herself with the painful toil of the needle. And she had been brought up with too narrow a vision of woman's duties and destinies to understand herself that she was wasting her life and abusing her powers. All her ready gifts were, in her eyes, merely appropriate feminine "accomplishments," and to make fame or money out of them never occurred to her as a possibility, far less as a duty. And yet her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, of beneficence, of friendship, that tormented her. The music rang in her ears; the pictures floated before her eyes; the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned upon her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible lesson; and still, nailed to her chair, the swift needle went in and out, — went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs as well as through the cloth, — until at nine-and-thirty the struggle ended; the body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish, gave up its strong hold on life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so long beaten its bright wings in vain. I saw her in her coffin, with an expression of freedom and exaltation upon her marble features that seemed a glory reflected down from her now triumphing far-off spirit, and I resolved to remember the woe and earthly wreck of her thwarted nature, and never to cease until I saw some better way for women than this which can so horribly waste and abuse their finest powers.

The bad Economy of our present Feminine Standard.

Apart from the individual suffering it occasions, the question arises, Can we as a sex afford to make mere seamstresses or housewives or parlor ornaments of these highly gifted women that occasionally appear among us? Is it the individual or the multitude that makes discoveries? It is the favorite American lie, — but I think as dangerous a one as ever was believed, and quite the most basely ungrateful, — that the great multitude, which, after a scanty education, is obliged to toil daily to the limits of its physical strength in procuring or preparing the necessaries of life, is yet able to go, by virtue of some inscrutable wisdom innate in itself, along the path of progress toward perfection. On the contrary, it is the daring intellectual energy and moral courage of the strong and mighty few that have pulled the sluggish world even as far as it has got out of its inborn vice and stupidity; and the most that the multitude can ever do, far more than it often has done, is to know a worthy leader when it sees him, and to follow his teaching. This explains why in barbarous countries, where men all follow the same occupations, — devoting themselves to supplying their bodily wants merely,

and fighting their enemies, — society never advances. Simply it has no class of *educated thinkers*, of persons superior to the rest in knowledge, and therefore in judgment and mental power, to go before the community and point it to a new advance. Even among intellectually active nations, if despotism or superstition succeed in saying to the human spirit, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," a torpor and a stagnation as of winter's frost settles down upon it, and it remains immovable for centuries.

"Womanhood" is mere "Multitude." It scarcely recognizes Individuality.

As with barbarians, so with women. We have never had among us a class of educated thinkers, and this has always resulted through the presence of both the above-mentioned powers of mental darkness. For, first, everywhere and at all times the immense majority of women have been engaged in the same round of simple but incessant domestic occupations, which, however admirable and necessary in their place, are nevertheless strictly unintellectual, and cannot be esteemed as anything higher than mere mechanical or manual labor; and, second, the all-powerful masculine rulers of women, from the beginning of history until now, have said to us: "This, that, or the other is not suited to the feminine mind. You are now all that your sex is capable of. Stop, therefore, where you are." It is true that they have never been consistent enough to draw the line at the same point. In India it is placed before the alphabet;* in England and America it stretches across the portals of the universities. But wherever it appears, our docile womanhood respects the prohibition, and agrees to call everything beyond it "unfeminine." At this dread word the greater number of those whose girlish impulse is to press forward are alarmed. They look back, and seeing the multitude steadily sewing with bent head, refusing to follow or approve, they lose confidence in their own instincts. Their courage fails: they hesitate: they pause: at length, abashed, they shrink back and begin sorrowfully and painfully to conform to the universal vocation, —

"To finger the fine needle and nice thread";

though many, perhaps, like glorious Britomart,

"Liever would with point of foeman's spear be dead."

Fatal Consequences of a conventional Standard of Feminine Development.

"I am often complimented on my accomplishments," once said the exceptional woman just described, "but I ought much rather to be praised for my domestic acquirements. For my music and drawing never gave me any trouble, — indeed, I could not help doing them, — but O, what toil and tears it cost me to learn to plan and cut out my children's clothes!"

She laughed pleasantly as she said it, and seemed quite unconscious of the pitiful waste it was. And yet Nature herself protested against making this woman a housekeeper. Even when a child, owing probably to hereditary heart-disease, she did not love to run and skip like other children, and as a matron, walking seemed unnatural and even painful to her. She had not, therefore, that active habit of body which characterizes the true housewife, and enables her to keep constant watch over servants, closets, attics, and cellars. But she was a fearless and beautiful horse-woman, and, could she have followed the bent of perhaps her strongest inclination, and been a physician, then instead of spending her days between her bedroom and sitting-room, sewing and teaching her young children, she might have ridden or driven about, keeping her body healthy in the fresh air, her mind cheerful and active in ministering to her fellow-women, and so have run a long career of usefulness and happiness both to herself and the community.

* "What!" says the Hindoo gentleman to the missionaries, "teach *women* to read? Teach cows to read!"

Doctresses *vs.* Doctors.

Nothing will ever make me believe that God meant men to be the ordinary physicians of women and babies. A few masculine experts might be tolerated in special institutions, so that cases of peculiar danger and difficulty might not be left, as they are now, to the necessarily one-sided treatment of a single sex; but, in general, if ever a created being was conspicuously and intolerably out of his natural sphere, it is, in my opinion, the male doctor in the apartment of the lying-in woman; and I think our sex is really guilty, in the first place, that it ever allowed men to appear there; and, in the second, that it does not insist upon educating women of character and intelligence and social position for that post.

Indeed, common delicacy would seem to demand that all the special diseases of women should be treated principally by women; but this aside, and speaking from common sense only, men may be as scientific as they please, — it is plain that thoroughly to know the woman's organism, what is good for it and what evil, and how it can best be cured when it is disordered, one must be one's self a woman. It only proves how much unworthy passion and prejudice the great doctors allow to intrude into their adoration of "pure science" and boasted love of humanity, that, instead of being eager to enlist the feminine intuitions and investigations in this great cause, as their best chance of arriving at truth, they are actually enacting the ignoble part of churls and misers, if not of quacks. For are they not well enough aware that often their women patients are so utterly beyond them that they do not know what to do with them? The diseases of the age are nervous diseases, and women are growing more nervously high-strung and uncontrollable every day, yet the doctors stand helplessly by and cannot stop it. When, however, there shall be a school of doctresses of high culture and thorough medical education going in and out among the sex with the proper medical authority, they will see, and will be able to prevent, much of the moral and physical neglect and imprudence which, now unchecked in school and home, make such havoc of the vital forces of the present generation.

Such a guardian of household health might have been the poor, heart-broken genius who never found her true place in the feminine community. For she bravely preached the laws of health in every family, while her presence in a sick-room was almost that of a Saviour. People sent for her for miles round, and often healing seemed to wait upon her coming, such new hope and confidence could she infuse into the patient. The very touch of her warm and skilful hand; the quickness of her sympathy and comprehension; her courage, decision, and presence of mind in cases of great danger; her observation of every minutest symptom, — all marked her out as one of Nature's great practitioners, while her enthusiasm for anatomy and physiology seemed to show that, if she could have had the opportunity, she would have been also a true and pure and tireless devotee of science. Her popularity drew her at one time into so wide an amateur practice that she found she was neglecting her home duties for it, and gave it up for the sake of her sewing. But how much more appropriate and grateful would her ministration have been, — a mother herself, a baby nurse absolutely perfect, and with the most sensitive and at the same time the steadiest nervous organization in the world, — at the bedside of her friends and neighbors in their need, than the services of the ordinary country doctors who did officiate there!

Why insist that the Feminine Community must be all Hand and no Brain?

It seems to me not well for us any longer presumptuously to decide for each other what is and what is not "feminine," instead of simply taking it for granted that, when God gives a woman talent and aspirations other than domestic, he means her to use them.

Agriculture is the noblest and manliest of all industrial pursuits, as well as the most indispensable; but if, for fear they were not "masculine," all men should suddenly betake themselves to the plough, this great civilization of theirs, with all its splendors, would disappear like a dream. It is the same with our sewing; it is indispensable; it is most womanly; but for the whole of us to be doing it, as we are, is simply keeping our sex from its natural development. Surely it is not to be denied that we are all on a dead level of mental achievement and social consideration, and that we are growing less valuable and less valued, because less helpful, all the time. One can count on one's fingers the American women of to-day who are known outside of their own circle, while a certain lower stratum of the sex is sinking ever deeper and deeper in the mire of shame and degradation. Before they can be raised out of it, all must be lifted up, for the lowest of us are in the abyss chiefly because the highest of us are scarcely above the surface.

What force is to accomplish this upheaval? Certainly nothing from without, — for the mass is too enormous, — though some seem to think so, and by way of ropes and pulleys are begging men for the vote, for employment, for "justice." Men do not agree to their demands, but in their own fashion they are talking about it. Doctors, clergymen, essayists, editors, — all are trying their pens at the "woman question," scolding, arguing, sneering; but they make nothing of it; they leave it all confusion and darkness as they found it; while, if the great novelists draw a grand heroine, it is only to overwhelm her with failure and despair, killing her off or sending her into a sisterhood at the end of the book, because there is actually no place for her on the face of the earth. Hawthorne, Goethe, George Eliot, Richter, De Staël, George Sand, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, with the whole host of lesser ones, who echo the pagan strain on their small trumpets, — they all will let no woman be happy or successful except the good and sweet little darlings who walk in the orthodox "feminine" path, and are not sure whether their souls are their own or their husbands'. Charles Reade, strange to say, seems to have more discrimination, and to fancy, with Spenser and Shakespeare, that, when God sends a noble woman into the world, doubtless there is some noble work that he desires her to do there.

The Sphinx must speak for herself.

I believe devoutly that there is such a work for gifted women, and that it is the leadership and guidance of the great multitude of their sex along the paths of progress and achievement, as the superior minds among men have in every age, generation, and community swayed and influenced their fellows. The elevation of woman cannot be accomplished by men. The theory of her nature cannot be made out, the riddle of her destiny cannot be solved, by them. We must have leaders of like constitutions, passions, sympathies, with ourselves, to help us out of our difficulties, to express our aspirations, to embody our conceptions. For our peculiar feminine interests we need our own thinkers, our own teachers, our own doctors, legislators, editors, reformers, artists, and poets; while for those of humanity in general we require the study and conclusions of wise and cultured women as well as those of men, since the latter we have already, and they seem to be inadequate. I say we want all this from the unknown gifted ones of our sex; but we have not got it and cannot have it, because those who should be its prophets are chained like ourselves to the traditional feminine tread-mill, they and we alike grinding nothing but chaff, for the men have long since taken the grain away.

Where have they sown, that we may reap it again, and once more fill our empty granaries? What shall take the place to us of the round of productive industries we have lost, making the

women of all classes as indispensably useful to the community as the men, removing our too well merited reproach of frivolity and extravagance, and giving us all something to live for beside the imitation of the last new fashion?

We shall find it when we forget the prejudices and conventionalities of many ages of suffering and oppression, and start once more from the primal instinct of humanity, — the Social Instinct, — that which first creates the family, and then draws men into the brotherhood of nations, — which out of isolated souls and bodies builds governments and churches and commerce, and elaborates science and the arts, and which alone contains the whole secret of masculine power and success. For what indeed is this great "world" we talk about, that roars outside our doors and mocks us or treads us underfoot if we try to get into it, but a vast masculine realm of co-operative industries and activities, in which we have neither part nor lot, and whose masters do not wish us to have any? And why should they care for our thought and labor, except that they get them cheaper? They help and employ, they buy and sell with each other, each one taking what he can do best, and getting paid for it according to its value. However at times they may fight and quarrel, yet in the main they all hang together, stimulating and encouraging each other to the most gigantic enterprises, and compelling every man who would succeed to put forth the whole of his very best.

What an infinite contrast their unity and wealth and power and glory make to our isolation and poverty and weakness and obscurity! And yet, all feeble and poor as we are, we never seek to

"Climb nearer out of lonely Hell"

to each other, but, remaining apart, aloof, suspicious, and critical, we suffer ourselves, and see the whole sex suffer, from the most dreadful forms of human degradation, and never come together so much as to find out the reason, far less to decide on a remedy.

THE PRIMAL FEMININE NECESSITY.

I have said that men do not want us in their world, and our general indifference to the extension of manhood suffrage to women shows that we have very little desire to enter it. What we do need, however, is a WORLD OF OUR OWN, a place in the universe for ourselves, — one not so wide, so grand, so rich, or so varied, it may be, as that which they have created, but a free and cheerful sphere, where we can meet and help each other in work and play, can forget our present formal and stilted intercourse and narrow gossip in a busy round of important interests and a frank exchange of thought and sympathy, — can expand all our faculties without being called strong-minded, and indulge all our tastes without being deemed extravagant, — a sunny and tranquil orb of order and perfumed beauty, — no rival, but the fair satellite of man's darksome earth, whose perfection and indispensableness, could he suppose it possible, he would be the first to confess and to desire.

This feminine world, which has never yet been, but which must some day be, if there is any hope for women, will begin to emerge out of chaos as soon as we co-operate in the daily work and the great business of our lives, — HOUSEWIFERY!

For this is to us what agriculture is to men, — our indispensable function to the race, to be done first and before all, whatever else be neglected, and what true women do not slight for their own families even at the cost of their rarest gifts or most cherished aspirations. But just as the rude soil-scratching of the barbarian cultivator cannot be named in the same day with the high modern farming now developing through science and the mechanic arts, so neither will the artistic and perfect combinations of co-operative housekeeping, with all the added scope and power that feminine genius in other departments could give it, condescend to remember even the very best that the most thorough housewife can do alone

under the present expensive and dislocated and harassing system. To use the strongest American expression of condemnation, it is "behind the age"; and we women who carry it on and who suffer from it are behind the age, with it.

Strangely enough, men are so far from perceiving this to be the real cause of the mysterious dead-weight which ever pulls back society against their herculean efforts, that they want us, not only to be behind the age, but if possible to lose sight of it altogether; for they are constantly preaching to us to go back to the habits and traditions of our grandmothers, to have "calicoes for our best gowns," "do all our own work," "get up with the sun," and so on. But how can we go back? Read only the descriptions of the incredible marvels of embroidery, lace, silk, feather-work, flowers, and jewelry at the Paris Exhibition, and ask whether, in order to return to this lamented, primitive simplicity, all the multitude of hands that wrought them — most of them *women's* hands too — are to fail because there is no demand for their skill? Already they are paid down to the starvation point, and to throw them out of employment is to devote them to death, or worse, — in my opinion as just a pretext of war as any that have lately set armies in motion. For a woman who is forced to live by hard labor, as is the case in those over-crowded populations, has a RIGHT to her life; nay, more absolutely still, to a *virtuous* life.* The feminine love of ornament has created these industries; and in view of the suffering and demoralization it would cause to repress them, even if we could return to calico and homespun, we should be wicked to do it. But we never can. Woman's mission is to be beautiful, but, excepting the rich woman, hardly any of us can afford the beautiful dress we require to make us so. Instead, therefore, of deeming it a virtue to have as little of it as possible, we should rather insist on finding some way to earn money, so that we could conscientiously buy all we need of these lovely things, and pay besides our poor foreign sisters a good price for making them. We could accomplish both of these ends, and be handsome ourselves while we made them happier, if, *if* we were only — Co-operative Housekeepers!

O that from the great book of human experience we could learn even one of its priceless lessons!

For just as every woman now keeps her own house, so in the beginning of society it is supposed that all men tilled their own land. To-day, however, we see only half of them engaged in agriculture, while in the centre of the cultivated domain the rest are engaged upon the vast edifice of their civilization, which even now, story over story of wonderful achievement, towers almost to the skies. What wrought the change? Simply the impulse to better their condition and rise into something higher, and which was so strong upon men that, to accomplish it, they scrupled not at the greatest crimes. They enslaved the weaker wherever they found them, and forced them beyond their strength to produce, not only their own food, but that of their oppressors also. Liberated now from the Adamic bondage to the soil, they found time and strength to attempt an entrance into the world of thought, and from this *division of labor*, though in the first place so cruelly brought about, have come all the great conquests of the human mind,* — conquests which now react upon agriculture, and will continue to do so until the whole earth becomes like the garden of the Lord.

Perhaps the world would have learned

* Let me not be understood to say, however, that even the defence of womanly honor, though the most vital of any possible national interest, is a just cause of war as it is at present carried on. I am no believer in the precept of "doing evil that good may come." War seems to me wholly evil, and I hate it, because of all the hostile forces that work together for the degradation of women, it is the most rapidly and overwhelmingly ruinous.

* In the ancient world, it was among the aristocracies and the priesthoods alone that science or culture had any existence. The Greeks themselves, though we think of them as a nation, were but some handfuls of free citizens set over a crowd of slaves.

in no other way than by brute force, but surely we can look back and see that if men *could* have voluntarily co-operated in their agriculture and their arts, all the dreadful suffering of the ages of slavery and serfdom might have been spared. The alternative is not presented to women. We cannot, even if we would, enslave each other, and let us thank God that we have always been kept from the temptations and the crimes which so generally go with power! Our temptation is a negative one, but I believe it scarcely less fatal to human happiness and virtue. It is to stand apart, and, rather than give the pre-eminence to those among us to whom it naturally belongs, to do nothing to help either ourselves or the race. Unlike men, we do not care to oppress, but we cannot bear to obey. We prefer a very narrow margin of wilful independence to a wide realm of freedom regulated by law, and are happier to reign each one supreme in the little corner some man allots to her, than to be secondary to any in the spacious palace we might build in combination. But this happiness, if happiness it be, is that of the savage, who is equally undisciplined and prone to petty jealousies; and if women continue to choose it in preference to the larger development afforded by united action, no matter what our culture or refinement may be, fundamentally we shall belong to the same category as savages, since it will be a similar contemptible Self-hood that stands in the way of our progress, and inevitably, therefore, in the way of the progress of the world.

The Author's Castle in Spain.

As, then, the vast fabric of masculine civilization is based upon agriculture, so let us unite quickly to build the feminine civilization upon housewifery. "The coney are a feeble folk, but they make their nests in the rock." So are we feeble, — O, the weakest, most defenceless of created things! — but we too will make our nests in a rock, — the rock of Union, — and in it we will hew out our foundations deep and wide. Offering up our small jealousies on the altar of a nobler womanhood, we will forego, as all our brothers have done who have risen above barbarians, a little of our present, starveling independence of each other for the sake of the inestimable freedom and safety and abundance that must ensue to us all in an organized feminine community. For the leaders of our association we will elect the women who, by their pre-eminent fidelity and success in the "small things" of their own households, have shown themselves worthy of the great things of many households combined. Obedient to their experience, and under their wise and gentle guidance, our plain "home-cooking," to our husbands' astonishment and delight, will rapidly develop in the co-operative kitchens into the magic modern art which, out of Nature's raw material, creates new substances and elaborates new flavors, but whose every combination will now waft an aroma of daintiness and freshness impossible to restaurant or hotel, because it is an emanation of delicate ladyhood solely! Our co-operative laundries will not only send us back snowy linen, transparent muslins, and faultless flutings, but will perform for us also every species of dyeing and cleansing; while the co-operative sewing-rooms will add to themselves division after division of the feminine and household belongings, until finally all that is necessary to the complete furnishing and adorning of ordinary humanity and its home will be found within one ample circumference. When the profits begin to come in, the prudent housekeepers will first invest in farms and gardens, that our palace may be fitly set amid a smiling nature of its own; but as new means accumulate, new energies are roused, so that easily and swiftly they go on to lay the solid beams of its chambers, and to build high its goodly walls. Its centre will be a hall, lighted from above by heaven, and this noblest of all its apartments will be devoted to legislation.

"Feminine legislation?" Do we hear a laugh from our masculine law-

givers assembled in their huge castle over the way?

Yes, gentlemen, the same. For co-operative housekeeping will, I think, settle the vexed question of women's voting.

The Author's Theory of Womanhood Suffrage.

To discuss it a little. Suppose that manhood suffrage, precisely as men now exercise it, were to be extended to women. As long as we agreed with the majority of men, all would go well. Not being able to fight ourselves, however, and too poor to bring mercenary armies into the field, what should we do in case of any irreconcilable difference of opinion or interest between men and women voters? Simply what we do now in our own families when we disagree with a determined husband or father, — give up! I suppose an extreme case that would probably never happen; but it is not impossible, and it lays bare the fundamental distinction which must exist between manhood and womanhood suffrage, though the leaders of the woman's rights movement seem unable to see it. The one will express Power, the other Influence.

Now influence has a fluidity of nature that runs to waste and loses itself as a direct force, unless it is collected compactly together, and brought to bear in a particular manner; and women are so dependent, so sympathetic, so by their very nature swayed and prejudiced by their husbands and fathers, that if they mix themselves up in the affairs of men, recognize all their national and State divisions, and take sides in all their political disputes and discussions, I believe their influence, which, specifically applied, might be so powerful and so beneficent, will be like water poured out upon the sand. Carried away by the vaster masculine interests, they will forget and overlook their own. Consequently they themselves will reap but little honor or advantage; like the Irish or the negro, they will be the tools of party, and they will leave the political world no better, if not worse, than they found it.

It seems as if some such theory as this must, in fact, be latent in the feminine mind, else why its indifference, and even dislike, of the efforts of the champions of woman's rights? Furthermore, I doubt whether the sex in general admits the proposition that men are its wilful tyrants and oppressors, from whom, for its own defence, it must wrest a portion of their power. Were women deliberately to discuss it, I think they would rather conclude that, first, being excessively absorbed in themselves, men forget us; and, second, acting always together in large masses, while every one of us is solitary, they are not aware that any strictly feminine rights and privileges exist which they should respect. The true remedy, then, is for the feminine hosts to come quietly together, and form themselves, not into an antagonistic, but simply a separate camp, where, removed from all disturbing influence, they could calmly and dispassionately take counsel as to what they would have men do either for their own or the mutual benefit. I believe this spectacle alone would set our masculine lawgivers thinking more than they have ever thought before. Conscience-smitten, they would begin to ask themselves whether they had indeed comported themselves generously and justly to this defenceless army of intelligent beings, so like, yet so different from themselves. The imperious necessity which is upon each sex to stand well with the other when brought fairly facing it, would agitate them, and, almost before any deputation could leave our tents to crave a hearing, they would be ready to grant us all that we desired.

To enforce my meaning, manhood suffrage is an instrument forged and tempered by men for their own use, and to answer their own necessities. Why should we tease them for it, when they do not want to give it to us, and when if we had it perhaps we could not use it any better than we could lift the

sledge-hammers which yet they wield so easily? Womanhood suffrage, however, — that is, the regulation of our own affairs, the expression of our united opinion, and the preferring of our united request, — we have now, and without asking any one for it. At any moment we choose we can select some town as our head-quarters, elect our delegates, and send them there with our instructions as to the favor, or petition, or remonstrance we wished them to frame for presentation to the law-making power; and I believe, with Gail Hamilton, that if the request were at all wise or reasonable, and were understood to come from the numerical majority of women, the legislature would no more think of refusing it than a just man would think of refusing the wife whom he trusted. Thus every end of justice which some women now hope for from the extension to them of manhood suffrage would be gained, while all this conflict of custom and prejudice would be avoided.

And how, in truth, can we bear to give up what is so far the peculiar and essential glory of feminine enfranchisement, that *no blood* (except our Saviour's) has been shed for it? How bear to part with the grand and perfect sisterhood now within our power, since women are in fact of no nationality? If I love and reverence some Englishwoman as the rarest and wisest of her sex, I am glad to think that she and I have sworn allegiance to no government, so that we can never be arrayed by the passions of rulers in enmity against each other. So far, therefore, from women's wishing for manhood suffrage as an enlargement from their present limitations, they ought rather to scorn it as something too narrow for their sympathies and aspirations, as, in fact, directly imprisoning them in all the prejudices, hates, mistakes, selfishness, greed, and lies of these grand but detestable masculine nationalities that have filled the world with woe and slaughter, ruin and barbarism, since the day that Cain first murdered his brother Abel. Which of them can we respect or trust sufficiently to wish to become identified with it, since not one has the fear of God before its eyes or the love of mankind in its heart? Nay, rather let all women meet on common ground as *women*, and at first in small assemblies, and afterward in august Feminine International Parliaments, take counsel and devise action for the happiness and virtue of the whole sex, and through this of humanity. This is the true womanhood suffrage; and the only assignable reason why it has not long ago been exercised by women is, that, isolated from each other as we have always been, our common interests have not been sufficiently important or apparent to us to make us combine for their guardianship.

When, however, co-operative housekeeping throws a large part, if not eventually the whole, of the retail trade into the hands of women, they will have many moneyed transactions among themselves, and extensive business relations among men, that will need the force of existing laws, and perhaps the enactment of new ones for their protection. Women will very soon then recognize the necessity for mutual consultation and unity of action on these matters at least. But these deliberations and decisions, since they are about laws, will partake of the nature of legislation, and the body of women to whom, as representing the rest, such deliberation and decision is intrusted, will constitute, so far as women are concerned, a feminine legislature. Then the organizing of a legislative department, as a step which will naturally follow upon the co-operative kitchens and clothing-houses, is not so laughable as at first appeared.

Public Morals will be the special Care of the "Senatus Matronum."

But laws relating to trade and finance will not be the only ones which the feminine will request from the masculine legislature. The laws now protecting the feminine personality are utterly in-

adequate, and it is a vital question no longer to be put off, as to how much further and how much longer men are to be permitted to corrupt women. Why, also, in the case of women offenders, are lawyers, judge, and jury all men? Is this for us to be "tried by our peers"? As for the abominations of our police courts, the mingled harshness and ribaldry with which the wretched victims of social crime are treated, the depraving house of correction, the deadening, brutalizing penitentiary, — all, in fact, which men have devised for the punishment of men, and have applied indiscriminately to women, — it may do very well for their sex, which I suppose they understand, but not for ours. What the proper theory is I do not pretend here to say; but remedies would be thought of and applied quickly enough, were the lost and degraded of their own sex brought before cultured and Christian women. This is, indeed, where they should be brought, and then, perhaps, these would wake up to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in regard to those, to a horror of that into which a woman can be transformed when all other women abandon her, and to a recantation of the universal yet guilty feminine excuse, "Am I my sister's keeper?"

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, POET OF THE MALIGN.

DURING the summer of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, while no mean part of the world was looking and wondering amid the noise of crowds at the remarkable works of invention and art, or thinking of the greatness of our industrial age, a few Frenchmen and strangers were for the moment saddened by the death of a French poet, — a poet whose first book had been suppressed, whose very name was an offence to a great many men, but whose writings were uncared for by the general public of Paris. That poet was Charles Baudelaire, author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Critique sur Théophile Gautier*, *Les Paradis Artificiels*, and translations of the works of Edgar A. Poe.

Perhaps only to certain English and American admirers of Swinburne is his name known outside of France. They may recollect reading of him in connection with ideas that belong to the very revolt and pride of human nature.

Baudelaire is the living spring, bitter and beautiful, of which Swinburne is the foaming and impetuous English issue. To that strong and acrid source we must go to discover what flaunting and poisonous flowers, what purple and bloody blossoms, grow under the broad heaven of literature: they have their hour for blossoming.

Charles Baudelaire's genius, however, does not breathe contagion to infect our literature. It cannot do that, because sanity and health are the general law of life.

Baudelaire is as unique and interesting as Hamlet. He is that rare and unknown being, a genuine poet, — a poet in the midst of things that have disordered his spirit, — a poet excessively developed in his taste by art and beauty, having a remarkable *penchant* for certain strange ideas, very responsive to the ideal, very greedy of sensation. Most people will say that he prostituted himself to fatal impressions and was intoxicated with pride.

A poet, a genuine poet, is always a strange, a fascinating being; often he is frail and delicate, agitated by the spectacle of nature and the tragedy of life, before which, without him, men are mute and patient like oxen. Only the prophets are strong, loud, and ma-

jestic. The poets are like lost or fallen angels in mortal bodies, seeking in sensation to find God, roaming in vast and vague spaces to lose the consciousness of their bondage. Such a poet was Shelley, such a poet was Poe, such a poet was Charles Baudelaire. His was a sad, a terrible, and accusing spirit, expressing the disorder of his soul, laughing his ironical laugh in the midst of his pleasures, seeing awful visions between the changes of the moon.

The English and American public thinking of Wordsworth, and the pure and lofty expression of his thoughtful joy in nature, later falling down to the jingle of Jean Ingelow, in whose verses pleasant things are pleasantly said, or better, thinking of Bryant and his impersonal love of nature, and of Whittier with his home sentiment, seem to have lost the sense that poetry may be the expression of the terrors and disorders of the soul; they have no intimation of the less self-possessed spirit which broods over the ruins of life, and dreams of the abyss that lies beyond the visible. The abyss in which formless and colossal things scream and float was revealed by Victor Hugo; the despair of hopeless loss was uttered by Poe: the *laugh*, the homelessness, the evil that may be found in common and beautiful things, remained for Baudelaire.

His was a new voice, a new and arresting word, thrown into the polite Parisian world. He was familiar with all the seductions of life; he knew the changes that have come upon the world; but he felt and looked upon all experience with the old spirit of the strong, unregenerated man who seeks to grasp the fleeting good of sensation, and blasphemes in the midst of pleasures. He expresses the barrenness of sensation, without having liberated himself from its seductions.

Charles Baudelaire was born in India. It may be supposed that he learned the English language during his childhood; to his long familiarity with it France is indebted for his translations of the works of Edgar A. Poe, whose genius inspired him with a sustained and profound admiration. Théophile Gautier says that "he naturalized in France the mind and imagination of Poe, so learnedly strange that, beside him, Hoffman is not more than the Paul de Kock of the fantastic. . . . . Thanks to Baudelaire," he continues, "we have a literary savor totally unknown, and the name of Baudelaire must in some sort be inseparable from that of the American author."

The reader of Baudelaire's poems is first struck with the force of the sentiment, the vigor of the thought, the strength of the feeling, that animates them. They are the poems of a virile being. They have not one effeminate note. In this particular they have the same masculine and refreshingly frank character that we find in the less musical utterances of Walt Whitman. The resemblance is entirely due to the uniformity of the genuine, virile, poetic mind. Whenever he speaks, you hear the voice of a *man* in his agony, in his gladness, in his transports. The character of largeness, which is opposed to perfumed drawing-room daintiness, is likewise found in Baudelaire as it is found in Walt Whitman. What he writes is wholly free from triviality.

What should arrest your attention is Baudelaire's courage. He will not tolerate cant, which in his judgment robs us of the true and beautiful. He will not consent to deceptions. He tears the decent drapery from men's vices, and has the uncommon taste to call things by their names. His verses are loaded with indignation, and through them breaks terrible irony and despair. I know no stronger or more intense expression than the poem to his reader, — to his "hypocrite reader," his "fellow-man," as he calls him, — which is placed at the beginning of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, which was written to make us know how he despises our cowardice, cant, and self-deception, our habitual vices, and, when we talk, naïve exclusion of ourselves from the universality of evil!

Our mulish sins, our cowardly repent-

ance, and "the good pay we demand for our confessions, the gayety with which we re-enter the slimy path, thinking we wash all our spots with vile weeping," inspire his soul with disgust and contempt of us. He tells us, with a kind of infernal glee, that Satan rocks our spell-bound minds; that "he holds the threads that make us find attractions to repugnant objects"; and that "every day we descend one step towards hell without horror," while we "steal on the wing a clandestine pleasure."

With such startling and biting phrases he addresses his reader, and hurls upon us his horrible images of the *evil* that is in man. O sage advocates of the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, rejoice and clap your hands, for here is a modern poet from the heart of Paris giving metrical and convincing expression to your belief!

Charles Baudelaire gives us the catalogue of our vices, and declares that if poison, the sword, and fire have not yet embroidered with their pleasing designs the canvas of our pious destinies, it is because our souls are not strong enough. Such is the prelude to his own bold and inexorable poems called *Spleen et Idéal*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and *Révolte*.

I discover in Charles Baudelaire a mind almost malignant to men, because they have not the courage of their actions. In this I recognize a remarkable fact in his poetry, — it is the *malign* influence. He is the poet of the malign, as Shelley was the poet of *love*, as Byron was the poet of passion and adventure.

Poor Baudelaire, poet of the evil in good things, of the demoniacal element in familiar things! Some persons have thought he was made insane by his preoccupation with the idea of beauty and his excesses of pleasure. I think he was made insane by an absorbing contemplation of the evil principle, the fatal principle incarnated in all things, and which *stared* at him.

Baudelaire worshipped the beautiful, but he seems always to have been in bondage to the mysterious and destructive fatality that makes a man the victim of his very qualities. He profoundly felt the tragic truth that man can only be tempted by what corresponds with his nature; and that that very correspondence is a natural revelation of his wants and pleasure in life. But for his masculine force, his positive mental vigor, he would have been found in the madhouse when he died, long before his genius had grown beautiful and bitter fruit. Probably you have a patronizing pity for him, and think he was weak! No man would have more quickly resented your pity, for his pride was colossal; and as for his weakness, I cannot recall a writer whose thought, whose feeling, has seemed to me so strong.

But to go back to the sense of Baudelaire's poetry, although you shall discover in it a malignant spirit, although it expresses the morbid and caustic thought of a soul far from gladness and peace, do not suppose that it is without the beautiful. The beautiful very often exists side by side with the terrible.

Unhappy Baudelaire, so angry with us, with an indignation so deep that it even drowns the objects of it, and inspires a feeling of horror, is a warning, and begets a sentiment of awe. The strength of his thought is more than the loaded weight of his expression, in which particular he has the advantage of Swinburne, whose expression is greater than his thought, stronger than the feeling that urged it forth.

It is a poor protection from the force of Baudelaire's mind to say that his poetry is the utterance of an insane man. It does not make it any the less true, for emotion and thought are true independently of their origin or issue. Read his *Critique sur Théophile Gautier*, or his preface to the translated works of Edgar A. Poe, and ask yourself if you could express so high and fine a literary sense, or speak with more authority?

Baudelaire was a poet and a mind full of force and originality. He be-

longed to the literary family of Poe and Hawthorne. Like them, he was preoccupied with the *subtilty of things* and the awful inevitableness of human suffering; like them, he was burdened with the weight and mystery of the world; unlike them, he boldly trod the burning marl of his passions, and withered his heart in the furnace-heat of his unslaked desire, now cooled and voiceless in its dark trench of earth.

Charles Baudelaire is the type of the poetic mind unredeemed by love. To me he has a forlorn and fatal grandeur of aspect, like Milton's Satan; but he was a modern man in our contemporary world. Consider his situation. He had fed himself at the great springs of English literature, which made him a realist, and authorized his tenacious grasp upon things; he was familiar with antiquity, which gave him a far-off ideal in the past, and discouraged him because he had to look back whither he could not go; he was in the midst of a luxurious, corrupted phase of modern civilization in France. His poems represent, not merely the local facts of society in France, but typical conditions of man during his age. They are contemporary, like Gavarni's sketches, and appeal to exalted minds, by certain sides, like Michael Angelo's figures, which embody a universal idea of human grandeur. I cannot hear his utterances without mingled feelings of admiration, shrinking, and pity. Alfred de Musset, the unhappiest of French poets, seems delicate and weak like a woman beside Baudelaire. Baudelaire alone represents the strong, masculine, unregenerate man. He seems to have been even untouched by love. Had love been revealed to his heart, the flowers of evil would have wilted, never again to bloom in his life. What a man may become who goes through life without it, — a complete being, I mean, — you may know by reading Baudelaire's unique poems.

Among Baudelaire's poems called *Spleen et Idéal* is one entitled *Les Phares*, The Light-houses. Its several stanzas depict the great painters of the world, and are splendidly expressive in diction. They interpret the meaning of the great masters. The last stanza is sad and impressive in thought. Its meaning is that the suffering of man, in a passionate sob, rolls from age to age, and dies only on the brink of God's eternity.

The little poem *La Vie Antérieure* is beautiful. The dreaming eye of the poet has a vision of Greek life. His spirit recognizes the place as familiar, and he says: —

"I have a long time lived under vast porticos, which the marine sun tinted with a thousand fires, and whose grand pillars, straight and majestic, at eve were like basaltic grottos.

"The waves, in rolling the image of the sky, mingled, in a mystical and solemn fashion, the all-powerful chords of their rich music with the colors of sunset reflected in my eye.

"'T is there that I have lived, in calm voluptuousness, in the midst of the azure of the waves, of splendors, and of nude slaves, all impregnated with odors, who freshened my brow with palms, and whose unique care was to seek the painful secret which made me languish."

I give you these unmetrical renderings to let you take the bare *thought* of Baudelaire, which is always poetical. For example, among several poems about the sea, the ancient and prolific source of poetry to the mind of man, he says that the bitter laugh of man, conquered, full of sobs and insults, he hears repeated in the enormous laugh of the sea.

In his poem of the Ideal the thought is likewise uncommon and large and poetical. He says he does not love the beauty of vignettes, — that he leaves to Gavarni, the poet of white and feeble things, his beauties of the hospital, — that he cannot find among those pale roses one flower that represents his "red ideal." "What my heart, profound like an abyss, needs, — it is thee, Lady Macbeth, soul strong for crime, dream of Æschylus; or it is thee, grand

Night, daughter of Michael Angelo, twisting peacefully, in a strange pose, charms fashioned to the mouth of Titans!"

His poem of *Le Voyage*, in which irony, contempt, and audacity give the tone to his voice, expresses the sum and substance of life to a man who is entirely outside of Christian sentiment, and yet far from antique cheerfulness. The only peace and sweetness you can discover in his poems is in the verses with which he celebrates the glory and beauty of the Pagan life. His souvenirs of that ancient and admirable time have the vividness and intensity of a personal experience. Baudelaire's very being expands and feels anew the strength and ardor of existence at the memory of days when civilization and the natural life of man were not opposed to each other.

When he looks at the present life he becomes cruel, morbid. Too serious to let his mind be amused with the trivial aspects of the time, too penetrating to let his thought rest upon frivolities, he regards his fellow-beings as the sketches and illustrations of a hideous story, of whose meaning they are mere suggestions. He torments himself with the typical and dual life of things. A beautiful woman at the ball is to him a serpent that dances, and he taxes his mind for correspondences and resemblances; as you read his poem, you are gradually subject to the same fancy: the cadence of the step, the beautiful *abandon* of the body, — it *is* the serpent in the woman!

One of his little poems is called Correspondences. The sense of it is unique and fine. He says the perfumes, the color, and the sounds answer each other; that there are perfumes fresh like the flesh of children, soft like a flute, green like the meadows, and others corrupted, rich, and triumphing, having the expansion of infinite things, like amber, musk, benzoin, and incense, which chant the transports of the spirit and the senses.

But what shall we say of his *Litanies de Satan*, of *Abel et Cain*, of *Une Martyre?* The feeling of horror which they inspire would make you forget the outrage done to your taste. They are poems whose meaning I have not the wish to express. No, I cannot deny it, this poet of evil has a terrible voice, — his is a dreadful cry rising from the heart of our age. Baudelaire walked amongst us despising us, and he was more sincere in his life than we are. He despised us, because with mutual consent we ignore the painful facts that fester in the very centres of our civilization. He curses us in our pleasures, in our vices, in our tardy and feeble repentance. He walked among us like an accusing spirit, who, sharing our unhappiness, contemplated our miseries, and never felt the saving and transfiguring power of a pure human love. As for the love of God, Baudelaire would have laughed a terrible laugh, had you spoken of it.

Byron's cry is the cry of an audacious, discontented boy compared with Baudelaire's cry of despair and pride. He did not go with Dante beyond this world to enter the Inferno; he discovered it in our civilization, and he abandoned all hope the moment he discovered it.

But Baudelaire is dead. His cry is yet with us, and we must heed that cry. The cry of the poet expresses the suffering of the age; it expresses the moral malady of a civilization. He came among us to make us know how far a man may go from the serene and beautiful world of our dreams. But *Les Fleurs du Mal* grew not out of the poet's mind alone. *They were fed and nourished by the moral soil of French life.* Reproach him, at rest in his grave, for the pictures he made with words, the desires he so passionately expressed, the abnormal and shocking situations which he revealed? You dare not. You must reproach and correct the civilization which made his experience and emotions possible. Call him insane if you choose; but first ask what made him insane, and you will not contemplate so tranquilly the aspects of human life. Read him, and

you will enlarge your experience; read him, and you will broaden and deepen your sympathies. He will sadden you; but what saddens spiritualizes and lifts out of brute life. Read him, and he will startle you; but what startles gives a mental movement and takes out of inertia.

Baudelaire's poetry is intensely personal, — it is even local. But all fine poetry not descriptive of external things is personal, and often it is local, inasmuch as it belongs not to a common experience. To take Baudelaire at his true value, we must understand him as the outcome of Parisian life in which the worship of beauty and the thirst for pleasure is supreme. The title of several of his poems will do much to suggest to you their peculiar character, — such as *Le Serpent qui Danse; Parfum Exotique; Horreur Sympathetique; Les Métamorphoses du Vampire; Les Promesses du Visage; Femmes Damnées; Les Bijoux; La Fontaine de Sang; L'Âme du Vin; La Mort; L'Homme et La Mer.*

Charles Baudelaire was also a critical mind. He thought with force, and spoke with authority. His critique upon Gautier is a witness to the independence and incisiveness of his mind and of his high literary sense. *Les Paradis Artificiels*, which is composed of two parts, — one a translation of De Quincey's "Confession of an Opium-Eater," the other, his own Confessions of an Hashish-Eater, — is remarkable for its terse and splendid diction, and thorough analysis of the ideas and sensations of a fine mind forced into activity by artificial means.

Victor Hugo paid him the tribute of a letter of thanks for his critique upon Théophile Gautier, in which he said: "Your article is one of those pages which strongly provoke the mind. Rare merit to make think. . . . . You write of things profound and often serene. You love beauty. Give me your hand."

The *thinker* in Charles Baudelaire is most interesting to me. It is the thought embodied in his verses that arrests my mind and separates the poet from the versifier, and gives him his place outside of their smooth insipidities. How far he is above or below, or how well he rivals his illustrious contemporaries in metrical art, is a question which belongs exclusively to his French critics; but his thought, his emotion, his artistic sentiment, his moral idea, his poetry, — that is, the expressed relation of his mind to life and nature, — may appear in any language that corresponds with the mind of a civilized man, and bear witness to his being.

I have no pleasure in thinking of Charles Baudelaire. He has revealed himself as the most forlorn and energetic figure of the world's poets. He has incarnated in his poems a covetous and haughty spirit; and he went through the golgotha of his passions unsatiated and unhumbled. De Musset, the melancholy poet of the disenchantments of life, and Heine, the sad mocker of the changefulness of life, are very light offenders against the serene or stagnant world of well-regulated people, compared with the positive, the unmitigated, the caustic poet Baudelaire. If you confront him, you will never forget him; he will not let you forget him. He plants his thought in your mind, and it rankles there, the painful proof of a real and contemporary experience, that never has had so intense and bold a representative as the wretched author of *Les Fleurs du Mal.*

Naturally such a poet puts in play the whole of your moral and æsthetic faculties. If you make your reflections according to tradition, it is very easy to classify Baudelaire; you rank him among the evilly possessed spirits; you say he had several devils in him. The old symbols furnish good material for your rhetoric. No doubt his soul was in very bad company, and, to use the expressive language of Henry James, "resorted to eccentric and explosive methods by way of compelling society" to mark its work. Yet it is a serious question, and does not come within the range of my faculties, to say how far he was responsible for his extraordinary mental and moral life. He had mys-

terious and irresistible attractions to beautiful and fatal things, and they made the sadness of his soul, the fascination of his musical and sonorous verses, and the dark destiny of his life. He is one more type in the Pantheon of the poets; as defined, as striking as Dante; like him, intense, terse, vivid, in his use of words; like him, tenacious in his hold upon real things, while he expressed the dual life, the mysterious and ideal; but he created no figure, and he made no story; he was impelled to express his personal experience, stripped bare of the usual poetic fictions and common inventions of timid and conventional, or modest and reserved writers. "He loved the rare, the difficult, the strange," wrote one of his friends; "and when he painted the deformities of humanity and civilization, it was only with a secret horror. He had for them no complaisance, and he looked upon them as infractions of the universal harmony." As a writer he was remarkable for his pitiless logic and lyric fury of expression.

CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

II.

Want of Sunlight as a Promoter of Consumption.

IT is hard to prove the direct agency of a want of sunlight in the production of consumption. Reasoning from analogy, however, we might infer that, as plants grow up thin and white and unhealthy when deprived of light, so, under similar circumstances, the human being would suffer. But we see the evil influence on man caused by absence of the sun's rays, in the pallid and emaciated forms of many of the children of the poor, particularly of those living where the direct sunlight cannot enter. It is true that want of proper food, &c. must usually have their own specific effects conjoined with this. Nevertheless, to any one who has experienced the genial glow coming from the sun on an early spring day, little will be needed to prove its strengthening power. All modern science tends to make the sun the centre of force and of life to vegetables and to man. The ancients knew better than we, for they had their *solaria* on the house-roofs, where they could enjoy in quiet their sun-baths. We, on the contrary, often place our sick on the north side of the house, where the sun never enters; or, perchance, if we have them in a southern room, we close all the blinds and curtains of its windows for the sake of our Brussels carpets, thereby unconsciously demonstrating that we think more of our finery than of the health of our households. We believe firmly that to the influence of pure air and direct sunlight we owe a vast deal of our common every-day health. Hence, in the treatment of our patients, we always seek to unite these advantages. We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day

after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us" when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiriting influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as, owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy-chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renovating influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air on three sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here, according to our directions, she used to sit wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful; her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.

Want of Pure Air a Promoter of Consumption.

We mean by this, not only air uncontaminated by distinctly unpleasant and noxious odors, but all air which, whether perceptibly bad or not, has lost the necessary elements for perfect health. Understood in this way, how few houses in modern times, especially in winter, nay, at all seasons, save in the warmest weather of summer, present the requisite amount of pure air for those who live in them! In this respect we are infinitely poorer than our ancestors. We contend that, if it be possible, no person ought to breathe a second time the air that has been once expired. Look at what occurs at each act of inspiration. The oxygen of the inspired air is partly absorbed into the system of him who breathes it, and carbonic-acid gas, useful to plants but deleterious to man, is returned in expiration. If, therefore, we should definitely close up a room, and put a certain number of persons in it, without allowing sufficient of the outward air to enter, all of them would soon die of actual suffocation, or be at least made seriously ill, simply from the breathing of such air. If more time were used, and a little pure air only occasionally were admitted to the apartment, a prostrating fever would arise in any animals or men thus closed up. Continue a similar but less confined treatment, and you would bring about more slowly emaciation, debility, prostration of all the bodily powers, and, after a time, true consumption might and would be very liable to occur.

In the light of these statements let us see how our predecessors of older and of later times lived, and whether we have improved upon their methods. One has only to glance at the noble opening in the dome of the Pantheon at Rome, or, still better (because built in times nearer to the present), at the smoky aperture in Cardinal Wolsey's lofty kitchen at Oxford, and he will be sure of one fact at least, namely, that those who lived in former days were not afraid of feeling or of breathing the open air. Our American ancestors also built houses in which the chimneys were fitted for something more than mere throats through which the smoke could escape, though each of them, doubtless, "builded better than he knew."

Some of us, even at the present day, remember the massive and widely opened chimney-pieces and the broad hearth-stones, capable of receiving logs of immense size. In those days the hearth-stone was really the gathering-place for the family. Around that roaring "ventilating shaft," as it would be called now, the children conned their lessons or told their fairy-tales, while their elders, perhaps, smoked their pipes; and yet, from the very nature of the arrangements, the air must have been purer than can by any means be found around our detestable air-tight stoves, or those equally wretched apologies for comfort and health, the flues of the modern hot-air furnace, or coils for hot water and steam. Formerly there was less fear of drafts; no double windows were needed, but the father and his children drank in from their own hearth, warm, pure, but not over-heated air; while at the same time they were all fancy fed by the beautiful flame as it flickered and sang its quiet song all day, and each heart was brightened at evening, when the family gathered around it from their various labors. Now all is altered. The idea of a family hearth is lost, save as sung in old-fashioned poetry. The children of the present day know of it only by hearsay. Instead of all this they collect at a table at which burns the badly trimmed, perhaps ill-smelling, kerosene lamp, or under the bright blaze and heat of gas-light, while the room is warmed by the furnace or air-tight stove.

What is an air-tight stove? Let us try to answer. If we were to build an open fire in a closed room, there is no one who would not anticipate evil. Bad air, as people commonly say, — carbonic acid and oxide gases, according to chemistry, — would soon arise, and death of the inmates would result if no

help in the form of the external air should come to their relief. What real difference is there between thus building a fire in the middle of a closed room and the starting of one in an air-tight stove, and then shutting the damper to prevent too rapid combustion? With the damper closed, we have a state of things *almost* entirely analogous to an open grate of coals in the middle of a closed room. For the carbonic oxide, that deadly gas, begins to be given off almost immediately after the fire is lighted. It penetrates into the room, through not only the crevices of the stove, but also through the very pores of the iron itself. This has been proved completely by European science, for attention has been recently very strongly brought to the subject by reports to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, at which this fact was stated.

Meanwhile we have, in our medical experience, been often convinced that all human beings suffer somewhat when exposed to these stoves, and especially do those afflicted with lung disease have a difficulty of breathing when in a room thus warmed. By ordering their removal, and by opening the chimneys, relief more or less marked has always been immediately obtained by our patients. A certain freedom of breath has been restored to them, which they did not have while the stove contaminated the air with its noxious vapors. Hence we have arrived at the conclusion that this must be our first object in the treatment of any pulmonary difficulty. It is next in importance to exercise in the open air.

Want of Good Food and of Proper Digestion bring Consumption.

Consumption literally means a want of proper nutrition. Hence it is evident that, if good food be not given, evil will be the result. Usually this influence is seen in connection with other deleterious agencies already spoken of, such as location, contagion, the hereditary nature of the disease, and bad air and confined employments, so that it is hard to eliminate this cause from many others. But by the following statements our readers will, we hope, be convinced that want of good food is not to be neglected as one cause of consumption.

We do not remember a single case in which food alone caused the trouble, when all other influences were good. But it is undeniable that, given an undoubted case of threatened or of actual consumption, then such a case with poor nutrition, owing to imperfect or improper food, will run rapidly towards death if the same course be continued, — whereas it will, perhaps, be wholly turned towards health, if only this element of cure be fully and fitly introduced. The unfortunate prisoners at Andersonville had too little food, and became terribly emaciated; but the whole nervous system rather than the lungs was affected. In these sad cases so many other horrible circumstances were occurring, in addition to the starvation, that it would be impossible to say which was most important.

But no one can deny, as already stated, that, if you place a patient suffering from consumption in the best circumstances, and neglect to provide him with proper food, he will die. Give him proper food and drink, and he will live. But how rare it is in this country to find upon the tables of either rich or poor or middle classes plenty of *wholesome*, *simple*, and *nutritious* food! It will be the greatest blessing to the subsequent generations when all the girls in our public schools are taught by some Professor Blot to make good bread and simple puddings, and how to cook simply the various meats and vegetables. At the same time it will be important to impress upon the community at large that it should have nothing but such food on its tables. Let any one pass a night in any of our country towns, and, unless he happen to be at the house of the physician, he will probably be asked, at breakfast, to partake of various articles wholly incongruous, and forming a frightful compound for any stomach, — not tend-

ing, as all food should tend, to perfect digestion. Instead of pure, light bread and sweet butter, and perhaps a small slice of fresh meat, with coffee or tea, the traveller is compelled — often under the penalty of giving offence if he refuse — to partake of heavy, and perchance sour or cream-of-tartar bread, with perhaps rancid or heavily salted butter, two or three different kinds of pies, pickles, cheese, and doughnuts, followed by two or three different kinds of cake. We do not present this as uniformly the character of New England farm-house fare, but the fact that such fare is *ever* proffered in any community seems to indicate a want of proper public opinion upon the subject of diet, that is very much to be regretted. In cities how common is it to see young and old collected for dinner at restaurants and railroad stations, eating wretched preparations called food, and even *bolting* that without proper mastication. The inevitable result is indigestion, with its train of miseries, among which comes rapidly along, in not a few cases, consumption. Sap a man's digestion, and you make him a fit subject for this disease. For it is a fact well known to physicians, that, if a man have dyspepsia for several months, and then cough begin, he rarely escapes with his life. Hence, though bad or imperfect food may not be proved to be positively the cause of consumption, we see the importance of good food and drink as a preventive of it. What that food should be we defer speaking of until later in this paper.

Insufficient or Imperfect Clothing as a Cause of Consumption.

This is not so evidently a cause of consumption as some other influences of which we have spoken; yet we think there can be but little doubt that, indirectly at least, any carelessness in this respect, as is often caused by fashion, is fraught with danger. Only a few years since our ladies were unwilling to wear shoes appropriate to our winter climate. Hence arose many "a cold." And the time has passed by when we may neglect a cold as among the remote but undoubted causes of consumption.

Our young ladies, and not a few gentlemen, formerly used stays so tightly laced as to press deeply into all the internal organs near the waist, and thus prevented free expansion of the lungs; whereas the surest way to prevent consumption is to daily and hourly fill these same lungs with pure air. How can that be done with a tight band around the waist? These articles are less used than formerly, and, if used, are applied less tightly, and so far our clothing has improved of late years. At the present time the extraordinary exposure of the person, when driving in party dresses to the ball in winter nights, is fearful, and the return home, after the whirl of the waltz, and when every fibre of the young frame is palpitating, is eminently hazardous.

We might name other similar imprudences. In general it may be said, that any neglect of the use of a sufficient amount and proper kind of clothing is perilous. On the other hand, there are cases when from over-caution injury is done, and the person is weighed down and exhausted by too much clothing. We have seen children perspiring and losing flesh and strength under the flannels prepared for them in the depth of summer by over-anxious mothers. Adults, too, at times sweat like training prize-fighters under thick flannel shirts during the day and woollen blankets at night, for "fear of taking cold!"

One day in summer, when the thermometer was above 90° in the shade, we were called upon by a patient who had a shawl wrapped over his ears so that we could hardly see his face, and on disrobing him for examination we found he had two overcoats and three flannel shirts, besides the usual dress worn by a man! On our protesting that such an amount of clothing was injurious and depressing, actually tending to increase his disease, he innocently assured me that he clothed himself

so warmly to "prevent taking cold." Nothing could be more absurd. We have only to keep an animal too warm and too quiet, and we can produce tubercular disease. A *pâté de foie gras* proves this.

In conclusion we may say, that, although we have had no case of consumption that we deem fairly attributable by itself alone to a want of, or an abuse of clothing, we have no doubt of its important influence on the cause of consumption, and that often an attention to, or a neglect of, common hygienic rules, in this respect, tends to check or aggravate the disease, or even, in some cases perhaps, to be the first excitant of it.

Is our System of Education a Promoter of Consumption?

We believe the affirmative of this question to be true, at least as applied to the Northern and Western States. We have had too many bitter experiences of its influence to have a shadow of a doubt on this point in reference to New England. We appeal to every physician of ten or twenty years' practice, and feel sure that, in reviewing his cases of consumption, he will find not a few of them in which he will trace to *overwork* in our grammar or Normal Schools the first springs of the malady.

We pride ourselves, and justly so, on our system of public-school education. Without an intelligent reading people, a democratic commonwealth is the veriest farce possible. Education is the life-blood of our Republic. Without it our nation would fall. It saved us in our late Rebellion. Here in New England it provides our *chief annual crop for exportation* to other parts of the country. Having thus, as our readers will see, the strongest love and respect for our system of education, we nevertheless assert that it is grossly imperfect in one great particular, while actually injurious to the health of the community in others. It wholly *neglects the body* in the desire to *cram* the memory and stimulate the intellect. This is evident at a glance. Instead of looking to the *full* development of a youth, both *body and mind*, where does our school system make *any* provision for the proper manly and womanly physical development of the children? A vacation is occasionally given; but where is the proper *physical training* of the pupils? Nowhere. Surely nothing can be more absurd than this; but it is not the less true. What school-committee-man thinks of a rounded, full-developed muscle and vigorous frame of body as the precursor of, support, and actual aid to a noble, well-balanced intellect? Who thinks of turning out of our schools *muscular* young scholars? During the Rebellion, and in some instances since the war ended, some school, here or there, has introduced a military drill as a part of its regular curriculum. To us this was one of the most hopeful of signs. But neither parents, teachers, nor pupils ever entered, save spasmodically, into the plan; and now we fear that what was spasmodically commenced will be given up, just as it was beginning to unfold some narrow chests, and thus to prove of inestimable value to the whole community. By its erect positions and various exercises the air is introduced into the minutest cells of the lungs, and all the limbs of the boys are beautifully rounded out. But, as we have said, we fear from present appearances that even these few exercises will erelong be discontinued. It is true that the Latin and High School of Boston, and a few more in the country, still continue the drills introduced into them under the stimulus of the Rebellion. But as one swallow does not make a spring, so the drilling of one or two schools does not constitute a *system of physical education* for our whole community. It is ludicrously absurd to even think of it in that light. Besides, any school education that systematically neglects one half of our young people, namely, the girls, *the future wives and mothers of the state*, is a lamentable failure in one of its most

important duties. No one can deny this proposition. Common experience teaches all of us that we cannot have a healthfully acting mind in an unhealthy body. The old Latin axiom, "Mens sana in corpore sano," is practically ignored by our school committees. They vainly hope to do what nature will not allow them to do, namely, to stimulate the intellect at the expense of the body, or at least without reference to the wants of the body. The attempt cannot be made without peril to both. Man is of a compound nature, which needs harmonious development. An *undue* attention to one part generally brings neglect of another, and as a consequence arise either gross monstrosities, disease, or death. If there be one truth that modern physiology teaches, it is that every intellectual effort, every noble aspiration, every emotion of the heart, depends for its perfect healthfulness upon the equally perfect play of some of the minutest parts of our physical frames. Especially is this true of that delicate structure, the so-called nervous system. Put that out of order, as we are very apt to do by over-stimulation of it at school, and soon all the frame of the child goes wrong. If continued too far, nothing but unmitigated evil results.

It is singular to what extent errors on this subject exist. A few years ago the subject of "Education in our public schools, and its effect on public health," was proposed as a proper subject for discussion in the Suffolk District Medical Society. The society contains all the educated physicians of Suffolk County, and therefore might naturally be deemed a proper arena for the debate. But the proposer soon found to his sorrow that the discussion would be a very heated one, and productive of great personal ill-feeling. Many of the society, being members of the school board, considered themselves personally "insulted" at the bare thought that the school system could be productive of aught but good. The result was that no action was ever definitely taken on the subject.

Of late years the love of athletic sports is increasing among young men, and good will doubtless result; but it may be questioned whether the extravagance of youth and the general tendency of our country to *overdo* everything may not eventually bring much harm even in these beneficial amusements, whereas a regular system of physical education established by the school committee would not be so liable to abuse.

But not only does our school system, in its practical operation, entirely ignore the necessity for physical culture, but it at times goes further, and actually, as we believe, becomes the slayer of our people.

And this brings us to the especial object of these remarks, namely, our system of education as a cause of consumption.

During the past twenty-five years we have met with not a few cases like the following: A child of not unhealthy parents, resident in the city, is sent in early life to one of our common schools. Eager to learn, quiet and retiring in disposition, loving books rather than society, the pupil soon becomes the favorite of the teacher, and prominent in the class. In addition to the love and commendation of the teacher, such a child has usually placed before him the stimulus of prizes to be won, and of unexampled honors to be carried off at the exhibition of the school. As he is willing and apparently intellectually able to work, *extra* duties are probably put upon him. The parents, ignorant of physiological laws, are proud of the success, and stimulate the poor child still further by urging it to try to gain the prize already too much coveted. The evenings at home, instead of being devoted to a gentle home education, which parents should always be able to give to their children, and which should be considered by them a sacred duty, are occupied by school studies often till late at night. At break of day, the child's first thought is of grammar, instead of the quiet loveliness of the morning. A lesson in philosophy, per-

haps, takes the place of a prayer, or of a run out into the purest of God's blessings, the clean and clear morning air. Breakfast is swallowed, and off to school races the half-tired young victim, nervously anxious for fear of having ill prepared the lesson, and weak from want of sleep, or, at least, from sleep disturbed by dreams of lessons lost and gained. The forenoon is passed, certainly in winter, in an atmosphere totally unfit for human beings to live in, — furnace-heated, insufficiently ventilated, usually of a temperature above 70°, and alternately heated to a close stifling degree, or chilled by the open windows, raised from time to time in order that teacher and pupil may momentarily breathe* with comfort.

The interval between school-hours not infrequently is more or less occupied with lessons or reading, because the child "loves reading and hates to walk." Meanwhile parents and teachers and committee-men stand by and see this process of gradual deterioration of physical health which must inevitably follow such a course of folly.

The result of all this school *training* is as certain as the day. Every child who goes through the above process must inevitably suffer, but not all alike. Some have one complaint, some another, and some, doubtless, finally escape unharmed. At times, they only grow pale and thin under the process. But not a few go through to the exhibition, and, after working harder than ever for the two or three last weeks of the term they gain the much-coveted prize only to break wholly down when it is taken. The stimulus of desire for success is gone. That has sustained them up to the last moment. Success having been accomplished, the victim finds, too late, that what it has been striving for is nothing now that it is won. But all vitality seems gone out. The previous weak health, which mental stimulus had sustained without open complaint, gives way when its support is removed, and then come loss of appetite and loss of strength. The slight cough, scarcely noticed before, becomes more marked, and the physician is summoned. Almost uniformly in the cases of this kind does he find fatal, perhaps far-advanced disease of the lungs.

This result has happened in all our institutions for instruction, whether grammar, high, Latin, or Normal schools, or colleges. The *using-up* process in the colleges is not unfrequently somewhat in this wise: A young farmer or mechanic or laborer, apparently in good health, but somewhat advanced in life, determines to be educated, and to go through college. He wants his teacher to "put him through" in the shortest possible space of time. He prepares himself to enter college in two years, whereas usually five or six years are needed. After entering, he has to study hard to keep up even with his juniors. Imperfectly educated, he feels himself no match with the trained athletes of the academic course. Hence arises in his mind the necessity for spending all his time in study. Day after day no physical exercise is taken. Perhaps, poor in purse, he attempts to board himself on small and imperfect fare; thus in another and equally fatal way undermining his already overstrained and weakened constitution. He has also the stimulus of ambition as well as poverty to urge him to grasp, if possible, a scholarship, in order to eke out his scanty means of support, or perhaps release himself from the burden of dependence on another's most willing charity. Some men will be able to stand all this, and come out apparently without injury. Very few, however, will dare to advise any one else to undergo the same trials; for they feel that physiological laws cannot be set at naught with impunity, and most of such persons bear to their graves a consciousness of evil done, even though

* This is no fancy sketch. We visited one of our school-houses last year, in which we could not have stayed half an hour without *great distress* of body. The temperature was far above 70°, and the air had apparently been breathed over and over again. The whole body became bathed in copious perspiration during the few moments that we remained in the room, and we did not wonder that the scholars had headaches and appeared a puny set.

in the eyes of the community eminently successful men. Such men are often in the ranks of the melancholy sermonizers, or dyspeptic lawyers, irritable, Abernethian physicians, whom we meet with in this world, and to whom we have already alluded. A certain unhealthy tinge, so to speak, covers their whole subsequent life, — delicate, most transitory, and fickle of appearance though it may be, it is nevertheless there, and quite perceptible to themselves, if not to others. In some the sting goes deeper, and the currents of life are so vitiated that but a little more work is needed, after leaving college, in order to make them fit subjects for consumption. A trivial exposure of these unfortunate victims of their own or of society's reckless folly develops a slight, at first scarcely noticeable cough. "It means nothing," the sufferer says, and really believes. But it lasts one, two, or three months. After all this ambitious toil for an intellectual education at the expense of his physical frame, he awakens from his delicious dream of ultimate success in his undertaking to the sad reality of impending death by consumption. This, again, is no fancy sketch. We have seen this result too many times to allow of a doubt upon the subject. We now hear with a certain horror the fact stated, that a youth, who from childhood to early manhood has been engaged in active pursuits, has suddenly become smitten with a love of learning, or intends to prepare for the ministry; for we are sure that he will suddenly leave all the labors requiring active bodily exercise, and will devote himself to purely intellectual work, with very few or no tasks for the body. A premature grave, or long, inefficient *death in life*, is almost always the final result. And we are equally confident that such is not the necessary effect of study, and that it will not happen when wisdom shall prevail. The only way, however, to prevent it, is to have our school and college systems so managed that the *body*, as well as the mind, shall be so educated as to produce perfect men and women. And if, perchance, a youth commence late in life to study, let him not be allowed to *force* himself to superhuman efforts to overcome difficulties in one year that usually require four. Let him, above all things, never forget that, as he leaves an active, hard-working life, he, *above all others*, is bound to the daily practice of open-air exercise, and such a course of gymnastic *work* as will tend to *perfect physical health*.

Mental Emotions and Depressing Passions as Causes of Consumption.

Most writers speak of these influences as being quite powerful causes of consumption. We have never seen a proof of the truth of this assertion. We fear that death even from a "broken heart" belongs rather to the ideal world of poetry than to that of fact. The lyre of Moore and the exquisite poetic prose of Irving would almost persuade us that such deaths are perhaps common. We will not deny their existence, but we have never seen them. Nature usually does not act in that way. On the contrary, we have seen cases where mental suffering, falling upon broad religious natures, has really ennobled the whole physical and mental life afterwards. Such natures do not usually succumb physically; they lose themselves in sympathy with others. Others, however, of less elevated characters are doubtless injured by suffering. Absorbed in themselves, becoming careless of their physical well-being, they allow themselves to neglect all these rules of health often alluded to in this paper. Consequently they may readily become victims of any disease to which, by hereditary influences or any of the causes heretofore named they may be in danger, and from which, without this superadded sorrow, they would have escaped. Among these diseases stands consumption.

How we shall deal with such cases, and others similar in character we shall speak of later.

Excesses of Various Kinds as Causes of Consumption.

All excess is unnatural and morbid. Of itself it brings disease and death inevitably in its train. Even a good, used extravagantly, tends to evil. All evil has, as its real seminal principle, a certain trace of good. It is good *run mad*. The *abuse* of liquor, repeated and long, continued drunkenness, may be a cause of consumption, whereas a moderate use of stimulants is in some constitutions, and under conditions of weakness of body, not radically evil. We are inclined also to believe that, with other constitutions, and especially after a certain age, they tend to prolong life, and to make that life better able to perform its various duties. We know this opinion runs counter to the views of many; nevertheless, it is really "Gospel truth," and as such we avow it. At the same time we would denounce as earnestly as we can all *intemperate* use of liquor; and for this purpose we have no hesitation in presenting to the drunkard, as among the many loathsome diseases to which his beastly habits may lead him, this most terrible of all diseases, consumption.

Habitual intoxication gradually strikes at the healthy action of all the great functions of the body. It stimulates and goads the nervous system to insanity, though it may be temporary. It drives the blood in rapid currents through the heart and bloodvessels, putting them upon extra duty, which sometimes they are unable to perform. Hence arise obstructions of various internal organs of the liver, kidneys, heart, &c., with dropsies and organic diseases as a consequence. Moreover, the appetite for common food palls under the constant recourse to the dram-bottle, and "good digestion" never "waits on appetite," even if, in spite of the constant use of alcohol, appetite, that saviour of the natural being, does still exist. Attacking thus all the main foundations of human health, it is not surprising if, at times, the drunkard is fairly worn down, and consumption at last sets in. Hence the common suggestion that the drunkard of the tubercular family is apt to escape consumption is by no means strictly true. The man who indulges too freely runs a great risk of dying of consumption, while at the same time he is much *more liable* than others to die of any of the more common long-continued diseases to which man is subject. He is also much more frequently than others struck suddenly dead by acute disease. If, therefore, the habitual drinker *merely for pleasure* finds comfort and a relief to his conscience from what we have admitted above in regard to the certain amount of value to be attached to the moderate and appropriate use of stimulants, he must be very easily satisfied, and for such a man warning is useless.

One other species of excess we deem it our duty to allude to in this connection, although to some prudish souls we may seem to trench on forbidden ground while treating of it at any time, and especially in a journal like this.

The relations of man to woman and of woman to man may contain all that is healthful. Much of whatever is noble and beautiful in human existence depends upon and flows from them. Legitimately and temperately sustained, they tend to longer life and to better health in both sexes than celibacy can give.

This assertion rests on scientific data, and no doubt ought to be entertained thereupon. But let any parties misuse these relations in unhallowed pleasure-seeking, or even in lawful wedlock, and diseases of various kinds will surely follow. Among them stalks boldly forth, at times, consumption. In the veritable confessional so often met with in the career of a physician, we have gained proof perfectly satisfactory to us, that carelessness of hygienic laws in this respect, as in all others, tends inevitably to disease, and even death by consumption.

We might speak of excesses in various other ways, such as overwork or its exact contrast over-quietness, over-anxiety in business, &c., as some of the more remote causes of consumption.

But we forbear, and all that it is needful for us to say in conclusion is this, namely, *any excess of whatever nature* brings more or less disease as its *necessary* consequence, and with it may come consumption at last to close the scene.

We have thus run over, in a general way, the main causes of consumption as we believe them to exist in this country. Strictly speaking, however, any statement will be but an approximation towards the truth, and undoubtedly it is rare that any one of these above-named "causes" constantly and alone is the producer of the disease. They run over long spaces of time, insidiously working upon and vitiating the springs of health. Now one of them may be prominent, and again another; and on still other occasions many of them may be combined. Imperfect as human beings are and always will be, no one, even with the best intentions, ever has been, or ever will be, immaculate or perfectly accurate in carrying out the best devised plan for procuring sturdy health. No one can feel more keenly than we do the imperfect nature of the sketches we have given. Nevertheless we give them, at the request of others, as the *pith* of our third of a century's experience in professional life; and, in what is called now the *quaint style* of the fathers of medicine, who wrote centuries ago, we humbly hope that God's perennial blessing may go with them, as far as in them we have spoken the exact truth.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

THERE is a constant joy that I have found
On upland pastures in the light of noon,
Far from a human face or human sound,
That I could tell of, if I were a bee
Like this one who goes booming toward the sea,
Making the most of summers gone so soon,
And passing on life's way melodiously.

There is an ecstasy that I have known,
Among the shadows of green arching things,
That I could breathe if I had only grown
In fragrant beauty, like this brier-rose,
Which lowly lives, and wholly unpraised blows;
Cheering the bright world where the robin sings,
And only this one simple duty knows.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISH RITUALIST.

WHAT is the scope, what are the aims and objects, the present influences and probable results, of that great religious movement which is so rapidly gaining ground in England?

Ritualism, as it is commonly called, Sacramentalism, as it is termed by its votaries, presents the somewhat unusual aspect of a revival of religious feelings and practices which is not evanescent in character, but which, on the contrary, gathers strength from day to day. It has assumed such proportions as to render it unwise any longer to treat it as a bugbear; it certainly is thoughtless to speak of it as a fiasco.

In many parts of England Ritualism has so thoroughly undermined the ordinary religious currents of society that it has wellnigh produced a convulsion. It has parted friends, it has disunited families; stormy meetings have been held, advocating its suppression; bodies of rioters have sacked churches, attacked the houses of the priests, and openly insulted and ill-treated many inoffensive persons in the streets, simply because they were Ritualists. For many months during the year 1867 the church services were disturbed Sunday after Sunday, and the congregations were obliged to be protected by large bodies of police. Lengthy and excited debates on this subject have taken place in Parliament, which ended in the appointment of a mixed commission of inquiry, with the imposing title of "The Royal Commission on Ritual." This commission held innumerable sittings, to which were cited all the principal exponents of Sacramental doctrines and ritual practices throughout the United Kingdom. The different commissioners propounded no less than four thousand and two questions, which elicited a vast and curious mass of information. They issued a lengthy report, which, so far from leading to any suppression of ritual, gave it an immense impetus, inasmuch as the greater part of the practices of the Ritualists were proved, in the course of the inquiry, to be legal, and in accordance with the rubrics of the Church of England as expressed in the Book of Common Prayer. Many priests, who had not introduced ritual into their services because they hesitated as to its actual legality, did so on the Sunday following the issue of the report. As a last resource, the Low Church party appealed to the powers of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and instituted a legal process against Father Mackonochie of St. Alban's, London, one of the most advanced Ritualists of the day. This prosecution, involving law expenses to the amount of thirty thousand pounds, utterly failed in its main points, and the judge himself openly expressed his sympathy with the defendants.

Strengthened rather than subdued by this unceasing opposition, Ritualism holds its own, gaining many converts from the publicity thus given to its teachings, and much negative support from that large class of persons who have an antipathy to anything like control over freedom of opinion. The Ritualists have now at least sixty churches in London and its suburbs, besides many mission chapels and mission rooms; and it is estimated that there are no less than one million and a half avowed supporters of the movement in the United Kingdom. This is a considerable proportion of the church-going population; too large a body to be put down by public clamor, too powerful and too influential from the amount of wealth and education among its members to be lightly esteemed. They are prepared to fight any amount of battles in the law courts, but steadily refuse to submit to retrospective parliamentary legislation, as

subversive of the ordination vows of the clergy; and, taking their stand on the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, declare their readiness to be judged by them, and by them only.

This religious movement, however, is by no means confined to England. It has penetrated into Presbyterian Scotland, it has insinuated itself into Roman Catholic Ireland, it has broken out in Canada, Australia, and the Bahama Islands; the newly appointed bishops of Calcutta, Dunedin in New Zealand, and the Orange River Free State in Africa, are all avowed Ritualists, and will not only bring their own personal influence to bear on their respective dioceses, but will be backed up by all the moral support of their friends at home; and lastly, what concerns the American people most, it has reached the shores of the United States.

Many agencies have combined to revive Sacramentalism, of which Ritualism is merely the outward exponent, and to promote its growth. The violent changes attending the great Protestant reformation of the sixteenth century resulted in an ultra-Puritanism which Ritualists believe is foreign to the nature of the great bulk of the English people. From this ultra-Puritanism a reaction, sooner or later, was inevitable; and it was undoubtedly delayed, first, by the suspected Papish proclivities of the Stuarts; secondly, by the German free-thinking tendencies of the House of Hanover, and the sad example in matters of religion of all the sovereigns of that house, except of George III.

The first symptoms of a general reaction showed themselves thirty years ago in the writings of the Tractarians. It was in "Tracts for the Times" that Sacramental doctrines were first promulgated with any success since the Reformation; but it is only within the last ten years that they have made such great strides, gained so many adherents, and attracted such general attention, giving birth to the so-called Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church. The supporters of this movement declared at its commencement their earnest conviction that a due and reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist is the central act of divine worship, and avowed their intention to devote their talents, their energies, and their lives to the promotion of its restoration to its proper position in the services of the Church. To this end they revived the rubrical Ritual, which had been allowed to remain so long in abeyance, inculcating Catholic practices of a highly devotional character, which have never been expunged from the canon law, and which, being innocent in themselves, ought certainly not to be included among the errors of the Church of Rome. They thought, moreover, that Catholic practices might tend to bring about some approach to Catholic unity, an object which they had very much at heart; and in this hope they have dropped the distinctive appellation of Protestant, and now call themselves Catholics.

But they give another reason for dropping this word Protestant, and one which seems very fair, namely, that the Anglican Church has existed on the basis of its own foundations for three hundred years, and should, if it is to remain a distinctive communion, rest on its own merits, and not solely on its protest against the Church of Rome.

They also maintain that a more ornate form of worship has a decided influence in bringing the poorer and less educated classes to church; and they point to their great success among the poor, in this respect, as a proof of the truth of their assertion. This success is certainly a great plea in favor of Ritualism; although, to some extent, allowance must be made, in speaking of this increased attendance, for the fact that all the seats in their churches are free, and that all fees are absolutely declined, from rich and poor alike; in the case of baptism, because they will not traffic in the sacraments; in the case of other services, because they will not allow any distinction between the rich and the poor. Nevertheless, the

getting them there at all is a great result to have attained.

Following the example of their Roman brethren, the Ritualistic clergy live for and entirely among their poor; and this is one great element in their success, one great source of the power they have obtained and are daily obtaining.

Their work among the poor has been immense. They have built stately churches, with most magnificent and costly interiors, for their especial use, in all parts of the country. They have established and kept up by their own exertions no less than fifty-seven homes for sick and aged persons; nine general and convalescent hospitals; two hospitals for incurables; ten missions to fallen women; twenty-seven penitentiaries for fallen women who wish to train themselves for better things; twenty-four brotherhoods and guilds; forty-one sisterhoods; and nineteen associations for general religious purposes. The homes, the hospitals, and the penitentiaries are all managed by sisters detailed from their respective convents for that purpose. These brotherhoods and sisterhoods are an immense help to the clergy. They nurse the sick poor in their own houses, distribute just a sufficiency of relief to enable them to exist, without encouraging idleness; they manage the day, night, infant, and Sunday schools; manage the savings banks, institutes for youths, workingmen's clubs, maternal societies, parish libraries, reading-rooms, clothing clubs, burial societies, penny readings, &c., &c., and thus enable the clergy to concentrate their energies on the spiritual work of their parishes. One priest, Father Wagner of Brighton, has built one magnificent church and four smaller ones in his district at his own personal cost; he keeps six curates to aid him in his work; he has a sisterhood, a penitentiary for fallen women, a home for aged people, a hospital, a convalescent home, and an orphanage; all of which works are carried on with funds mainly from his own resources. And yet this man, who devotes the whole of his large fortune to such objects as these, and whose private life is extraordinary in its simplicity and saintly character, has often been hooted through the streets of Brighton, has been set upon by brutal gangs of ruffians, and at one time could not leave his house without endangering his life, — and all because he is a Ritualist; on one occasion he would certainly have been seriously injured, if not killed outright, had it not been for the timely interference of some gentlemen who came up, and who were themselves seriously mauled in the encounter. Some of these wretches actually proposed to burn him as Guy Fawkes on the following 5th of November. When the Church of St. Michael and All Angels was first opened in Shoreditch, some of the sisters were hooted, stoned, and actually fired at in the streets. Father Stuart had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. He devoted the whole of it to the good of others. He obtained a district, and built a splendid church and schools in one of the worst parts of London, only leaving himself an income for life of one hundred and fifty pounds. He lives in two small rooms without carpeting, and has only an old housekeeper to attend to his personal wants; still he is cheerful, happy as a king, and works indefatigably.

But these are only examples of that spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which pervades the whole body of the Ritualistic clergy and laity. Many of them occupy rooms in those enormous model lodging-houses for the poor which it is now the fashion to erect in the more thickly populated districts of the great towns in England. They seldom go into society, but, when they do join in social gatherings, they are cheerful, genial, and universal favorites. They are, however, mostly unable and unwilling to spare the time for such purposes, having, besides the care of the poor, to attend to the services of the church. They have a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Matins, and Evensong, every day of the week, with

two celebrations on saints' days and holy days, and the Litany on Wednesday and Friday. On Sunday they have three celebrations, — the first at six o'clock, the second at eight, and high service at half past eleven; Matins at half past ten, Litany, with public catechizing of the children in church, at half past three, and Evensong at seven. Baptism is administered during any service, Sunday and week-day, with the exception of the celebration. Private baptisms in church never take place. For, besides upholding the fitness of public administration as a great Catholic principle, the clergy will not allow so obvious a distinction to be drawn between the rich and the poor man's child. The clergy live in the most homely way, and set a lively example to their flocks by rigidly carrying out in their own private lives what they publicly preach. It is no unusual circumstance for them to receive large pecuniary support from persons who, though disagreeing with their Ritual practices, cannot help admiring their devotion, energy, and self-denial, and, acknowledging the great work they have accomplished in persuading the poor to make religion an every-day practice, and not to use it as a Sunday garment which is carefully put away for the remainder of the week.

There are some works carried on by these sisterhoods, brotherhoods, and guilds which excite considerable attention and sympathy among all classes and all creeds in England, — works which speak for themselves as to the amount of good they do.

In case of illness, where the sick person is too ill to be moved, or is unable to obtain admission to one of the hospitals (they sometimes have to wait for weeks, in consequence of the crowded state of the wards), a message is sent to the nearest sisterhood, asking assistance. A sister is despatched by the next train to act as nurse, and to assist in taking care of the children, if it is the mother who is ill. If she finds, on her arrival, that the common necessaries of a sick-room, such as medicine, gruel, arrowroot, tea, and brandy, are wanting, or that proper medical attendance has not been called in from want of means to pay for them, she immediately provides what is wanted, and telegraphs to the Mother Superior for further instructions. She remains till the patient either recovers or dies, or until his removal to the hospital, head nurse, head servant, and at every one's disposal. The comfort of such a nurse to a sick poor man is very great; and the wife, by having some one to sit up with her husband at night, is enabled to get that night's rest which is necessary to fit her for the next day's work.

When a man meets with that most terrible of all calamities to the poor, the loss of his wife, and has to face the difficulty of bringing up unaided a large family of young children, perhaps the youngest an infant, the sisters come to his help, and remove the younger children, baby and all, to their convent nursery. They take care of them till they are old enough to go to school while the father is at work, he contributing a small weekly sum to their maintenance and clothing expenses. This does away with the necessity of the father marrying again, so often the cause of future misery to himself and his children. His little ones are accessible to him at all times, and he can remove them at a minute's notice. Three or four years ago, a sister who was working among the dens of Whitechapel inquired of a man who had just lost his wife what had become of his child. This poor drunkard actually confessed that he had pawned him to buy drink. The child was of course immediately taken out of pawn, and the sister gave the man thirty shillings to surrender all claim on the boy. This little fellow has lived with the sisters ever since, and may be often seen, in his little cassock and surplice, taking his part in the service at the mission church close by. He is a bright, cheerful boy, and his looks tell how he has been cared for.

Another great institution that confers endless benefits on the poor is the

day nursery. A woman with a young baby has a chance of a day's work, either washing or house-cleaning, which will enable her to add to the weekly money just enough to make that all-important difference between existence and comfort. On her way to her work she takes her baby to the day nursery, where several sisters are in attendance from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, and calls for it again on her return home. All round the room where these little things are kept are ranges of cribs and cradles, in which they are regularly put to bed at the proper time. There is every appliance for washing, bathing, and dressing them, every description of infantile food and medicines, and the floor is scattered with innumerable toys for their amusement. It is curious to see all these little ones tumbling happily about on the floor, and very gratifying to see the motherly care of them displayed by the sisters.

Of all the numerous organizations managed by the brotherhoods and guilds, none have been more thoroughly successful, or exercised a beneficial influence in so many ways, as the workingmen's clubs. It has been urged that these clubs are open to the objection of drawing men from their homes and families when their work is over, and consequently that they must do harm. But there are times when a workingman is best away from home, — times when, if he remained at home, he would be in the way; for instance, when the family washing and ironing is going on, or that particular evening in the week on which all the children are put into the tub; and there are times when he *will* be away, and, unless there is such a place as the club to go to, he is certain to be found in the public-house. Moreover, experience has shown that the beneficial influences brought to bear upon men in the club have a tendency to make them value and love their homes more, to take an interest in their improvement and the promotion of greater comfort for their families.

The workingman's club generally consists of two large rooms, which are airy, well-lighted, cheerful, scrupulously clean, and in winter warmed with huge roaring fires. The furniture consists of large, comfortable, wooden arm-chairs; one large, plain wooden table in the middle of the room, which is covered with newspapers and periodicals; two separate tables for writing, with the necessary materials, and several smaller ones scattered about the room, on which are placed draught-boards, chessmen, backgammon-boards, dominos, and other such harmless games. There are generally a few shelves, on which are kept a small number of books likely to be useful to a workingman; such as a dictionary, a good standard History of England, a guide to London, a railway guide, books on window gardening, poultry and rabbit keeping, &c., and works bearing on different trades and manufactures, together with a carefully selected collection of lighter reading. In another part of the room there is a small counter where newspapers, magazines, stationery, photographs, cheap prints, &c., and a small stock of books of a good but inexpensive character are sold at cost price. This is a very valuable accessary to club-work, as it tends to check the sale of that low and immoral class of literature which is to be found in the cheap book-stalls around the houses of the poor. At the end of the room there is a small bar, where any man, if he chooses, can purchase tea and coffee, bread and cheese, or butter, biscuits, tobacco, and pipes at cost price. No beer or spirit is allowed. The daily newspapers are collected every day at five o'clock from different supporters of the club by one of the brothers of the guild detailed for that purpose. They are of all shades of opinion. The magazines and periodicals are forwarded by friends to the honorary secretary of the club, as soon as they have read them.

Two or three of the guildsmen put in an appearance at the club every evening. They smoke a pipe with the men,

play at chess with one, at dominos with another, or discuss the news of the day with two or three others. They assume a position of perfect equality with them, and endeavor by kindliness of manner to do away with any feeling of restraint that might otherwise be engendered in the minds of the members. The local clergy will sometimes drop in for an hour, shaking hands with one and another, asking after this man's wife or that man's child, and showing the men that they take an interest in their every-day life, as well as in their spiritual welfare.

On Saturday the club holds what is termed a free-and-easy. A president for the evening is chosen among the men, reading and games are put aside, and all draw around the large centre-table, or in the winter around the fire. On this one evening of the week the bar supplies at cost price one pint of the very best English porter to each man present. When all are seated, and pipes replenished, the president sings a song, generally one with a rousing chorus, and calls on every one in turn either to sing, tell a story, ask a riddle, or do anything he pleases likely to contribute to the general amusement. General though harmless merriment ensues, and the club spends a pleasant evening without spending any money, and without the usual Sunday-morning headache. The clergy do not appear at the free-and-easies. In the room up stairs more serious work is being carried on. This is the club school-room. Here those who are willing to receive instruction may learn to read and write, and have the opportunity of studying books likely to improve them in their trade, apart from the noise and bustle of the general room. Members of these clubs have sometimes attributed the power to earn increased wages to the facilities for study provided for them in the school-rooms.

These clubs, however, think it is unfair that the men should derive the sole benefit from them, so once a month they give an entertainment to the wives and daughters of the members. These entertainments, if carefully arranged and sufficiently varied, are one of the most popular elements in the working of the club. A very small expenditure will provide an exhibition of dissolving-views, a magic-lantern, or a conjurer. Readings from amusing books or recitations of poetry are always well received; sometimes, for a change, a series of short biographies of men of the times, or descriptions of foreign travel, have been tried with success; and during the pauses some of the guildsmen come forward and sing a solo, or one or two glees, or give a performance on a musical instrument. Lectures on dry subjects must be studiously avoided, remembering that the audience have come to be amused, and not for the purpose of study. It has been found that an address from a well-known popular lecturer will not draw half so many from their homes as an announcement that one of the guildsmen is to read the "Trial Scene" in Pickwick.

Once in every year, on the anniversary of the opening of the club, a grand supper is given. This is a costly and great undertaking, taxing all the resources of such an establishment, but it is wonderfully popular. With a little help from friends and good management, supper, consisting of roast and boiled meat with vegetables, pastry, and a pint of beer for each man, can be provided for eighteen-pence each; and it is certainly worth the money expended, for somehow or other these meetings do conduce greatly to the good-fellowship and well-being of the club. There are only two rules of importance in force in the clubs: first, that the subscription to the club be eightpence a month, payable in advance; secondly, that no drinking, betting, gambling, swearing, or foul language be tolerated. Any member infringing this latter rule is debarred from using the club for one week; on the second offence he is suspended for one month; on the third offence he is expelled the club altogether, and a notice is placed over

the mantel-piece of the general room, declaring his expulsion and the cause which led to it. Two excellent proofs of the beneficial influence of these clubs on workingmen may be adduced. One is, that the organizers of them are repeatedly thanked in the most hearty manner by the wives for establishing them; they declaring that their husbands are totally different men, and that they have more money to spend at home. The other is, that the keepers of the neighboring pot-houses declare that the workingmen's clubs ruin their business.

It may not be out of place here to give some few extracts from the official minutes of the evidence given before The Royal Commission on Ritual, previously alluded to; an inquiry which resulted in the conviction, with a large portion of the English people, that the practices of the Ritualists were within the letter of the rubrics, and in the promulgation to the world of the greatness and extent of their work as compared with that of the Low Church party.

"Rev. George Cosby White called in and examined.

"*Ques.* What is the population of your district?

"*Ans.* The population of the district at this moment I believe to be verging upon six thousand.

"*Ques.* What number of clergymen are there in the parish, ministering?

"*Ans.* Five.

"*Ques.* What is the amount of your offertory every year?

"*Ans.* From £1,200 to £1,300.

"*Ques.* What is the largest number of communicants you have had on Easter day?

"*Ans.* We had 734 last Easter-day.

"*Ques.* Your general congregations, then, have a large mixture of poor?

"*Ans.* A very large mixture of poor.

"*Ques.* Are they your own poor?

"*Ans.* Our own poor.

"*Ques.* Do you think your services have tended to attract the poor?

"*Ans.* I think they have, very decidedly."

"Rev. Benjamin Webb called in and examined.

"*Ques.* How many are there in your district?

"*Ans.* Between five and six thousand.

"*Ques.* Will you state the amount you receive from the offertory collections in the course of the year?

"*Ans.* About £2,500.

"*Ques.* In addition to that, are there any subscriptions for parochial purposes, schools, and the like?

"*Ans.* Yes, very large."

"Rev. George Megee called and examined.

"*Ques.* Can you trace any distinct effect upon the poor of your parish from your changing the services from the high choral to the vestmented service?

"*Ans.* No, I can trace no effect but what is for the better; I cannot see any deterioration.

"*Ques.* I did not ask good or bad, but can you trace any effect?

"*Ans.* I think the whole tone of my parish has been raised. I have every reason to believe that drunkenness, which in my parish was proverbial on Sunday, and the non-church-going spirit, which formerly existed, have disappeared. The fashion in my parish now is to go to church. Certainly, results as regards numbers would prove that."

Mr. Megee continued by remarking that the dissenting chapel in his parish is shut up, "the proprietor of that chapel being in my choir at the present moment, and being one of my chief supporters."

"Rev. William James Early Bennett called in and examined.

"*Ques.* Do you believe that your course of ministration, the ornate services which you have adopted for several years, has had a tendency to drive people into the Roman Communion or to keep them out of it?

"*Ans.* It has had a tendency to keep them in the English Church."

"Mr. Christian Clark Spiller, churchwarden for four years of St. Alban's, Holborn, called in and examined.

"*Ques.* I have been informed that many persons who have been Dissenters have now become regular attendants at St. Alban's Church. Can you say whether that is or is not the case from your own knowledge?

"*Ans.* Well, I cannot say that; but I know this very well, that, if it had not been for St. Alban's Church, hundreds would have gone over.

"*Ques.* Gone over to where?

"*Ans.* Gone to the Roman Catholic Church."

Is it not wise, then, to inquire what are the peculiar doctrines and practices of these men? Their system is now being introduced here; and although it has not reached that high development in this country which it has in England, it is only because the æsthetic eye and mind of the American people are not yet sufficiently educated to bear it. But we are told that its time will come, and that before very long. A short sketch of the mode in which their services are conducted will perhaps be interesting.

At the time of high celebration, the altar-lights having been previously lighted, the credence-table properly arranged, and the service-books laid on the altar, the procession enters the church from the sacristy, headed by the crucifer, followed by the thurifers, swinging incense, and the taper-bearers; then come the general body of the choir, carrying beautiful and costly banners of the cross, the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin, and the patron saint of the church; and finally the deacon, sub-deacon, and celebrant, in their respective sacrificial vestments.* They pass down the south and up the centre aisles, chanting the processional. On reaching the chancel, the choir take their seats in the choir-stalls, the priests standing at the altar step. The Introit is then sung, and at its termination the celebrant proceeds to the pace step of the altar and commences the ante-communion office. During the singing of the Nicene Creed, at the words "He was made man" all devoutly kneel, and at its termination reverently bless themselves with the sign of the cross. All ecclesiastical announcements are then made, banns of marriage published, and the sub-deacon proceeds to deliver the sermon, either from the altar step or from the pulpit, attended by the crucifer, who holds the crucifix over the priest during the entire address, which he commences with an invocation of the Trinity, when all again cross themselves. The sermon ended, the offertory is collected; during the singing of the offertory sentences, the elements are reverently brought from the credence-table to the altar, on which they are placed with the alms. The prayer for the Church Militant is then intoned, and the actual celebration commences.

During the giving of the absolution the congregation prostrate themselves to receive its benefits with due humility, and, when it is ended, again cross themselves. The altar, priests, and the elements and sacred vessels are then incensed, preparatory to the great sacerdotal act of consecration; the Veni Creator is sung, and the priest recites in a low voice the prayer of consecration. At the words, "This is my body," "This is my blood," he respectively elevates the paten and chalice, the deacon, sub-deacon, choir, and congregation prostrating themselves in adoration; at the same time the church-bell is tolled, to enable those who are sick at home to join in the adoration. The Agnus Dei, or prayer of adoration

* (1.) Crucifer: carries the processional crucifix, which is about seven feet high; vested in scarlet cassock and zucchetta and cotta (a kind of short surplice reaching to the hips, with a broad edging of lace at the bottom and the ends of the sleeves). (2.) Thurifers: one swings the censer, the other carries the incense-boat from which he replenishes the censer; vested in scarlet cassocks, and zucchettas, albs, and girdles. (3.) Taper-bearers: vested same as crucifer. (4.) Choir-boys: vested in scarlet cassocks, with plain surplices reaching to the knee. (5.) Choir-men: vested in black, violet, or brown cassocks, with plain surplice, reaching to the knee. (6.) Sub-deacon: vested in cassock, alb, amice, tunic, and berretta. (7.) Deacon: vested in cassock, alb, amice, stole, maniple, dalmatic, and berretta. (8.) Celebrant: vested in cassock, alb, girdle, amice, stole, maniple, chasuble, and berretta.

to the Saviour, spiritually present in the consecrated elements, is then sung, all still remaining prostrate. The priest then communicates himself and the few who are compelled to communicate at High Mass, and proceeds with the post-communion office. The Gloria in Excelsis having been chanted, the benediction given, and the remaining elements consumed, the deacon and subdeacon assist the celebrant in the ablutions. The pall and corporal are then carefully folded and placed in the burse, the procession is formed in the same order as on entering, and slowly retires, singing the Nunc Dimittis as a recessional.

Father Morrill, the incumbent of St. Alban's, purports to be the principal exponent of Sacramental doctrines and Ritualistic practices in the city of New York. But though there is much to be commended in the services of that church, there are, nevertheless, some cardinal points of Catholic practice of which he is either ignorant or neglectful.

There is a general insufficiency of services at his church, culminating in the absence of an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and its natural consequence, a large body of unfasted communicants at the High Celebration. Why do many members of the congregation insist on making genuflections to the altar, when there is nothing whatever on it to which to genuflect? for they have no reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps they have never had the true meaning and object of a genuflection properly explained to them. Again, a large number of the congregation remain seated during some of the most solemn portions of the Eucharistic Service, and leave the church before the consumption of the remaining elements and the ablutions of the sacred vessels, — both of which are strictly enjoined in the rubrics; and, as a matter of course, the office is incomplete till they have taken place. To the uninitiated these points may seem trivial and unimportant, but to the sincere Ritualist they are most material. If Father Morrill's congregation heartily and sincerely accept the sacramental doctrines of the Holy Eucharist, they are undoubtedly guilty of great and reprehensible irreverence by such actions as these. If they do not, the sooner Ritual is discontinued in that church the better; for without the acceptance of these doctrines it is a mere meaningless mummery.

It is a great error, though a very common one, to suppose that the peculiar aspirations of the Ritualists are centred in a green stole or a violet chasuble, altar lights, and altar linen. These æsthetic accessories of ceremonials are only valued as the formal outward expression of great doctrinal teachings. The Ritualists therefore insist upon their desirability, if not of their necessity, saying: —

First: That they are the safeguards of the sacraments, that they may be rightly and duly administered, and not endangered, either in respect of matter or form, by the chances of negligence or indevotion.

Secondly: That they are the expressions of doctrine, and witnesses to the sacramental system of the Catholic religion.

Thirdly: That they are habitual and minute acts of love to Him who so loved us; for love is shown not only in the doing of some great thing, in the performance of some august rite in the very presence of God, but also in an affectionate, reverent, and pious care in even the smallest details of the service of the sanctuary, — marks of love to our Blessed Lord in the performance of divine service generally, and of dread and binding obligation in what so concerns the essence of the sacraments.

Fourthly: There are securities for respect, by promoting God's glory in the eyes of men, and also in serving to put the priest in remembrance of him whom he serves, and whose he is.

In fact, the whole system and force of Ritual is concentrated on the proper and reverent administration of the Holy Eucharist as the central act of divine worship, and a fit and devout adoration of the real spiritual presence of

the body and blood of our Saviour, invoked into the elements of bread and wine by sacerdotal power, derived from the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands.

The sacramental doctrine of the Ritualists differs materially from that of Transubstantiation which is taught in the Roman Communion, and should in no wise be confounded with it. It is not a difference in degree, but a directly opposed theory. A comparative digest of the two doctrines was embodied in a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, dated 30 May, 1867, and signed by the leading Ritualistic clergy on behalf of their brethren. It is given in its entirety, as being a specific and binding declaration of their teachings.

"(1.) We repudiate the opinion of a 'corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood,'—that is to say, of the presence of his body and blood as they 'are in heaven'; and the conception of the mode of his presence, which implies the physical change of the natural substances of the bread and wine, commonly called 'Transubstantiation.'

"We believe that in the Holy Eucharist, by virtue of the consecration, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the body and blood of our Saviour Christ, 'the inward part, or thing signified,' are present really and truly, but spiritually and ineffably, under 'the outward visible part or sign,' or 'form of bread and wine.'

"(2.) We repudiate the notion of any fresh sacrifice, or any view of the eucharistic sacrificial offering, as of something apart from the one all-sufficient sacrifice and oblation on the cross, which alone 'is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual,' and which alone is meritorious.

"We believe that, as in heaven Christ, our great high-priest, ever offers himself before the eternal Father, pleading by his presence his sacrifice of himself, once offered on the cross; so on earth, in the Holy Eucharist, that same body, once for all sacrificed for us, and that same blood, once for all shed for us, sacramentally present, are offered and pleaded before the Father by the priest, as our Lord ordained to be done in remembrance of himself, when he instituted the blessed sacrament of his body and blood.

"(3.) We repudiate all 'adoration' of 'the sacramental bread and wine,' which would be 'idolatry'; regarding them with the reverence due to them because of their sacramental relation to the body and blood of our Lord; we repudiate also all adoration of a 'corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood,' that is to say, of the presence of his body and blood as they 'are in heaven.'

"We believe that Christ himself really and truly, but spiritually and ineffably, present in the sacrament, is therein to be adored.

"Furthermore, in so far as any of the undersigned, repudiating and believing as hereinbefore stated, have used, in whatever degree, a ritual beyond what had become common in our churches, we desire to state that we have done so, not as wishing to introduce a system of worship foreign to the Church of England, but as believing that, in doing so, we act in harmony with the principles and the law of the Church of England, and as using that liberty, which has in such matters been always allowed to her clergy and her people; having at heart the promotion of the glory of God in the due and reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist as the central act of divine worship.

"In making the above statement, we desire expressly to guard ourselves against being supposed to put it forth as any new exposition of the faith; we wish only thus publicly to make known this, our profession of faith, for the quieting of the minds of others, and for the satisfaction of our consciences."

This important declaration of belief was published in answer to accusations brought against the Ritualistic clergy by the organs of the Low Church party, charging them with openly preaching

the sacramental doctrines of the Church of Rome. The doctrine of the real spiritual presence, defended in this memorial, is the key to their whole sacramental system. This is the part of the fortress which their more politic enemies always attack. This is the part which is the chief object of their solicitude, care, and defence. This is the part which they assert is one of their points of necessary departure from the Church of Rome, though many Romanists maintain that it is the first sign of a reapproach to their communion. Here it was that the extreme Protestants, mistaking Ritualism altogether, so utterly failed in their attack; pouring all their anathemas on the outer shell, forgetting that the germ of life was in the kernel.

The difference between the sacramental doctrines enunciated by the Ritualists in their memorial, and those which are taught by the Romanists, is most appreciable. The Ritualists contending that the presence, though actual and real, is only spiritual; the Romanists contending that the presence is of such an absolutely carnal nature that the actual fleshly body in the process of mangifying, as it is termed, — i. e pressing with the teeth, — produces the actual blood; and they carry this doctrine to such an extent that they declare it inexpedient to administer the blessed sacrament in both kinds to the laity; the one kind, the body, containing necessarily, as they assert, the other kind, the blood.

The Ritualists will certainly never, as a body, become absorbed in the Roman Church. If they should — which God forbid! — be driven by persecution from the Anglican Church, they will form a communion of their own, fearful as such a schism would be; but they would prefer this dreadful alternative to what they consider is idolatry. Whether mutual concession can ever bring about the reunion of the Western and Eastern churches is a question very interesting to the world at large, though not likely to be settled in the time of the present generation. That very earnest steps are being taken to promote the reunion of Christendom must be evident to any one who studies the signs of the times; and many thoughtful-minded men think that Ritualism may be one means of promoting that object. The great difficulty has always been with the Protestants of all denominations, with whom the Church of Rome has till quite lately refused to hold any intercourse; and it is hoped by many that Ritualism may turn out to be that link of reconnection which is so much to be desired.* If in the course of years, however, it should prove to be a failure, it would undoubtedly conduce to a spread of Romanism, but still more to a spread of Rationalism. But it is difficult to imagine that failure will attend the efforts of a system whose object is to make religion an every-day practice, to promote the glory of God by a more frequent, and more reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and to raise the workingman to a level of perfect equality with the rich man in the house of God.

* Should Ritualism result in that success which its supporters all look for, a wide-spread increase of Catholicism would follow, not in the narrow-minded sense of the word, which confines it to the Roman Church, but in its proper and more Christian sense of universal.

PROUD MUSIC OF THE SEA-STORM.

1.

PROUD music of the sea-storm!
Blast that careers so free, whistling across the prairies!
Strong hum of forest tree-tops! wind of the mountains!
Personified dim shapes! you hidden orchestras!
You serenades of phantoms, with instruments alert,
Blending, with Nature's rhythmus, all the tongues of nations;
You chords left as by vast composers! you choruses!
You formless, free, religious dances! you from the Orient!
You undertone of rippling waters, rivers, pouring cataracts;
You sounds from distant guns, with galloping cavalry!
Echoes of camps, with all the different bugle-calls!
Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late, bending me powerless,
Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber — why have you seized me?

2.

Come forward, O my Soul, and let the rest retire;
Listen — lose not — it is toward thee they tend;
Parting the midnight, entering my slumber-chamber,
For thee they sing and dance, O Soul.

A festival song!
The duet of the bridegroom and the bride — a marriage-march,
With joyous voices — lips of love, and hearts of lovers, fill'd to the brim with love;
The red flush'd cheeks, and perfumes — the cortege swarming, full of friendly faces, young and old,
To flutes' clear notes and sounding harps' cantabile.

3.

Now loud approaching drums!
Victoria! see'st thou in powder-smoke the banners torn but flying? the rout of the baffled?
Hearest those shouts of a conquering army?

(Ah, Soul, the sobs of women — the wounded groaning in agony,
The hiss and crackle of flames — the blacken'd ruins — the embers of cities,
The dirge and desolation of mankind.)

4.

Now the great organ sounds,
Tremulous — while underneath, (as the hid footholds of the earth,
On which arising, rest, and leaping forth, depend,
All shapes of beauty, grace and strength — all hues we know,
Green blades of grass, and warbling birds — children that gambol and play — the clouds of heaven above,)
The strong base stands, and its pulsations intermits not,
Bathing, supporting, merging all the rest — maternity of all the rest;

And with it every instrument in multitudes,
The players playing — all the world's musicians,
The solemn hymns and masses, rousing adoration,
All passionate love-chants, sorrowful appeals,
The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,
And for their solvent setting, Earth's own diapason,
Of winds and woods and mighty ocean waves;
A new composite orchestra — binder of years and climes — tenfold renewer,
As of the far-back days the poets tell — the Paradiso,
The straying thence, the separation long, but now the wandering done,
The journey done, the Journeyman come home,
And Man and Art, with Nature fused again.

5.

Tutti! for Earth and Heaven!
The Almighty Leader now for me, for once, has signall'd with his wand.

The manly strophe of the husbands of the world,
And all the wives responding.

The tongues of violins!
(I think O tongues, ye tell this heart, that cannot tell itself;
This brooding, yearning heart, that cannot tell itself.)

6.

Ah, from a little child,
Thou knowest, Soul, how to me all sounds became music;
My mother's voice, in lullaby or hymn;
(The voice — O tender voices — memory's loving voices!
Last miracle of all — O dearest mother's, sister's, voices;)
The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the long-leav'd corn,
The measur'd sea-wave beating on the sand,
The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,
The wild-fowl's notes at night, as flying low, migrating north or south,
The psalm in the country church, or mid the clustering trees,
The fiddler in the tavern — the glee, the long-strung sailor-song,
The lowing cattle, bleating sheep — the crowing cock at dawn.

7.

Now airs antique and mediæval fill me!
I see and hear old harpers with their harps, at Welsh festivals;
I hear the minnesingers, and their lays of love,
I hear the minstrels, gleemen, troubadours, of the feudal ages.

8.

Above, below, the songs of current lands;
The German airs of friendship, wine and love,
The plaintive Irish ballads, merry jigs and dances — English warbles,
Chansons of France, Scotch tunes — and over all,
Italia's peerless compositions.

Across the stage, with pallor on her face, yet lurid passion,
Stalks Norma, brandishing the dagger in her hand.

I see poor crazed Lucia's eyes' unnatural gleam;
Her hair down her back falls loose and dishevell'd.

I see where Ernani, walking the bridal garden,
Amid perfumes of night-roses, radiant, holding his bride by the hand,
Hears the infernal call, the death-pledge of the horn.

To crossing swords, and gray hairs bared to heaven,
The clear, electric base and baritone of the world,
The trombone duo — Libertad forever!

From Spanish chestnut-trees' dense shade,
By old and heavy convent walls, a wailing song,
Song of lost love — the torch of youth and life quench'd in despair,
Song of the dying swan — Fernando's heart is breaking.

Awaking from her woes at last, retriev'd Amina sings;
Copious as stars, and glad as morning light, the torrents of her joy.

(The teeming lady comes!
The lustrous orb — Venus contralto — the blooming mother,
Sister of loftiest gods — Alboni's self I hear.)

9.

I hear those odes, symphonies, operas;
I hear in the *William Tell*, the music of an arous'd and angry people;
I hear Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the *Prophet* or *Robert;*
Gounod's *Faust*, or Mozart's *Don Juan*.

10.

I hear the dance-music of all nations,
The waltz, (some delicious measure, lapsing, bathing me in bliss;)
The bolero, to tinkling guitars and clattering castanets.

I see religious dances old and new,
I hear the sound of the Hebrew lyre,
I see the Crusaders marching, bearing the cross on high, to the martial clang of cymbals;
I hear dervishes monotonously chanting, interspersed with frantic shouts, as they spin around, turning always towards Mecca;
I see the rapt religious dances of the Persians and the Arabs;
Again at Eleusis, home of Ceres, I see the modern Greeks dancing,
I hear them clapping their hands, as they bend their bodies,
I hear the metrical shuffling of their feet.

I see again the wild old Corybantian dance, the performers wounding each other;
I see the Roman youth, to the shrill sound of flageolets, throwing and catching their weapons,
As they fall on their knees, and rise again.

I hear from the Mussulman mosque the muezzin calling;
I see the worshippers within, (nor form, nor sermon, argument, nor word,
But rhapsodes, silent, devout — rais'd, glowing heads — ecstatic faces.)

11.

The instruments, chants, of far-off climes resume themselves,
The Egyptian harp of many strings,
The primitive chants of the Nile boatmen;
The sacred imperial hymns of China,
To the delicate sounds of the king, (the stricken wood and stone;)
Or to Hindu flutes, and the fretting twang of the Vina,
A band of bayaderes.

12.

Now Asia, Africa leave me — Europe, seizing, inflates me;
To organs huge, and bands, I hear as from vast concourses of voices,
Luther's strong hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott;*
Rossini's *Stabat Mater dolorosa;*
Or, floating in some high cathedral dim, with gorgeous color'd windows,
The passionate *Agnus Dei*, or *Gloria in Excelsis.*

13.

Mighty maestros!
And you, sweet singers of old lands — Soprani! Tenori!
To you a new bard, carolling free in the west,
Obeisant, sends his love.

Such led me thee, O Soul!
(All senses, shows and objects lead to thee,
But now it seems to me, sound leads o'er all the rest.)

14.

I hear the annual singing of the children in St. Paul's Cathedral;
Or, under the high roof of some colossal hall, the symphonies, oratorios of Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn;
The *Creation*, in billows of godhood laves me.

Give me to hold all sounds, (I, madly struggling, cry,)
Fill me with all the voices of the universe,
Endow me with their throbbings — Nature's also,
The tempests, waters, winds — operas and chants — marches and dances,
Utter — pour in — for I would take them all.

15.

Then I woke softly,
And pausing, questioning awhile the music of my dream,
And questioning all those reminiscences — the tempest on the sea,
And all the songs of sopranos and tenors,
And those rapt oriental dances, of religious fervor,
And the sweet varied instruments, and the diapason of organs,
And all the artless plaints of love, and grief and death,
I said to my silent, curious Soul, out of the bed of the slumber-chamber,
Come, for I have found the clew I sought so long,
Let us go forth refresh'd amid the day,
Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,
Nourish'd henceforth by our celestial dream.

And I said, moreover,
Haply, what thou hast heard, O Soul, was not the sound of winds,
Nor dream of stormy waves, nor sea-hawk's flapping wings, nor harsh scream,
Nor vocalism of sun-bright Italy,
Nor Germ[illegible]n organ majestic — nor vast concourse of voices — nor layers of harmonies;
Nor strophes of husbands and wives — nor sound of marching soldiers,
Nor flutes, nor harps, nor the different bugle-calls of camps;
But, to a new rhythmus fitted for thee,
Poems, vaguely wafted in night air, uncaught, unwritten,
Which, let us go forth in the bold day, and write.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

"WHAT can I do with my boy? I can afford, and am glad, to give him the best training to be had. I should be proud to have him turn out a preacher or a learned man; but I don't think he has the making of that in him. I want to give him a practical education; one that will prepare him, better than I was prepared, to follow my business or any other active calling. The classical schools and the colleges do not offer what I want. Where can I put him?" Here is a real need and a very serious problem. The difficulty presses more heavily upon the thoughtful American than upon the European. He is absolutely free to choose a way of life for himself and his children; no government leading-strings or social prescriptions guide or limit him in his choice. But freedom is responsibility. Secondly, being thus free, and being also in face of the prodigious material resources of a vast and new territory, he is more fully awake than the European can be to the gravity and urgency of the problem. Thirdly, he has fewer means than any other, except the English parent, of solving the problem to his son's advantage. It is one hundred and thirty years since the first German practical school (*Realschule*) was established, and such schools are now common. Sixty years ago, in France, the first Napoleon made great changes, mostly useful ones, in methods of education. For more than a generation the government schools of arts and trades, arts and manufactures, bridges and highways, mines, agriculture, and commerce, have introduced hundreds of well-trained young men every year into the workshops, factories, mines, forges, public works, and counting-rooms of the empire. These young men begin as subalterns, but soon become the commissioned officers of the army of industry.

The American people are fighting the wilderness, physical and moral, on the one hand, and on the other are struggling to work out the awful problem of self-government. For this fight they must be trained and armed. No thoughtful American in active life reaches manhood without painfully realizing the deficiencies and shortcomings of his own early training. He knows how ignorance balks and competition overwhelms, but he knows also the greatness of the material prizes to be won. He is anxious to have his boys better equipped for the American man's life than he himself was. It is useless to commend to him the good old ways, the established meth-

ods. He has a decided opinion that there are or ought to be better ways. He will not believe that the same methods which trained some boys well for the life of fifty or one hundred years ago are applicable to his son; for the reason, that the kind of man which he wants his son to make did not exist in all the world fifty years ago. So without any clear idea of what a practical education is, but still with some tolerably distinct notion of what it is not, he asks, "How can I give my boy a practical education?"

Thanks to the experience gained during the last twenty years in this country, it is easier to answer this question than it used to be. Certain experiments have been tried whose collective results are instructive. There have been found many American parents willing to try new experiments even in the irrevocable matter of their childrens' education, so impressed were they with the insufficiency of the established system. It requires courage to quit the beaten paths in which the great majority of well-educated men have walked and still walk. A boy who is brought up in a different way from his peers and contemporaries, with different information, habits, and associations, suffers somewhat both in youth and manhood from the mere singularity of his education, though it may have been better than the common. If it were the custom for all young men, whose parents were able to let them spend one third of the average human span in preparation for the rest, to study Chinese ten years or more; if scraps of Chinese had the same potent effect on the popular imagination as have classical quotations in Parliament, and selections from Plutarch in Congress; if, in short, acquaintance with Chinese were the accepted evidence of having studied till twenty-one or twenty-five years of age before beginning to earn a living,—it might well be matter of serious consideration for a careful parent, whether his son had not better devote the usual number of years to the study of that tongue.

Without a wide-spreading organization, no system of education can have large success. The organization of the American colleges and their connections is extensive and inflexible. Endowed institutions offer teaching at less than its cost. A large number of professors trained in the existing methods hold firm possession, and transmit the traditions they inherited. Then there are the recognized text-books, mostly of exquisite perverseness, but backed by the reputation of their authors and the capital of their publishers. Lastly, the colleges have regular inlets and outlets. They are steadily fed by schools whose masters are inspired by the colleges, and they as regularly feed all the real and all the so-called learned professions.

The new education must also be successfully organized, if it would live. A system of education which attracts no great number of boys, which unites its disciples in no strong bonds of common associations and good-fellowship, and which, after years of trial, is not highly organized with well-graded schools, numerous teachers, good text-books, and a large and increasing body of attached alumni, has no strong hold upon the community in which it exists. Let us see what has been done towards this organization.

We wish to review the recent experience of this country in the attempt to organize a system of education based chiefly upon the pure and applied sciences, the living European languages, and mathematics, instead of upon Greek, Latin, and mathematics, as in the established college system. The history of education is full of still-born theories; the literature of the subject is largely made up of theorizing; whoever reads it much will turn with infinite relief to the lessons of experience. But it should be observed that it is experience in mass, the experience of institutions, the experience of a generation, and not individual experience, which is of value. To have been a schoolmaster or college professor thirty years only too often makes a man an

unsafe witness in matters of education: there are flanges on his mental wheels which will only fit one gauge. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that conservatism is never more respectable than in education, for nowhere are the risks of change greater. Our survey of the institutions which represent the new education in this country will be absolutely impersonal; the merits of different systems are to be discussed, not the characters or qualifications of the men who have invented, or worked under, these systems. This limitation of the discussion is judicious, from all points of view; for in no country is so little attention paid by parents and students to the reputation of teachers for genius and deep learning as in our own. Faradays, Rumfords, and Cuviers would get very few pupils here, if their teachings were unmethodical and objectless, — if, in short, they taught under a bad general system. Spasmodic and ill-directed genius cannot compete in the American community with methodical, careful teaching by less inspired men. This American instinct seems, on the whole, to be a sagacious one. Nevertheless, it is only when genius warms and invigorates a wise and well-administered system, that the best conditions are attained.

We must begin our survey with the institutions of highest grade, because from the parent's point of view the higher school necessarily determines in large measure the nature of the lower school, just as the shape, weight, and bearings of a superstructure determine the form and quality of its foundations. The foundation-plan is the last to leave a careful architect's office. In choosing a preparatory school, the careful parent will consider to what it leads; above all, he will make sure that the school is not an *impasse*. The higher and lower institutions are, indeed, mutually dependent; if the admission examinations of the colleges and polytechnic schools seem, on the one hand, to sharply define the studies of the preparatory schools; on the other hand, it is quite as true that the colleges and advanced schools are practically controlled in their requisitions by the actual state of the preparatory schools. They can only ask for what is to be had. They must accept such preparation as the schools can give.

Institutions which exist only on paper, or which have been so lately organized that their term of actual work is only counted by months, will not be alluded to. The agricultural colleges begotten by Congress are all in this category. A large school can hardly get under way in less than four or five years. Three kinds of institutions or organizations for giving the new education are to be distinguished: the scientific "schools" connected with colleges; the scientific "courses" organized within colleges; and the independent "schools" especially devoted to non-classical education. These three organizations will be considered in succession.

The greater part of the "scientific schools" of the United States are connected with colleges. Such are the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard College, the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College, and the School of Mines of Columbia College. Two considerations seemed to justify this connection: first, the natural desire to utilize the libraries, collections, and cabinets of apparatus already belonging to the colleges; and, secondly, the expectation of engaging the professors of the colleges in the work of the new schools. It was thought that an unnecessary duplication of buildings, equipments, and salaries might thus be avoided. These advantages have been in part realized, but only in part. The scientific schools have needed separate buildings, and to a large extent separate apparatus and separate professorships; but the college libraries have been a gain to them, and some courses of lectures, delivered to undergraduates of the colleges, have been open to the students of the scientific schools, though not always much resorted to by them. Except at Dartmouth, the aid of the college professors

has been more apparent than real, because, being greatly overtasked with college work, these professors have had little time or energy to spare for the scientific schools.

A decided disadvantage is to be offset against any advantages which the scientific schools may have gained from their association with established colleges. A new system of education, crude, ill-organized, and in good degree experimental, has been brought into direct comparison and daily contact with a well-tried system in full possession of the field. The foundling has suffered by comparison with the children of the house. Even where there have been no jealousies about money or influence, and no jarrings about theological tendencies or religious temper, the faculty and students of the scientific school have necessarily felt themselves in an inferior position to the college proper as regards property, numbers, and the confidence of the community. They have been in a defensive attitude. It is the story of the ugly duckling.

An impression prevailed at the outset, that a scientific school was to be a professional school in the same sense as a law or medical school, and that graduates of the colleges would continue their studies in the scientific schools precisely as they do in the schools of law, medicine, and theology. The men who projected the Harvard and Yale schools were evidently under this impression.* Experience has shown that the scientific schools proper are not recruited in this manner to any considerable extent. Between 1846 and 1868 there have appeared on the rolls of the Lawrence Scientific School the names of one hundred and sixty-four persons who had already received some degree or other before they joined the school; but most of these persons remained but a short time in the school. Since the foundation of the school, only twelve graduates of Harvard College have thought it worth their while to take the degree of Bachelor of Science at the Lawrence Scientific School; and only ten other persons have possessed any other degree at the time of receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science. Between 1847 and 1868 there have appeared on the rolls of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts (of which department the Yale Scientific School made the chief part) the names of one hundred and sixty-nine persons who had received a degree of some sort before they joined the school. This number is much more considerable in proportion to the whole number of students than in the Lawrence Scientific School, and requires some explanation. During the greater part of the existence of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, the two departments, or divisions, of engineering and chemistry, together constituting the Yale Scientific School, have made up the bulk of the department, as they have at Harvard. But at Yale there has all along been something else. Instruction of a higher character than that given in the college proper has been steadily offered in the classics, Sanscrit and other Oriental languages, the modern languages, philosophy, his-

* "In the course of the winter of 1846–47 arrangements were made by the government of the University for the organization of an advanced school of science and literature. It is intended that instruction shall be given in this school to graduates and others in the various branches of exact and physical science, and in classical learning." — *Annual Catalogue of Harvard College, for* 1847–48.

In the spring of 1848 this further statement was added: "It has been deemed advisable by the Corporation, for the present, to limit the operations of the school to the Department of Physical and Exact Science." — *Harvard College Catalogue.*

"It has long been felt at Yale College to be important to furnish resident graduates and others with the opportunity of devoting themselves to special branches of study, either not provided for at present, or not pursued as far as individual students may desire. . . . . With the hope of accomplishing this object more fully and satisfactorily, the Corporation . . . . in August, 1847, established a new department called the Department of Philosophy and the Arts. . . . . The branches intended to be embraced in this department are such as in general are not included under theology, law, and medicine; or, more particularly, mathematical science, physical science, and its application to the arts, metaphysics, philology, literature, and history." — *Annual Catalogue of Yale College,* 1847–48.

The actual addition to the facilities of the College consisted in a laboratory of applied chemistry.

tory, mathematics, and physics. A small number of graduates of Yale and other colleges have each year availed themselves of these opportunities. Exactly how many it is not possible to learn from the annual catalogues, because the students in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts (which included, as a subdivision, the Scientific School) have not always been classified on the catalogue. In some years the discrimination was made. Thus it appears that in

1853–54	there	were	3	such advanced students who already held the degree of A. B.
1854–55	"	"	9	
1855–56	"	"	8	
1856–57	"	"	7	
1857–58	"	"	3	
1858–59	"	"	2	
1859–60	"	"	10	
1860–61	"	"	8	

What was true in these years was doubtless true to a greater or less extent in all. The greater number of persons possessed of degrees when they became members of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts have been, not members of the scientific school proper, but men who were really taking a post-graduate course of instruction in philology, philosophy, history, or pure science. For the benefit of these persons the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was created in 1860. It is true that, of the 169 persons who held degrees at the time of joining the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, few remained long. Since the foundation of the department, only eight graduates of Yale College have taken the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy; only twelve have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and no other persons have possessed any other degree at the time of receiving these. The other scientific schools have not fared better, in this respect, than those of Harvard and Yale. The Chandler School, at Dartmouth, gave 104 degrees of Bachelor of Science between 1854 and 1864, but not one of these bachelors possessed any other degree. The Columbia School of Mines has received a certain number of Columbia Bachelors of Arts as special students; but as this school was only founded in 1864, and has undergone material modifications since the start, the average quality of its graduates is yet to be determined.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the anticipations of their founders, it is evident that, as a matter of fact, the scientific schools, as they have been actually conducted, have not attracted college graduates in any considerable number. They have not been professional schools in the same sense as the schools of law, medicine, and theology; nor, speaking generally, have they been schools of higher grade than the colleges, in respect to the average quality of their students. The methods of instruction at some of them have been such as are suitable for advanced students; but the methods have been in advance of the students.

In plan, these scientific schools are not all alike. They agree in requiring no knowledge of Latin and Greek for admission, and in excluding the dead languages from their schemes of instruction, but in many essential respects they differ widely. Thus, the minimum age of admission is eighteen at the Cambridge School, seventeen at the Columbia School, sixteen at the Sheffield School; and fourteen at the Chandler School. The requisites for admission are very various, and the schemes of study and methods of instruction are not the same at any two of these four schools. Each school must be examined by itself.

The history of the development of the Department of Philosophy and the Arts in Yale College is so full of instruction as to justify us in dwelling upon it at some length; it is at once an epitome of the past history of scientific instruction in this country, and a prophecy of its future. The department was established in 1847, at a time when a thrill of aspiration and enthusiasm seems to have run through all the New England colleges. As at Harvard in 1846, and at Columbia in 1864, it was a laboratory of applied chemistry which was really the principal feature of the new scheme; but at Yale, advanced instruc-

tion in philology, philosophy, and pure science, suitable for graduates, was also offered. In the five years from 1847 to 1852 the average annual number of students was only about sixteen. In 1852 a department of engineering was added to the department of chemistry; and a degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was offered to students who remained two years in *either* department, and passed satisfactory examinations in three branches of study within the same department. The two departments of chemistry and engineering were entirely distinct. A student might take the degree in either department without knowing anything of the studies pursued in the other. As there was no examination for admission, and only a narrow, one-sided, two years' course of study in either department, it is not surprising that the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy soon came to be slightly considered; it really stood for very little culture. In the eight years from 1852 to 1860 the average annual number of students was about forty-seven. A slight change for the better occurred in 1858, when candidates for a degree were required to pass an examination in French or German.

Thus far the Yale Scientific School had borne a strong resemblance to what the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge then was, and has always remained; but in 1860 the teachers in the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, dissatisfied with the fruits of their labors, took a great step in advance.

They first systematized the post-graduate instruction in philosophy, philology, and science by offering the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to Bachelors of Arts, Science, or Philosophy, who after two additional years of study should give good evidence of high attainment in two distinct branches of learning. Candidates for this degree, not already Bachelors, were required to pass an admission examination equivalent to that required for the bachelor's degree, the three bachelor degrees taking equal rank. This Doctor's degree has been given thirteen times since 1861. The existence of this programme of instruction at Yale, unpretentious but genuine, and perseveringly offered to a few real students, taken in connection with the facts, that one hundred and sixty-nine persons possessed of degrees have studied something additional to the ordinary college course in this Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts since its foundation; that one hundred and sixty-four persons possessed of degrees have been members of the Lawrence Scientific School within the same period; that the Columbia School of Mines has received a few persons possessed of degrees; and that young Americans go every year to Europe, in search of better educational facilities than they suppose their own country to afford them,—proves that there is a small but steady demand in the older American communities for instruction higher than that of the ordinary college course, and yet different from that of the law, medical, and theological schools. This legitimate success at Yale, on a really high level, if also on a modest scale, points the way to improvements which ought soon to be made at all the more important American "universities," which will then better deserve their ambitious title.

At the same time, the Yale instructors in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts reorganized completely the Scientific School by constituting, first, a three years' "general course" of studies, embracing mathematics, physical science, modern languages, literature, history, political economy, and commercial law; secondly, a special course in chemistry, which included French, German, English, botany, physical geography, physics, history of the inductive sciences, geology, and logic, besides the chemistry; and, thirdly, a special course in engineering, which included French and German, and lectures upon astronomy, chemistry, physics, mineralogy, and geology, besides the studies which bear most directly upon engineering. These two special courses at first covered but two years; but in 1862 the first year of the general

course was required of all candidates for a degree in the chemical department, besides the two years' special course; and in 1864 a three years' course of study was definitely adopted as the plan of the whole school. Other special departments have since been added to the original ones of chemistry and engineering, but the fundamental plan of the school is essentially unchanged since 1864. A year's course of general studies precedes a two years' course in some one of seven different departments. These departments are chemistry and mineralogy, natural history and geology, engineering, mechanics, agriculture, mining, and a selected course in science and literature. The studies of these seven departments are in large measure common; but there is nevertheless a very decided divergence into different ways at the beginning of the second year of the school, according to the student's bent or to his choice of a profession. Since 1864 every candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy has been required to pass successfully through a three years' course of carefully selected studies, — a generous course, embracing mathematics, English, French, and German, moral, mental, and political philosophy, and history, besides a large variety of scientific subjects. This scheme is of course analogous to that of the common American college, with a large elective element in the last two years. The classics are omitted, the course is only three years long instead of four, and the studies of the last two years have a distinctly practical or professional turn; but there is the same regular course of studies leading to a degree, the same movement by classes, and a range of subjects as extensive as in the common college course. It should be said that, in 1864, the Congressional grant to promote the giving of instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, so wisely given to Yale College by the Connecticut Legislature, began to influence for good the development of the Scientific School.

Another marked change in the policy of this school deserves attention. Up to 1860 there was no real examination for admission. Anybody, no matter how ignorant, could join the chemical department; and, in the engineering department, some acquaintance with algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry was all that was required. No previous knowledge of chemistry was expected of students entering the laboratory. The Yale school did not differ from the Cambridge school in this respect. In fact, the Lawrence Scientific School had no other requisites for admission than those above mentioned until this year (1868). In 1860 the Yale Scientific School established an examination for admission to any department of the school. This examination comprised arithmetic, algebra, geometry, plane trigonometry, the elements of natural philosophy and chemistry, English grammar, and geography. The same preparation in Latin as for the college proper was also recommended to the candidate for admission to the Scientific School. This admission examination has been but slightly modified since 1860. The history of the United States has been substituted for chemistry, and Latin is about to be insisted upon as a qualification for admission.*

The changes in the Yale school since 1860 have all had one aim, namely, to raise the grade of the school by getting in a better class of students, and then teaching them more and better. The methods of a professional school have been abandoned as unsuitable, and those of a college have been taken up; but the apparent declension is a real elevation. For a loose-jointed, one-sided scheme has been substituted one which is both methodical and comprehensive. It is interesting to see that the improvement has been appreciated. The average annual number of students in the period from 1847 to 1852 was sixteen; in the period from

* " . . . . Although this [Latin] is not yet required as a condition for admission, it will probably be so at an early day." — *Catalogue* of 1864–65. " . . . . And, after the examination of 1868, some proficiency in Latin will be included among the requisites for admission." — *Catalogue* of 1867–68.

1852 to 1860 it was forty-seven, but the average attendance was largest in the earlier years of this period; since 1860 the annual number of students has steadily risen from thirty-eight, the number of that year, to one hundred and twenty-two in 1867–68. Nineteen teachers now take an active part in the work of instruction. Every legitimate effort is made to carry as many students as possible through the regular course, and bring them up to the standard fixed by the examination for the degree. Effort in this direction is needed; for numbers of students resort to the school for brief periods, to their own injury and that of the school. Since the foundation of the school, only one hundred and twenty-eight degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy have been given.

The Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge is, and always has been, what the Yale school also was at first, — a group of independent professorships, each with its own treasury and its own methods of instruction. The several departments are so distinct that the student in one department has no necessary connection with any other. Each student is, as it were, the private pupil of some one of the professors, and the other professors are no more to him than if they did not exist. The pupils of the professor of chemistry, the pupils of the professor of engineering, the pupils of the professor of comparative anatomy, and at rare intervals a pupil in mineralogy or botany, make up the school. The assistants in the Museum of Zoölogy help to swell the number of students enrolled in the annual catalogue. There is no common discipline, and no general course of co-ordinated studies which all candidates for any degree must pass through. A young man who has studied nothing but chemistry, or nothing but engineering, and who is densely ignorant of everything else, may obtain the sole degree given by the school, — that of Bachelor of Science. There appears never to have been any examination for admission, except that some knowledge of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry has been required, before a student could join the department of engineering. It has been the practice to receive students into the chemical laboratory without requiring any previous knowledge of chemistry, or indeed of anything else. Nominally, students have not been admitted until they were eighteen years of age, but practically this rule has proved quite elastic. The degree of Bachelor of Science can be obtained in any one department by residing at least one year at Cambridge, and passing the examination of that single department. This examination has usually been passed after a residence of from eighteen to thirty months. This system, or, rather, lack of system, might do for really advanced students in science, for men in years and acquired habits of study, — in fact, the school has been of great service to a score or two of such men, — but it is singularly ill adapted to the wants of the average American boy of eighteen. The range of study is inconceivably narrow; and it is quite possible for a young man to become a Bachelor of Science without a sound knowledge of any language, not even his own, and without any knowledge at all of philosophy, history, political science, or of any natural or physical science, except the single one to which he has devoted two or three years at the most.*

The annual number of students in the Lawrence Scientific School, thus composed of five or six distinct departments, has fluctuated irregularly between a maximum of eighty (in 1854–55) and a minimum of forty-nine (in 1867–68). The average annual attendance may be said to have been sixty-four, — the majority being students of engineering. Of this number only very few entered more than one department, and but a small proportion remained long enough in the school to finish satisfactorily even that course of study. In fifteen years (1851–65 inclusive)

* While this article is in press the Harvard College Catalogue for 1868–69 has appeared. There are changes for the better in the Scientific School; but they are not of a fundamental character.

only one hundred and forty-six degrees of Bachelor of Science were given.

The two schools thus far considered are the oldest scientific schools, connected with colleges, in the country, and they have had the prestige of connection with the two leading colleges in the United States. Their experience has been various, and is of great value for the guidance of new enterprises.

In 1852 the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth College was founded. The age of admission was put at fourteen; and the requisites for admission were very low, being little more than a decent grammar-school training. A regular course of studies, covering three years, and ending in a degree of Bachelor of Science, was laid down at the start, and was extended to four years in 1857. It must be confessed that the humble starting-point of the course necessarily lowers the character of the whole; but, nevertheless, the range of studies is considerable. English, French, and German, mathematics, the elements of several sciences, and sundry subjects in history, philosophy, and logic, make part of the course. The fourth year is the only one which presents any elective elements; it is divided into a course for civil engineering, a commercial course, and a general course. Up to 1864 the average annual number of students in the Chandler Scientific School was less than forty. Since that year it has materially increased, reaching sixty-three in 1867–68. Dartmouth College has lately received two gifts which will materially add to its resources, and enable it to elevate the character of its scientific instruction. Sylvanus Thayer, Brigadier-General of Engineers, U. S. A., has given the college fifty thousand dollars as a foundation for a school of architecture and engineering; and the New Hampshire Legislature has wisely transferred to the college the Congressional grant in aid of technical instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts.

The Chandler Scientific School has labored under the serious disadvantage of having too intimate a connection with the college proper. It has borne another name, and offered instruction of a lower character than that of Dartmouth College. It cannot be said to have had a distinct faculty. Some of the teachers in the college have given a part of their time to the subordinate course. It has been distinctly in a position of inferiority.

The Columbia School of Mines was founded in 1864, with a somewhat narrower scope than the schools thus far described. Its object was to give instruction in those branches of science which relate to mining and metallurgy; and, perhaps unintentionally, it held out to persons engaged in mining and metallurgical enterprises the hope that graduates of the school would be competent forthwith to conduct works, whether new or old.*

It was doubtless intended to suggest that the three years' course of study laid out in the school programme would give an adequate preliminary training to young men, who, after some years of experience in actual works, would become competent to conduct mining and metallurgical enterprises. It is to be regretted that the paragraph of the catalogue in which the objects of the school are announced, taken in connection with a very recent statement† by the President of Columbia College, and a passage‡ in a circular lately issued

* "The object of the (Columbia) School of Mines is to furnish to the students the means of acquiring a thorough scientific and practical knowledge of those branches of science which relate to mining and the working up of the mineral resources of this country, and to supply to those engaged in mining and metallurgical operations persons competent to take charge of new or old works, and conduct them on thoroughly scientific principles." — *Annual Catalogue*, 1864–65.

† ". . . . Those who have been already recommended to the trustees for graduation, and those who will be so before the approaching Commencement, may be safely pronounced to be accomplished professional men, capable of undertaking the management of important works in engineering or metallurgy, and wanting only a few years of experience to place them with certainty in commanding positions." — *Annual Report of the President of Columbia College, June* 1, 1868.

‡ "Persons desiring to secure the services of mining engineers, metallurgists, or chemists to take charge of mines or manufacturing establishments are requested to apply at the school in person or by letter." — *Circular of May* 15, 1868.

by the school, still gives some support to the erroneous notion that young men can be made competent at any school, no matter how good, to take up immediately the charge of great enterprises in mining, manufacturing, or road and bridge building.

A technical school lays the best foundation for later work; if well organized, with a broad scheme of study, it can convert the boy of fair abilities and intentions into an observant, judicious man, well informed in the sciences which bear upon his profession; so trained, the graduate will rapidly master the principles and details of any actual works, and he will rise rapidly through the grades of employment; moreover, he will be worth more to his employers from the start than an untrained man. Nevertheless, after the school, a longer or shorter term of apprenticeship upon real works of engineering, mining, building, or manufacturing will be found essential for the best graduates of the best technical schools. When people are content with the services of the last graduates of the medical school as family physicians, when the youngest bachelors of laws are forthwith retained with heavy fees for important cases, it will be time enough to expect that young men who have just completed their school training for the difficult professions of the engineer, manufacturer, miner, or chemist, will be competent at once to take charge of mines, manufacturing establishments, or large works of engineering. No matter how good the polytechnic, scientific, technological, or mining schools may be, it is a delusive expectation that their graduates will be able to enter at once the highest grades of employment, and assume the direction of practical affairs upon a large scale immediately upon leaving the schools. Common sense brings any one who considers the magnitude of the investments necessary in mining and metallurgical works to this conclusion. Young men of twenty to twenty-four are seldom equal to great money responsibilities.

The Columbia School of Mines was organized during one of the periodical hot turns of the intermittent mining-fever to which the American people is subject. It began in 1864–65 with twenty-nine students; but in the following year the catalogue bore the names of eighty-nine, while eight professors and four assistants took part in the work of instruction. About one half were special students, mostly of chemistry or assaying, who did not follow the regular course of instruction, and indeed remained but a short time in the school. Not a few students took merely a six weeks' or two months' course of instruction in assaying. In the next year (1866–67) there were one hundred and five students in the school, of whom thirty-eight were special students; twenty-five out of the one hundred and five held degrees, mostly Columbia degrees of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1867–68 there were one hundred and nine students in the school, of whom forty-four were special; twenty-one out of the one hundred and nine held the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Beside the professors attached to other departments of Columbia, who give a portion of their time to the School of Mines, four professors and eight assistants in chemistry, drawing, and metallurgy are exclusively devoted to the School of Mines. The course of study has undergone some change since the beginning in 1864. It was originally a single three years' course; but within the last year a preparatory year has been added, which practically makes the whole course four years long, and during the last two years of the four a considerable elective element has been introduced into the course. The minimum age for entrance was originally eighteen, and is now seventeen. The requisites for admission are arithmetic and the elements of algebra and geometry. The studies of the first year are required of all students; in the second year the mathematics and chemistry become elective; in the third and fourth years each student chooses one of four courses, namely, mining engineering, metallurgy, geology and natural history,

and chemistry. The majority of the studies in these four courses are common to all; but there are, nevertheless, considerable divergences. The degree of Engineer of Mines or Bachelor of Philosophy is conferred on those students who, at the end of the course, pass satisfactory examinations. Students are expected to visit mines and works during the vacations, and report upon them in full, with all necessary drawings and specimens.

The principal subjects in which instruction is given are mathematics, mining engineering, chemistry including mineralogy, geology, and metallurgy. French and German are included in the programme of studies; but, singularly enough, it appears, from President Barnard's Report for 1868, that the provision for instruction in the modern languages is very defective. Drawing is also required; but there is only one "assistant" in drawing against six in chemistry. The tabular view of exercises and the list of officers indicate that the teaching of chemistry and the allied subjects occupies a very large, and indeed the most important, place in the work of the school.

We come now to the examination of the scientific or English "courses" organized within colleges. These courses run parallel with the classical course of instruction which it has been the primary object of the American colleges to provide. They are cast in the same mould as the classical course; but the metal is of a different composition. The experiment of conducting parallel classical and scientific courses in one and the same institution is by no means a new one. It is merely being tried afresh on a large scale and under new conditions in this country, after having failed in Europe. In Brown University, Union College, and the University of Michigan, for example, there have existed for several years two or more parallel courses, — one the common semi-classical course; the other, or others, constructed on the same framework as the classical course by simply replacing Latin and Greek, or Greek alone, by living European languages, and at the same time expanding a little the mathematical and scientific instruction. A student may choose either course, but not two; at the end of one course he will probably be a Bachelor of Arts; at the end of the other, a Bachelor of Science or Philosophy.

At Union College the second course is called "scientific," but the graduates in it take the degree of Bachelor of Arts. One feature in the announcement of Union College touching the scientific course is amusing. When Latin was the common speech of scholars, diplomas were naturally written in that language, as being the most generally intelligible; and the custom, though it has lost much of its original significance, is observed to this day in American colleges. But, unfortunately, the graduates of the scientific course of Union College are not supposed to understand Latin, although they receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Under these circumstances, the authorities of Union College have had a happy inspiration. Since a diploma would evidently be worthless unless expressed in some foreign language or other, Union College announces that the diploma for students of the scientific course is expressed in French. The authorities of Union are countenanced in this absurdity by the Chandler School at Dartmouth. By far the larger number of students at Union choose the classical course. The great falling off in the number of students resorting to Union College since 1860,* to whatever cause or causes it may be due, is sufficient to prevent any friend of the system from quoting that college, at any rate, in its support. There exist at Union an engineering department and a chemical department distinct from the college proper; but the number of stu-

* 1860, number of students, 437.
1861, " " " 390.
1862, " " " 352.
1863, " " " 285.
1864, " " " 295.
1866, " " " 223.
1867, " " " 199.

dents in both has been and is small. It should be said, however, that, while the college as a whole has been rapidly losing students, the chemical department has increased its numbers.

At Brown University (Providence), an English and scientific course was introduced into the college plan as early as 1846. It was soon lost to sight in the loose and exaggerated elective system which prevailed there for some years. But it has reappeared in the shape of a three years' course of instruction, parallel with the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years of the regular college curriculum, and ending with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. The classics may be omitted altogether, or one dead language may be studied instead of two. This course is simply a shorter and less comprehensive course of study than the regular course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy must, of course, be regarded as of less value than the other. The inferior course of study is less attractive than the classical course. Though the students of the two courses are entered in the same classes, and, to a large extent, pursue the same studies in the same class-rooms under the same teachers, the number of students who aim at the superior degree of Bachelor of Arts is much larger than the number of those who are content to be Bachelors of Philosophy.

At the University of Michigan the scientific courses as they stand in the programmes are essentially the ordinary college four years' course, with the suppression of both Latin and Greek, or of Greek alone; the gaps being filled in with modern languages, drawing, and a little additional mathematics. A course in civil engineering is made out by converting the Senior year into a year of special instruction in geology, mechanics, and engineering. A course in mining engineering is arranged by introducing into the last two years of the scientific course certain studies which have a direct bearing upon that profession. The students in these various courses are united in most of their studies, separated in comparatively few. Scientific students and classical students appear in the same classes, Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshmen; but the classical students receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the scientific students the degree of Bachelor of Science, Civil Engineer, or Mining Engineer. The students of the classical course are decidedly in the majority, especially in the Junior and Senior years.

The simultaneous carrying on of what should be such different courses of instruction within the same walls, in the same community of students, and by one and the same corps of instructors, is, we believe, very disadvantageous to both systems of training. Such a combination has been thoroughly tried in the Lycées of France, and has completely failed and been abandoned. In Germany it has seemed expedient to separate the two courses, even during the school-boy period; and for the higher instruction of both systems entirely separate institutions have been found necessary. The fact is, that the whole tone and spirit of a good college ought to be different in kind from that of a good polytechnic or scientific school. In the college, the desire for the broadest culture, for the best formation and information of the mind, the enthusiastic study of subjects for the love of them without any ulterior objects, the love of learning and research for their own sake, should be the dominant ideas. In the polytechnic school should be found a mental training inferior to none in breadth and vigor, a thirst for knowledge, a genuine enthusiasm in scientific research, and a true love of nature; but underneath all these things is a temper or leading motive unlike that of a college. The student in a polytechnic school has a practical end constantly in view; he is training his faculties with the express object of making himself a better manufacturer, engineer, or teacher; he is studying the processes of nature, in order afterwards to turn them to

human uses and his own profit; if he is eager to penetrate the mysteries of electricity, it is largely because he wants to understand telegraphs; if he learns French and German, it is chiefly because he would not have the best technical literature of his generation sealed for him; if he imbues his mind with the profound and exquisite conceptions of the calculus, it is in order the better to comprehend mechanics. This practical end should never be lost sight of by student or teacher in a polytechnic school, and it should very seldom be thought of or alluded to in a college. Just as far as the spirit proper to a polytechnic school pervades a college, just so far that college falls below its true ideal. The practical spirit and the literary or scholastic spirit are both good, but they are incompatible. If commingled, they are both spoiled.

It is not to be imagined that the mental training afforded by a good polytechnic school is necessarily inferior in any respect to that of a good college, whether in breadth, vigor, or wholesomeness. Certain it is that an average graduate of the Zurich Polytechnicum or the Paris École Centrale has a much better title to be called "learned"* than most graduates of American colleges and professional schools. He has studied more, harder, and to better effect, though in a different spirit. But the two kinds of education cannot be carried on together, in the same schedules, by the same teachers. The classical course will hurt the scientific, and the scientific the classical. Neither will be at its best. The experience of the world and common sense are against such experiments as those of Brown, Union, and Michigan. Nevertheless, they may be good temporary expedients during a transition period, or in crude communities where hasty culture is as natural as fast eating. They do good service in lack of better things.

The incompatibility of the practical spirit and the literary spirit, which has here been dwelt upon, may appear to some to limit unduly the number of subjects proper to be taught in colleges. The tendency to the practical side of every subject which befits a good polytechnic school would be improper in a college; but the same subjects may to a very great extent be taught in both. One and the same subject may be studied in two very unlike frames of mind. We have only desired to urge the incompatibility of one temper with another temper, both being good in their separate places.

Another unjust inference might be drawn from what has been said of the impossibility of carrying on two long courses of instruction of different aim and essence within the same schedules of hours and terms and the same walls. It might be inferred that the applied sciences are necessarily unfit to be taught or studied in a university, taking that word in its best sense. It cannot be said too loudly or too often,

* The term "learned profession" is getting to have a sarcastic flavor. Only a very small proportion of lawyers, doctors, and ministers, the country over, are Bachelors of Arts. The degrees of LL. B. and M. D. stand, on the average, for decidedly less culture than the degree of A.B., and it is found quite possible to prepare young men of scanty education to be successful pulpit exhorters in a year or eighteen months. A really learned minister is almost as rare as a logical sermon.

On the catalogue of the University of Michigan for 1867–68 there stand the names of three hundred and eighty-seven law students, not one of whom appears to have possessed at that stage of his education any degree whatever. There are four teachers. To enter the school, a young man must be eighteen years of age, and he must present a certificate of good moral character. Nothing else is required. To obtain a degree he must follow certain courses of lectures through two terms of six months each. Nothing else is required. It is possible that the degrees really possessed by law students have been omitted; but degrees are printed against the names of their possessors in other departments of the University on the same catalogue. Among one hundred and forty-six persons who received the degree of LL. B., in that year, seventeen had other degrees,—a very small proportion.

On the same catalogue there are enrolled four hundred and eleven medical students, of whom nineteen already possess a Bachelor's degree. There are eleven teachers. The school is established in the small town of Ann Arbor, quite remote from large hospitals. Poor humanity shudders at the spectacle of so large a crop of such doctors.

Such professional schools may, indeed, be the best which the hastily organized, fast-growing American communities will support; but the word "learned" can only be conventionally applied to professions for which the preliminary training exacted is so short and so loose.

that no subject of human inquiry can be out of place in the programme of a real university. It is only necessary that every subject should be taught at the university on a higher plane than elsewhere. Even scholars are apt to be intolerant of this subject or that in university schemes; one can see no sense in archæology; another condemns natural history as being without practical applications, useless for training, and frightfully absorbent of money; a third finds pure science wholesome meat, but applied science utilitarian chaff. It is impossible to be too catholic in this matter. But the American university has not yet grown out of the soil, and we are rather meeting a theoretical than a practical objection. The incidental remark may be permitted, that a university, in any worthy sense of the term, must grow from seed. It cannot be transplanted from England or Germany in full leaf and bearing. It cannot be run up, like a cotton-mill, in six months, to meet a quick demand. Neither can it be created by an energetic use of the inspired editorial, the advertising circular, and the frequent telegram. Numbers do not constitute it, and no money can make it before its time. There is more of the university about the eight or ten Yale graduates who are studying in the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, than in as many hundred raw youths who do not know more than a fair grammar school may teach. When the American university appears, it will not be a copy of foreign institutions, or a hot-bed plant, but the slow and natural outgrowth of American social and political habits, and an expression of the average aims and ambitions of the better educated classes. The American college is an institution without a parallel; the American university will be equally original.

Besides the scientific schools connected with colleges, and the scientific or English courses within colleges, there exist in the United States several independent schools in which mathematics, the exact sciences and their applications, the modern languages, and philosophy form the staple of instruction. Such are the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and the School of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.* These two schools have a certain general resemblance; they are independent establishments; they have the same minimum age of admission, namely, sixteen years, although practically the average age of the students who enter these institutions is decidedly above this minimum; they do not require any Latin or Greek for admission, and do not admit these languages to their courses of study; finally, in each the course of study lasts four years. In the comprehensiveness of their courses of instruction, in the number of teachers employed, and in their general scale of operations, these schools differ materially.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute is the oldest school of its sort in the country. Its organization has undergone several changes since its establishment in 1824; but for the past fifteen years it has offered a substantial four years' course of instruction in the various branches of engineering. The programme comprehends, besides the general and special studies absolutely essential for engineers, a certain amount of instruction in English, French, natural science, and philosophy. This pioneer school has attracted a good number of young men; and of its graduates a large proportion have become engineers or railroad men. Up to 1867 the school had given four hundred and twenty-one degrees,—an average of ten a year. It appears from this average

* The United States naval and military academies are not referred to at length, because access to them is not free. A thoroughly vicious system of selecting the candidates for admission to these schools annuls the influence they might otherwise exert upon technical education in this country. A patron, and not a good previous training, being the essential requisite, no schools make it their business to give such training. In France for many years, and lately in England too, numerous private schools make a special point of fitting young men for the competitive examinations which regulate the admission to the government military and naval schools. France is essentially democratic; but it seems extraordinary that England, the stronghold of caste, should be more democratic than America in the important matter of appointing to the public service.

number of degrees, that only a small proportion of the students finish the course. In 1851 there were fifty-three students; the number increased steadily until 1856, when there were one hundred and twenty-three; from this point the number fell off each year until 1861–62, when there were only sixty-five students in the school. Since then the number of students has risen rapidly.* In 1867–68 ten teachers were employed in the school.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Troy school is one of the many American institutions in which the experiment of making manual labor a part of the regular curriculum has been tried, and has failed. In spite of the uniform failure which has attended such experiments, the idea that it is practicable for a young man to engage regularly in productive manual labor, and to train his mental faculties to a high degree at the same time, still keeps its hold upon the American mind. Reading, writing, and arithmetic may indeed be taught to young children who work in factories half of the day, as the English half-time schools have demonstrated; but advanced instruction is not to be had on such terms. Then, again, it is essential that manual work, to be genuine and not make-believe, should be done on a farm, or in a shop, where the primary object is to produce profitably and make money, not to teach. A school farm or machine-shop is a very different place from a real farm or shop. The two things are as different as a militia muster and a field of battle. The fact is, that, in training his brains, a young man cannot have his cake and eat it too. An hour a day of judicious exercise, which had better be for fun than for money, will keep anybody of fair constitution, who eats and drinks with discretion, sleeps regularly, laughs well, and is careful what he breathes, in good working order. Every hour more than this spent in hand work is so much time lost for better things. Labor is not exercise. To be sure, a young man cannot read and write fourteen hours a day; but when he cannot be studying books he can be catching butterflies, hunting for flowers and stones, experimenting in a chemical laboratory, practising mechanical drawing, sharpening his wits in converse with bright associates, or learning manners in ladies' society. Any of these occupations is much better for him than digging potatoes, sawing wood, laying brick, or setting type.

The most ample course of instruction which has been thus far offered in this country to students who demand a liberal and practical education as well as a training specially adapted to make them ultimately good engineers, manufacturers, architects, chemists, merchants, teachers of science, or directors of mines and industrial works, is that organized by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. The course extends through four years. The studies of the first and second years, and certain general studies in the third and fourth years, are required of all regular students. At the beginning of the third year each student selects one of six courses, which he follows during his third and fourth years at the school. These six courses are: —

1. Mechanical Engineering.
2. Civil Engineering.
3. Chemistry.
4. Geology and Mining.
5. Building and Architecture.
6. General Science and Literature.

To enter the school the candidate must be at least sixteen years old, and he must pass an examination in arithmetic, algebra, plane geometry, English grammar, and geography. Algebra, solid geometry, trigonometry, elementary mechanics, chemistry, English, German, and drawing, both free-hand and mechanical, are the studies of the first year; spherical trigonometry, analytic geometry, and the first principles of the calculus, descriptive astronomy, surveying, physics (sound, heat, and light), qualitative chemical analysis, Eng-

* In 1865–66 there were 152 students.
" 1866–67 " " 141 "
" 1867–68 " " 146 "

lish, French, German, and drawing including perspective, are the studies of the second year. In the third year, physics, geology, history, the Constitution of the United States, English, French (or Spanish), and German, are absolutely required of all regular students, besides the special studies of the particular course which they select. In the fourth year, political economy, natural history, French (or Italian), and German are required of all regular students, besides the special studies. The elective studies of the third and fourth years, distributed among the six professional courses above mentioned, are, in brief, the calculus, mechanics, descriptive geometry, machinery, the various subjects embraced in civil engineering, spherical astronomy, chemistry in all its branches, history, architectural design, mining, and mining engineering. Two points deserve special mention, — first, the unusual development given to instruction in the modern languages; and, secondly, the stress laid upon drawing in all the courses. The position of architectural design in the scheme is also worth noting. Here is a course of liberal training which includes as one of its elements a subject usually confined to amateurs and professional men, and yet a subject which is a valuable part of æsthetic culture. People who complain that, as a general rule, even the education called liberal does not recognize the artistic side of human nature will find here a unique provision.

It is very obvious that the student who should be led by competent men, provided with the necessary tools, through such a four years' course of study as this, would have received a training which would be neither loose, superficial, nor one-sided. Between this course and the ordinary semi-classical college course there is no question of information by one and formation by the other; of cramming utilitarian facts by one system, and developing mental powers by the other. Both courses form, train, and educate the mind; and one no more than the other, only the disciplines are different. Either course, well organized, can mal out of a capable boy a reasoning man, with his faculties well in hand. One man swings dumb-bells, and walks; another rows, and rides on horseback; both train their muscles. One eats beef, another mutton; but both are nourished.

People who think vaguely about the difference between a good college and a good polytechnic school are apt to say that the aim of the college course is to make a rounded man, with all his faculties impartially developed, while it is the express object of a technical course to make a one-sided man, — a mere engineer, chemist, or architect. Two truths are suppressed in this form of statement. First, faculties are not given by God impartially, — to each round soul a little of each power, as if the soul were a pill, which must contain its due proportion of many various ingredients. To reason about the average human mind as if it were a globe, to be expanded symmetrically from a centre outward, is to be betrayed by a metaphor. A cutting-tool, a drill, or auger would be a juster symbol of the mind. The natural bent and peculiar quality of every boy's mind should be sacredly regarded in his education; the division of mental labor, which is essential in civilized communities in order that knowledge may grow and society improve, demands this regard to the peculiar constitution of each mind, as much as does the happiness of the individual most nearly concerned. Secondly, to make a good engineer, chemist, or architect, the only sure way is to make first, or at least simultaneously, an observant, reflecting, and sensible man, whose mind is not only well stored, but well trained also to see, compare, reason, and decide. The vigorous training of the mental powers is therefore the primary object of every well-organized technical school. At the same time a well-arranged course of study, like that of the New Haven school, the Troy school, or the Institute of Technology, will include a vast deal of information

and many practical exercises appropriate to the professions which the students have in view.

But an attractive programme on paper, and the actual course of instruction as practically realized, may be two very different things, as those who have read many programmes and seen many schools know best. It is easy to devise or copy a comprehensive programme; it is hard to execute moderately well even a simple one. The number and quality of the teachers actually employed in a school are the best tests of its real character. The completeness with which the school is equipped with the apparatus necessary for technical instruction is also a matter of real, though secondary, importance. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology already employs (1868) twenty teachers, of whom thirteen are professors, although the school only began in 1865. These professors and assistants teach nowhere else; their whole teaching power is expended in the school. Herein an independent institution has an advantage over a scientific school connected with a college. The list of the faculty of an attached school is often swelled with the names of men who give most of their time to the college proper, and an insignificant fraction only to the scientific school.

The number of students attending this school has increased rapidly during its first three years of life,* reaching 167 in 1867–68.

So far, therefore, as comprehensiveness of programme, number of teachers, and number of students go, this school has taken the lead of all the scientific or polytechnic schools of the country. It is a good omen for the future of technical education, that the longest, fullest, and most thorough course has so promptly proved the most attractive. Something of this prompt success is due, however, to the exceptional character of the community in the midst of which this school has been founded. The same school in other American communities might not have been so quickly successful.

The experimental period in the development of technical instruction in the United States is past. Henceforth the American parent, who wants to give a practical education to his son, may know clearly what is accessible to him as an alternative with the college. He may find at several schools a carefully arranged and comprehensive course of co-ordinated studies, lasting three or four years, and covering the same period of life as the common college course, namely, the period from sixteen or eighteen till twenty or twenty-two. This comprehensive course of studies is generally called, in such schools as those at New Haven, Troy, and Boston, the "regular" or "general course"; and the students who follow it are the "regular students," in contradistinction to the "partial" or "special" students, who study only one subject, or a few irregularly selected subjects, among all those taught in the school.

These partial or special students are of two sorts in most of the technical schools. First, men of age and acquirements, who come to add to their previous attainments a special training in some professional subject, some one application of science to the arts; to meet the wants of such men has been and is one of the most useful functions of the technical schools. Secondly, young men of imperfect preliminary training, whose parents think, or who themselves think, that they can best become chemists by studying nothing but chemistry, or engineers by only attending to the mathematics and their applications, or architects by ignoring all knowledge but that of architectural design. This notion is certainly a very crude one; but it deceives many uninstructed parents and inexperienced young men. It would be as sensible to give a child nothing but law-papers to read, on the ground that he is destined for the law. Such partial or special students injure their school, both by interfering with the order and disci-

* Number of students in 1865–66, 72.
" " " " 1866–67, 137
" " " " 1867–68, 167.

pline of the school while they are students, and by failing in after life, and so bringing an unjust discredit upon scientific education. While they are students, they are in the school ranks, so to say, but they are out of step. When they go into the world, they soon show themselves to be inadequately trained. They have built an ill-proportioned structure upon inadequate foundations. The scientific schools, in their earlier days, sent many such illiberally educated men into the scientific professions, and it will still take them years to recover from the bad effects of this serious mistake. Some of the most vigorous of these very men have since realized the defects of their early training, and are now the warmest friends of the improved methods of scientific education.

If the presence of these partial or special students, whose industry and abilities are simply misdirected, is an injury to the technical schools, it will be plain to all, that these schools must suffer still more in receiving, as most of them have been compelled to do, students who take a part of the regular course simply because they are incompetent or too lazy to do the whole. All the scientific schools of the country, whether connected with colleges or not, have suffered from the fact, that boys and young men who, from lack of wit or vigor, were found incompetent to pursue the usual classical studies of the preparatory school or the college, turned to the loosely organized scientific schools as safe harbors for their laziness or stupidity. The scientific schools have been recruited in large part, of course, from that excellent and numerous class of young men who have more taste and capacity for science than for language and literature, and who have followed their natural bent in making choice of a school and a profession; but they have also been the refuge of shirks and stragglers from the better organized and stricter colleges. This evil is a temporary one, incident to what has been the experimental condition of education through science. It will correct itself, when the new system of education is as well organized as the old, and when the community understands the legitimate inlets and outlets of the new schools, — how to get into them, and what they lead to.

To avoid misapprehension, let it be distinctly stated that the scientific schools have already done a very timely and necessary work in this country by training, although hastily and imperfectly, a certain number of specialists, such as assayers, analysts, railroad engineers, and teachers of science, to very useful functions. And again, let it be acknowledged with thankfulness, that genius, or even an unusual vigor of mind and will, often overcomes in after life that worst of obstacles, insuperable for common men, — an inadequate or mistaken training in youth.

At present it is the wise effort of the faculties of all the leading polytechnic or scientific schools to carry as many of their pupils as possible through the "regular" course of study; in other words, they recommend their pupils to lay, during three or four years between seventeen and twenty-two, a broad and strong foundation for the strictly professional studies, of which a part are pursued in the school, and a part during the apprenticeship which should follow their school life.

We have next to discuss the nature of the preparation for this three or four years' course of scientific and literary studies. A young man cannot well enter upon this course much before his seventeenth or eighteenth year. What kind of a preparatory school shall the parent select, who proposes to send his son at the right age to a scientific, polytechnic, or technological school? What preliminary training would be most advantageous, and what is actually attainable?

BIRTH OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

A NEW THEORY.

DURING the eclipse of August, 1868, the darkened disk of the sun was invested with a brilliant ring of light, the *corona*. Vivid rays of white light darted from the disk, the circle of the sun scintillating like a star. Since the stars, excepting the planets, are rationally supposed to be solar orbs, they should emit light as the sun does; and for the same reason. They are too distant to have a sensible breadth, nor can they suffer total eclipse, to our eyes, by small dark masses like the moon, but the stellar light should have the general characteristics — the nebulosity and radiation — of the sun, as far as they are like it in structure. The corona of the fixed stars and of the sun cannot depend solely upon the nature of the human eye, but in part upon a luminous cloudiness necessary to the optical effect. If a powerful artificial light be hidden by a small opaque disk in an atmosphere somewhat dusty, the particles of dust will shine with reflected light, making, when the light is intense, a sensible *corona*. Lieutenant Herschell, at his post of observation in India, examined the light of the corona, during total eclipse, with a polariscope, and established the fact of its polarization in planes passing through the centre of the sun. A cloud, or atmosphere, of reflecting surfaces, in fact, a dust cloud, apparently surrounds the sun, reflecting his rays. With instruments of extreme delicacy, we should be able to separate the direct from the polarized radiance of the stars, as of the sun itself.

Dr. Mayer, the author of Celestial Dynamics, was the first to surmise the existence of a meteoric vortex about the sun. His theory may be extended by combining with it observations on the solar corona, the scintillation of stars, and, possibly, the radial tails of comets; for he employed the meteoric solar vortex in explanation of a kindred phenomenon, the zodiacal light. The meteoric vortex of the sun is supposed to have a flattened lenticular form, extended parallel with the ecliptic, thinning outward to the limit of the solar system. The cone of light seen in the west after sunset in a clear air is considered by Mayer to be a reflection of the sun's rays from the denser part of this dust cloud within the orbit of the earth.

The correspondences in this instance are obvious. By an easy deduction, we find also that the meteoric solar vortex of Mayer may be brought in explanation of the hitherto bewildering phenomena of the comet's tail, visible only as it approaches the sun. The tail may be merely a bar of light, extending outward into space. It has the movement and relative position of a cometary shadow. If the comet were a ball of glass, the rays of the sun would pass through, and form a focus upon the side remote from the sun. Beyond this there would be reflected a bar, or pencil of light, diverging into space. But this concentrated light could be made visible only by reflection, as the sunbeam in dust and fog. If visible at all, it would be made so by meteoric matter, a denser portion of the solar vortex. A comet, so far as we can judge, is a gaseous mass (with or without a solid nucleus). The sun's rays will be bent in passing through it, but not as in a glass lens; for the density of a gaseous comet increases toward its centre, like that of the lens of the human eye; and if the rays enter diverging from each point of the solar surface, they will issue in a fascicle or bar of rays streaming out into space, and made visible by meteoric reflection as a bar of slightly concentrated light, sweeping through the heavens with the movement of a long shadow, but ap-

pearing curved because of the different times required for the passage of light; the nearer reflections arriving first at the eye, the others delaying as they follow the rapid sweep of the tail through space.

This conjecture requires that the radial tail should be of reflected light, and so appear in the polariscope. The invisible should far exceed the visible diameter of a comet approaching the sun. The invisible mass may surpass that of the sun, and will refract his beams.

We can hardly doubt that meteoric matter very near the sun is intensely heated, and we may believe that, if it were not for the smallness of its particles, allowing a swift dispersion of heat into outer space, the vicinity of the sun would be densely, as it is now thinly, clouded with nebulous light. Indeed, many stars appear to be so conditioned, because of their grander size and temperature. Meteoric matter becoming rarer at great distances from the sun, all the phenomena of the vortex become faint, and many disappear, within the orbit of the earth.

A structural analogy between the earth and the sun may be established by the meteoric attendance upon both. The appearance of transient trails of intense light upon the solar atmosphere is only one of many points in the analogy. It is also strongly supported by the spectroscopic character of the colored flames which issue from the surface of the sun. The French and English astronomers have shown that these are gaseous emanations in a state of combustion. They appear not to differ in nature from volcanic flames, except in their enormous magnitude; as if the fire of a volcano were vastly larger than the earth itself.

Good observations have also conferred a transparent atmosphere like our own upon the sun, but denser as the weight of matter on the solar surface is twenty-eight times greater than with us. So much more violent and effective, then, by reason of the depth and density of this atmosphere, must be the combustion of a massive meteor falling into it. By spectral analysis we can satisfy ourselves that solar light, like that of the stars, proceeds from matter similar in nature to that which composes the earth's crust. Identity of substance appears throughout the universe. What it is now necessary to establish is an equal unity in plan of structure and development. We wish to know whether the forms and movements of physical nature, like those of the organic and the vital, have everywhere a uniform plan. What we regard as general causes of physical movements at the surface of the earth must be extended through the entire system. The sun, the stars, the earth, and the planets should have but one and the same origin, differing only in their stage of development.

In the cosmos, meaning by that word the material as distinguished from spiritual, we recognize three forms, the physical, the organic, and vital; each capable of a separate idea, apart from that which is purely humane. I shall be obliged to assume that the cosmos is a limited creation, since otherwise it would be motionless within itself; but we must also assume that, *as a whole*, it is unchangeable in plan and quantity. There is no discoverable cause why it should be otherwise. Astronomers will not object to a division of the material cosmos into incandescent and dark bodies, — by the latter intending planets, asteroids, satellites, and more especially the meteoric dust, of which a portion is continually showered upon the earth.

The sun, the planets, and their attendants must receive meteoric dust according to the greatness of their several masses and attractive power. The meteors, in falling, move into orbits which have centres in the body of the sun or planet, and are interrupted by impact only when the breadth of the attractive mass is too great to let them pass. The laws of gravitation arrange them in belts, like the dark rings of Saturn; or in wide heliocentric bands; or in the long-drawn comet-

like clouds of Schiaparelli, slowly gathered in the outer fields of space, and trailing inward toward solar centres.

The quantity of finely divided dark matter of the universe may be as great as the sum of all the solar orbs; but, because it is invisible until the moment of impact, we can estimate it only by the quantity gathered by a single small body, — the earth. We may compare this with the quantity that must be absorbed by the grander forces of the sun; then, multiplying this by the probable number of solar orbs, a result is obtained exceeding the power of numeration. A few tons of meteoric matter, such as is constantly added to our soil and atmosphere every century, will increase the mass of the earth at a rate which geologists cannot fail to appreciate. By the methods of rational deduction now established in geological science, we are led to conclude that the earth has been gradually built up by meteoric accretion, having been at first only a dark nucleus formed at a vortical centre by attraction and friction (impact). But the earth is only an exemplar. The same laws of gyration and frictional impact must have built up all the masses of the cosmos.

Next to the observed results of gravitation, the broadest cosmical fact is the relation of mass to temperature. The greater bodies shine by heat of incandescence, in strong contrast with the darkness and coldness of the smaller. In the cosmic temperatures there is a certain systemic gradation. When matter is arranged in solar and planetary forms the material is compressed, the density of the spheroidal mass diminishing from the centre outward, — from the centre of the earth outward, for example, to the limits of the atmosphere. The temperature falls, as we proceed outward, with a regularity disturbed only by local variations. We find the heat increasing as we descend into the earth, and falling as we ascend high mountains. The extreme cold of space is, of course, the temperature of small meteoric bodies, until by striking into and condensing the atmosphere of a planet they are ignited. They are also influenced in temperature by proximity to solar centres. The same will hold good of any system, whether it be composed of coherent or of meteoric particles.

The vortical movement is a process of condensation. What is true for a mass must be true for a vortex, whether it consist of dark matter in systems partially condensed; or of masses like the earth, where condensation is at a maximum.

Facility of absorbing and distributing heat *in vacuo* increases as the diameter of the mass becomes less. A meteorite no larger than a grain of sand is relatively more active in such changes than a larger mass, as its diameter is less. If the sun were broken into a cloud of dust widely extended through space, it would quickly disappear in cold and darkness. The actual amount of expansive force in a body is greater as it is larger; but the facility of change — the active relation it bears to other bodies — depends upon relative extension of surface. Hence we might infer that meteoric clouds in all parts of space are rapid and powerful agents and distributors of expansive force. At night, the day's heat absorbed from the sun is radiated from the earth's surface; being partly taken by vapors of the upper air, but chiefly, we may suppose, by the dark matter of space beyond the atmosphere. The heat of the fixed stars is not enough to counterbalance this absorption. The law of radiant forces ordains that, when no disturbing cause is interposed, bodies affect each other less, as distance multiplied into itself. This law, and the law of time or "inertia," governs all interchanges of temperature *in vacuo*. The sun and earth should act upon each other through nearly ninety-five millions of miles of empty space with as great precision as if they were in contact. Bodies separated only by *vacuum* are in a dynamic relation which is instant, constant, and mathematical. *The forces of relation co-operate with space, and do not require a*

vehicle. It is not required that matter, or a "medium," should be interposed.

Distribution of temperature under the necessary conditions of time and distance is as regular as the action of gravity, being constant in time, and disturbed only by interposition. If a body contracts (i. e. grows colder) *in vacuo*, others are expanding. Professor Rankin has shown us, that, in the development of temperatures, condensation, modified only by the specific nature of substances, is a mathematical measure of temperature, even where it is effected by chemical combination. It is needed to make this observation cosmic or universal.

Change of temperature is only a change in the amount of space occupied by mass; and the contraction of a body must be balanced (other causes not being interposed) by an equal expansion of some other body or bodies. But "other causes" are, at certain moments, interposed. The expansion of a mass may be compensated by the motion of others in lines. Linear motion again is converted into expansion, and exactly compensates it. The two movements may have equal mechanical values, as when steam expands in a cylinder, forcing a piston before it, or when a cannon-ball is driven by the gases of gunpowder.

But the conversion of heat into motion is only a transformation of one form of movement into another, rise of temperature being a movement of the mass from its own centre outwards; but this movement may change so as to be directed upon a single line, and become linear motion. Changing the form of movement cannot alter its value.

The process of contraction, which proceeds with a gyratory movement in solar systems, does not differ in principle or result from the condensation of a coherent mass under pressure. In both cases the heat evolved has the same origin. As long as *vacuum* remains, the motion of a system increases, and is not converted into *centrospheric* or heat motion until the moment of impact.

The effect of meteoric impact upon the earth's atmosphere is that of common friction, — as when the palm of the hand is rubbed upon the table; linear movement is changed, by impact of particles, into centrospheric. Friction, in the form of impact, is the only mechanical means by which the dynamic value of motion can be made to change its symbols; the only method of stopping and starting the wheels of the universe. Comets moving with great velocity toward solar centres, about which the dark matter is accumulated in revolving clouds, must be "retarded," as they plunge into these vortices, by the friction of impact; and the same will be true of planets in solar vortices, though in a smaller degree. As they are heated by the meteoric friction, they also cannot fail to lose impetus and draw nearer to the sun.

It is of no moment what number of figures or value of algebraic signs we suggest to express periods of time occupied by variations so minute; they nevertheless exist, and their results are constant and inevitable.

Astronomical observations have shown that the earth vibrates annually to and from the sun as it revolves, and the vibratory movement has an extent which varies during a million of years through distances large enough to change all the climates. By these variations, incidental to an alternate approach to and recession from the sun, geologists have endeavored to account for the marvellous discovery of Agassiz, that at one period layers of ice hooded the polar and temperate regions, and even covered the plains and valleys of the tropics. But to this and other slowly acting causes of climatic change we may possibly add the varying influence of the dark matter of space.

Loss of heat * by radiation from solar systems into the dark matter is con-

* "Loss of heat" is impossible. Nothing physical can be lost, in space or time. If there *is* an æther, it has limits, or it could not vibrate at all. If heat-waves flowed out they must return *in some form*. Heat-waves cannot exist in a substance without gravity, or the capacity for it.

trolled by certain physical causes external to those systems, and does not exhaust them by cold during their formation, but only during their subsequent dissipation in the nebulous stage. The temperature of solar centres continues to increase from two causes; *first*, the friction of impact, or conversion of linear momentum into heat movement; *second*, the restoration of radiant heat by the arrival at solar centres of the bodies that have absorbed and originated it during their gyration and approach. Should the earth fall toward the sun, it would become heated, as we suppose Mercury to be, in drawing near, and would restore a part of the heat absorbed by antecedent radiation at the moment of impact. It has also acquired a heat of its own.

And so of all inward movements, ending in the impact and absorption of vortical matter. That these causes more than counterbalance loss of heat by radiation into the dark matter of space is evident. In all parts of the universe solar orbs remain incandescent, and the greatest are the hottest. We know of no other causes than those named, for the concentration and dissipation of celestial temperatures. The hypothesis of an exhaustive and perpetually vibrating ether, whatever may be its mathematical value, does not belong to a science resting upon observation. As far as observation extends, heat force is lost or withdrawn only by tangible substances.

We recognize two cosmical principles correlated with gravity, and equally exact and universal, — the relation of mass to temperature, and the distribution of temperature by equalized interchange, under the relation of surface to mass. Both of these, like gravity, are, of course, subordinate to the conditions of space and time.

The conditions of time, developed in velocity and momentum, enter into all phenomena. Momenta and inertia of temperature have been called "specific heats," &c., expressing the times required for centrospheric movement.

A remarkable conclusion has been reached, — *that all the great masses of matter gradually advance from the dark to the incandescent condition as they grow by accretion;* and that, as this movement proceeds, the solar orbs must eventually expand into gaseous nebulæ by attaining the temperature of dissociation. Chemical affinity is less active as repulsive force is developed; it is converted into centrospheric movement. The lighter substances disengage themselves, and a nebulous cloud is formed, in which small portions of heavy matter remain visible. This deduction coincides with spectroscopic observation.

Expansive movements operate in the nebulous regions of the universe on a grand scale, while those of gravitation (or condensation) change the arrangement of other parts, according to the vortical system. Everywhere these two co-operate and replace each other, maintaining the balance of the whole within itself, but keeping it, as a whole, unchanged. The attractive must be always in reciprocal relation with dispersive movements.

Since these two cosmic movements, the thermal (centrospheric) and attractive, are equal in all, they must be equal in any ultimate part. An atom, or element, will be endowed with a sum of force which is constant, and equal to that of other atoms. The conception of physical force is of something unchangeable as to its whole, (being incapable of increase or diminution,) but subject to variation upon the principle of interchange, or of the *quid pro quo*.

If a substance is less capable of heat motion, it has more of the "condensive" quality; and the apportionment of these capacities, mutually developed and determined by relation with the cosmic whole, gives to each kind its specific value in that relation. The worth of a chemical element is given, not by its atomic weight alone, but also by the complementary dispersive capacity.

Conclusions so important invite us to consider anew the rational history of the earth and of its formation. The

principles advanced oblige us to lay aside the popular hypothesis of an earth "gradually cooled from incandescence," and present us with a terrestrial mass which has grown larger and warmer from age to age. The earth began as a small, cold, dark body. With its mass its heat increased, the additions to the surface sustaining and increasing the heat of the centre.

The coldest region will be the equatorial, because here there has not been so complete an extinguishment of motion; the region of the equator retains a portion of the vortical motion. But this coldness is steadily counteracted by the diurnal influence of the sun, and by laws governing the distribution of temperature in masses. Pursuant to certain well-known conditions, the heat of the axis will be diffused and ascend toward the equator, giving a gradation of temperature from the centre outward, in all parts of the mass. By the slow but constant combustion of atmospheric hydrogen collected in space, water is continually supplied to the atmosphere, the surface of the globe covered with moisture, and its hollows filled up with seas, lakes, and rivers.

With the beginning of this epoch concludes the first period or physical infancy of the earth, during which, like the moon, it remained barren and scoriaceous, the surface ploughed over with volcanic trenches, deeper and more sharply defined as the specific gravity at the surface was lower and the material, as in the moon, easily thrown up by explosive movements.

This entire superficial structure would disappear at the beginning of the aqueous epoch, when the heat of the equatorial regions, augmented with the mass, and now co-operating with solar influence, began to liquefy the ice formed by meteoric gases in the atmosphere, and by flowing water to erode the volcanic slopes and fill up the trenches.

We cannot yet determine the degree of gravitating force required in a planet for the formation of an atmosphere and an ocean. The atmosphere of Mars is clearly made out by his snows, although the weight of bodies at his surface is nearly one half less than at the earth's; while that of the moon is only one twelfth. The gravity of bodies at the sun's surface, on the contrary, is twenty-eight times greater than at the earth's, and the gaseous atmosphere of the sun is now considered to be of great depth.

Jupiter ranks above the earth in this particular, and is supposed, upon telescopic evidence, to be furnished with a cloudy atmosphere of very grand proportions. But the ocean of Jupiter is probably suspended in his atmosphere by heat of surface due to augmented mass.

With the beginning of the aqueous epoch everything terrestrial changes its condition. Volcanic scoria and ashes are converted into sedimentary rocks. *But nothing occurs that we do not see daily occurring on a much grander scale.* The weight of water was less than at present, and its plastic action slower; all the physical agents moved to their work, and proceeded in the development of terrestrial forms, with more deliberation and less vigor than at present.

The meteoric *feed* of matter is now cast freely and rapidly over the globe, because of the augmented attractive force of the earth. The constant addition of fresh material increases terrestrial gravitation, and meteors are drawn in with greater frequency. If at any period preceding historic dates, the meteoric shower — which falls continually, though with great variations of quantity — was more abundant than at present, it may have been because the solar system, vibrating through space, passed into regions visited by denser clouds of dark matter.

This may have occurred at long intervals of time, and would have various effects, one of which would be a sensible perturbation of the orbits.

A supposition of this kind is in keeping with known conditions of astronomy, and may by and by assume a positive shape. It is reasonable to suppose that the dark matter is not equally distrib-

uted in space; and, as its sameness with cometary substance is admitted, we may believe that vortices, with heliocentric orbits, are not the only sources of dark matter.

Let us suppose that the solar system moves into the influence of an enormously extended dark nebula. This extended dust cloud is cold beyond conception, — a fathomless abyss of cold. It would strike a chill into the system. The earth would be covered with blankets of snow, generating glaciers; and these would remain until the exhaustive influence had gone by, as a protection against it. This idea, although conjectural, is not in discord with any known conditions. We know of no reason why dark matter may not be accumulated in certain parts of space. *That such vortices have existed is certain, since planetary and solar systems have been formed by them*, and it is not certain that others may not be in progress. Causes of variation of another kind must be invoked to account for the existence of a tropical climate in arctic regions, at an epoch preceding the ice period; unless we try to account for them by the passage of the solar system through or near nebulous masses of a mild temperature. Suppositions like these appear crude and hasty; though in time they may become rational, when strengthened by sound analogies.

A complete interchange of matter has been many times made between the interior and surface of the globe. Earthy substance, taken from arctic regions by oceanic currents, has continually raised a belt of land on either side of the equator. This deposit, being always in excess of what is needed to preserve the formal equilibrium of the plastic globe, will constantly depress the equatorial belt, and thrust out the arctic regions as they are abraded. By this process, in certain regions of deep sea is produced a revolution of matter downward and outward from the equator toward each of the poles. But the movement, working from age to age over successive meridians, must be subject to large inequalities.

The continents, worn away coastwise by the ocean, and by rain and glaciers, will naturally rise as the oceanic areas are overloaded. Again, any inequality of the oceanic deposit in latitude, must cause a rotative movement of the mass. If the inequality is upon one side of the equator, the mass must shift upon its centre. The problem is purely mechanical, and capable of analysis.

Conjecture and mathematics have been exhausted upon the polar-movement hypothesis; but as yet, the basal fact, the unequal delivery of sediments in latitude, which alone can make it tenable, has not been clearly indicated as the cause. A movement of the mass in revolution is, under certain conditions, a good explanation of the appearance of tropical remains in arctic regions, and very natural and common causes for it appear to exist. Since there is no constancy in any terrestrial condition, we have only to surmise the fact, in such cases, and then seek conditions that may control it.

The appearance of organic life upon the earth (a phenomenon of which the limits may now be *relatively* determined) must have been after an increase of mass, and warmth, in support of aqueous solution, coactive with solar influence.

When the earth had water, air, soil, and warmth near its equator, life might appear; as the soul of man appears when the brain is completed wherein it may take root and grow. But the human animal seems not at once to have been fitted for the support of a spiritual organization. Science comes forward to assure us, that the process of organic development has been a continued evolution from the less to the greater. We must admit, with Lyell, that natural causes, as we see them, were not exaggerated in the past. We must even exceed that judgment; for if one of these present causes be considered, the falling of meteors, — of which geology has made no account as yet, — we find

that the earth has been always increasing, and must at one time have been too small and cold to sustain life. The inference is inevitable that terrestrial motors *were not as active in the past as they are at present.* Contortions of strata and elevations of continents, like those that are now in progress, may have consumed many thousands and millions of years more, for equal results, in ancient than in recent periods. There must have been a time without liquidity and without the present atmospheric pressure. There was a time when vegetation on the vast scale of the tropics, as we now observe it, was not so active in its work. The appearance of an excess of vegetation marks the close of the larger systems of stratification; but the rules of deduction indicated lead us to conclude, that, during the more recent ages, — be it the last million of years, — organic life has been more active than at any previous epoch. All the natural movements have become more active; because the mass and force of the earth, together with its temperature, have been augmented; *and it will not be denied by physiologists that these causes will have refined and intensified the products of vitality.* The fulcrum of transition from the grosser to the more concentrated forms of life exists in fact, and may be found in the method of formation of the earth itself.

The earth is progressing by excessively slow changes toward the solar and nebulous condition. Its history is a repetition of the solar, and a time must arrive when the surface, becoming incandescent, will be obscured only by casual dark pits in a brilliant atmosphere, a *souvenir* of the present darkness of the crust; yet during a certain period, within fixed limits of gravitating force and heat of mass, the human race may continue to exist; progressing, we may suppose, in force and fineness of organization. The race will perish, perhaps, in the order of nature, by failure or insufficient number of offspring, a principal cause of the extinction of superior races. The earth must become lone and voiceless long before the incandescence of the crust. Science may follow it into the condition of an attendant star, and then of an expanding nebula.

In the cosmos all movements are cyclical, and recurrent, without change save interchange among forms of motion. A universe which is, in its total, the same to-day as yesterday and always, would appear idle and dull if it were not the footstool of Divine force, upon which the creative will maintains a certain equipoise, necessary to the continued production of spiritual forms.

LOVE IN MOUNT LEBANON.

OUR hero was in the most romantic exaltation of youth. He was fit to go seeking Annibal Lees, with angels for high-born kinsmen, dwelling in kingdoms by the sea.

A great magician had given him the enchanted carpet, known among philosophers and poets as The Longing For Love; and it had brought him with the speed of impatience from quiet German Dresden to Beirut, the seaport of Damascus

Guided by his dragoman, swarthy, slender, springy, red-jacketed, white-trousered Abdallah of Tripoli, he threaded the winding, sandy ways of the Beirut gardens, wondering at their hedges of gigantic cactus, and delighted with their dense odors of fruit and flower. Exquisite in detail and grandiose as a whole, the landscape surrounded him and overlooked him, amphitheatrical in contour and colossal in verdure, Saracenic arches and sunlit roofs, visible

through groves of oranges, the compact, battlemented, antique city below, the violet, gigantic, sublime walls of Lebanon on one side, and on the other the gleaming Mediterranean.

"Here is the Mission," said Abdallah in distinct, hard, guttural English.

Opening a solid, whitewashed wooden gate, they passed through a strong wall six or seven feet in height, the top garnished with a defence of sharp pebbles and bits of pottery set in mortar. Above them towered an edifice of three lofty stories, built to the summit of large, hewn yellow stone, the masonry ponderous enough for a prison, the rare windows arched in the shape of pointed horseshoes, the roof flat and guarded by a parapet. Our hero halted; here was his goal of trial; should he go on? For a moment his errand seemed absurd, and he was ashamed of it. In the next moment he saw a lovely girlish face glance from one of the windows; he felt the magic carpet once more under his feet; he was borne up the long stone stairway.

"The Howaja Sinclair want to see the Howaja Jackson," gutturalled Abdallah to a gray-mustached Arab in blue cotton jacket and trousers, who answered his heavy knock on the well-nailed planking of a mighty door.

The Arab smiled, bowed, and murmured salaams so hospitably that Sinclair felt encouraged, as if by a good augury. Leaving Abdallah to redescend the stairway and amuse himself in the garden, he entered the house by a narrow hall, and turned into a noble saloon, the walls sixteen feet in height, and the ceiling supported and ornamented by mighty beams of carved and colored Lebanon pine. There was no carpet, and only two or three chairs; but small, thick, many-tinted woollen rugs were spread here and there; and along two sides of the room stretched a low divan, five feet in breadth. Through the windows gleamed the sun-smitten gardens, city, mountains, and sea.

Slippered Yusef had glided smiling and salaaming away. Presently there was another step, also slippered, but it struck the outer floor firmly and solidly; it was an American footfall. The Rev. James Jackson, fifty years old, portly yet vigorous, with a florid face and a courteous light in the eyes, entered the room, and advanced to meet his visitor.

It is wonderful how many heart-throbs we have at twenty-two. Fred Sinclair's arteries beat like a full drum-corps as he put out his hand and said, "The Rev. Mr. Jackson, I believe, the chief of the American mission."

"The American mission has no chief," replied the other with a peculiarly hearty and kindly smile. "I am simply the oldest missionary. However, I do admit that I am the Rev. Mr. Jackson. How can I serve you?"

"I have a letter of introduction from your brother Charles, in Dresden."

"Ah, indeed! I am delighted to see you. And how is Charles? Terribly busy with his studies, I hope."

He glanced over the letter. It was very enthusiastic in sentiment and florid in style. It introduced Mr. Frederic Sinclair as "my dearest friend"; it asseverated that he came of "one of the first families of Pennsylvania." It requested that he should be befriended and aided; he had "a deep and strong purpose of the noblest and sweetest nature"; he was "a man of fortune, honor, and high character"; he would "explain his designs to my dear brother."

Mr. Jackson was tempted to smile outright at this boarding-school effusion. He did smile, but it was with an expression of hospitality, saying, at the same time, "Mr. Sinclair, you must stay with us. I shall be most happy to place myself at your service."

Then there were some inquiries about Charles, his studies, his amusements, his way of life in Dresden. After a few minutes of this conversation, Sinclair exclaimed with a sort of gasp, "Mr. Jackson, I want to get out of suspense. I may as well tell you at once my object in coming here."

Mr. Jackson, his stout hands on his

broad knees, bowed with a smile which said, "I am most happy to listen."

"You have a young lady under your charge, I believe, named Lulu Esh Shidiak," continued the stranger.

"There is such a scholar in the mission school," answered the missionary, unable to control a stare of astonishment. "She is an Arab, a native of Sidon."

"Ah!" said Sinclair. "Yes, I know that she is an Arab. She is very beautiful, I understand."

"I beg pardon; how did you learn all this?" asked Jackson, whose amazement had by this time become quite solemn.

"From Mr. Jones, our late consul here. We met him in the gallery at Dresden. He said that she was like a Madonna. Actually handsomer than any Madonna there, he said."

The missionary thought that the ex-consul might be in better business than running about the world with such stories concerning the female pupils of the Beirut mission school.

"I must confess that I am somewhat astonished at Mr. Jones's statements," he began.

"Would you have the kindness to let me see her?" interrupted Sinclair.

"But really, sir," returned the excessively puzzled clergyman, "I hardly know what to say. There is no impropriety in your seeing her. The girl, being a Christian, does not veil her face from Christians. But I don't fancy the idea of exhibiting my scholars in any special manner. I should at least wish to know your motives."

"I will tell you, sir," began Sinclair, with the lyricism of youth. "I am alone in the world, and I am tired of the world. I have long wanted a home. I have come here to find one. It seems to me that in this land of beauty, poetry, and antiquity I could be quiet and happy. When I heard of this Syrian Madonna, — this child of nature, as I suppose her to be, — I determined to see her, and, if it might be, to marry her."

"Marry her!" exclaimed the minister. "Dear me! dear me!" he went on, which was the mission style of swearing in astonishment. "But, my dear sir — "

He stopped, stricken by the suspicion that his visitor was insane. But there was the letter; there, too, was the young man's lucid, intelligent face. He was forced to drop the supposition of mania.

"You do not understand the feelings which impel me to this step," broke in Sinclair. "The follies and falsehoods of our artificial life have sickened me. I have no desire to put my heart and happiness in the hands of an American girl, — a creature demoralized by dress and fashion, — a votary of social ambition. I want a wife who is nearer to nature. I have come here to find her."

We will venture to add the much-explaining fact that Mr. Fred Sinclair had been grievously jilted by one of those creatures, demoralized by dress and fashion, concerning whom he was so bitter.

"My dear sir, you puzzle me prodigiously," said the missionary, rising and pacing the room in his red, pointed, Damascus slippers. "However, you are in earnest, — of course you are in earnest. Well, I must talk to you plainly. I will treat you as if you were my brother. There are objections to your plan which you can scarcely imagine. You could not imagine them without knowing the character and domestic habits, and indeed the whole life, of these Syrians. A cheerful, sociable, amiable people; yes, I love them and love to labor for them; but crafty, selfish, grasping, false, all liars, — I mean all whom grace has not changed. O, you could not live with such a wife as a Syrian girl would almost certainly make. A child of nature! Why, that is just what ruins our world, — nature! The farther we are from our natural state, the nearer to God. I say this positively, for though I know the vices of civilization, at the same time I know the greater vices of barbarism."

"But this young lady is one of your

pupils," pleaded Sinclair, eager to save his illusion. "She has had your example and teachings."

"Yes, she is one of our pupils; but what is that? A little reading and writing and geography and English. Beyond those limits, dense ignorance and prejudice. Nothing or almost nothing of that fine, subtle, all-pervading, puissant education, which springs from the very air of an American family, and of American society. A mere child-wife is what you would have, — a wife as ignorant as a child, as freaky, as pettish, as unreasonable, — a wife whom you would be tempted some day to control with a cowhide. Come, don't throw yourself away in this project. Don't attempt to unite enlightenment to semi-civilization. Go back to America and take a wife who would raise you, instead of one whose only tendency would be to drag you downward."

There was a chance that Mr. Jackson would succeed in sending the boy off without even a look at his Syrian Madonna; but through the centre of this salvatory chance, dashing it to hopeless shivers, burst a girlish figure.

A light step at the door of the saloon; a vision of female beauty, exquisitely Oriental and bewitching; a scarlet jacket, silken skirt, silken trousers, little feet in yellow slippers; braids of abundant hair, looping beneath a crimson tarboosh; a face as madonnesque as an Eastern face ever is; clear, blond, softly tinted cheeks; clear, soft, bright hazel eyes.

The vision spoke something in Arabic, and the missionary replied hastily, as if anxious to have it vanish.

"Is that Lulu Esh Shidiak?" demanded Sinclair, already certain of the answer.

"That is Lulu," admitted Mr. Jackson, with a smile of good-natured vexation.

"She has auburn hair," said the young man, in a glow of wonder and delight.

"Yes, she has auburn hair," conceded Mr. Jackson, almost openly impatient of this youthful simplicity.

"There must be European blood in her. Old crusader, perhaps?"

"More likely mountaineer blood. There are plenty of blue eyes and yellow heads on Lebanon."

"Ah!" answered Sinclair. The crusader hypothesis pleased him best; still the mountaineer one would do.

"Mr. Jackson, you must not be astonished at me," he added. "After having seen this young lady, I cannot but persist in my proposition. You will please consider me as a suitor for her hand."

"Mr. Sinclair, have you a father and mother?"

"They died when I was a child. I have brothers, but I am independent of them."

"Well, sir, your failure be upon your own head. I have warned you of the dangers you run in marrying a child of semi-civilization. Now, then, I must consider my duties toward the young lady herself. She is my pupil, and a member of my family. She has been confided to my care by her parents. You perceive, I hope, that I am bound to watch over her interests."

Sinclair exhibited letters of introduction from various persons in America, two or three of them names well known in public affairs. There seemed to be no doubt of his respectability; the missionary was forced to admit thus much. He looked at the frank, earnest, intelligent, enthusiastic face of the young man with a perplexity which amounted to dismay.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I shall treat you with consideration, and as far as possible with hospitality. But really I shall have to withdraw the invitation I gave you to make your home under this roof. In view of your intentions, don't you see, sir, I should be playing the part of a match-maker, if I had you here?"

"Quite so. I understand. I shall remain at the hotel in the city. I beg your permission, however, to call here."

"Certainly. With the greatest pleas-

ure. We shall have a hundred more questions to put to you about Charles."

There the interview ended, leaving the missionary in clouds of amazement, while Sinclair walked back to the city in an Arabian Nights' revery.

After ten minutes of meditation, Mr. Jackson wrote and mailed a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, inquiring as to the fortune, character, and sanity of Mr. Frederic Sinclair. Meantime, feeling that the conjuncture was too much for unassisted man, he wished that his wife were at home. She had gone to Bhamdun, a village some three thousand feet up the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, the usual summer residence of one or more of the mission families. A house there was to be put in habitable order, and Mrs. Jackson was the person who could best attend to the job.

Three days passed; our Western knight-errant visited the mission school; he gloated over the grace of his childish Syrian Madonna; at last he found a chance to speak to her alone. Ascending to the flat roof of the mission house, he saw her leaning against the yellow parapet, and gazing out upon the Mediterranean. At the sound of his footstep she turned, put aside the long silken tarboosh tassel, which partially veiled her delicate face, and said in a low, flute-like voice, "Sellim, Howaja Frayd."

That was the name by which Mr. Frederic Sinclair was already known to the twenty dark-eyed girls of the school. As she pronounced it, it sounded infinitely sweeter to him than Fred, or Frederic, or anything English.

"Why don't you speak to me in my own language?" he asked.

"I do not always think," she answered with a slow utterance which showed how difficult the strange tongue was to her.

"May I talk to you here a few minutes?" he implored.

"Yes, you may talk."

"Do you know that I came many days' journey to see you?"

"Did you?" and she stared in simple wonder. "Why did you?"

"Because I heard that you were very beautiful."

"O Howaja!" she exclaimed, coloring with embarrassment, but nevertheless shyly gratified.

Then other pupils came chattering up the inner stairway, putting an end to the dialogue. On the day which was made glorious to Sinclair by this interview Mrs. Jackson returned.

"Why! it can't be," she said, as soon as her husband had told his tale of marvels. "What! did n't you know that Lulu is betrothed to Antone Barakat? They have been betrothed for years,—since they were children."

"Oh! that ends the matter," answered the relieved Jackson. "Betrothed to Antone? Dear me! I need n't have written to Philadelphia. Well, that ends the imbroglio."

Not so thought Frederic Sinclair. When informed of this betrothal, he simply said, "I must try to cut the man out."

"O, but that would be wrong," objected the missionary. "Put yourself in the place of Antone."

"I can't put myself in his place. He was betrothed, I have no doubt, without being consulted; perhaps against his will. There can't be any love in the case. I don't believe the girl cares for him. What sort of a betrothal do you call that?"

"It is according to the custom of the country. It would make a scandal to break it off."

"Let me see the fellow," said Sinclair, who had begun to show some conceit in his manner since he had become better acquainted. "I fancy I can look him down. A chap in a long gown, I suppose, with no stockings."

"Perhaps you had better see him," returned Mr. Jackson with a smile. "I will invite him to meet you to-morrow evening."

At the meeting Sinclair was roundly astonished. Instead of a fellow in a long gown and no stockings, he beheld a dandy in full European costume, who addressed him in fluent and correct English. Antone Barakat, a repre-

sentative of Young Syria, thoroughly contemptuous of his own country and countrymen, had spent nearly all his small patrimony in obtaining a European education, and in acquiring, perhaps, some European vices. From the age of sixteen to the age of twenty he had studied medicine in Paris and London. With that linguistic faculty which distinguishes the Arabs, he had mastered both the French and English so thoroughly, that, barring a certain distinctness of pronunciation, it would have been difficult to detect him as a foreigner. His manner was alert, easy, graceful, cordial, insinuating. His smile was as ready and sultry as the Syrian sunlight.

"From America!" he said, taking Sinclair by both hands. "I am so delighted to meet you! We owe so much to America. This mission, the mission school, our friend Mr. Jackson,— we are indebted for them all to your great and beneficent republic. Mr. Sinclair, I welcome you to Syria. If you can find any pleasure in this effete country, I cordially wish it for you. Do, pray, sit down. It is my duty to sit last."

Fluent as our countryman supposed himself to be, and was, here was a fluency which drowned him. All that he could think to say was, "I trust and believe that Syria is not quite effete."

"O, but it is!" protested Doctor Antone, as he was called, — "wofully so! All her sons are crushed by the fact. How different, how happily opposite, is your destiny! The youth and vigor of your great Republic fills you all with youth and vigor. An American never grows old. He is always full of energy. Our friend, Mr. Jackson here, is twice my age, and has twice as much work in him. If there is any human being in the world that I envy, it is an American. To own the fountain of perpetual youth, to have *jeunesse dorée* for a birthright, it is enviable, it is glorious."

Sinclair was pretty thoroughly humbugged. He believed that Antone was entirely in earnest, whereas he was only one tenth in earnest. The Syrian was translating from his own hyperbolical tongue; he was talking Arabic in the purest English; moreover, he was by nature a flatterer.

Mature as this youth was in language and manner, mature as his strong mustache and darkly grained cheeks showed him to the eye, he was only twenty-one. Life comes early to its ripeness under a sun which fondles the fig, the olive, and the vine.

The American boy of twenty-two was for a time mastered by the Syrian man of twenty-one. They left the mission that evening arm in arm, and before they had walked a hundred yards amid the giant cactus of the garden hedges, Sinclair said to Antone, "You must spend the night with me."

So there was a late supper on the best fare of the Hotel Franco. After the meats had been removed, fruit, sweets, and wines were served to the two in a stone balcony which overlooked a scene beyond the skill of painters. Below were gleaming roofs, dark shadows of winding streets, outlines of battlemented walls, and a castle, the waters of the harbor, silvery with moonlight, faint beams from prostrate pillars of Egyptian granite at the landing-place, the dark sweep of garden verdure beyond the city, — all closed in by the sombre, solemn ramparts of Lebanon. Amid this magic, drinking the hot wine of Cyprus, Sinclair's heart opened like a night-flower.

"Here is to the belle of Syria!" he drank, — "the betrothed of my friend, Antone, — Lulu Esh Shidiak! My dear friend, you must not wonder at me. I have come a thousand miles to see that beautiful girl who is yours. I did not know that her hand was promised. I have seen her only to lose her. You must allow me to drink to her. I unite your health with hers. In this wine of Cyprus, by all the memories of love that Cyprus brings, I wish you two health and happiness."

For an instant Antone's dark eyes showed a gleam of displeasure. European as he sought to be, he was still Oriental enough to cringe under a refer-

ence to his family affairs from a stranger, and to feel a pang of that most Eastern of passions, jealousy. He was, however, so agile and adroit of spirit that he found no difficulty in responding according to the humor of the occasion.

"Thanks," he said, springing, glass in hand, to his feet, — "thanks, my American friend, for that most American toast. May the love of a thousand Syrian girls reward you for your beneficent wishes! Ah! yours is a happy country. Women there may be spoken of freely, because they can be respected. Here is to my noble and chivalrous friend from the Yenghe Dunia! Here is to his future. May it be as glorious as the manifest destiny of his great Republic."

What young and patriotic American, full of the wine of Cyprus and surrounded by Syrian moonlight, could fail to be affected by this toast? Sinclair grasped Antone by the hand, and swore eternal friendship to him. The young men passed the night on sofas in the dining-room.

The next time that Sinclair visited the mission-house he said to Mr. Jackson, "I think I shall explore the Hauran."

"It is dangerous," replied the missionary, shaking his head.

"I need danger," muttered the young man, in a sad tone. "It will be a relief to me."

After the manner of good husbands, Mr. Jackson related the substance of this interview to his wife. "Dear me!" he sighed. "I am afraid he is really in love with the girl. It is absurd, of course; and yet it is affecting."

"It is perhaps better that he should go," replied the lady. "It would be dreadful for the school if that betrothal should be broken off by a visitor of ours."

"Yes, it is better that he should go," assented Jackson. "I must fit him out as thoroughly as possible for the Hauran. After all, I escaped from there, and I 'm not positive that I was in much danger."

While the preparations for the desert expedition went on, the intimacy between the two young men continued. Antone dined often with Sinclair, taught him various French games of cards, at last proposed stakes. The Syrian was not only a sponge, but a swindler. The American lost; he lost even after he had learned the games; after a time he suspected cheating, finally he became sure of it. He showed his coolness of temper by playing on until he had detected his comrade's trickeries, and by saying not one word concerning them. His losses now amounted to something over two hundred dollars. It was enough out of his letter of credit for one thousand, and his yearly income of only two thousand. He stopped playing, under a plea of native bad luck, and stopped his preparations for the Hauran, under a plea of summer heat.

At the same time, he resumed the plan of his Arabian Nights' courtship. "The fellow is no gentleman," he thought, "and he is totally unworthy of that exquisite girl, and it does n't matter how I treat him. If he can swindle me out of my money, I am excusable in beating him out of his betrothed."

The Jacksons, with several of their pupils, including Lulu Esh Shidiak, were now at Bhamdun on Mount Lebanon. Sinclair decided that he would not follow them until he could say to the conscientious and watchful missionary, "I have the permission of the girl's father to offer her my hand."

Furnished with letters from our consul at Beirut, and accompanied by Abdallah as guide and interpreter, he rode southward along the sun-gilded Phœnecian coast, between beaming hills on the left and the sparkling Mediterranean on the right, until he reached the yellow walls and cool, narrow streets of Sidon. Jurjus Esh Shidiak — better known as Abu Daoud, a well-to-do Sidonian merchant — was the most amazed Syrian between Jaffa and Aleppo when he learned the object of this young Frank's visit. Although he was sitting cross-legged, stayed up by a

chibouk six feet long, he came near toppling over on his back under the shock. His dark, massive, regular face crimsoned with a variety of emotions, the prevalent one being anger.

"Break my daughter's betrothal without cause! Does this Frank take me to be a man of no faith? Does he fail to see that I am a Howaja? Is he laughing at my beard? If I dared I would stone him."

Such were the first emotions of Abu Daoud as he listened to Sinclair's proposition. However, as is the fashion of his countrymen, up to a certain point of provocation, he maintained perfect calmness of manner, and responded with sugary speech.

"The *bint* (girl) — excuse me for mentioning her — is unworthy of the high attention of my most gracious lord," he said, in slow, measured tones, giving Abdallah abundant time to translate. "She is naught but the daughter of an Arab; and his excellency is a Howaja far above such creatures. I thank him for the condescension of his words. His goodness of heart is excessive. A child could see it in his face. Let us speak of matters more worthy of his high attention."

Abdallah — calm and expressionless as a pillar of Egyptian granite, without the faintest smile of the contempt which he felt for his subject and for both the men who bandied it — translated back and forth for an hour. He put into Arabic the American method of courtship as expounded by Sinclair. He put into English Abu Daoud's florid litanies of unmeaning compliment. Not a twinkle of wonder or merriment rose to his sombre black eyes, as this extraordinary dialogue ebbed and flowed over his dark red lips. Abdallah would have made a secret-police agent of the first magnitude.

Abu Daoud could not see the sense of letting girls choose their own husbands, although he eulogized that Yankee notion to the skies the moment it was stated to him. But when Sinclair mentioned the amount of his fortune, the Syrian capitalist raised his eyelids with a start of conviction. Thirty thousand dollars! seven hundred thousand piastres! In all Sidon there was no man so rich as that; it was as if one should say, "I am Aladdin Abushamat."

A wheedling smile at once puckered his politic mouth and the crafty corners of his meditative eyes.

"I repeat," he said, "that my daughter — excuse me for naming her — is unworthy of a single one of my lord's beneficent thoughts. But since my lord insists, I will venture to attend to the matter. If it shall appear that the other is unworthy — in the name of God let us say no more. The matter shall receive attention. His Highness's goodness of heart is so excessive that too much cannot be done to gratify him."

Sinclair, full of hope and joy, rose to depart. Abu Daoud slyly put a piece of gold in Abdallah's ready hand, whispering, "Between us be peace and secrecy."

"He will give you the girl," said the dragoman to his master, when they were in the street. "For so much money you can have any girl in this country."

The interview which we have described cost Abu Daoud a ride to Beirut and another to Bhamdun. In Beirut he picked up certain highly desirable reports adverse to Antone Barakat, such as that he had spent a large part of his one hundred and twenty thousand piastres ($5,000) in Europe, and that he indulged in various outlandish vices. From Mr. Jackson, who had lately entertained a travelling Philadelphian, he learned that Sinclair was as respectable and as rich as he claimed to be.

"This will be a new thing in the land of the Arabs, O Abu Daoud!" remonstrated the missionary.

"Alas, yes! But how necessary!" replied the Syrian. "How shall I give my child to one who is making himself a beggar? Antone has spent much property abroad, and he risks his piastres at games. Would you have me marry my child to such a one?"

"If that is so, I would not advise it,"

assented Jackson. "But make sure that it is so. Let us be discreet and just, as we desire God's justice."

"Praise be to his name!" responded Abu Daoud, with the ready Syrian piety. "We are always in his hand, and we must obey his will. I expected no other advice from one of your character and life. May he reward you for your incessant benevolence and holiness!"

Abu Daoud saw his daughter, showered benedictions upon her, and made her presents, but said nothing of his new plan for her future. The project was not yet ripe; and then what had she to do with it? A wise girl, a good daughter, — excuse me for naming her, — she would do her father's bidding.

Now back to Beirut. Abu Daoud cringed and smiled to Sinclair until the young man was ashamed for him.

"Tell him, once for all, that his daughter is worthy of twice what I am and have," he said to Abdallah. "Ask him if I can go and see her. I want a letter from him to Mr. Jackson."

"Let his Excellency wait one day longer," answered Abu Daoud, and went off to close matters with Antone.

What sort of an interview there was between the two Syrians we cannot say. It was probably commenced with mellifluous sweetness by the elder, and carried on with stormy anger by the younger, ending in a violent quarrel.

Smoother than butter, however, was Abu Daoud the next day, when he went with Sinclair before the American consul, and there signed a contract of betrothal for his daughter.

"There was no need of all this," said the lover, as he added his name to the paper. "Nevertheless, I suppose it is necessary in order to make the father feel safe. Confound it! I don't want to bind the young lady until she is willing to bind herself."

"We don't do it this way in America, Mr. Sinclair," blandly smiled the consul. "I wish you joy. *Good* morning."

"That young ass has actually engaged himself to a native," the consul remarked to his wife at dinner. "In six months from his wedding, he 'll be obliged to cowhide her."

Furnished with Abu Daoud's letter, and smeared to the ears with his embraces, Sinclair set out for Bhamdun, with Abdallah. An hour's ride took him through the narrow, gloomy, noisome, and noisy market street; through the winding ways of the magnificent amphitheatre of gardens; through the pines, which cast their thin shadows over the surrounding flats of sand; through the vast grove of olives, six miles in length, which silvers the shallow valley at the base of Lebanon. Then came the ascent, — hills beyond hills of yellow rock and yellow earth; down-lookings into huge ravines of terraced and cultivated verdure; grain, vines, olives, and mulberries, swarming up mighty slopes; villages in leafy nests of valleys and on rocky perches of crags; the great sea behind growing ever broader and more sublime; the mountain-ridge in front rivalling it in sublimity.

Light-footed mountaineers, some white-turbaned Druzes, others blue-turbaned Maronites, passed them with salutations of "Ya subhac bel khiar" (May God bless your morning). They watered their horses at fountains on which were inscriptions invoking the mercy of God. They lunched on figs and oranges and coffee, with their eyes fixed on the snowy peak of Sunneen. A wonderful present and a wonderful past were all around them. Had the sun been setting, they could have distinguished the mountains of Cyprus. Had a rocky cape been withdrawn, they could have beheld Sidon.

Sinclair felt his soul to be as radiant and boundless as the landscape. If we have hitherto treated this young man's passion with such levity as to throw doubt upon its sincerity, we have done it injustice. His imagination, at least, was all aflame; he was romantically in love with his Syrian belle; he was crazily impatient to be near her once more. Ah, the bedlamite poetry and sentiment of two-and-twenty!

The steep rocky *wady*, or ravine, six

hundred feet in depth, which gapes below Bhamdun, was fathomed at a speed which made the distant villages stare. At a fountain which flows near the lowermost stone cottages of the hamlet Sinclair leaped from his horse and advanced with extended hand toward two Syrian girls who were just then approaching the cool water from a terrace of mulberries.

"How do you do, Lulu?" he said to the eldest and handsomest.

"Ya, Howaja!" she exclaimed, using her own language, in her surprise. "O Howaja, Frayd!" she repeated in English.

"I am delighted," he added, pressing her hand until the color rushed into her half-veiled blond face. "I hope you are not vexed to see me."

"No, I am not vexed," she replied; "why should I?"

Probably she did not know two hundred English words, and even those were strange and unmeaning to her ears. Her talk in this unfamiliar language was always brief, simple, and passionless.

"I will see you again at Mr. Jackson's," he added, as he remounted his horse.

"Yes, I will see you," she answered, with a smile which was delicious, because it was girlish, because it was half hidden by the drooping folds of a mantilla of white gauze, because it was Oriental, madonnesque, and in short everything romanesque.

Of course Mr. Jackson had no more objections to make to this courtship when he learned that Abu Daoud had given it his paternal blessing.

"I will speak to the girl," he began.

"O, for Heaven's sake, no!" implored Sinclair. "You would rob me of a great happiness. I hate this betrothing, this commanding of elders, these shackles upon love. If she cannot like me for myself, without knowing that her father has contracted her to me, I will not take her."

The missionary could not help smiling, in spite of his perplexity. "This is new love-making for Syria," he said; "this is turning *shèkel belad** topsy-turvy."

They were sitting in a sort of roofed court, nearly thirty feet long, which occupied the centre of the house. On three sides were rooms; the other side was open, with the exception of two small, rudely cut pillars, supporting three broad, pointed arches; through these arches the eye dropped to the bottom of the stony wady beneath the village, or shot aslant over yellow hills until it reached the Mediterranean. The sun was setting; the sea was a blaze of flame; the west was a glory of reddish gold. To add picturesqueness to the foreground, a man in a white turban and striped cloak stole along a terrace just below the house, turning his dark face upward, under the dwarf mulberries, to glance at the two Franks.

"Who can that be?" muttered Mr. Jackson. "If the fellow were not in Druze costume, I should take him for Antone. I have seen him about here twice before. Do you know where Antone is?"

"I don't," answered the youth, and dropped the subject there, not quite easy in his conscience.

"Well, no matter, I don't know what harm he could do you that he would dare do."

"Nor I," returned Sinclair, scornfully; for he was not timorous, and he had the bravado of his age.

Now came a period of courtship. "It must be in the presence of my family," Jackson had said; and Sinclair had acceded in good faith to the somewhat severe decree. But Mrs. Jackson, interested in this match now that it had become lawful, made the way as easy as she might for the two lovers. When the five Arab maidens of her branch of the school walked out under her charge she allowed Sinclair to accompany them, and to detain Lulu behind the others or inveigle her ahead on little pretexts. So there was love-making of a kind new to Syrian damsels.

Lulu was at once charmed and fright-

* The custom of the country.

ened at feeling her hand pressed by this young man, and at hearing from his lips that she was beautiful. Her slightly pale blond cheeks colored under these excitements until they glowed like a sunset. She was in love; there was soon no doubt of that; but still she was shy. She had been told that she was free from her engagement with Antone, but not that she was betrothed to this glorious stranger. To her former affianced, by the way, she hardly gave a thought; she had not spoken to him above a dozen times in her life; even then their talk had not been of affection; why should she care for him?"

At last, after a month of this coy happiness, Sinclair begged that he might see Lulu alone.

"Give me an hour," smiled Mrs. Jackson; then she arrayed the girl in her best attire. When Sinclair entered the room where his Madonna had been sent to receive him, he beheld a spectacle which we must describe.

Lulu was in truth very handsome. There are thousands of handsomer girls in America, and even in Philadelphia; but then hers was an Oriental beauty, and to Sinclair it had the magic of novelty. Her profile was what one might call a compromise between the Greek and the Jewish. Her forehead was low and broad; her nose delicate and the merest trifle curved; her mouth was rather small, but the lips were pulpy; her chin was well brought forward, and exquisitely dimpled. Her expression was more noble and intellectual than was justly due to her somewhat uncultured soul and brain.

In form she was rather small, but rounded, graceful, and willowy. The only changes which the missionaries had made in her native costume were to close up the breast of her dress to the neck, and to lengthen the skirt until it concealed her *shintyan* or Oriental trousers. On her head, set a little back, so as to show her wavy auburn hair, was a crimson tarboosh, with a long black silk tassel. Her jacket of crimson broadcloth hung loosely, and its embroidered sleeves only came halfway to her elbows. Her dress — a figured stuff of cotton and silk — fitted her round form closely, showing the natural contour of both waist and hips. Around the waist, or rather around the hips, and nearly falling from them, was a twisted shawl of India silk, white, with narrow golden stripes. Her little feet were in pointed slippers of yellow morocco.

The girl's cheeks, when Sinclair entered her presence, were a flame of scarlet, and her hazel eyes were flashes of frightened, curious, loving, liquid light.

"My beautiful girl, please read that," he said, handing her the letter of Abu Daoud to Mr. Jackson.

She read it, blushing deeper than ever, and looked up at him with unconcealed gladness.

"Dear Lulu," he went on, seizing her hands, "I love you dearly. Do you understand me? O, do you? Are you willing to be my wife?"

Syrian as she was, she received all this in such a truly American fashion that I am inclined to suspect that the American fashion is strictly in accordance with universal human nature. She laid her golden head against his shoulder, and whispered, "I am willing."

We will pass over something that next happened, also very American; we will skip on to the moment when Sinclair asked, "When will you be married?"

"When you want," replied Lulu, still with her head on his shoulder.

This answer, I have reason to believe, is not so American; but our young Pennsylvanian seemed to find it perfectly satisfactory, and there was another little scene which we shall omit.

This affiancing must be a long job. It was an hour or so before the portal of the parlor opened, and through the nondescript court of the straggling, one-storied, and leaky, though stone-built cottage, walked bashfully, arm in arm, Fred Sinclair and Lulu Esh Shidiak, betrothed lovers. The Christian gravity of Mrs. Jackson melted into a shower of kisses and a moisture which

brightened her eyes. The four unaffianced damsels of the school kissed first Lulu's hand, and then her cheek, with an air of profound respect. Mr. Jackson wished the couple joy, and beamed with irrational confidence that all was for the best, although logically he did not believe in marrying two grades of civilization.

Now Sinclair became a missionary, and heard Lulu's English lessons. There was a delightful month of study, of babblings in the comandaloon, or double-arched window, and of walks among the mulberries and vines of the terraces which surrounded the village. Then came a whirlwind of trouble.

A terrific civil war burst out between the eighty thousand Maronites and the thirty-five thousand Druzes of Mount Lebanon. Over rocky heights and through verdant ravines, for a space of fifteen miles in breadth by forty in length, the struggle rioted in the blood of men, women, and children, and in the flames of convents and villages. The Druzes, favored by their compact feudal organization, and led by their five great families of martial sheiks, rapidly gained ground on their more numerous but badly handled antagonists. The ferocity of the contest may be judged of by a single ghastly incident. Colonel Rose, the English Consul-General of Syria, visiting the venerable chief of the powerful house of Boneked on a mission of peace, found the old man smoking his pipe amid a circle of thirty bloody Christian heads, expiatory sacrifices for the death of his son in battle. Even in the presence of this hideous spectacle the fierce but politic and smooth-tongued barbarian had the impudence to lay his hand upon his heart and say, "Rose Bey, may Allah bless you for your thoughts of peace!"

There were reports that Bhamdun, a Christian village, would be burned. The Abdelmeleks, within whose feudal territories it lay, declared that, while they would protect the lives of the missionaries, they could not guarantee the safety of the hamlet. The Jacksons decided that they must retire to Beirut, and, for greater safety, they concluded to make the journey by night.

At this point Antone Barakat reappears darkly on the scene. It seems that he had sworn vengeance for his dismissal; that, under the disguise of a Druze costume, he had followed Lulu to the mountains; that he had haunted the neighborhood of Bhamdun with the purpose of doing — we cannot say what. When the war broke out, he saw in it a chance for executing his vindictive projects. A member of the Greek Church, and consequently a hater of the papistical Maronites, he had no hesitation in aiding the Druzes against their Christian foes.

In return for his services as a spy he demanded of the Abdelmeleks that they should assist him in recovering his betrothed. Sheik Ali, the old and crafty head of the house, refused to meddle in the affairs of Franks; but his eldest son, Sheik Yusef, the warrior of the race, nodded assent to a group of his ferocious henchmen.

On a summer evening, lighted only by the stars, the Jackson cavalcade, no less than eight loaded mules and horses, left Bhamdun for the city. The first ravine was passed, and they were winding over the stony ridge beyond it, when the missionary called Sinclair aside.

"I have seen that Druze again today," he whispered. "The one who looks like Antone. And he is Antone. I walked after him, and he ran away from me. I am seriously afraid that he will make some trouble for us, — that is, especially for you and Lulu. My opinion is that we had better divide our party. Suppose that you and Lulu should take the boy Habeeb, and push straight to the left into the next wady. There is a Maronite village at the bottom of it, and there you will probably be safe. The way is rough, but Habeeb knows it. Meantime we will follow the public road to Beirut. If people come upon us, I shall know how to make them waste their time, even if I don't scare them out of their enterprise."

Ten minutes later, Sinclair and Lulu, guided by a lean, springy Arab youth of eighteen, had cantered along the stony nose of the ridge, and were descending its steepest declivity into a deep, shadowy ravine. For a space they leaped their horses down the terraces; then they found a path which followed the windings of a gulley. Vines and mulberries rose to right and left above them; the thick verdure of oranges and lemons darkened below them. They were within half a mile of the village, when from behind the blackened walls of a cottage which had been burned the day previous rode three men in the white turbans and cloaks of white and black stripes which distinguish the Druzes. With a groan of terror Habeeb sprang out of the path, and rushed up the terraced hillside at the sublimest speed of his slippers. Sinclair, stupefied by the novelty of the conjuncture, halted his horse in front of Lulu, and slowly drew his revolver.

"Ah, Howaja Fred," said the foremost Druze, in pure English, and with a mocking accent, "so you came out of your way to meet me? How kind! Nobody is so kind as these Americans. Their goodness is excessive, as we poor Arabs say. Now will you cause the measure of your beneficence to overflow by giving me my betrothed wife?"

Lulu had uttered a low cry of alarm when she recognized the voice of Antone. Sinclair, without saying a word, placed his left hand on the bridle of her horse, and with the other hand presented his revolver. As quick as lightning Antone slipped to the ground, and aimed a fowling-piece across his saddle.

At that moment tongues of fire shot from a thicket a hundred yards distant; there was a swift *whish* of missiles through the air, and then the *bang bang* of the volley. With the sharp cry of a wounded man Antone Barakat clambered into his saddle, and, followed by his two comrades, plunged past Sinclair and Lulu, galloping up the gulley-pathway toward the dark ridges of the mountain. The crisis was over in an instant; it had swept by like a whirlwind; it had come only to be gone. In explanation of the volley, we must understand a picket of Maronites from the village, who had detected the white turbans and striped cloaks, distinct against the sombre hillside.

At daybreak, safely housed in Beirut, Sinclair learned from Mr. Jackson that he also had been halted by a party of Druzes, and had with difficulty convinced them that Lulu Esh Shidiak was not in his cavalcade. They had only left him when they heard a crash of musketry in the wady.

In what Howaja Frayd considered due season there was a wedding at the mission-house. All the Esh Shidiaks were there, — men in turbans and long robes, women in figured silks and headdresses of gold coins, all glowing with such pride and satisfaction as seldom illuminates Syrian families. Abu Daoud's face wrinkled all over with joy, like a sea covered with frisking, sunny wavelets, when he learned that his Excellency Howaja Frayd would reside in Syria. What pickings! what purses of gold to borrow! what chances for speculation in wool and cocoons!

"Are you happy, Lulu?" asked Howaja Frayd, as he drew his Oriental wife out of the reception.

"Yes, *very*," sighed Lulu, looking up in his face as frankly as if she had belonged to him forever.

Whether he has ever had occasion to cowhide her, after the manly fashion of many Syrian husbands, we cannot positively declare. Let us stubbornly hope to the contrary, inasmuch as she is a member of the mission church.

CORONATION.

AT the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun,
Caught in the drowsy snare too soon
The guards slept one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hourglass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown, and threw it by;
"O man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead.

TRIBUTE OF A LOVING FRIEND TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE WOMAN.

"GOD bless her sweet face! she's not a bit the worse for being a duchess!"

So spoke a good old broad-brimmed Quaker, when he bought at the Anti-slavery Fair the splendid engraving of the late beautiful Duchess of Sutherland.

The old Quaker heard around him sneers, as if a republican and a Quaker should be ashamed to exhibit enthusiasm for the pictured form of one who then stood at the head of modern aristocracy. And he spoke words that embody a deep truth, that a truly grand and noble woman has a worth and value of her own altogether superior to that of rank or station, and that at her feet even the most unworldly may bow, giving homage to *her* and not to her position.

The late Duchess of Sutherland was one of those few individuals in this world who may be said in the general drift of life to have been completely fortunate. By lineage she was of the noblest English blood. Her ancestral grandmother on the mother's side was the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty, wit, and genius, and the warm and decided part which she took in the liberal and progressive politics of her day, have become matter of history.

She was the ornament and pride and patroness of that very strong party in England which, during our Revolutionary War, sympathized with our leaders in their assertion of human rights, and remonstrated against the suicidal policy of England.

The Duchess of Devonshire was not only a charming and admired woman in society, but gifted with some considerable degree of literary talent. Thus we find among Coleridge's "Occasional Poems" an "Ode addressed to Georgianna, Duchess of Devonshire," on the twenty-fourth stanza of her poem, entitled "Passage over Mount Gothard."

We shall quote the opening lines of this Ode, as they suggest an idea which is a leading one in the consideration of a character like that of the Duchess of Sutherland. They are written upon the following quatrain of the Duchess's poem: —

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild,
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart."

Of this the poet says: —

"Splendor's fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learned you that heroic measure?

"Light as a dream, your days their circlets ran
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed — from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises, soothed your infant heart;
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from nature; stately vests,
That veiling, strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine
Were yours, unearned by toil, nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell.
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learned you that heroic measure?"

On a first view, it certainly would appear that the influence engendered by aristocratic institutions, on those who are born inheritors of their privileges, would be one entirely contrary to any deep and generous sympathy with the mass of mankind; and such, as a general thing, has been the influence of aristocracy on the minds that have been formed by it.

The utter want of sympathy with humanity in the aristocracy of France was what precipitated their downfall in the Revolution. But in the English nation it is a noticeable fact, that the long struggle by which liberal ideas and the rights of the common people have been steadily advanced has found

some of its most efficient supporters among the nobility.

The Duchess of Devonshire, although living in an age of great fashionable extravagance and dissipation, is celebrated by the poet as a good mother, who nursed her own children, and formed their minds and character herself. The Countess of Carlisle, the mother of the Duchess of Sutherland, did credit to the system under which she was brought up. It was our fortune to know her, in the serene old age of a beautiful life, spent in a conscientious fulfilment of every duty. Cultivated, polished, refined, remembering most of the men and things best worth knowing in her period, her conversation and her letters, even after her seventieth year, were delightful. Nothing in the progress of mankind escaped her, — every good cause, every heroic movement in any land or country, had her intelligent and appreciative sympathy.

The Earl of Carlisle, her husband, was a man well known in his day for his liberal patronage of art and letters. Castle Howard, the family residence, has one of the finest collections of pictures and statuary in England. It was here that the youth of the Duchess of Sutherland was passed. She was gifted generously by nature, first, with beauty, which in its mature hour, might well have been chosen as the perfected type of English loveliness; but, independent of her beauty, and greatly superior to it as an endowment, she received from nature the gift of a large and generous heart, with such a breadth and capacity of love, such powers of sympathy and tenderness and friendship, as are given to few. Her nature was as magnificent in its wealth of the affectional and emotive powers as in personal charms.

In some respects, her face and head reminded one of traits in the Venus de Milo, particularly in the shape and character of the eyes; but no marble and no painting can ever do justice to the beauty of those eyes, in their varied moods of expression. Their general character was that of serious tenderness, but a tale of injury or wrong, the suggestion of anything like meanness or unfairness or harshness and cruelty would bring lightnings from those blue eyes and an expression of indignation to the beautiful face.

Her goodness was not mere physical softness, or love of ease, or aversion to earnest thought. Much of what is called amiability, in beautiful ladies, is little more than the purring of a sleek, well-fed cat, happy and contented, because every animal sense is gratified. That of the Duchess of Sutherland, while it had its foundation in a harmonious and well-developed animal nature, was a deeper principle, a clear, discriminating virtue. Her sense of justice was as broad and deep as her powers of emotion. Everywhere, both in her own country and in all other countries, she hated wrong, and she loved right, with a passionate enthusiasm.

Her mother, the Countess of Carlisle, belonged to that generation in which the abolition of slavery on English territory was conceived and executed. Some of the most untiring friends of that great reform were to be found in the list of her personal friends among the English nobility; and Lady Carlisle educated her children in the principles of universal liberty, as in a religion. It was, therefore, no fine lady's whim, or passing caprice of fashionable sentiment, that led the Duchess of Sutherland always to manifest the deepest sympathy with those in America who were struggling to bring about the same reform which had already been wrought in England.

The Boston Antislavery Fair at which the good Quaker bought the engraving of the Duchess was held some time during those eventful years between 1831 and 1866, when the battle for human rights and human liberty was being fought out in this country. About this time, in the good city of Boston, this same Antislavery Fair represented a class of persons whose position resembled that of certain oth-

ers mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as the "sect that is everywhere spoken against." The few stanch spirits that kept up that Fair were of the old heroic blood of Massachusetts, and could trace their lineage back through generations of men who never flinched from a principle.

For a simple effort to carry out logically the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the members of the American Antislavery Society were ostracized from the polite circles of Boston; they lost standing everywhere, and in every respect, and good society — meaning by this the majority of what was cultivated, refined, and even professedly religious — could not do enough to express contempt of them. If a distinguished European stranger in those days chanced to be sharing Boston hospitalities, he was always sure to be invited by some zealous member to show himself at this Fair, and give, at least, the comfort of his countenance to the effort that was being then made for the cause of universal liberty. It would not be difficult to furnish a list of distinguished Europeans who, when safely across the water, could testify, like the very Apostles and Prophets, against American slavery, but who, brought to this simple test in the city of Boston, refused then and there to acknowledge the only men and women who were doing anything efficient against it. There was, however, one marked exception: the Earl of Carlisle and brother of the Duchess of Sutherland, then Lord Morpeth, visited the United States in those days, and while in the city of Boston, notwithstanding the officious warnings of the unpopularity of the act, went to the Antislavery Fair, and took pains in the most marked and significant manner to avow his sympathy with the object represented. The Duchess of Sutherland, also, sent contributions to this Fair, accompanied with expressions of sympathy.

When Mr. Garrison, then the object of unmitigated obloquy and contempt in America, visited England during these years, he was invited to Stafford House by the Duchess, and made to feel at ease there by that matchless charm of manner of which she had the gift, and which enabled her to shed over the splendors of a palace the charm of a simple, warm-hearted home. At her request he sat for his picture to Richmond, the celebrated crayon artist; and the picture occupied an honored place in Stafford House. At this time several high rewards had been offered in Southern States for the head of Garrison, and he said to the Duchess, when she made the request, that desires had been frequently expressed to obtain *his head*, but that they had never come in a form so flattering.

It was for many years said that the severe denunciatory language of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, and their want of Christian charity in their mode of carrying on the movement, were a sufficient reason why every one should fall away from them, and leave them to work alone. We believe, however, that the disclosures which have been made in this late struggle, of the awful character of the evil which they attacked, have wrought such a change in the public mind, that, should Mr. Garrison's early articles on this subject be now published, people would inquire with surprise, Where is the strong language, and where the excessive denunciations? Mr. Garrison was like a man on the front cars of a swift-rushing train, who sees terrific danger not seen by those at the other end. The cries that he uttered in time came to be uttered by every one in the United States, as in their turn the real meaning of the situation flashed upon them.

The sympathy which was felt with the American antislavery struggle in England was in part the continued burning of that fire of enthusiasm which had been kindled by the labors of Clarkson and Wilberforce. When the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" roused this smouldering enthusiasm once more in England, there is no manner of doubt that all good people there regarded it as an outbreak of

pure virtue. England, so they thought, had come through this great struggle victoriously; she had emancipated all her slaves, and declared the soil of Britain everywhere free. And why should not America do the same?

When the Duchess of Sutherland opened Stafford House for an anti-slavery meeting of the women of England, she was acting as a representative Englishwoman, standing but a little lower than the throne, and representing in herself the whole sentiment of English womanhood.

Very gentle and sisterly and tender were the words of that address of "The Englishwomen to their Sisters in America." They spoke of a common lineage, a common religion; they acknowledged the fault and shame of England in bringing this great evil upon the American Colonies; they made this acknowledged fault a reason why they should endeavor to speak to them of the remedies that might yet possibly lie in the power of American women.

Under the circumstances, probably no form of words that covered so very objectionable a deed as this memorial could be more unobjectionable. More than half a million of women sent it with their signatures, which, beginning at the foot of the throne, embraced names of every rank and order, down to the wife of the meanest laborer, who could sign her name. These signatures, in eighteen folio volumes enclosed in a cabinet of English oak, were sent to America and exhibited at the Boston Antislavery Fair.

Let us not doubt that every signer of that celebrated document, at the time she put her name to it, was for the moment yielding to a true and noble impulse. Our poor human nature is not so very well off in matters of virtue that we can afford to deny it thus much. But in signing that memorial, as well as in uttering certain petitions in the Lord's Prayer, the fair petitioners were asking for a great deal more than they were actually willing to receive. We who say, from Sunday to Sunday, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," are often utterly confounded when God's will *is* done in a way that sweeps off all our cherished plans and expectations.

When the efforts to which the women of England exhorted their sisters had actually been made, and resulted in a great battle, — a battle which it was instinctively felt would necessitate other and similar conflicts throughout Europe, — then it was that the ladies of England shrank from the spirit which they had evoked. And among all the half-million who signed the remonstrance, there was only here and there one to encourage the party that fought for freedom.

It is due, however, to truth, to say that among these few the Duchess of Sutherland, with her daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, stood firm, though standing almost alone.

The Duchess of Sutherland, during those days, had retired from society, and was an invalid, but of the constancy of her heart, and the clearness of her perceptions of the right, none who knew her could doubt.

The immediate consequence of the letter of the ladies of England to those of America was a storm of indignant rejoinder from the Southern States. The sisters across the water, in terms far less conciliatory and language far less guarded than their own, were reminded of all the objectionable features of English society, and politely requested to look at home and let their neighbors' housekeeping alone.

The papers were full of stories of the Duchess of Sutherland, in which all the barbarities said to attend the Sutherland clearances, years before she became connected with the family, were laid at her door. It was she who had pulled down cottages over the heads of defenceless old women, and turned out the sick and starving to wander and to beg. Whether things like these ever were done under the rule of the Duke's mother the Duchess, Countess of Sutherland, is not a point here to be discussed.

The history of the Highland clearances and evictions is to this day a sore spot in the minds of the Scotch people, and it is a subject on which one must never hope for a dispassionate inquiry. It was one of those instances where a change necessary for the good of a country excited such vehement bitterness of feeling, and such a collision of passion, as to leave lasting and ineradicable soreness and indignation, even although society has undoubtedly settled into a very much better form in consequence. But whatever objectionable incidents might have been connected with the clearances of the Highlands, it is quite evident that the Duchess of Sutherland had nothing to do with them, since the system was first introduced in 1806, the same year that she was born, and some of the alleged inhumanities dated back to 1811, when she was a child of five or six years, playing in the halls of Castle Howard.

The Duchess was married to the Duke of Sutherland, then bearing the title of Earl Gower, in the year 1823. She was at that time in her seventeenth year, and the Duke was thirty-seven, being twenty years her senior. The match, however, was not only one of the most brilliant in regard to worldly possessions which a subject could make in England, but it was a peculiarly happy one, considered simply in relation to the quality of the individual.

The Duke of Sutherland was one of those refined and delicate characters whose worth can only be fully appreciated on an intimate acquaintance. An unfortunate infirmity of deafness prevented his ever taking part in the public duties of his station, and caused him to bear in the great and brilliant society in which he moved the part of spectator rather than actor.

An observer who has associated with the English nobility much must have noticed that a certain shrinking shyness is rather characteristic of them. Madame de Staël, in her "Corinne," gives the result of her observations on this point in her character of Lord Nelvil. Much that passes for haughtiness and reserve is often neither more nor less than the remains of an extreme diffidence. In the Duke of Sutherland this shyness was increased by the consciousness of an infirmity which he feared in every company might embarrass those who wished to communicate with him. Master of one of the largest estates in Great Britain, with Stafford House, Trentham Hall, and Dunrobin Castle, each of which could compare favorably with any of the royal residences in Europe, the Duke was always the simplest, the most unostentatious, the most humbly conscientious of human beings. There was something peculiar about his manners in their lowliness and humility: he seemed to ask pardon of the world for holding more of its wealth, power, and splendor than ought to be engrossed by one human being.

In person he was tall and graceful, and his manners were marked by a charm of considerate thoughtfulness for others that was very peculiar. Although his consciousness of his infirmity would have led him to shrink from society, yet he had so considerate a regard for guests in his own house as to always endeavor to make some conversation with each when under his roof; and with such skill and tact did he manage this, that the reply could generally be expressed by a negative or affirmative.

In conversation with those of inferior rank, the same lowly courtesy of manner was often visible. Not many years since, an old tenant of the Duke of Sutherland's now living in Andover, Massachusetts, related this anecdote of him. He had charge of a mill on the Duke's estate, and one day left it to the care of a young man who had newly come into his employ, and to whom the Duke's person was unknown. On his return, the young employee said to him: "There has been an old man to see you: he is quite deaf, poor old gentleman! he said he was sorry to make me speak so loud, and seemed to feel very badly about the trouble he gave

me." "Ah! then you have seen the Duke," replied the miller to the astonished apprentice; "that's our Duke!"

Standing thus apart from the gay and brilliant scene in which he moved, the Duke meditated deeply on the great question of society. His well-known benevolence, and the conscientious care that he gave to the discharge of his duty to his dependants, constantly brought him into contact with the two extremes of life. He saw his own, so brilliant, so abundant; he saw the poor laborer's, so restricted, and so uncertain and confined, and saw it with a deep feeling of sadness akin to self-reproach. *All* that he could do by the most conscientious and unintermitting efforts seemed so little to bridge over the awful chasm.

The writer well remembers one evening during a stay of some days at Dunrobin Castle. The dining-hall was, as usual, brilliantly lighted, and a company of about forty persons, including some of the first in rank and beauty among the nobility, were present. The service of the table was even more than usually exquisite in taste and ornamentation, but the Duke sat at the head of all with the gentle thoughtfulness of manner so habitual with him. After a few moments he wrote and passed to the writer these lines of Milman:—

"We sit on a cloud and sing like pictured angels,
And say the world runs smooth, while right below
Welters the vast fermenting heap of life
On which our state is built."

In the conversation that followed, it was evident that his was a delicately and sensitively conscientious spirit, oppressed by worldly greatness as an awful trust and serious responsibility, and pained by many things in the constitution of society which he felt powerless to alter.

Of his immense possessions he evidently regarded himself only as a steward. The total population of the Sutherland estate at this time was 21,784; and the care of such a property of course occupied the whole of his attention during those months of every year which he spent upon it. The estate was divided into three districts, each under a superintendent, who communicated with the Duke through a general agent. The Duke devoted every Monday to seeing such of his tenants as wished to have personal interviews, and, lest his infirmity of hearing should cause him to misunderstand any case, he took the further precaution to have it always submitted in writing.

In addition to the three factors who had the general care of the estate, a ground officer was maintained in every parish, and an agriculturist in the Dunrobin district, who gave particular attention to instructing the people in the best methods of farming.

Since the year 1811 four hundred and thirty miles of road have been constructed on the Sutherland estate, and thirteen post-offices and sub-offices been established in the county. Since that time, also, there have been fourteen inns either built or enlarged by the Duke. Thousands of acres of land, since that time, which were supposed to be worthless for cultivation, have been reclaimed by means of agricultural knowledge, and made productive. Large forests of woodland have been planted, improved breeds of cattle of all sorts have been distributed through the county, and a large fishing-village established, which affords employment to thirty-nine hundred people. Savings banks have been established in every parish, of which the Duke of Sutherland is patron. He has been also a liberal patron of education. Beside the parish schools, the Duke of Sutherland contributed to the support of several schools for young women, at which sewing and other branches of industrial education were taught. In 1844 he agreed to establish twelve general schools in such parts of the county as were out of the sphere of the parochial schools, and to contribute annually two hundred pounds in aid of salaries to teachers, besides furnishing house, garden, and cows' grass. Three medical gentlemen on the estate received a yearly allowance from the Duke of Sutherland for attendance on

the poor, in the district in which they resided.

The mere suggestion of the labors of superintending such an estate must strike any one; and then, if we consider another large estate to be cared for in Staffordshire, and three or four smaller ones in different parts of England, and twelve parishes at the Duke's disposal in appointing clergymen, we can see how great must be the cares of a man of delicate moral nature, humble in his estimate of himself, judging himself severely, and with high ideas of what should be expected from the possessor of such great resources.

The writer once spent a pleasant day with the Duke and Duchess in riding over their estates, and viewing the various improvements which they were planning for their people. The sensitiveness which the Duke seemed to exhibit to the good or ill fortune of his poorer tenants was quite touching. It had been a very wet season, and when the Duke passed a little patch of wheat, just reaped, and lying exposed to the rain, it really seemed to give him more pain than anything which could have touched himself. Whatever the temptations of rank and station may be to men who look upon them in a different way, it is certain that to the Duke life was one long practice of the duties of fatherly consideration for others.

The Duchess was of a character in many respects different from that of the Duke, but harmoniously adapted to it. She was generous, frank, and confiding, with great powers of enjoyment herself, as well as great power of dispensing joy to others. Life, from the point of view of a beautiful woman, whose very smile makes summer where she moves, cannot be the same that it is to a thoughtful man, who feels chiefly the burden of its responsibilities.

The Duchess inherited no tendency to any form of creative literary or artistic talent; she did not write poems like her grandmother, nor occupy her leisure hours with drawing or painting. The great charm of her nature was its appreciativeness. Artists, poets, and literary men all found in her just enough of their own nature to enable her to understand them. With all the soft repose of manner which high-breeding gives, she possessed the gift of a peculiar magnetic warmth of nature, which dissipated reserve, and in a few moments placed the most diffident at ease with her. This natural advantage had been improved and turned to the best account by culture. If there be any one word which expresses the beginning, middle, and end of what is taught to a young woman carefully brought up in the upper ranks of English life, it is CONSIDERATION. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto never lost sight of in their early training. As soon as a child can open a book or appreciate a picture, it is taught its duty to show something or do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of some friend or visitor; and life is thus made a study of thoughtful attentions to others. Such a training as this and such early habits gave to the Duchess of Sutherland, in her magnificent beauty, a sort of divining power by which she was enabled always to say and do precisely the right thing, and to give pleasure to every one who approached her.

One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle, one evening, were two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived late, they were not dressed in season, when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing-room, previous to passing out to the dinner-table. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort, and, appreciating the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convoy them to the drawing-room, she came herself to their apartments, and said, graciously,

"I hope I have not kept you waiting"; and, taking a hand of each, with motherly tenderness, she led them with her into the drawing-room.

On another occasion, an American lady was riding out with her, and seemed particularly struck with the variety and beauty of the heather, which fringed the path, and made many inquiries about it.

On returning from the drive, while this lady was dressing for dinner, a basket was brought to her apartment, in which every species of heather known in Scotland was represented, — each kind with a neat label affixed to it, giving its botanical name. That evening the floral ornaments of the dinner-table were all of heather, — the centre-piece being a beautiful statuette of Highland Mary; and the Duchess wore heather for her head-dress, saying to her friend: "You see what pleasure it gives us Scotch people to have our native productions appreciated." A service of china was used on the dinner-table, on which heather was exquisitely painted. This could not, of course, have been got up to order, and its existence among the repositories of the castle showed that the Duchess must have appreciated the flower long before.

One other anecdote will illustrate the spirit of the Duchess's whole family circle.

Her sister, Lady ——, was returning from an afternoon drive with two guests, when they expressed a curiosity to see a certain building which had been a matter of conversation, and she said, "I will tell the driver to take us there before we return to the castle." The coachman, however, was a little deaf, and the lady's order did not reach him; and therefore, instead of taking the turn which she expected, he drove directly to the castle.

"There, now, poor little man!" was her comment; "he did n't understand me. I could n't tell him now, it would mortify him so that he would never get over it; but I will take you there to-morrow."

In all the relations between these powerful people and those who depended upon them the iron hand of power was always concealed under the softest glove of consideration.

The only sense in which the Duchess could be said to be a creative artist was in the embellishment of every dwelling-place she inhabited, in which artists, architects, and landscape-gardeners carried out her poetic conceptions, and gave expression to her exquisite tastes. Her house, however gorgeous and splendid, had always that indefinable charm of home comfort about it which comes from the individual thoughtfulness of the possessor for the tastes and feelings of others.

During the time of the writer's stay in Dunrobin Castle, thirty or forty guests, each with servants and dependants, were visiting at the castle, yet everything moved on with that air of tranquillity and home quiet which belongs to a small, well-regulated family.

The Duchess, at the head, kept her eye on all, thought of all, provided for all. Every day to each was proposed such varied forms of occupation or amusement as it was imagined would be most agreeable. The supervision of the happiness and comfort of all was perfect, though invisible. The results could only be accomplished by that perfect domestic system which has for ages been the striking characteristic of English family life. Everything there has a precedent, an established order; every person knows his exact place, and is exactly fitted for it; and it is quite possible for a generous and magnanimous nature, full of hospitality and thoughtfulness, to infuse itself into every coworker, down to the meanest attendant.

The exact disposition of hours also give to the heads of establishments a great deal of uninterrupted time, which they may at pleasure devote to reading, study, business, or the care of children. A day at Dunrobin Castle was spent much in this fashion. Between eight and nine o'clock the guests began assembling in a charming little

boudoir adjoining the grand drawing-room, where the breakfast was always served. Here the Duchess, always fresh and radiant, and with something appropriate and kind to say to each one, waited for a few moments before leading the way to a room where the servants of the family were assembled for family worship. On the entrance of the Duchess and her guests all rose respectfully, and remained standing until they were seated; after which the Duchess read morning prayers, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined audibly. Breakfast, which immediately followed, was on the whole the most charming meal of the day, — the table being spread in the brightest and airiest room of the house, whose windows overlooked the tree-tops of the forest and the blue waters of the German Ocean. It was a meal of unconventional freedom and ease; every one's letters were laid beside his plate, and the opening and reading of these, and the passing backwards and forwards of cheerful bits of information gathered from them, formed a very pleasant feature of the hour. After breakfast there was a little season of chatting and lounging in the parlors, while the Duchess arranged with some of her friends a thoughtful programme of the day, which included provision for the comfort and amusement of every guest; and these arrangements being understood, the Duchess could command her time until luncheon at two o'clock.

The gentlemen of the family, as a general thing, were supposed to spend the day in the open air, as this was the shooting season.

After lunch at two o'clock, the guests generally drove out, and spent the afternoon in excursions to different points of interest in the surrounding beautiful country, returning in season for an hour of rest and refreshment before the dressing-bell rang for dinner.

Dinner at eight o'clock was the grand reunion of the day; all, however divided in pursuits, were expected to meet then, and spend the evening thenceforward in each other's society. Music and conversation diversified the evening, and at twelve o'clock the Duchess dismissed each of her guests, handing her a night-lamp with some appropriate kind word.

The disappearance of the beautifully dressed ladies up and down the long corridors of the castle, with these silver night-lamps in their hands, and their passing behind the draperied portals of the different doors, was like a scene in the opera.

The Duchess was never insensible to the poetry of the life she was living. The romantic castle by the sea had its charms for her, and she enriched its architecture and arranged its apartments with many graceful suggestions.

The boudoir, where we assembled in the morning, was lined with sea-green satin, and the cornices of the curtains were of white enamelled shells and coral. The tables and furniture of the room were adorned with shells and coral; even the small mouldings were wrought in the form of sea-shells.

Nothing could be thought of more quaintly beautiful than the terraced walks, the magnificent staircases, the lovely gardens with their fountains and their flowers, that surrounded this castle.

With the warm inspiration of the Duchess's lovely and life-giving presence, Dunrobin seems to us like a beautiful dream. And though the rose of England is now faded, though leaf by leaf dropped from it in that long and weary trial of debility and sickness which must end the most prosperous life, yet it is comforting to think that the noblest and sweetest part of what gave the charm there is immortal.

Patient continuance in well-doing was the great effort and end of her own life and her husband's. And of all that they possessed, this *patient continuance* is the only thing that retains permanent value in the eyes of God or man.

OUR FOUR SERVANTS.

THE freedpeople have always been rather a mythical class to me. Born and reared in Massachusetts, I have known little of the colored race except through the newspapers and the antislavery societies. And though I 've industriously read the discussions about the negro and his capabilities in the former, and have espoused the antislavery cause from childhood with all my heart, the real Southern negro, born and reared a slave, has always been a subject of curiosity and speculation.

But a recent visit to a Border State, in a family where the servants are colored, and generally of the class set free by the Proclamation, has given me an opportunity for observing them closely. I have not been out of my way to obtain material for these sketches, but have jotted down, without exaggeration, what has come directly under my observation. And the only merit in the jottings is that they are the plain, unvarnished truth. They interested me in spite of their simplicity, and may be interesting to others.

Amy is a colored woman who does the washing for the family where I spent the summer. She is a demure, pleasant-faced woman, with a very slight trace of white blood in her regular features. Her skin, however, is as black as the devoutest adherent to the Shem, Ham, and Japhet doctrine could desire.

When Amy first brought my clothes home, I could not help looking at her with some curiosity, and a longing to know if there was a history behind those pathetic, luminous eyes of hers. So I broached a leading question or two.

"Have you any children, Amy?"

"Yes 'm, — one boy. I 've been the mother of fifteen children, but this boy is all I 've got left."

I am astonished. Fifteen children, and Amy still looks fresh, young, and unwrinkled.

"Does your boy go to school, Amy?"

"Yes 'm, I 'm trying hard to keep him to school regular. But there are no schools here for the colored people except pay-schools, and sometimes it 's pretty hard to send him. I mean to give him an education though. He 's right smart, — Dave is. He can read splendid."

I multiply questions about Dave and the "pay-schools," and learn that, though the colored people are taxed with the whites to support the free schools, some learned judge has discovered that it is "unconstitooshunal" for the blacks to attend them, and they are forced to make up little private schools to educate their children. After a little more talk with Amy, I make my plans to give a spare hour or two each day to Dave, and thus save her the pittance she pays for his schooling. This little piece of friendliness unlocks her heart to me, and before many days she has told me all her story. I shall not attempt to give half the pathos of it, but, as nearly as I can, I will tell it in her own language, which is very good, and has little of the plantation-negro accent. She has always been a house-servant, she says, and used to good society, and her manners are consequently much better than those of the field-hands.

"When the war broke out," Amy begins, "me and my husband had hired our time and was living in a little home of our own in Louisville. I was cooking, and my husband was driving a dray, and my three children — all I had left — were out at my mistress's place, five miles from town.

"But when the war begun, missis sent for me, 'cause I 'spect she was afraid I 'd be for running away. My husband did n't belong to her, he belonged to a man the other side of town, and he run away as soon as he could, and followed the army; and just as soon as they would take him for a

soldier he 'listed' and was in the army for more 'n three years.

"Missis had me up on the plantation, and she kept pretty strict watch on all of us. By and by she began to get great pieces of cloth in the house, and she cut out trousers, and set us to making them, and making shirts and knitting stockings, and when we said, 'What 's these for, missis; what you make all these things for?' she 'd say, 'O, those dreadful Yankees up North they 're coming down here to take the poor colored folks and sell 'em away South, where they treat them awful. And I 've got a great parcel of 'em out in the woods yonder, hiding from Abe Lincoln's men, and I 'm making these clothes to keep them warm.'

"Then I 'd say, 'O Lord bless us, how good you are to them pore colored folks, missis!' and I 'd look as innocent; and all the time I knew she was making them clothes for the Butternut soldiers.

"One day, missis's son that was in the Butternut army, he came there with a heap of his men, and missis put 'em all up in the great garret that was over all the house. They came in the night, so she thought we did n't know it. But we did; we mistrusted, and was always keeping watch round, and one of our people seed them come. Then in the morning missis set me to baking heaps of corn-bread, and cooking chickens and everything good to eat, and kept telling me she was going to send them to the pore colored people hid out in the woods. And I pretended I believed it every word.

"The Yankee soldiers was getting thick about these days, and pretty soon I saw a heap of 'em coming up to our well for a drink. Some of our people generally happened to be about the well when any of the Yankees was round; so this time I was hanging round there, pretending I was getting some water. One of the soldiers — I 'spect he was an officer — said to me kinder low, while he was drinking, 'Seen any Butternut soldiers about here?'

"'Should n't darst to tell you if I had,' I said, ''cause they 'd kill me certain sure if I told anything.'

"'You need n't be afraid to tell me,' said he. 'You never shall be hurt for it. We are your people's friends you know; we 're all Abe Lincoln's men.'

"So I made him promise solemn not to get me in any scrape, and to go away after I told him, and come again that night, and then I told him all about the Butternut soldiers in our garret.

"After dark he came riding horseback, with all the other Yankees, and roused up missis. She was an awful strong Union woman then, and she offered to git supper for 'em or anything. But he would 'sist on searching the garret, and there he found the Butternut soldiers, and took them away, every one. I pretended to be awful scairt, and the Yankee captain, he never even so much as looked at me as if he knew me.

"About this time the colored folks was running away all the time, and nobody seemed to mind nothing about it. We was only five miles from the river, and one of the Yankees told me if I crossed over it was free there, and plenty of soldiers there would give me all the washing I could do. My husband was in the army, then, I knew. One afternoon I took my three children, — Dave was the oldest, and was just about nine, — and I walked them five miles down to the river. Nobody interfered with me, and I got a boat and got took over.

"Well, after a while I got up here to this place, and got a room of some colored folks, and took in washing. There was a camp of soldiers here then, and they paid pretty good, and the white folks was all very good to me, and I got along well. When my husband found out where I was, he sent me money quite regular, and in about a year I 'd saved up one hundred and fifty dollars. Then I bought an acre of land with a little shanty on it, and paid that money down, and 'greed to pay so much every year till I got it clear paid for.

"I kept on working and putting by all the money I could, when I heard about Mr. Lincoln's setting all the slaves free. And then my heart was set on going down after my two girls in Kentucky. One was eighteen and the other was nigh sixteen years old. They was both sold away from me five years before, and I had n't seen 'em since; but I knew just where they were, and I had no rest till I started off to fetch 'em up here.

"It was a mighty lonesome place about where the man lived who owned them, — a miserable sort of a place; and when I got there I found my oldest girl down sick, and her master — he was a dreadful drinking man and *very* ugly, he was — had gone away. When I got there and see my two girls, I keep up courage, and told 'em I was going to take them away, and I was n't a bit afraid. But all the time I felt as if there was danger in the air, and I never once took off my things. It was near dark when I got there, and I sot up all night with my bonnet on, ready to start in the morning. In the morning I got a carriage from town. There was heaps of Lincoln's men in town, and I was n't so scared then, and I got my girls to the cars, and got 'em home all safe.

"But when I had got 'em home, I found that my oldest had n't long to live. Then she told me how she came to be so miserable. You see her master was a drinking man, and he was awful mad at all the colored people on account of the war. One day he told Anna — that was her name — to bring in some wood to put on the fire, and she come in with a big log on her shoulder. 'T was so heavy she could n't bring it very fast, and with that he took a stick and hit her over the head so she fell down, and the log it fell on her; and then he kicked her heavy, to make her get up, and some way or 'nother he broke three of her ribs, and them ribs never was sot, so she was pretty near dead when I got her home. When she died, I had three doctors in to look at her, — white doctors they were, — and there was a lump on her side where the bones was broken big as my fists."

Here Amy stops to wipe away a tear or two, and I find I am crying in sympathy.

"Horrible brute!" I cried. "Can you ever forgive that dreadful man?"

"Well, missis," Amy goes on, in that soft, pleading voice of hers, "when I first heard what she had to tell, I felt just as if I could go down there and go through *him* as the wheat-cutter goes through the wheat; but when I come to see my girl die, she died so peaceful, and was so thankful to go, and was able to pray for that man, and say she forgive him, I got so I could forgive him too, for you know what the Lord says about 'forgiving our enemies.' It was pretty hard to remember it at first, but now if I was to meet him in heaven next minute, I do believe I should n't find nothing against him in my heart."

It would take too long to tell Amy's whole story, — how her second daughter sickened and died, and how the two younger children had followed, — how sickness and trouble had prevented her from meeting the first payments she had promised on her little place, and she lost it altogether, — how her husband came home after the war, and was industrious and steady, and they had worked and saved until they now had a little place almost all paid for. "And it is a very comfortable home to me," she said, "though I suppose it would look like a shanty to you."

Of the fate of all her fifteen children but one she was certain. This one, her oldest child by another husband, was sold away from her when only five years old; and though he is now, if living, a young man of twenty-three, she knows nothing of him.

"I can't help having a longing all the time to know where he is, though the Lord has been very good to me in letting all my children come home to die," she said with unconscious pathos. "Once my baby, eleven months old, was sold away from me. It was a nursing baby then, and I prayed the Lord *strong* to give it back to me, 'cause it appeared

like I could n't bear to have it go nohow. And so I prayed, day and night, in the kitchen, and about my work, and everywhere; and sure enough, in three weeks they brought it back to me from ten miles away, 'cause they said it pined so there was no such thing as keeping it away from me. It lived just a week, and I held it when it died. I always believed in the force of prayer after that."

Of such simple tragedy is her life made up, saddened all through till the colors of it are as sombre as her face, but lighted up here and there by her hope of a blessed heaven to come.

She reads the Bible, and has great comfort in it. For this woman, at middle age before she saw the light of freedom, toiling hard with both her hands for daily bread, has yet found time to learn to read within the last five years, and reads intelligently and well.

Dave comes daily to say his lessons. He is a rollicking, bright-looking boy, with close-cropped wool and mouth of cavernous depth and breadth. He is quick to learn, and can "read and write and cipher." His ideas of history and geography are still crude, and it is impossible to divine in what spirit he receives instruction. When I attempt to tell him the story of Columbus and his discovery of this continent, his mouth begins to unfold into a broad grin. Before I get the Santa Maria and Niña and Pinta half across the Atlantic, he is chuckling at an infectious rate, and by the time the first ship has touched land he is fairly doubled up in convulsions of laughter in which it is impossible not to join. I have n't the least idea why he regards the discovery of America as so good a joke, and conclude it is merely his way. Next day, when I test his memory of the subject, he can tell me the whole story straight through, always on the broad grin.

My sketch would be incomplete unless I added an account of Jacob and Rosa, the man and maid servants of our household.

Jacob is a slow-moving, lumbering fellow, about thirty, so decidedly African that he would make a black spot in the deepest darkness. He came to his heritage through the Emancipation Proclamation. He had a kind master, and never knew the worst horrors of slavery, but he is very proud of and thankful for his freedom. He shows his appreciation of it by trying to fit himself to be a free man. He has an idea that a free man ought to be educated, and for the last five years, which mark his exodus from slavery, he has set apart three months in each year for schooling. The other nine months he works for wages, and he has already got some little earnings in the bank, and the hope of a home some day.

Just now it is his "schooling-time," and he works for his board, and goes to school twice a day, studying hard every spare minute. It is quite touching to go into the kitchen at night, and see him poring over an atlas or a slate, with that heavy, dumb expression in his black eyes which the negroes wear.

Sometimes I help him a bit in his lessons, and point out a cape on the map. He tells me he has just begun to study geography.

"And I find it so hard," he says, deprecatingly. "Sometimes when little boys only half as high as me answer a question right off that a big fellow like me don't know a word of, I feel so ashamed of myself I don't just know what to do."

Another night he asked me, rather confidentially, if there was any use in studying geography.

I encourage him with words of good cheer, and remind him that, since he has learned reading and writing, nothing can be very hard. Then I give him anecdotes of poor white boys who have taught themselves under disadvantages as great as his, and have risen to fame and eminence. Above all, I show him that the only way for the colored people to reach perfect freedom is out of ignorance into the light of intelligence; and I promise him the boon — dear to every freedman I have ever met — of the ballot, when education has fitted

him for it. And before I go away, the dumb eyes speak and glisten.

"Lord bless you, missis," he says; "if my head was so full of learning as yours is, I 'd give a'most anything."

Rosa, our kitchen maid, is eighteen, graceful and trim, and hardly less black than Jacob. She wears dangling ear-rings set with blue glass stones, and a bright pink frock which fits her as neatly as a French grisette's. She had only been with us a week or two when Sylvia came into the parlor where we were all sitting.

"What do you think Rosa wants to do?" she said, laughingly. "Actually she desires to come into the parlor and play for us. She says she can sing, and that she plays the organ in the colored Methodist Church."

We all cried out to let her come in, and in a few minutes, quite radiant and self-conscious, Rosa tripped in to the piano. She struck a few fine rolling chords, and then begun to sing. We all started in amazement. Pure and clear and full of melody, her voice soared like a lark's, and overflowed the room with its volume. We had expected to be amused, but we were dumb with astonishment.

Kate, whose delicate soul finds expression at the piano, but whose voice is hardly strong enough for vocal expression, flushed and trembled with delight as Rosa sang, and, when she ended, murmured with a sigh, almost of envy, "O, if I had a voice like that!"

Next day I questioned our black swan about her advantages for cultivation. Her father and mother, with their three daughters, had been slaves till 1863. They had had a kind master, and were never sold apart. After becoming free, the parents had put the three girls in school, and now they could read and write, and her father had hired a piano, and all had learned to play a little. Rosa and her second sister "lived out," but the youngest, only eleven, was still in school.

"We shall make a teacher of my little sister," said Rosa, complacently, as she told me all this.

"But how did you learn to play and sing so well?" I asked.

"O, I took a few lessons, but I get it mostly by ear. But you ought to hear my next sister play and sing. She can sing splendid; I 'm nothing alongside of her."

"But where did you get your style, Rosa? who taught you to sing in the way you do?"

"Well, I 've listened to white folks' singing, and two or three times I 've been to an opera, and heard ladies sing there. I bet you I listened close. And after that I could just imitate them, every motion."

It must have been true, for no uncultured voice could have executed a song as Rosa does. There is much artistic grace in her method, and every day the kitchen resounds with her warblings. We hear that she and her sisters give concerts for the aid of their church, contributing, from their inheritance of the negro's

> "Gifts
> Of music and of song,
> The gold that kindly nature sifts
> Among his sands of wrong."

These are a few of the freedpeople I 've met. They are the servants in our household. I do not know that they are more or less interesting than those in other families. But I reflect that many a fair girl who trills feeble imitations of Parepa or Kellogg in a Fifth Avenue parlor would burst with envy if she could hear the pearl-like voice which comes from the sable throat of Rosa, washing the dishes in our kitchen. And when I read in the newspapers the orations of Elijah Pogram, and the essays of Jefferson Brick on the inferiority of the negroes, their lack of thrift, industry, earnestness of purpose, and capacity to take care of themselves, and on the grave danger involved in giving them the ballot, I wonder whether, if I were a solitary woman with three children, — a stranger in a strange land, — I could with my bare hands build up a home, and secure a prospect of comfort for my old age as Amy has done; and whether I should have had the

patience like her to master the alphabet and the spelling-book when past middle life. And I wonder how many white men thirty years old — not merely ignorant immigrants from over the sea, but men born upon our own soil and in the free North too — are ready, like Jacob, to lay aside their little earnings, and spend three months of every year for five years in the school-house, fitting themselves for the ballot and the other privileges and duties of American citizenship. Perhaps Messrs. Pogram and Brick will condescend to tell us.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Ring and the Book. By ROBERT BROWNING, M. A. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THIS extraordinary work is a novel, but not a fiction. It is an old Roman Law case, a criminal trial, whose peculiar interest absorbed all minds in Rome one hundred and seventy years ago, but which, fading away before the advance of new events, found its tomb in an old manuscript book, where it remained in all the silent security of yellow mould until exhumed by the poet. He found it in an "old curiosity shop" at Florence, recognized the fine ore mingled with its dust, and soon had that ore in his brain-furnace, streaming out in pure gold fit to be wrought by his cunning into the Ring, one half of whose finely chased curve is visible before us. A wondrous work of art it surely is! One half the story, presumably, is before us, — 10,436 blank-verse lines, — yet through them the reader passes as on a current whose smooth stillness is that of a flood massed for its pitch over the precipice; and the spell of the movement seems hardly to have been woven ere it is broken by the closing words, "Miserable me!" which, in lieu of anything further to explain their portentous bearing, the reader will be apt to appropriate to his or her own condition in having to wait for the future volumes.

There is nothing new in making the interest of a story turn upon a crime and a trial, though novelists, rather than poets, have inclined to use that well-worn machinery. The court-room is the natural climax of so many plots and schemes in real life, its accompaniments are so normally dramatic, that fiction finds its own in resorting to it whenever it has a chance. But there is a peculiarity in Mr. Browning's use of the court-room. There is a trial, but our interest is not concentrated upon the outcome of it; we are informed, at the start, that the men charged with murder were all executed at a given time and place. The plot of the sensational novelist is thus ended very soon, the reader's mind cleared of it as a thing which could remain only as an impediment. Where the novelist's work would end the poet's task begins. The case is closed; the victims are buried; those who slew them are executed and buried also; the judges lay aside their ermine; the excitement of the street ebbs away to its next sensation; the disclosures are relegated to parchment, there to drift into a casual collection of odds and ends anywhere, in any Italian street, until Gabriel's trump or the divining-rod of genius shall awaken them. By such wave of his wand the visible court-room and its splendid sensations of three mangled corpses and five arraigned murderers, a count at their head, vanish — to the horror and amazement of all orthodox story-tellers — utterly; but it is only that they may pass inward; there the judges reappear as Reflection, Imagination, Conscience, presiding in a tribunal of Reason; there stand they who wielded the dagger; there lie they who fell beneath it, now naked, fleshless human passions, motives, affections, interests. No longer is this the drama of Guido Caponsacchi, and Pompilia before Tommati and others, A. D. 1698; it is the tragedy of human souls, the play and clash of emotions and passions which thrill each heart and brain, following their purpose for good or evil along Broadway or Fleet Street this day. What matters it that judges found

men guilty at the close of the seventeenth century, or that the Pope signed their death-warrant; all the same would they be in their graves to-day; but were they really guilty or not guilty? That, too, were it a question of the validity of witnesses and testimony might be safely relegated to the gossips and judges of the past; but being, as it is, a question of the facts of human nature, of the imperishable world of instincts and impulses, revolving in the breast of each and all, the verdict may be as breathlessly awaited as if the case were now banishing sleep in some startled city of living men and women.

The story may be briefly told, but not more briefly than in the poet's own words: —

"Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed, bushy-bearded, black-haired lord,
Lean, pallid, low of stature, yet robust,
Fifty years old, — having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause.
This husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
Giuseppe Caponsacchi, — and caught her there,
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,
With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents; killed the three,
Aged, they, seventy each, and she, seventeen,
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe
First born and heir to what the style was worth
O' the Guido who determined, dared, and did
This deed just as he purposed, point by point.
Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
And captured with his co-mates that same night,
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence, —
Injury to his honor caused the act;
That since his wife was false (as manifest
By flight from home in such companionship),
Death, punishment deserved of the false wife,
And faithless parents who abetted her
I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor man.
'Nor false she, nor yet faithless they,' replied
The accuser; 'cloaked and masked this murder glooms;
True was Pompilia, loyal too the pair;
Out of the man's own heart this monster curled,
This crime coiled with connivancy at crime,
His victim's breast, he tells you, hatched and reared;
Uncoil we, and stretch stark the worm of hell!'
A month the trial swayed this way and that,
Ere judgment settled down on Guido's guilt;
Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth Innocent,
Appealed to; who well weighed what went before,
Affirmed the guilt, and gave the guilty doom."

Such is the skeleton, clothed with various flesh and face by accuser and accused. Guido's account is that he married the beautiful Pompilia in good faith, her parents seeking the match to raise their social position, paying therefor a certain dowry. They went to reside at Arezzo, on his estate, with the newly married pair. Finding less splendor there than they had hoped for, the parents leave, and then declare that Pompilia is not their child, Violante having deceived Pietro with the daughter of a woman of the town. On this ground they claim non-liability for the promised dowry. Presently he (Guido) suspects too much intimacy between Pompilia and a priest well known in the gay world; finds certain letters that have passed between them. He discovers, too, a letter from her to a friend in Rome, saying that her putative parents had counselled her to poison him and make her escape to them at Rome. One morning he and his servants wake late, discover they have been drugged, perceive that the wife has fled, taking with her trinkets, moneys, etc. He pursues and overtakes the priest and Pompilia halting at an inn near Rome; the priest dressed as a cavalier, with sword guarding the door. They all rush to the room where Pompilia is asleep; she awakes, springs upon Guido, seizes his sword, and attempts to kill him, and, disarmed by persons around, denounces her husband as one from whose cruelty and effort to entrap her in the deepest guilt she is escaping. He finds in the room letters establishing the *liason* with the priest. The driver of the coach in which the two fled gives evidence of kisses during the journey. The count appeals to the law for redress. The courts relegate the priest to a quasi-exile in a pleasant village; the wife is placed in a convent; the husband is sufficiently punished by being the byword of his neighbors. Afterward Pompilia's suffering health causes a relaxation of sentence, and she is removed to the villa of Pietro. Stung by gossip and ridicule, by Violante's confession that a bastard had been palmed off upon him, — a lie, as he believes, meant to escape paying the dowry, — and by their possession of his child, by which claims might be made and further annoyance inflicted upon him; seeing, also, that by removing Pompilia from the convent, all that was aimed at in the guilty flight was attained, Guido with his retainers repaired to the villa, and, resolved to make sure of the guilt, gave the name of Caponsacchi at the door. It was opened by Violante, whom

he slew; Pietro fell next, and last Pompilia.

Such is Guido's story. Pompilia, it turns out, was not killed at once, but survived long enough to declare, in her dying confession, her innocence. The version of the priest, reinforced by Pompilia's dying words, is as follows. He, Caponsacchi, was, he confessed, a gay priest at Arezzo, and his eye had been caught by the beauty of Pompilia, — whom he had never seen save in public, — his admiration not being unobserved by the husband. One day a veiled woman came to his room, bringing a letter purporting to be from Pompilia, declaring her admiration for the handsome priest. To this he returned a cold reproof. Yet again and again the veiled woman came with letters from her "mistress," appealing to his pity, but he returned only rebukes. At length a letter came from the same source, saying that her husband had discovered that a correspondence was going on, and advising him, the priest, to fly, or at least be careful not to come near the place she had before asked him to come. This roused his courage and curiosity, and he repaired to the spot at once. Instead of a watching, jealous husband, there was Pompilia at her window, with face and eye incapable of guile or sin, who spoke to him as one who had been writing her letters full of protestations of devotion. She could not herself, she said, read or write; but the woman who brought them explained their sense. She then told the terrible story of the tortures to which her parents had been, and she was still, subjected; how she had vainly appealed to the archbishop and governor against their friend (a nobleman too); and now, in her last extremity, starving, she grasped the one crumb between her and death, even though the hand holding it were one which she could not touch.

> "You came in
> Like a thief upon me. I this morning said,
> In my extremity: 'Entreat the thief!
> Try if he have in him no honest touch!
> A thief might save me from a murderer.
> 'T was a thief said the last kind word to Christ.'"

But as they look upon one another, there rises the vague sense of horrible delusion. She cannot read or write, yet he has received letters; he has reproved, yet she talks of his devotion. The fearful conspiracy flashes upon him, and all his gay thoughts are over; the world of fashion recedes; now, for the first time, he is God's, with God's task before him, — a dragon to conquer, a soul to rescue. Thus came the flight. It was from a fiend who would compass her ruin, as a means of wringing the last pang to satiate his vengeance on her parents, and securing the dowry ere rid of the wife whom shame would prevent reclaiming it. The money and trinkets taken were her own. His cavalier dress was donned against roadside suspicion that a priestly guise might excite. The letters were all forged, and some of them hidden in the room of the inn where Pompilia was found, when backs were turned. The murder not only served the spite of a baffled tyrant, but would, if approved by law, bring an heir and solid gains to bolster up Guido's decayed fortunes. As for kisses during the flight, the coachman, it was shown, had for such testimony got out of prison at the hands of Guido's friend, the Governor, who had once ignored Pompilia's appeal for help.

On these statements, we have first the theories of one Half-Rome.

> "First the world's outcry
> Around the rush and ripple of any fact
> Fallen stonewise, plumb on the smooth face of things;
> The world's guess, as it crowds the bank o' the pool,
> At what were figure and substance by their splash:
> Then, by vibrations in the general mind,
> At depth of deed already out of reach."

Next comes the theory of the other Half-Rome, inclining this to Pompilia's as the former to Guido's side. Next *Tertium Quid*.

> "Rome's first commotion in subsidence gives
> The curd o' the cream, the flower o' the wheat, as it were,
> And finer sense o' the city."

Amid all these the reader finds himself tossed more helplessly than he may perhaps imagine to be possible, before he has got fairly into the hands of the poet. What an orator some cause or party lost when Robert Browning took to poetry! Those very lyrics with which he first gained the world's ear — the cavalier songs for God and King Charles — were, indeed, so vivid, that the poet, as hearty a liberal as England holds, had to admonish the world how purely they were works of art. But as in this new poem he speaks now for one Half-Rome his argument seems final, until he comes to speak for the other Half-Rome; but again just after we feel the bottom of it all, *Tertium Quid* inspires him to show us how far the cavern stretches beyond either finality. But when the last tribunal is sitting, and first the count, after him the

priest, tell their respective stories, we are led to say what a lawyer the bar lost when Robert Browning gave his intellect to the Muse! If, in the future volume, he shall as a judge sum up, and as a pope examine and affirm, with the same power he has here displayed as orator and special pleader, then Court and Church will have as much reason to envy poetry the most versatile genius of our time. Yet at every step in this work, in which every kind of ability is manifested, there is supremely felt the presence of the poet, — of one who has been sent into the world to write poetry, can do nothing less than that, however he may put forth special talents to work up here and there the raw material for his master art. From its very nature this great poem must be continuous; the strain of interest admits no episodes or idling in lyric by-ways; but every necessary point is jewelled with beauty, every sweep of column describes the curve of grace, every weapon-flash darts many-hued light. It would be difficult to match in dramatic poetry Caponsacchi's description of the scene when Pompilia was overtaken by her husband on the flight to Rome; and the close of the priest's address to the judges, with which also the second volume closes, is in the purest vein of thought and feeling.

Mr. Browning stands, with few rivals in the past and none in the present, at the head of what, in fault of a better phrase, may be called intellectual poetry. There are poets who rank him in imaginative lustre, there are more musical minstrels, there are — though these are few — warmer and more delicate colorists; but for clear, vigorous thinking, perfect sculpture of forms embodying thoughts (sculptures too tinted with the flush of life, with veins of blue and red), for the utterance of the right physiognomical word and phrase, he has no superior since Shakespeare. Yet intellectual as it is even to a Greek severity, — beyond even Landor here, — it would by no means express the charm of his writings to style them philosophical. No theory can quote him, nor is he at all ethical. His religious fervor shows in points of white fire on every page, and yet no work aims at a moral lesson or object. He writes neither fable nor allegory. The world of men and women, with their actual passions, hopes, and loves, and the vast arenas for their play opened by these as rivers cut their channels, — these are enough for him. His worship is for man; his faith must find its joy in a divine Man. The world of forms, the city of bodies, represents to him the scattered rays of this mysterious humanity; and his art is not to change them into any moral monotony, but to cultivate and guard them in their various vitality and meaning, and report their dramatic interplay. To philosophy and science all is unity; the poet is a creator of variety out of this unity which shows Faraday but one element, Tyndall one force, Hegel one idea, underlying all actual or conceivable combinations. How grandly he has created his forms may be best learned by considering the fertility of his invention as displayed in all of his volumes. No poet of this generation has approached Robert Browning in the richness and originality of his plots. While around him the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome have been masquerading in contemporary costumes, — while critics have been often limited for a generation at a time to the question whether Smith's Venus or Cupid is finer than Jones's, — while every Oriental or Scandinavian or Italian legend has been made to do duty like the professional models whose faces and forms, now bright, now brown, reappear at every academy exhibition, — this poet has evolved a series of the most beautiful frames as well as portraits, in attestation of which we need only, for the reader of Browning, mention *Pippa Passes*, *Paracelsus*, *The Flight of the Duchess*, and *The Blot on the Scutcheon*.

In the work now before us there is no work of Browning's later life whose charm and power are not represented. To the singularly original and powerful plot of the story there is added a fulness of dramatic treatment, and a play of intense expression, like the fatal, silent swerve of globe-lightning, of which it were hopeless to attempt any critical analysis. A poet's felicities belong to the sacred inner tabernacle of his genius, where he has mastered the secrets of his art. Were profane eyes to enter there where the worker is making his tapestry, they could only see a mass of thread-ends and tangles; but what skill is behind there let the cartoon of the outside prove! And we have no fear but those who have eyes to see great forms — even though they have not a perspective reaching back to the time of Dante or Shakespeare to compel recognition of their grandeur, — will find them in the living tableau, which represents and justifies the recent silent years of Robert Browning.

Recollections of a Busy Life. By HORACE GREELEY. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

BY far the most interesting parts of this book are the purely personal reminiscences, and for our own pleasure we would willingly have spared Mr. Greeley's opinions of Poets and Poetry and Literature generally, and even of Protection and Divorce, if in the place of them we could have had more about his hard-worked boyhood and his struggling and indomitable manhood. Many of us differ upon the questions named, and some of us, we fear, do not care anything for them; but as to the history of a man's rise from poverty and obscurity to distinction and to a place of the greatest influence, there can be no doubt; it is a perpetual romance; it delights and touches all, for in this nation it is in some degree the story of every man's life or the vision of his desires.

Most of us know already that Mr. Greeley was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, of good Scotch-Irish stock; but we had to learn from himself a great deal that was new and interesting about this ancestry. They were people of a religious creed as hard as the granite hills, whose sterility kept them industrious and poor; but they had warm hearts, and their lives of heavy toil were lightened by seasons of fun as broad as their accent. It was a strictly Puritan community, such as should descend from the heroic Londonderry of the memorable siege. "And yet there was more humor, more play, more fun, more merriment in that Puritan community than can be found in this anxious, plodding age." They celebrated their weddings by boisterous rejoicings with fire-arms, eating, drinking, and dancing; they *waked* the dead, and drank the mourners poor, so that, as the author quaintly remarks, it was fortunate that they should have been so healthy as to have very few deaths among them. "House-raisings, corn-huskings, and all manner of excuses for merry-making, were frequent, and generally improved; games requiring strength rather than skill, especially wrestling (with, I grieve to say, some boxing), were favorite pastimes." Yet these frolickers were all stanch Calvinists, keepers of the Sabbath, patient church-goers, and faithful in family prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. They were honest and truthful, and, apart from their drinking, a most virtuous population. In the Revolution their good citizenship and patriotism were found of proof.

Mr. Greeley's family were poor where none were rich, and his father seems to have been heir to rather more than his share of the family unthrift. He was a man of good natural powers and dauntless industry, but he had no gift for getting on; and as long as he remained in New England, he was a tenant, and the needy tiller of alien acres, yet he was always hopeful and ruinously hospitable. The picture of the author's early life is presented with a robust cheerfulness, but it is impossible not to feel its sadness, and there is something very tender and beautiful in the sketch of his mother, who was a woman of more than common aptitude and acquirements, and of capacity for better civilization than their time and station afforded. Her cheerful heart seemed to break when her husband removed to the backwoods of Pennsylvania. "I think," writes her son, "the shadow of the great woods oppressed her from the hour she entered them; and, though removed but two generations from pioneer ancestors, she was never reconciled to what the less roughly bred must always deem privations and hardships. I never caught the old smile on her face, the familiar gladness in her mood, the hearty joyfulness in her manner, from the day she entered these woods until that of her death, nearly thirty years later." At the knees of this good mother her son learned to read, and in the fields, with his laborious, cheerful, luckless father, he learned the wisdom of hard work, which he insists upon in nearly all the didactic passages of his "Recollections." Yet he does not persuade us that he loved farming, or that it was profitable employment for a delicate boy who had a passion for books, and who, in his fourth year, could "spell down the class" between naps at the evening spelling-matches, when he "could not keep his eyes open and should have been in bed." Mr. Greeley believes now that the drudgery of the farm was irksome, because farming was then utterly unscientific; but it is doubtful whether any part of farming except its science is not drudgery, and whether his escape at the first opportunity to the more intellectual business of the printing-office was not the natural and inevitable result of the impulse diverting from hand-work every man capable of head-work. At any rate, it was this impulse which first interests the reader in him, and makes him ambitious for the boy,

who early showed himself of a brave and true temper.

Poverty is a gloomy presence in any home, — even American poverty, — and a boy who saw the household goods distrained by the sheriff, and his father in flight from the debtors' prison, no doubt found the morning of life dark enough; and even when her time came, fortune presented herself to young Greeley masked and looking at the best like a very hard-favored virtue. When his father was about to quit New England, the printer's apprentice walked over from the town where he was learning his trade to that where he was to take leave of his family. In words which must go to the hearts of all those who have known what homesickness is, and how very closely and tenderly common endurance and hardship knit parents and children together, he tells that some of his kindred urged him to go with the rest, and not return to his place in the printing-office. "I was sorely tempted to comply," he says, "but it would have been bad faith to do so. . . . A word from my mother, at the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it. . . . . After the parting was over, and I well on my way, I was strongly tempted to return; and my walk back to Poultney (twelve miles) was one of the slowest and saddest of my life."

Nothing could have been very difficult after this, and there seems to have been no other moment of the author's life that asked so great fortitude and resolution. It was success; but life is an artful romancer, and postpones its *dénouements*. There was a vast deal to go through before the destined greatness of the "Tribune" could be accomplished. How the apprentice became a journeyman printer in Western New York and in New York City, — then an editorial necessity of the politicians, employed and paid by them, — then the first independent and courageous journalist we have ever had, — is pretty well known to everybody; but everybody may read it here with fresh pleasure, in that light and circumstance which a man can best give his own life. At every point the career is an interesting one, and in great part it includes national history.

Thanks to the peculiar constitution of his mind, which, while it lacks the qualities of originality or genius, is yet boldly tentative, he has been identified or connected with every social and political movement which has promised to benefit or elevate mankind; and he has something to tell us of them all. We think certain readers, who have learned rather from his enemies than from himself to regard him as a reckless innovator, will be surprised to find him so conservative as he is of all that really holds human society together for good, — marriage, the family, religion, subordination.

We have enjoyed Mr. Greeley's reminiscences of his political contemporaries, which are as much descriptive of himself as of them. He seems not to have forgotten any of his likes or dislikes, and he is still a believer in his own statesmanship; but his egotism where it appears is not offensive, and his treatment of old friends and old foes is alike temperate and sincere. The spirit of his sketch of Harry Clay is especially excellent: it is a cordial tribute to a man who is almost passing out of memory; and what is said of Taylor, Calhoun, Webster, Buchanan, Weed, and Seward is of a value that will not decrease as we recede from the time when they were living interests.

It is apparent from these chapters that Mr. Greeley would have accepted higher place in political life than he ever received, and we think that his ambition was a just and honorable one. We own that our sympathies are with him in that dissolution of the partnership of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, famous some years ago; we find his letter to Mr. Seward — it could not have been a pleasant letter to receive — a thoroughly manly and natural expression of proper feeling. On the other hand, his explanation of his part in the release of Jefferson Davis does not appear strong in anything but courage. It is a poor vindication of any act to say that those who were disposed to shirk their duty were glad of it. Negatively, however, we are all responsible for Davis's escape from justice, and there are many far more guilty than Mr. Greeley. He scarcely rises to a full conception of Mr. Lincoln's greatness, but it seems to us that he has clear and right ideas of the meanness with which the nation has treated Lincoln's family.

The chapter on farming in this book is a characteristic one. The details are interesting, and the ingenuous confession at the end, that the profits are "unspeakably small," is in amusing discord with Mr. Greeley's periodical advice through the Tribune to the hungry poor of the cities to go into the country and earn a living by a trade of which they know nothing. About

literature, also, there are some very guileless criticisms, and some very good generalizations. We cannot believe that it is at all profitable, however, to warn people against a literary career. The literary life, like the married life, is something commonly embraced or shunned quite independently of the best or worst counsels.

We touch very sketchily upon a book which we have read with great pleasure, and which must take its rank with the very few good autobiographies in the language.

Under the Willows and other Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

ONE of the less familiar poems here given is "The Voyage to Vinland," in which the poet indulges the fancy, more flattering than even the hope of the future's remembrance, that the grand and mysterious past foreboded the present, and clothed us in the poetry of its prophetic desire and wonder. Biörn, the son of Heriulf, is restless with an impulse to some great enterprise: —

"For the brain grew not weary with the limbs,
But, while they slept, still hammered like a Troll,
Building all night a bridge of solid dream
Between him and some purpose of his soul,
Or will to find a purpose. With the dawn
The sleep-laid timbers crumbled to soft mist,
Denied all foothold. But the dream remained,"

and at Eric Thurlson's Yule-tide feast it haunts him still, and takes definite shape and aim from the song of Thorwald, the Skald: —

"White-haired he stood,
White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar,
From their still region of perpetual snow,
Beyond the little smokes and stirs of men:
His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years,
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine,
But something triumphed in his brow and eye,
Which whoso saw it could not see and crouch:
Loud rang the empty beakers as he mused,
Brooding his eyried thoughts; then, as an eagle
Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed woods,
So wheeled his soul into the air of song."

And so Biörn, inspired by the Skald, sails from home, and finds a world: —

"Four weeks they sailed, a speck in half-shut seas,
Life where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled lubber-like in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush."

But before their prow

"Cut on Vinland sands
The first rune in the Saga of the West,"

Gudrida the prophetess sang of what the new land should be in our time and in times yet to come, in certain mighty lyrics that close the poem. This has not only the clearness and fulness of thought characteristic of the poet, and that completeness of expression which he gives whatever picture rises to his mind, but we think that in subtlety and force of poetic instinct it is not to be surpassed, when it tells how the Skald sang of Fate, and of the arrows she chooses among the strong, true souls of men to hit her marks with: —

"But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart,
Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen."

This fantastic play of a thought continued from one mind into another, this secondary effect of the creative impulse is what greatly constitutes poetry, for the poet half-exists in his reader; and criticism, if it were as wise as it affects to be, would know some art to fix this reflex thought, and test the quality of the prime inspiration by it. But as it does not, it must go cold-bloodedly back to the book, and solicit the effect given so freely and fully at first, and substitute for the grace of sympathetic response the clumsiness of praise.

In some external aspects it is an easy enough book to review. In it the "June Idyl," which we imagine the readers of the magazine will have no more forgotten than the month last year celebrated by it, is christened anew, and as "Under the Willows" holds the first place. Then follow such dear and familiar poems as "The First Snow-Fall," "Auf Wiedersehen," "After the Burial," "In the Twilight," and "The Nightingale in the Study," with the author's war-poems, "The Washers of the Shroud," "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel," "Memoriæ Positum," "On Board the '76," and the magnificent "Commemoration Ode," which of itself could make us believe that the war had produced a literature. Besides these there are many other poems less known, but not less characteristic and fine, first among which are "The Voyage to Vinland," "The Fountain of Youth," "Mahmood the Image-Breaker," "A Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire," and "A Familiar Epistle to a Friend." We name the poems according to our liking. They group themselves differently. The "Familiar Epistle" belongs with "Self-Study,"

"The Upland Path," and the "Miner," in the several expressions of the same recurrent thought; "Mahmood," "Youssouf," and "Dara" are of another kind by themselves, if we do not join "Blondel," to them, as in a kindred spirit of parable; then there are "Auf Wiedersehen," "After the Burial," and "The Dead House,"—a group of poems as different from the rest as they are remarkable in every way. The other pieces — with the exception of the war-poems — are idyls and essays. There is nothing strictly lyrical or merely narrative in the book.

No one could read it, we think, without inferring from it the great humorist and, acute critic of letters and polity; and we, for our part, cannot read it without the persuasion that the author is greatest of all as a poet, — as much greater as that sense of order for which we have scarcely a true name, but which we feel to be so divine that we call it creative, is greater than that exquisite sense of disorder, that humor which is his in such high degree. But we should not care to dispute with anybody on this point. As long as Mr. Lowell can delight us with either of his gifts, we shall willingly leave a decision to the useful people who have not yet determined whether we shall say the Misses Smith or the Miss Smiths. Apart from this question, there are traits of his genius about which there can be no difference, and which are very distinctly reproduced here. His dominant fondness for apologue is something that appears in nearly all the poems, and his consciousness, or habit of philosophizing his emotion, is equally plain. In fact, in our time, every one is conscious; simplicity is not only difficult, but impossible; but to here and there a man remains the nobler virtue of sincerity, which we find in this poetry, — which suffers no idle line or word, and will have first of all things always the beauty of clear thought, — and which is everywhere expressive of the poet's life, his creedless faith in heaven and man, his sympathy with nature, his love of country, his tenderness for home. To him, indeed, the ground he treads on in Cambridge, Mass., is dear as London was to Johnson, or Florence to Dante; and he is akin to the past in this rather than to most Americans of modern date, who have no more local attachment than air-plants, striking their arid roots with indifference into any atmosphere, and who can be but half conscious of his thrill when he fondly praises

> "Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,"

or the smooth

> "Charles, when fearing lest he wrong
> The new moon's mirrored skiff he glides along,
> Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds";

or again, when in the "Invitation" he sings: —

> "Kindlier to me the place of birth
> That first my tottering footsteps trod;
> There may be fairer spots of earth,
> But all their glories are not worth
> The virtue of the native sod.
>
> "Thence climbs an influence more benign
> Through pulse and nerve, through heart and brain;
> Sacred to me those fibres fine
> That first clasped earth."

Yet they must be somehow aware of the truth of the feeling, and conjecture that the virtue is one which helps to make all his poetry of such sound growth, so sweet and solid through and through. They cannot fail, either, of the beauty of that "Invitation" apart from this feeling, or the most felicitous delicacy of that tribute from which we have quoted. There never was sweeter succession of lines than those to H. W. L., and never did our poet's home-thrusting genius strike the truth fairer than in them. How poor all criticism seems beside their unerring divination of him

> "Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!"

The musicalness of the poem, delightful as it is, is the least of its delights; and this is the fact with all the poetry here, except, perhaps, with "The Fountain of Youth," in which the attuned syllables warble to the sense with a sweetness that would win, even if they bore none of its fine meaning and made none of its airy pictures to the eye. Next in rhythmic beauty is "In the Twilight," and then, in infinitely grander and statelier wise, "The Commemoration Ode," many lines of which teach themselves instantly to the memory, and thence to the intelligence. We have more particularly in mind now that noble passage: —

> "Many loved Truth and lavished life's best oil
> Amid the dust of books to find her,
> Content at last for guerdon of their toil
> With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
> Many in sad faith sought for her,
> Many with crossed hands sighed for her:
> But these our brothers fought for her,
> At life's dear peril wrought for her,
> So loved he that they died for her,
> Tasting the raptured fleetness
> Of her divine completeness.
>
> . . . . .
>
> They followed her and found her
> Where all may hope to find,

Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful with danger's sweetness round her;
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death."

The reader can well understand that we do not mean to hint an obscurity of expression in this or any other poem of Mr. Lowell's; we could as readily conceive of intellectual vagueness in him. The music of his verse seems the unsought charm of the words that could most clearly give his sense; and the sincerity and originality of his genius are in nothing more manifest than in a diction as distinctively his own as it is inartificial and unmannered. There is almost nothing in the book to remind you of any one but himself, except, perhaps, "The Miner," which at first intimates Emerson; yet on a second glance could not, it is found, have been written in Concord. There is as fresh and racy a flavor in his phrase as if he had newly plucked it from the fields, and it were part of the great life of skies and woods and seas on which, in its relation to that of man, he dwells with so true a love. "Under the Willows" seems to us the finest rural poem in our literature. Nature, you see there, is also in love with the poet; something like the old lost sympathy between us and earth is restored; but we doubt, in the "Pictures from Appledore," whether Nature, in that savage mood of hers, reciprocated the poet's passion. We do not say that it is not a wonderful series of studies, rendering her sad or fierce aspects with unique power and fidelity; we merely find that we do not care to return to the poem after once reading it, while all others in the volume attract us again and again.

"Auf Wiedersehen," in all regards in which a critic has the right to speak of it, is the best of that group of personal poems to which it belongs. It is exquisitely artistic, and, beside its perfection, "The Dead House" and "After the Burial" appear at disadvantage, though they are both poems of a rare and passionate truth. More equal, and on the whole more characteristic, are those pieces in which the poet sings the sadness of attainment, and the charm of that "lithe, perpetual Escape" in all joys of the heart and brain which is the very incentive and reason of hoping and being. This fancy plays through "Self-Study," "The Miner," "The Foot-path," and "L' Envoi — To the Muse," with a ceaseless grace and variety of movement, and seems the finest and sweetest part of the poet's wisdom. The political poems, which come next in order of our liking, are like no other political poems in their wonderful imaginative strength, — a quality felt equally in the different parable of "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel" and "On Board the '76," but most of all in the weird allegory of "The Washers of the Shroud." As to the "Commemoration Ode," — shall we go on vainly to speak of it, as of the rest, leaving its essence still untouched, and its grandeur defined and limited by special praises? Some day, it will seem as preposterous for the critic to attempt to tell in what particulars the greatness of a poet lies as it would now appear if he should tell him how to make poetry, — and the critics used to do something like this with no more misgiving than one should have in teaching another how to save his soul. The truth is, poetry is dangerously apt to turn upon criticism and judge it; and one shudders at the thought of certain poor old combinations of adjectives, well enough for common use, being made to stand for an appreciation of this poem. There is something like warning in its superb completeness; compliment is not for the reverence which unseals the poet's lips in self-doubt, nor for the triumph which closes them upon those words of tender and sublime exultance, —

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!"

There is reason given for all the faith and love in the poem; there is no appeal to mere emotion, nor the noisiness of transport, whatever fervor; its most exalted feeling is in an impassioned study; what is likest rapture is the thrill of uttering divine fact; yet with all its severe and predominant intellectual qualities, — and let us remember that he who said poetry should be "simple, sensuous, passionate," left making such poetry to his inferiors, — it is richer than any other poem of its kind in the delights of art, in form, in music, in grace of movement, in vivid and heroic pictures.

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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE

VII.

An International Exposition.

At the celebrated Oldport ball for the French officers, the merit of each maiden was estimated by the number of foreigners with whom she could talk at once, for there were more gentlemen than ladies, and not more than half the ladies spoke French. Here Emilia was in her glory; the ice being once broken, officers were to her but like so many school-girls, and she rattled away to the admiral and the fleet captain and two or three lieutenants at once, while others hovered behind the circle of her immediate adorers, to pick up the stray shafts of what passed for wit. Other girls again drove two-in-hand, at the most, in the way of conversation; while those least gifted could only encounter one small Frenchman in some safe corner, and converse chiefly by smiles and signs.

On the whole, the evening opened gayly. Newly arrived Frenchmen are apt to be so unused to the familiar society of unmarried girls, that the most innocent share in it has for them the zest of forbidden fruit, and the most blameless intercourse seems almost a *bonne fortune*. Most of these officers were from the lower ranks of French society, but they all had that good breeding which their race wears with such ease, and can unhappily put off with the same.

The admiral and the fleet captain were soon turned over to Hope, who spoke French as she did English, with quiet grace. She found them agreeable companions, while Emilia drifted among the elder midshipmen, who were dazzling in gold-lace, if not in intellect. Kate fell to the share of a vehement little surgeon, who danced her out of breath. Harry officiated as interpreter between the governor of the State and a lively young ensign, who yearned for the society of dignitaries. The governor was quite aware that he himself could not speak French; the Frenchman was quite unaware that he himself could not speak English; but with Harry's aid they plunged boldly into conversation. Their talk happened to fall on steam-engines, English, French, American; their comparative cost, comparative power, comparative cost per horse-power, —

ntered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Fields, Osgood, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

until Harry, who was not very strong upon the steam-engine in his own tongue, and was quite helpless on that point in any other, got a good deal astray among the numerals, and implanted some rather wild statistics in the mind of each. The young Frenchman was far more definite, when requested by the governor to state in English the precise number of men engaged on board the corvette. With the accuracy of his nation, he beamingly replied, "Seeshundredtousand."

As is apt to be the case in Oldport, other European nationalities beside the French were represented, though the most marked foreign accent was of course to be found among Americans just returned. There were European diplomatists who spoke English perfectly; there were travellers who spoke no English at all; and as usual each guest sought to practise himself in the tongue he knew least. There was the usual eagerness among the fashionable vulgar to make acquaintance with anything that combined broken English and a title; and two minutes after a Russian prince had seated himself comfortably on a sofa beside Kate, he was vehemently tapped on the shoulder by Mrs. Courtenay Brash with the endearing summons: "Why! Prince, I did n't see as you was here. Do you set comfortable where you be? Come over to this window and tell all you know!"

The prince might have felt that his summons was abrupt, but he knew not that it was ungrammatical, and so was led away in triumph. He had been but a month or two in this country, and so spoke our language no more correctly than Mrs. Brash, but only with more grace. There was no great harm in Mrs. Brash; like most loquacious people, she was kind-hearted, with a tendency to corpulence and good works. She was also afflicted with a high color, and a chronic eruption of diamonds. Her husband had an eye for them, having begun life as a jeweller's apprentice, and having developed sufficient sharpness of vision in other directions to become a millionnaire, and a Congressman, and to let his wife do as she pleased.

What goes forth from the lips may vary in dialect, but wine and oysters speak the universal language. The supper-table brought our party together, and they compared notes.

"Parties are very confusing," philosophized Hope, — "especially when waiters and partners dress so much alike. Just now I saw an ill-looking man elbowing his way up to Mrs. Meredith, and I thought he was bringing her something on a plate. Instead of that, it was his hand he held out, and she put hers into it; and I was told that he was one of the leaders of society. There are very few gentlemen here whom I could surely tell from the waiters by their faces, and yet Harry says the fast set are not here."

"Talk of the angels!" said Philip. "There come the Inglesides."

Through the door of the supper-room they saw entering the drawing-room one of those pretty, fair-haired women who grow older up to twenty-five and then remain unchanged till sixty. She was dressed in the loveliest pale blue silk, very low in the neck, and she seemed to smile on all with her white teeth and her white shoulders. This was Mrs. Ingleside. With her came her daughter Blanche, a pretty blonde, whose bearing seemed at first as innocent and pastoral as her name. Her dress was of spotless white, what there was of it; and her skin was so snowy, you could hardly tell where the dress ended. Her complexion was exquisite, her eyes of the softest blue; at twenty-three she did not look more than seventeen; and yet there was such a contrast between these virginal traits and the worn, faithless, hopeless expression, that she looked, as Philip said, like a depraved lamb. Does it show the higher nature of woman, that, while "fast young men" are content to look like well-dressed stable-boys and billiard-markers, one may observe that girls of the corresponding type are apt to addict themselves to white and rosebuds, and pose themselves for falling angels?

Mrs. Ingleside was a stray widow (from New Orleans *via* Paris), into whose antecedents it was best not to inquire too closely. After many ups and downs, she was at present up. It was difficult to state with certainty what bad deed she had ever done, or what good deed. She simply lived by her wits, and by the want of that article in her male friends. Her house was a sort of gentlemanly club-house, where the presence of two women offered perhaps a shade less restraint than if there had been men alone. She was amiable and unscrupulous, went regularly to church, and needed only money to be the most respectable and fastidious of women. It was always rather a mystery who paid for her charming little dinners; indeed, several things in her demeanor were questionable, but as the questions were never answered, no harm was done, and everybody invited her because everybody else did. Had she committed some graceful forgery to-morrow, or some mild murder the next day, nobody would have been surprised, and all her intimate friends would have said it was what they had always expected.

Meantime the entertainment went on.

"I shall not have scalloped oysters in heaven," lamented Kate, as she finished with healthy appetite her first instalment.

"Are you sure you shall not?" said the sympathetic Hope, who would have eagerly followed Kate into Paradise with a supply of whatever she liked best.

"I suppose you will, darling," responded Kate, "but what will you care? It seems hard that those who are bad enough to long for them should not be good enough to earn them."

At this moment Blanche Ingleside and her train swept into the supper-room; the girls cleared a passage, their attendant youths collected chairs. Blanche tilted hers slightly against a wall, professed utter exhaustion, and demanded a fresh bottle of champagne in a voice that showed no signs of weakness. Presently a sheepish youth drew near the noisy circle.

"Here comes that Talbot van Alsted," said Blanche, bursting at last into a loud whisper. "What a goose he is, to be sure! Dear baby, it promised its mother it would n't drink wine for two months. Let 's all drink with him. Talbot, my boy, just in time! Fill your glass. *Stosst an!*"

And Blanche and her attendant spirits in white muslin thronged around the weak boy, saw him charged with the three glasses that were all his head could stand, and sent him reeling home to his mother. Then they looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

"There are the Maxwells!" said Miss Ingleside, without lowering her voice. "Who is that party in the high-necked dress? Is she the schoolmistress? Why do they have such people here? Society is getting so common, there is no bearing it. That Emily who is with her is too good for that slow set. She 's the school-girl we heard of at Nice, or somewhere; she wanted to elope with somebody, and Phil Malbone stopped her, worse luck. She will be for eloping with us, before long."

Emilia colored scarlet, and gave a furtive glance at Hope, half of shame, half of triumph. Hope looked at Blanche with surprise, made a movement forward, but was restrained by the crowd, while the noisy damsel broke out in a different direction.

"How fiendishly hot it is here, though. Jones junior, put your elbow through that window! This champagne is boiling. What a tiresome time we shall have to-morrow, when the Frenchmen are gone. Ah, Count, there you are at last! Ready for the German? Come for me? Just primed and up to anything, and so I tell you!"

But as Count Posen, kissing his hand to her, squeezed his way through the crowd with Hal, to be presented to Hope, there came over Blanche's young face such a mingled look of hatred and weariness and chagrin, that even her unobserving friends saw it, and asked with tender commiseration what was up.

The dancing recommenced. There was the usual array of partners, distributed by mysterious discrepancies, like soldiers' uniforms, so that all the tall drew short, and all the short had tall. There were the timid couples, who danced with trembling knees and eyes cast over their shoulders; the feeble couples, who meandered aimlessly and got tangled in corners; the rash couples, who tore breathlessly through the rooms and brought up at last against the large white waistcoat of the violoncello. There was the professional lady-killer, too supreme and indolent to dance, but sitting amid an admiring bevy of fair women, where he reared his head of raven curls, and pulled ceaselessly his black mustache. And there were certain young girls who, having astonished the community for a month by the lowness of their dresses, now brought to bear their only remaining art, and struck everybody dumb by appearing clothed. All these came and went and came again and had their day or their night, and danced until the robust Hope went home exhausted and left her more fragile cousins to dance on till morning. Indeed, it was no easy thing for them to tear themselves away; Kate was always in demand; Philip knew everybody, and had that latest aroma of Paris which the soul of fashion covets; Harry had the tried endurance which befits brothers and lovers at balls; while Emilia's foreign court held out till morning, and one handsome young midshipman, in special, kept revolving back to her after each long orbit of separation, like a gold-laced comet.

The young people lingered extravagantly late at that ball, for the corvette was to sail next day, and the girls were willing to make the most of it. As they came to the outer door, the dawn was inexpressibly beautiful, — deep rose melting into saffron, beneath a tremulous morning star. With a sudden impulse, they agreed to walk home, the fresh air seemed so delicious. Philip and Emilia went first, outstripping the others.

Passing the Jewish cemetery, Kate and Harry paused a moment. The sky was almost cloudless, the air was full of a thousand scents and songs, the rose-tints in the sky were deepening, the star paling, while a few vague clouds went wandering upward, and dreamed themselves away.

"There is a grave in that cemetery," said Kate, gently, "where lovers should always be sitting. It lies behind that tall monument; I cannot see it for the blossoming boughs. There were two young cousins who loved each other from childhood, but were separated, because Jews do not allow such unions. Neither of them was ever married; and they lived to be very old, the one in New Orleans, the other at the North. In their last illnesses each dreamed of walking in the fields with the other, as in their early days; and the telegraphic despatches that told their deaths crossed each other on the way. That is his monument, and her grave was made behind it; there was no room for a stone."

Kate moved a step or two, that she might see the graves. The branches opened clear. What living lovers had met there, at this strange hour, above the dust of lovers dead? She saw with amazement, and walked on quickly that Harry might not also see.

It was Emilia who sat beside the grave, her dark hair drooping and dishevelled, her carnation cheeks still brilliant after the night's excitement; and he who sat at her feet, grasping her hand in both of his, while his lips poured out passionate words to which she eagerly listened, was Philip Malbone.

Here, upon the soil of a new nation, lay a spot whose associations seemed already as old as time could make them, — the last footprint of a tribe now vanished from this island forever, — the resting-place of a race whose very funerals would soon be no more. Each April the robins built their nests around these crumbling stones, each May they reared their broods, each June the clover blossomed, each July the wild

strawberries grew cool and red; all around was youth and life and ecstasy, and yet the stones bore inscriptions in an unknown language, and the very graves seemed dead.

And lovelier than all the youth of Nature, little Emilia sat there in the early light, her girlish existence gliding into that drama of passion which is older than the buried nations, older than time, than death, than all things save life and God.

VIII.

Talking it over.

Aunt Jane was eager to hear about the ball, and called everybody into her breakfast-parlor the next morning. She was still hesitating about her bill of fare.

"I wish somebody would invent a new animal," she burst forth. "How those sheep bleated last night! I know it was an expression of shame for providing such tiresome food."

"You must not be so carnally minded, dear," said Kate. "You must be very good and grateful, and not care for your breakfast. Somebody says that mutton chops with wit are a great deal better than turtle without."

"A very foolish somebody," pronounced Aunt Jane. "I have had a great deal of wit in my life, and very little turtle. Dear child, do not excite me with impossible suggestions. There are dropped eggs, I might have those. They look so beautifully, if it only were not necessary to eat them. Yes, I will certainly have dropped eggs. I think Ruth could drop them; she drops everything else."

"Poor little Ruth!" said Kate. "Not yet grown up!"

"She will never grow up," said Aunt Jane, "but she thinks she is a woman; she even thinks she has a lover. O, that in early life I had provided myself with a pair of twins from some asylum; then I should have had some one to wait on me."

"Perhaps they would have been married too," said Kate.

"They should never have been married," retorted Aunt Jane. "They should have signed a paper at five years old to do no such thing. Yesterday I told a lady that I was enraged that a servant should presume to have a heart, and the woman took it seriously and began to argue with me. To think of living in a town where one person could be so idiotic! Such a town ought to be extinguished from the universe."

"Auntie!" said Kate, sternly, "you must grow more charitable."

"Must I?" said Aunt Jane; "it will not be at all becoming. I have thought about it; often have I weighed it in my mind whether to be monotonously lovely; but I have always thrust it away. It must make life so tedious. It is too late for me to change — at least anything about me but my countenance, and that changes the wrong way. Yet I feel so young and fresh; I look in my glass every morning to see if I have not a new face, but it never comes. I am not what is called well-favored. In fact, I am not favored at all. Tell me about the party."

"What shall I tell?" said Kate.

"Tell me what people were there," said Aunt Jane, "and how they were dressed; who were the happiest and who the most miserable. I think I would rather hear about the most miserable, at least till I have my breakfast."

"The most miserable person I saw," said Kate, "was Mrs. Meredith. It was very amusing to hear her and Hope talk at cross-purposes. You know her daughter Helen is in Paris, and the mother seemed very sad about her. A lady was asking if something or other were true; 'Too true,' said Mrs. Meredith; 'with every opportunity she has had no real success. It was not the poor child's fault. She was properly presented; but as yet she has had no success at all.'

"Hope looked up, full of sympathy. She thought Helen must be some disappointed school-teacher, and felt an interest in her immediately. 'Will there not be another examination?' she

asked. 'What an odd phrase,' said Mrs. Meredith, looking rather disdainfully at Hope. 'No, I suppose we must give it up, if that is what you mean. The only remaining chance is in the skating. I had particular attention paid to Helen's skating on that very account. How happy shall I be, if my foresight is rewarded.'

"Hope thought this meant physical education, to be sure, and fancied that handsome Helen Meredith opening a school for calisthenics in Paris! Luckily she did not say anything. Then the other lady said solemnly, 'My dear Mrs. Meredith, it is too true. No one can tell how things will turn out in society. How often do we see girls who were not looked at in America, and yet have a great success in Paris; then other girls go out who were here very much admired, and they have no success at all.'

"Hope understood it all then, but she took it very calmly. I was so indignant, I could hardly help speaking. I wanted to say that it was outrageous. The idea of American mothers training their children for exhibition before what everybody calls the most corrupt court in Europe! Then if they can catch the eye of the Emperor or the Empress by their faces or their paces, that is called success!"

"Good Americans when they die go to Paris," said Philip, "so says the oracle. Naughty Americans try it prematurely, and go while they are alive. Then Paris casts them out, and when they come back, their French disrepute is their stock in trade."

"I think," said the cheerful Hope, "that it is not quite so bad." Hope always thought things not so bad. She went on. "I was very dull not to know what Mrs. Meredith was talking about. Helen Meredith is a warm-hearted, generous girl, and will not go far wrong, though her mother is not so wise as she is well-bred. But Kate forgets that the few hundred people one sees here or at Paris do not represent the nation after all."

"The most influential part of it," said Emilia.

"Are you sure, dear?" said her sister. "I do not think they influence it half so much as a great many people who are too busy to go to either place. I always remember those hundred girls at the Normal School, and that they were not at all like Mrs. Meredith, nor would they care to be like her, any more than she would wish to be like them."

"They have not had the same advantages," said Emilia.

"Nor the same disadvantages," said Hope. "Some of them are not so well-bred, and none of them speak French so well, for she speaks exquisitely. But in all that belongs to real training of the mind, they seem to me superior, and that is why I think they will have more influence."

"None of them are rich, though, I suppose," said Emilia, "nor of very nice families, or they would not be teachers. So they will not be so prominent in society."

"But they may yet become very prominent in society," said Hope; "they or their pupils or their children. At any rate, it is as certain that the noblest lives will have most influence in the end, as that two and two make four."

"Is that certain?" said Philip. "Perhaps there are worlds where two and two do not make just that desirable amount."

"I trust there are," said Aunt Jane. "Perhaps I was intended to be born in one of them, and that is why my housekeeping accounts never add up."

Here Hope was called away, and Emilia saucily murmured, "Sour grapes!"

"Not a bit of it!" cried Kate, indignantly. "Hope might have anything in society she wishes, if she would only give up some of her own plans, and let me choose her dresses, and her rich uncles pay for them. Count Posen told me, only yesterday, that there was not a girl in Oldport with such an air as hers."

"Not Kate herself?" said Emilia, slyly.

"I?" said Kate. "What am I? A silly chit of a thing, with about a dozen

ideas in my head, nearly every one of which was planted there by Hope. I like the nonsense of the world very well as it is, and without her I should have cared for nothing else. Count Posen asked me the other day, which country produced on the whole the most womanly women, France or America. He is one of the few foreigners who expect a rational answer. So I told him that I knew very little of Frenchwomen personally, but that I had read French novels ever since I was born, and there was not a woman worthy to be compared with Hope in any of them, except Consuelo, and even she told lies."

"Do not begin upon Hope," said Aunt Jane. "It is the only subject on which Kate can be tedious. Tell me about the dresses. Were people overdressed or under-dressed?"

"Under-dressed," said Phil. "Miss Ingleside had a half-inch strip of muslin over her shoulder."

Here Philip followed Hope out of the room, and Emilia presently followed him.

"Tell on!" said Aunt Jane. "How did Philip enjoy himself?"

"He is easily amused, you know," said Kate. "He likes to observe people, and to shoot folly as it flies."

"It does not fly," retorted the elder lady. "I wish it did. You can shoot it sitting, at least where Philip is."

"Auntie," said Kate, "tell me truly your objection to Philip. I think you did not like his parents. Had he not a good mother?"

"She was good," said Aunt Jane, reluctantly, "but it was that kind of goodness which is quite offensive."

"And did you know his father well?"

"Know him?" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "I should think I did. I have sat up all night to hate him."

"That was very wrong," said Kate, decisively. "You do not mean that. You only mean that you did not admire him very much."

"I never admired a dozen people in my life, Kate. I once made a list of them. There were six women, three men, and a Newfoundland dog."

"What happened?" said Kate. "The Israelites died after Pharaoh, or somebody, numbered them. Did anything happen to yours?"

"It was worse with mine," said Aunt Jane. "I grew tired of some and others I forgot, till at last there was nobody left but the dog, and he died."

"Was Philip's father one of them?"

"No."

"Tell me about him," said Kate, firmly.

"Ruth," said the elder lady, as her young handmaiden passed the door with her wonted demureness, "come here; no, get me a glass of water. — Kate! I shall die of that girl. She does some idiotic thing, and then she looks in here with that contented beaming look. There is an air of baseless happiness about her, that drives me nearly frantic."

"Never mind about that," persisted Kate. "Tell me about Philip's father. What was the matter with him?"

"My dear," Aunt Jane at last answered, — with that fearful moderation to which she usually resorted when even her stock of superlatives was exhausted, — "he belonged to a family for whom truth possessed even less than the usual attractions."

This neat epitaph implied the erection of a final tombstone over the whole race, and Kate asked no more.

Meantime Malbone sat at the western door with Harry, and was running on with one of his tirades, half jest, half earnest, against American society.

"In America," he said, "everything which does not tend to money is thought to be wasted, as our Quaker neighbor thinks the children's croquet-ground wasted, because it is not a potato-field."

"Not just!" cried Harry. "Nowhere is there more respect for those who give their lives to intellectual pursuits."

"What are intellectual pursuits?" said Philip. "Editing daily newspapers? Teaching arithmetic to children? I see no others flourishing hereabouts."

"Science and literature," answered Harry.

"Who cares for literature in America," said Philip, "after a man rises three inches above the newspaper level? Nobody reads Thoreau; only an insignificant fraction read Emerson or even Hawthorne. The majority of people have hardly even heard their names. What inducement has a writer? Nobody has any weight in America who is not in Congress, and nobody gets into Congress, without the necessity of bribing or button-holing men whom he despises."

"But you do not care for public life?" said Harry.

"No," said Malbone, "therefore this does not trouble me, but it troubles you. I am content. My digestion is good. I can always amuse myself. Why are you not satisfied?"

"Because you are not," said Harry. "You are dissatisfied with men, and so you care chiefly to amuse yourself with women and children."

"I dare say," said Malbone, carelessly. "They are usually less ungraceful and talk better grammar."

"But American life does not mean grace nor grammar. We are all living for the future. Rough work now, and the graces by and by."

"That is what we Americans always say," retorted Philip. "Everything is in the future. What guaranty have we for that future? I see none. We make no progress towards the higher arts, except in greater quantities of mediocrity. We sell larger editions of poor books. Our artists fill larger frames and travel farther for materials; but a ten-inch canvas would tell all they have to say."

"The wrong point of view," said Hal. "If you begin with high art you begin at the wrong end. The first essential for any nation is to put the mass of the people above the reach of want. We are all usefully employed, if we contribute to that."

"So is the cook usefully employed while preparing dinner," said Philip. "Nevertheless, I do not wish to live in the kitchen."

"Yet you always admire your own country," said Harry, "so long as you are in Europe."

"No doubt," said Philip. "I do not object to the kitchen at that distance. And to tell the truth, America looks well from Europe. No culture, no art seems so noble as this far-off spectacle of a self-governing people. The enthusiasm lasts till one's return. Then there seems nothing here but to work hard, and keep out of mischief."

"That is something," said Harry.

"A good deal, in America," said Phil. "We talk about the immorality of older countries. Did you ever notice that no class of men are so apt to take to drinking as highly cultivated Americans? It is a very demoralizing position, when one's tastes outgrow one's surroundings. Positively, I think a man is more excusable for coveting his neighbor's wife in America than in Europe, because there is so little else to covet."

"Malbone!" said Hal, "what has got into you? Do you know what things you are saying?"

"Perfectly," was the unconcerned reply. "I am not arguing; I am only testifying. I know that in Paris, for instance, I, myself, have no temptations. Art and history are so delightful, I absolutely do not care for the society even of women; but here, where there is nothing to do, one must have some stimulus, and for me who hate drinking, they are, at least, a more refined excitement."

"More dangerous," said Hal. "Infinitely more dangerous, in the morbid way in which you look at life. What have these sickly fancies to do with the career that opens to every brave man in a great nation?"

"They have everything to do with it, and there are many for whom there is no career. As the nation develops, it must produce men of high culture. Now there is no place for them except as book-keepers or pedagogues or newspaper reporters. Meantime the incessant unintellectual activity is only a sublime bore to those who stand aside."

"Then why stand aside?" persisted the downright Harry.

"I have no place in it but a lounging-place," said Malbone. "I do not wish to chop blocks with a razor. I envy those men, born mere Americans, with no ambition in life but to 'swing a railroad' as they say at the West. Every morning I hope to wake up like them, in the fear of God and the love of money."

"You may as well stop," said Harry, coloring a little. "Malbone, you used to be my ideal man, in my boyhood, but—"

"I am glad we have got beyond that," interrupted the other, cheerily. "I am only an idler in the land. Meanwhile, I have my little interests,—read, write, sketch—"

"Flirt?" put in Hal, with growing displeasure.

"Not now," said Phil, patting his shoulder, with imperturbable good-nature. "Our beloved has cured me of that. He who has won the pearl dives no more."

"Do not let us speak of Hope," said Harry. "Everything that you have been asserting Hope's daily life disproves."

"That may be," answered Malbone, heartily. "But, Hal, I never flirted; I always despised it. It was always a *grande passion* with me, or what I took for such. I loved to be loved, I suppose; and there was always something new and fascinating to be explored in a human heart, that is, a woman's."

"Some new temple to profane?" asked Hal, severely.

"Never!" said Philip. "I never profaned it. If I deceived, I shared the deception, at least for a time; and, as for sensuality, I had none in me."

"Did you have nothing worse? Rousseau ends where Tom Jones begins."

"My temperament saved me," said Philip. "A woman is not a woman to me, without personal refinement."

"Just what Rousseau said," replied Harry.

"I act upon it," answered Malbone. "No one dislikes Blanche Ingleside and her *demi-monde* more than I."

"You ought not," was the retort. "You help to bring other girls to her level."

"Whom?" said Malbone, startled.

"Emilia."

"Emilia?" repeated the other, coloring crimson. "I, who have warned her against Blanche's society."

"And have left her no other resource," said Harry, coloring still more. "Malbone, you have gained (unconsciously of course) too much power over that girl, and the only effect of it is, to keep her in perpetual excitement, during which she seeks Blanche, as she would any other strong stimulant. Hope does not seem to have discovered this, but Kate has, and I have."

Hope came in, and Harry went out. The next day he came to Philip and apologized most warmly for his unjust and inconsiderate words. Malbone, always generous, bade him think no more about it, and Harry for that day reverted strongly to his first faith. "So noble, so high-toned," he said to Kate. Indeed, a man never appears more magnanimous than in forgiving a friend who has told him the truth.

IX.

Dangerous Ways.

It was true enough, what Harry had said. Philip Malbone's was that perilous Rousseau-like temperament, neither sincere enough for safety, nor false enough to alarm; the winning tenderness that thrills and softens at the mere neighborhood of a woman, and fascinates by its reality those whom no hypocrisy can deceive. It was a nature half amiable, half voluptuous, that disarmed others, seeming itself unarmed. He was never wholly ennobled by passion, for it never touched him deeply enough; and, on the other hand, he was not hardened by the habitual attitude of passion, for he was never really insincere. Sometimes it seemed as if nothing stood between him and utter profligacy but a little indolence, a little kindness, and a good deal of caution.

"There seems no such thing as seri-

ous repentance in me," he had once said to Kate, two years before, when she had upbraided him with some desperate flirtation which had looked as if he would carry it as far as gentlemen did under King Charles II. "How does remorse begin?"

"Where you are beginning," said Kate.

"I do not perceive that," he answered. "My conscience seems, after all, to be only a form of good-nature. I like to be stirred by emotion, I suppose, and I like to study character. But I can always stop when it is evident that I shall cause pain to somebody. Is there any other motive?"

"In other words," said she, "you apply the match, and then turn your back on the burning house."

Philip colored. "How unjust you are! Of course, we all like to play with fire, but I always put it out before it can spread. Do you think I have no feeling?"

Kate stopped there, I suppose. Even she always stopped soon, if she undertook to interfere with Malbone. This charming Alcibiades always convinced them, after the wrestling was over, that he had not been thrown.

The only exception to this was in the case of Aunt Jane. If she had anything in common with Philip, — and there was a certain element of ingenuous unconsciousness in which they were not so far unlike, — it only placed them in the more complete antagonism. Perhaps if two beings were in absolutely no respect alike, they never could meet even for purposes of hostility; there must be some common ground from which the aversion may proceed. Moreover, in this case Aunt Jane utterly disbelieved in Malbone because she had reason to disbelieve in his father, and the better she knew the son the more she disliked the father retrospectively.

Philip was apt to be very heedless of such aversions, — indeed, he had few to heed, — but it was apparent that Aunt Jane was the only person with whom he was not quite at ease. Still, the solicitude did not trouble him very much, for he instinctively knew that it was not his particular actions which vexed her, so much as his very temperament and atmosphere, — things not to be changed. So he usually went his way; and if he sometimes felt one of her sharp retorts, could laugh it off that day and sleep it off before the next morning.

For you may be sure that Philip was very little troubled by inconvenient memories. He never had to affect forgetfulness of anything. The past slid from him so easily, he forgot even to try to forget. He liked to quote from Emerson, "What have I to do with repentance?" "What have my yesterday's errors," he would say, "to do with the life of to-day?"

"Everything," interrupted Aunt Jane, "for you will repeat them to-day, if you can."

"Not at all," persisted he, accepting as conversation what she meant as a stab. "I may, indeed, commit greater errors," — here she grimly nodded, as if she had no doubt of it, — "but never just the same. To-day must take thought for itself."

"I wish it would," she said, gently, and then went on with her own thoughts while he was silent. Presently she broke out again in her impulsive way.

"Depend upon it," she said, "there is very little direct retribution in this world."

Phil looked up, quite pleased at her indorsing one of his favorite views. She looked, as she always did, indignant at having said anything to please him.

"Yes," said she, "it is the indirect retribution that crushes. I've seen enough of that, God knows. Kate, give me my thimble."

Malbone had that smooth elasticity of surface which made even Aunt Jane's strong fingers slip from him as they might from a fish, or from the soft gelatinous stem of the water-target. Even in this case he only laughed good-naturedly, and went out, whistling like a mocking-bird, to call the children round him.

Toward the more wayward and impulsive Emilia the good lady was far

more merciful. With all Aunt Jane's formidable keenness, she was a little apt to be disarmed by youth and beauty, and had no very stern retributions except for those past middle age. Emilia especially charmed her while she repelled. There was no getting beyond a certain point with this strange girl, any more than with Philip; but her depths tantalized, while his apparent shallows were only vexatious. Emilia was usually sweet, winning, cordial, and seemed ready to glide into one's heart as softly as she glided into the room; she liked to please, and found it very easy. Yet she left the impression that this smooth and delicate loveliness went but an inch beyond the surface, like the soft thin foam that enamels yonder tract of ocean, belongs to it, is a part of it, yet is, after all, but a bequest of tempests, and covers only a dark abyss of crossing currents and desolate tangles of rootless kelp. Everybody was drawn to her, yet not a soul took any comfort in her. Her very voice had in it a despairing sweetness, that seemed far in advance of her actual history; it was an anticipated *Miserere*, a perpetual dirge, where nothing had yet gone down. So Aunt Jane, who was wont to be perfectly decisive in her treatment of every human being, was fluctuating and inconsistent with Emilia. She could not help being fascinated by the motherless child, and yet scorned herself for even the doubting love she gave.

"Only think, auntie," said Kate, "how you kissed Emilia, yesterday!"

"Of course I did," she remorsefully owned. "I have kissed her a great many times too often. I never will kiss her again. There is nothing but sorrow to be found in loving her, and her heart is no larger than her feet. To-day she was not even pretty! If is were not for her voice, I think I should never wish to see her again."

But when that soft, pleading voice came once more, and Emilia asked perhaps for luncheon, in tones fit for Ophelia, Aunt Jane instantly yielded. One might as well have tried to enforce indignation against the Babes in the Wood.

This perpetual mute appeal was further strengthened by a peculiar physical habit in Emilia, which first alarmed the household, but soon ceased to inspire terror. She fainted very easily, and had attacks at long intervals akin to faintness, and lasting for several hours. The physicians pronounced them cataleptic in their nature, saying that they brought no danger, and that she would certainly outgrow them. They were sometimes produced by fatigue, sometimes by excitement, but they brought no agitation with them, nor any development of abnormal powers. They simply wrapped her in a profound repose, from which no effort could rouse her, till the trance passed by. Her eyes gradually closed, her voice died away, and all movement ceased, save that her eyelids sometimes trembled without opening, and sweet evanescent expressions chased each other across her face, — the shadows of thoughts unseen. For a time she seemed to distinguish the touch of different persons by preference or pain; but soon even this sign of recognition vanished, and the household could only wait and watch, while she sank into deeper and yet deeper repose.

There was something inexpressibly sweet, appealing, and touching in this impenetrable slumber, when it was at its deepest. She looked so young, so delicate, so lovely; it was as if she had entered into a shrine, and some sacred curtain had been dropped, to shield her from all the cares and perplexities of life. She lived, she moved, she breathed, she spoke, and yet all the storms of life could but beat against her powerless, as the waves beat on the shore. Safe in this beautiful semblance of death, — her pulse a little accelerated, her rich color only softened, her eyelids drooping, her exquisite mouth curved into the sweetness it had lacked in waking, — she lay unconscious and supreme, the temporary monarch of the household, entranced upon her throne. A few hours having passed, she suddenly

waked, and was a self-willed, passionate girl once more. When she spoke, it was with a voice wholly natural; she had no recollection of what had happened, and no curiosity to learn.

X.

Remonstrances.

It had been a lovely summer day, with a tinge of autumnal coolness toward nightfall, ending in what Aunt Jane called a "quince-jelly sunset." Kate and Emilia sat upon the Blue Rocks, earnestly talking.

"Promise, Emilia!" said Kate.

Emilia said nothing.

"Remember," continued Kate, "he is Hope's betrothed. Promise, promise, promise!"

Emilia looked into Kate's face and saw it flushed with a generous eagerness, that called forth an answering look in her. She tried to speak, and the words died into silence. There was a pause, while each watched the other.

When one soul is grappling with another for life, such silence may last an instant too long; and Kate soon felt her grasp slipping. Momentarily the spell relaxed. Other thoughts swelled up, and Emilia's eyes began to wander; delicious memories stole in, of walks through blossoming paths with Malbone, — of lingering steps, half-stifled words and sentences left unfinished; — then, alas! of passionate caresses, — other blossoming paths that only showed the way to sin, but had never quite led her there, she fancied. There was so much to tell, more than could ever be told to Kate, infinitely more than could ever be explained or justified. Moment by moment, farther and farther strayed the wandering thoughts, and when the poor child looked in Kate's face again, the mist between them seemed to have grown wide and dense, as if neither eyes nor words nor hands could ever meet again. When she spoke it was to say something evasive and unimportant, and her voice was as one from the grave.

In truth, Philip had given Emilia his heart to play with at Neuchâtel, that he might beguile her from an attachment they all regretted. The device succeeded. The toy once in her hand, the passionate girl had kept it, had clung to him with all her might; he could not shake her off. Nor was this the worst, for to his dismay he found himself responding to her love with a self-abandonment of ardor for which all former loves had been but a cool preparation. He had not intended this; it seemed hardly his fault: his intentions had been good, or at least not bad. This piquant and wonderful fruit of nature, this girlish soul, he had merely touched it and it was his. Its mere fragrance was intoxicating. Good God! what should he do with it?

No clear answer coming, he had drifted on with that terrible facility for which years of self-indulged emotion had prepared him. Each step, while it was intended to be the last, only made some other last step needful.

He had begun wrong, for he had concealed his engagement, fancying that he could secure a stronger influence over this young girl without the knowledge. He had come to her simply as a friend of her Transatlantic kindred; and she, who was always rather indifferent to them, asked no questions, nor made the discovery till too late. Then, indeed, she had burst upon him with an impetuous despair that had alarmed him. He feared not that she would do herself any violence, for she had a childish dread of death, but that she would show some desperate animosity toward Hope, whenever they should meet. After a long struggle, he had touched, not her sense of justice, for she had none, but her love for him; he had aroused her tenderness and her pride. Without his actual assurance, she yet believed that he would release himself in some way from his betrothal, and love only her.

Malbone had fortunately great control over Emilia when near her, and could thus keep the sight of this stormy passion from the pure and unconscious Hope. But a new distress opened be-

fore him, from the time when he again touched Hope's hand. The close intercourse of the voyage had given him for the time almost a surfeit of the hot-house atmosphere of Emilia's love. The first contact of Hope's cool, smooth fingers, the soft light of her clear eyes, the breezy grace of her motions, the rose-odors that clung around her, brought back all his early passion. Apart from this voluptuousness of the heart into which he had fallen, Malbone's was a simple and unspoiled nature; he had no vices, and had always won popularity too easily to be obliged to stoop for it; so all that was noblest in him paid allegiance to Hope. From the moment they again met, his wayward heart reverted to her. He had been in a dream, he said to himself; he would conquer it and be only hers; he would go away with her into the forests and green fields she loved, or he would share in the life of usefulness for which she yearned. But then, what was he to do with this little waif from the heart's tropics, — once tampered with, in an hour of mad dalliance, and now adhering inseparably to his life? Supposing him ready to separate from her, could she be detached from him?

Kate's anxieties, when she at last hinted them to Malbone, only sent him further into revery. "How is it," he asked himself, "that when I only sought to love and be loved, I have thus entangled myself in the fate of others? How is one's heart to be governed? Is there any such governing? Mlle. Clairon complained that, so soon as she became seriously attached to any one, she was sure to meet somebody else whom she liked better. Have human hearts," he said, "or, at least, has my heart, no more stability than this?"

It did not help the matter when Emilia went to stay awhile with Mrs. Meredith. The event came about in this way. Hope and Kate had been to a dinner-party, and were as usual reciting their experiences to Aunt Jane.

"Was it pleasant?" said that sympathetic lady.

"It was one of those dreadfully dark dining-rooms," said Hope, seating herself at the open window.

"Why do they make them look so like tombs?" said Kate.

"Because," said her aunt, "most Americans pass from them to the tomb, after eating such indigestible things. There is a wish for a gentle transition."

"Aunt Jane," said Hope, "Mrs. Meredith asks to have a little visit from Emilia. Do you think she had better go?"

"Mrs. Meredith?" asked Aunt Jane. "Is that woman alive yet?"

"Why, auntie!" said Kate. "We were talking about her only a week ago."

"Perhaps so," conceded Aunt Jane, reluctantly. "But it seems to me she has great length of days!"

"How very improperly you are talking, dear!" said Kate. "She is not more than forty, and you are — "

"Fifty-four," interrupted the other.

"Then she has not seen nearly so many days as you."

"But they are such long days! That is what I must have meant. One of her days is as long as three of mine. She is so tiresome!"

"She does not tire you very often," said Kate.

"She comes once a year," said Aunt Jane. "And then it is not to see me. She comes out of respect to the memory of my great-aunt, with whom Talleyrand fell in love, when he was in America, before Mrs. Meredith was born. Yes, Emilia may as well go."

So Emilia went. To provide her with companionship, Mrs. Meredith kindly had Blanche Ingleside to stay there also. Blanche stayed at different houses a good deal. To do her justice, she was very good company, when put upon her best behavior, and beyond the reach of her demure mamma. She was always in spirits, often good-natured, and kept everything in lively motion, you may be sure. She found it not unpleasant, in rich houses, to escape some of those little domestic parsimonies which the world saw not in her own;

and to secure this felicity she could sometimes lay great restraints upon herself, for as much as twenty-four hours. She seemed a little out of place, certainly, amid the precise proprieties of Mrs. Meredith's establishment. But Blanche and her mother still held their place in society, and it was nothing to Mrs. Meredith who came to her doors, but only from what other doors they came.

She would have liked to see all "the best houses" connected by secret galleries or underground passages, of which she and a few others should hold the keys. A guest properly presented could then go the rounds of all unerringly, leaving his card at each, while improper acquaintances in vain howled for admission at the outer wall. For the rest, her ideal of social happiness was a series of perfectly ordered entertainments, at each of which there should be precisely the same guests, the same topics, the same supper, and the same ennui.

A THRUSH IN A GILDED CAGE.

WAS this the singer I had heard so long,
But never till this evening, face to face?
And were they his, those tones so unlike song, —
Those words conventional and commonplace?

Those echoes of the usual social chat
That filled with noise, confused the crowded hall, —
That smiling face, black coat, and white cravat, —
Those fashionable manners, — was this all?

He glanced at freedmen, operas, politics,
And other common topics of the day;
But not one brilliant image did he mix
With all the prosy things he had to say.

At least I hoped that one I long had known,
In the inspired books that built his fame,
Would breathe some word, some sympathetic tone,
Fresh from the ideal region whence he came.

And so I leave the well-dressed, buzzing crowd,
And vent my spleen alone here by my fire,
Mourning the fading of my golden cloud,
The disappointment of my life's desire.

Simple enthusiast! why do you require
A budding rose for every thorny stalk?
Why must we poets always bear the lyre,
And sing when fashion forces us to talk?

Only at moments comes the Muse's light:
Alone, like shy wood-thrushes, warble we.
Catch us in traps like this dull crowd to-night,
We are but plain, brown-feathered birds, — you see!

THE SMALL ARABS OF NEW YORK.

TRAVERSE New York City in all its great business thoroughfares, its fashionable promenades, its parks, its by-lanes, its back-alleys, its outlets, and along by its great water-fronts, and everywhere you will find certain figures in the same foreground with yourself, — the figures of small, ragged, shoeless boys and girls. By twos and threes they go, mostly, in the more opulent quarters of the city. In the foul purlieus they swarm. Mackerelville — a pet name by which a certain quarter of the eastern district of the city is fondly known to its residents and to the police — teems with them. On the reeking wharves they settle thickly, as the local caterpillars do on the city trees when leaves are green. Sparse are the locusts of Algeria compared with these small Arabs of the streets, who, as they have no tents to fold, do not "silently steal away," but, on the contrary, illustrate their comings and goings with every variety of noise producible by the combined efforts of small human lips and small human lungs.

These juvenile wanderers of the boisterous, headlong city may be generalized into two classes, — those who have parents living and those who have none. The fact of father and mother is one always communicated by the small street Arab to his questioner with some degree of pride. To the inquiry as to whether he resorts to the Boys' Lodging-House for his nightly repose, the shoeblack of ten or twelve will often reply: "No, *sir!* — 'not for Joseph!' — I have a father and mother, and I takes my winks at home." Nor do the quality and occupation of father and mother seem to be taken so much into account by him as the fact. Frequently I am told by street boys that their fathers and mothers are rag-pickers, their dwelling a deep cellar — and probably a very damp one — in some crowded rookery of the cruel city. In many cases they are grimly reserved with regard to the callings and abodes of their parents, either from uncertainty on the subject or concealment sternly enjoined. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the possession of a father and mother is always an advantage to the urchin of the gutters. Inherited qualities ripen into poisonous fruit under the evil eye of the transmitter, and small is the hope of escape for the children of living ruffians and thieves.

Thousands of the street children of New York, however, have neither parents nor any regular places of abode to which they can resort at night. In summer they are careless and happy, for clothing is of no consideration then; and in some recess behind the open door of a tenement-house, on the grassless spaces of some city park, or amid the rubbish of a demolished building, they can roll themselves away, and sleep the sleep of the wild ranger of the gutters, to whom repletion will bring no nightmares, though his dreams may be of pumpkin-pies and other ambrosial viands of the remote possible. But in the inclement nights of winter the sufferings of the homeless little street Arabs are unspeakably severe. Then they huddle themselves together in doorways, at the risk of being spurned forth by some drunken lodger into the pelting sleet, or trodden upon by the late and reckless comers to and fro. The great iron boilers that stand out in front of the machine-shops, in some quarters of the city, often afford lodgings for the night to these shivering little sprouts of humanity. Others may be seen emerging at early morning from the weather-beaten stalls that cling to the foot of some drowsy old market-building. To-day it is Indian summer. The sun shines genially through the warm November haze, and here, in a desolate park of the eastern district of the city many groups of small street children

are seen at play. They are as cheerful as crickets, and as shrill. Several of the nights just passed away have been bitterly cold, and we have had ice on the pools in the bleak mornings. Many of the children, as I am informed by a policeman, have passed these bitter nights in such places as I have just mentioned; but they have forgotten all their cares now in the glad sunshine, and it is quite likely that not one of them gives a thought as to how or where he is to lay down his unkempt head to-night. Here is one who is a wonder to contemplate, and he may be taken as a fair specimen of his kind. He professes ignorance with regard to his age, but is adroit at catching copper coins that are jerked to him from a distance of two or three yards. Probably he is seven years old, but he is stunted and dwarfish for his age. As for clothes, — well, the newly emerged chicken, with some pieces of the egg-shell sticking to it, is about as dressy as that small Arab. A boiler was his bed last night. It has been his bed every night since the hard weather set in, and cold comfort must an iron boiler be when off the boil. He has a brother some years older than himself, and this brother does something for his living, and has a coat, — a real coat with sleeves and a tail, and possibly a button or two with which to loop it close, — and he shares it with the smaller shred of adversity, as they huddle themselves together with other boys in the metal cylinder.

Many an incident that would have furnished a good subject for the pencil of Leech, who had a wonderful eye for street-boy life, may be noted by one who explores observantly the byways of New York. Lately, when passing through a quiet street in one of the suburbs, I saw a small boy sprawling, face downward, on a grating that closed over a deep area or cellar. Suddenly he raised himself half up, his face beaming with intense excitement, and screamed at the top of his voice: "Run, Johnny! — run, Maggie! — run, Tommy! — run! run! — I see a penny down at the bottom of this here hole!" And a number of small ragamuffins came quickly to his call, and, throwing themselves upon the grating, gave shrill utterance to their sense of delight at the splendid but unattainable treasure of which they had a glimpse in the depths below. Another time, crossing a piece of waste ground, I was much amused at the address with which a half-naked boy baffled a policeman who wanted to capture him, by dodging round and into a pool of stagnant water, which he managed to keep between himself and the officer, until the latter gave up the pursuit, and moved disconcertedly away. The Bowery theatres have great attractions for the boot-blacks and other industrial Arabs of the streets, who can afford to pay a few cents for admission to them now and then. Here many of them acquire the tragic rant and scowl, which they exaggerate to a ludicrous extent; and it is quite common to see a couple of boot-blacks enacting a deadly combat on the sidewalk, with pieces of lath for swords, and their professional brush-boxes for shields. Some of these young aspirants to histrionic art are capital mimics, hitting off the peculiarities of their favorite actors with much success.

A few years ago, while the volunteer fire-companies were yet in existence, the great ambition of the New York street boy was to accompany the "machine" as it rattled over the pavement when an alarm of fire was given. He used to take part in the business of the occasion, tugging at the ropes of the vehicles with great energy; and the more wet and smirched he got in the performance of his tremendous feats of agility and valor, the better he was pleased. To be a fireman, in flaming red shirt and shiny black pantaloons, was to him the acme of human bliss. Under the new system of fire-service, he is debarred from any direct participation in the working of the engines; but he none the less makes himself officious in the tumult, dodging in and out of the crowd with the celerity of a prairie-dog, and quite regardless of the

kicks and cuffs bestowed on him by the excited citizens against whom he runs in his reckless course.

Processions of all kinds are a source of great gratification to the street boy; and, where no procession is intended, he will improvise one by notifying a number of his companions that some celebrated or notorious character is in the street, and so making up a crowd to follow that person, at a distance respectful or otherwise, as the case may warrant. Yesterday a great rabble of street boys and girls was to be seen following in the wake of a gigantic prize-fighter, whom the myrmidons of the law were escorting to his proper place, — in the city prison. To-day there is a long procession of carriages in the thoroughfares, got up by a quack doctor to advertise and advance his particular swindle. Here the small Arabs are out in great force, and they not only crowd alongside of the charlatan's *cortége*, but several of the biggest among them have obtained admission to the carriages in the capacity of volunteer standard-bearers to the Cagliostro of the occasion. But it is when a circus procession winds through the city that the street boys and girls are to be seen in full effervescence. Then the sidewalks, doorsteps, railings, and all accessible points from which a view of the show is to be had, are alive with them. Each small ragamuffin thinks, as he gazes at the gorgeous spectacle, how he would like to be a circus-rider, in silk and spangles all brilliantly arrayed, and careering proudly along upon a piebald steed. But the lion-tamer is the chief attraction in the pageant, as he stands on the top of the triumphal car in statuesque *posé*, one hand resting on the massive head of the "real live lion," the other pressing with experienced grace the salient angle of his flexible hip-joint. Without any reference to posters or other advertisements, one can generally tell when there is a circus-show in the city, by the operations of the street boys, whose aptitude for tumbling and other acrobatic feats then becomes developed to a remarkable extent. At such times the boot-black will approach you by a series of hand-springs, and the diminutive urchin who whines at you for a penny will probably take his departure, when you have given him one, in the similitude of a flying wheel decked out with many-colored rags.

And with all these roamers of the city, the street games have their regular seasons, and the order in which they succeed each other is observed with a strictness bordering on severity. When the March winds whistle round corners and drive whirls of sharp dust into the faces of blinking passengers, then every ragged urchin of the streets who can command a scrap of paper and a couple of yards of string, rushes madly along the highways and byways, "flying his kite." The game is *in* now, and he would lose caste with his associates should he fail to make a show of some kind at it, however feeble. When marbles are in season, — and that seems to be all the year round, except in very wet or very cold weather, — the sidewalks in many parts of the city are obstructed by groups of ragged boys, all deeply intent upon the artistic performances of some barefooted champion of the chalked ring. Peg-top does not appear to be very popular among them, partly on account of the large amount of capital required for the first investment, and partly because the game is one involving injury to bare feet. Boys and girls who have a turn for mechanics will sometimes contrive what they call pin-wheels, — bits of stick crossed, tipped with little squares of paper, and then attached to another stick with a large pin, so that they will whirl round when carried swiftly against a breeze. These the skilled young artificers dispose of to less gifted boys and girls for so many pins apiece. Then, when they have accumulated a large stock of pins, they sell them to the petty shopkeepers of the byways, whose "show-windows" display such necessaries and luxuries of life as tallow-candles, spools of thread, sticks of clouded candy, and bars of yellow soap.

From such small beginnings great things have frequently resulted. It is within the knowledge of the present writer, that more than one successful proprietor of a sidewalk table for the sale of tumble-and-squeak mannikins, and other ingenious devices for diverting the mind of the infant of the period, can trace his fortune to the simple but fascinating pin-wheel, and the financial operations connected with its manufacture and sale. Far before all these diversions, though, are the reckless gambols resulting from base-ball, now recognized as the great national game. Since this game has laid hold of the popular mind, — and surely Young America may be said to have it "on the brain" now, — the street boy seems to have devoted all his energies to throwing everything he can handle at everybody he can reach. If a boy has been sent forth by his parents to buy a few apples at the corner grocery, he conveys the fruit to its destination in a series of pitches and catches diagonally executed with the aid of other boys of his kind. In his eyes, everything portable is a base-ball; and it but too often goes to the eyes of the passers to and fro, who suffer from the dangerous practice of throwing things at random in the streets. Everywhere on the sidewalks, everywhere in the alleys and courts, the boy may be seen engaged in the winsome game called "tip-cat," which is the nearest approach that he, with his limited resources, can make to the great national game. Entirely reckless with regard to the eyes and other features of an aggrieved public, he tips featly from the ground the odious, conical chunk of wood from which the pastime derives its name, and then strikes it wildly away from him in any direction whatever. Boys carrying parcels, boys carrying bottles, boys to whom small puppy-dogs have been intrusted for asphyxiation in some adjacent cesspool, — all, all, without exception, keep tossing up and catching their burdens, as they go, until the thing has become a flagrant nuisance to the public, and a plague.

Of the occupations to which the street boys of New York most naturally incline, those of the boot-black and the newsboy seem to be chiefly in favor. The boot-blacks are a very peculiar class, constituting a distinct tribe of street Arabs in themselves. Merely nominal, and often suggestive less of civilization than of secluded jungles and M. du Chaillu's Fan-cannibal, whose full dress consisted of a stovepipe hat, is the clothing that hangs about many of these boys. It has generally lost all semblance of whatever it might originally have been. In many cases the article intended to represent trousers does duty for shirt and jacket and all, and is hitched up and fastened about the neck with a piece of string. This process cheats the legs out of what might fairly be considered their due, and they have consequently become scorched and baked by the sun to the color of bricks. As for the hats and caps affected by this particular tribe of small Arabs, they are utterly past comprehension, nor would their analysis be unattended by disagreeable consequences. The mystery that envelopes them were better unsolved. Yesterday I witnessed a squabble between several of these ubiquitous wanderers in the middle of a very dirty street. The smallest of the group — and an amazingly small creature he was to be out on a world so wide — got pitched, face downwards, into a filthy puddle, and was a piteous object as he gathered himself up and limped crying away. One of his companions followed him, and, taking off his own head-gear, wiped away with it the mud from the face of the weeping urchin, having done which, he unostentatiously replaced the article upon the matted head which it might have protected, but certainly did not adorn. Most of the boot-blacks have shoes; while stockings, though exceptional among them, are not rigorously excluded from their working wardrobe. These are luxuries, however, which the bigger boys only enjoy, most of the smaller ones going barefooted all the summer,

and being scantily provided with clothing. Sometimes, on Sundays, the bigger ones may be seen polishing each other's shoes, and this service is performed absolutely on the reciprocal principle, and free of charge. Observe yonder two boys, one of them with his whole-cloth Sunday trousers on, the other veneered as to his legs with partial pantaloons, the original material of which is past detection amid the patches innumerable with which it has been supplemented. The first boy, as he kneels down to clean a customer's boots, places a folded newspaper between his knees and the ground. The other would probably take no such precaution, even had he trousers worth the saving. One cannot help thinking that there may be a possible millionnaire in number one, while number two may never have a pair of knees, perhaps, between which and the dirt the interposition of an old newspaper would be worth while.

More typical of the small Arabs of New York than the boot-blacks are, however, are the boys and girls who run through the city and suburbs with daily papers for sale. The scene at some of the publication offices, during the distribution of papers, is a very curious and lively one. Most of the children who crowd the sidewalk, or jostle each other in the doorway, eager for their turns to come, are very small, and in summer time but few of them have shoes and stockings. Hats are absolutely exceptional, and the boys have their hair cropped very close. Remarkably loud-voiced for their size are these peripatetic promulgators of the news, and "rashly importunate" also; for should you stop a moment near a newspaper office when they are emerging from it, a dozen of them will assail you at once, vociferating the name of the paper in shrill chorus, and demanding that you buy a copy of it from each. Then they scurry off in various directions through the streets, and soon their shrill cries are to be heard in every quarter of the city. The boys will jump into the street cars, run along from rear to front, dropping a newspaper on the lap of each passenger, and then returning dash into the street again, having generally managed to dispose of several copies by this manœuvre. Numbers of them cross over to the suburban cities by the ferry-boats; and the stillness of Brooklyn Heights and the Teutonic serenity of Hoboken are alike startled by the piercing cries of small news-venders from the lairs and dust-holes of New York.

Among the girls, however small they may be, that precocious sharpness which is so often imparted to childhood by pinching poverty is very observable. Here is a fair-haired child of ten or eleven, with a very large plaid shawl, which, as a shower begins to fall, she wraps cleverly and artistically round her head and face. Her talk and gestures are those of a woman, as she objurgates in shrill tones another child much smaller than herself. The latter is an absurdly small creature to be engaged in the newspaper trade. She goes barefooted, like many of the others, but she has a quantity of thick, glossy brown hair, some tresses of which she has taken up with shreds of purple ribbon, picked out, probably, from an ash-barrel or dust-box. In vituperation she is quite a match for the bigger girl, to whose disparagements she retorts with a volubility and power of invective that would reflect credit on a market-woman of matured experience. In the sale of newspapers the girls are not so successful as the boys. Instances are on record of newsboys having gained as much as ten or twelve dollars in as many hours by the sale of papers and extras when some important news had come in. They commonly make from fifty cents to two dollars a day, each. The girls waste a good deal of their time in gossiping and scolding among themselves; and this, added to their not having the activity and endurance of the boys, prevents them from ever doing much in the news business. They are not often seen engaged in it, except when they are very small. When the

wet, muddy days of winter set in, numbers of the girls make a few precarious pennies by sweeping crossings. From time to time this occupation, which is only a form of mendicancy, and exposes the children to serious accidents from passing vehicles besides, is interfered with by police regulations, but it seems always to start into activity again. Where the demolition of buildings is in progress, — and a more common than pleasing feature of New York City that same process is, — crowds of boys and girls are to be seen collecting fuel from the rubbish. They carry old baskets with them, into which they pack all the bits of broken lath and wood that they can lay hands on. He would be a hard-hearted builder — or unbuilder, rather — who would debar them from this privilege, and they are never molested. Sometimes they may be seen making their way along the streets, so laden with their burdens on their backs that they look like baskets that have been stealing wood, and are running away with it on little brown, bare legs. Again a team of them may be seen drawing a small wooden car set upon low wheels, and piled high with chips, shavings, and all such dry remnants as will burn easily and help to make the pot boil. Sifting cinders gives occupation to numbers of the girls, groups of whom may always be seen thus occupied in the vacant lots and bits of waste ground of the city. Fuel is the principal object here; though the small Cinderellas are likewise instigated to their toil by possible chances of silver spoons or other stray articles of value. At night many small girls are to be seen about the entrances of the hotels and theatres with bouquets for sale; and this, too, is but a pretext for begging, the bunches of flowers offered by them being generally withered and valueless. Others hawk matches and such like small wares; and we lately noticed a girl of about eleven who had been investing her capital in penny ballads, and was engaged at early morning in pinning a tremendous row of them to the railing in front of a church.

The smallest and raggedest specimens of New York's nomadic children are often to be met with in the most fashionable parts of the city. On a warm summer's day they may be seen even within the perfumed precincts of Fifth Avenue, chasing, perchance, the misguided butterflies that have fluttered over from their native meadows or suburban gardens and plunged recklessly into the dissipations and dangers of city life. Or a group of them will follow in the wake of an ice-wagon, watching it until a delivery of ice has been made at some house, when they will have a scramble for the few fragments dropped from the cart, which they suck with as much apparent relish as though all ice were ice-cream. In the autumn, when the small Arabs have obtained a few pence one way or another, a very favorite luxury with them is a slice of watermelon, which they can buy for a cent or two at some corner stall. The newsboys, especially, are much addicted to this juicy fruit, — a fact of which vendors frequently avail themselves, by setting out their tables just in front of some newspaper office to which the boys resort.

Some of the larger street boys and girls, when they have made a few dollars, set up stands in the Bowery and elsewhere, for the preparation and sale of roasted chestnuts, or of certain doughy cakes. Here, for instance, placed on the outer edge of the sidewalk, is a little apparatus of sheet-iron, mounted upon a wooden tripod, and heated with charcoal. The proprietor of the concern is a wholesome-looking youth of about fifteen, with a face much resembling, both in color and expression, a chromo-lithographed strawberry. He is baking — or rather frying — a very greasy cake of some kind, and he is watched with interest the while by several boys of different sizes, who stand in front of him. A couple of them are boot-blacks, and they are all patched and ragged to a marvellous extent. The smallest and raggedest of them is a cripple, hunchbacked, and with one of his legs twisted up, and

he moves with great difficulty, leaning upon a little crutch, which he does not seem likely to outgrow. Hunger lurks in that little, pale, pinched face, and the bleared eyes are fixed wistfully upon the cake that is tossed so adroitly in the pan by the youth with the strawberry face. A five-cent piece dropped into the dirty little hand of the cripple causes him to look up in blank astonishment at the donor. One of the boot-blacks reminds him that he might say "Thank yer," and another boy recommends him to "spend a penny on cake and put the balance in the savings bank." And this bit of advice was given, not in banter, but seriously, for nearly all of the industrious boys, and those who do not gamble, deposit their savings in banks until they have accumulated money enough to set them up in business. The besetting vice with all the boys who make any money, though, is gaming. Everywhere in New York City small establishments may be observed, on the window-blinds of which the word "Exchange" is painted in glaring letters. These are known as "policy-shops," — places in which gambling is carried on through the medium of lottery-tickets, — and it is in such dens as these that boys who cannot resist the inclination to gamble dissipate most of their earnings. Many of them are adepts, too, at various games played with cards and dice; while others, who have not yet acquired so much proficiency in the art of play, content themselves with tossing coppers in the streets.

Besides the occupations already mentioned, the sale of various articles of small value gives employment to many of these boys. They may be seen everywhere hawking silk neckties of gaudy colors. Some of them perambulate the Bowery and other parts of the city with cheap cigars for sale. In electioneering times a favorite speculation with them is the trade in badges, by which they sometimes realize considerable amounts of money. When Fashion ruled that her fair votaries should adopt the ephemeral folly called the "Grecian Bend," numbers of boys ran through the streets with cheap illustrations of it in photograph and *silhouette*. Any active employment, in the pursuit of which they must run, and fight, and swarm everywhere, and jostle everybody, seems to take their fancy most, and so it is that the muscular element of the city is always kept fully supplied with recruits.

New York is by no means unprovided with asylums and reformatory institutions for the small Arabs by whom it is so ubiquitously pervaded, but they are as yet far from sufficient to meet fully the objects for which they have been so laudably planned. A "Children's Aid Society" has been in existence for a number of years, and from this excellent institution numbers of boys and girls are sent annually to the West, where so many fields of healthful labor are open for them. Out of this grew the "Newsboys' Lodging-House," in the large dormitories of which some two hundred boys find comfortable lodgings every night. Each boy, when he comes in at night, hands fifteen cents to the superintendent, and for this he is entitled to supper and sleeping accommodation, and to his breakfast next morning. In addition to this, he is provided with a bath, and with all the necessary appliances for maintaining cleanliness of person. The institution also comprises a "Newsboys' Bank," which consists of a table with a drawer divided into compartments, each of which has in its lid a slit, through which depositors drop their pennies into the compartments numbered for them respectively. At the expiration of two months the bank is opened; and many of the depositors are both surprised and encouraged when they see how their savings have accumulated. Most of them make necessary purchases with some of this money, and deposit the rest of it in city savings banks.

Other asylums besides those just mentioned are also provided by New York charity for the juvenile waifs and strays of the city. At the "Five Points

House of Industry," for example, nearly two thirds of all received into the institution are children; and on the islands in New York Harbor many small ramblers of the streets find a home in the various institutions established there. Yet there does not appear to be any diminution in the hosts of ragged children that abound in all quarters of the city.

Stroll any fine afternoon along Fifth Avenue, or on the footpaths near the drives in Central Park, and, amid the splendid equipages that flash by persons conversant with New York society could point out to you several owned by wealthy merchants, who once were small Arabs of the streets and now are millionnaires. Yon successful speculator once hawked strings of cheap neckties about the lower part of the city. There goes one behind a dashing team, who has his grand mansion in town, and his country-house besides, with a park to it, and a porter's lodge, and his servants in livery all with tremendous buttons constellated, and pictures in his gallery, and everything else attainable that can make life pleasant. He is in the early prime of life yet; and once he was a small Arab of New York, to the discords innumerable of which city he contributed his puny yell, as he ran barefooted through the streets with newspapers for sale.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

V.

KNOWLEDGE AND PRUDENCE MUST BE THE STRENGTH OF WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

IN a preceding number of this series I surmised that co-operative housekeeping would so accustom women to act together, and so bring them into direct relations with the eager and powerful world of men, that they would find it necessary, for their protection and advancement, to maintain representative assemblies of their own sex, who could fulfil in the state the same persuasive office that every woman does now in the family for herself and her daughters, — plead for the feminine interests and happiness against the involuntary but engrossing selfishness of men. I have said that the feminine vote could express, by its very nature, opinion only, not power, and therefore that its real strength (as well as, in my judgment, its glory) would be in its coming before the world simply in its true character of the Collective Woman's Voice. For then, perhaps, while men were ruling the nations, this still, small voice might often be heard instructing them how; but were its soft tones, its delicate accents, to be mingled with their fierce shouts in war or their hoarse political cries in peace, surely they would be utterly lost. There is no weakness so fatally weak as pretension. If men not only voted us the vote, — if they voted every vote of ours to count five of theirs, — what would it avail us if some day they voted to take it away again? So I am against this making of treaties and defining of rights between the all-powerful and the all-weak. Like the international relation between the United States and the Indians, it could only be a sham and a mockery, a political lie, and therefore containing the seeds of political disease and death. Let us have some self-respect. We have not tried yet to influence the world as women; why, then, should we demand to do it as men? Should the former fail, it will

be time then for the latter. But the fundamental difference between the sexes is not that men have "rights" and women have none. It is that men are organized among themselves while women are not, and the very fact that we are begging them for rights shows that they are not rights at all, but favors. Therefore I would rather take my stand on that which, as they have not given, so they could hardly take away, — on the solidarity of our sex, — on the moral weight of a *united womanhood.*

And, in truth, is there not brute force enough in the world already? Why should we aspire to be the governing power of society instead of its ameliorating influence? Too long has that poor, obstinate traveller, Humanity, been blown upon by the gusts of arrogant authority from this quarter and from that. Let us try, rather, what the sweet sunshine of truth can do with him. Smiling, let us hold up a mirror before his passion-ploughed and tear-stained face, instead of clamoring for a seat among the rulers whose one idea is to lash him into the image of his Creator, — for so shall we make him much more anxious to fashion himself after the Divine beauty.

Some such gentle and gracious attitude as this, it seems to me, would better befit women in regard to public affairs, than that actual taking sides and fighting in the battles of the political arena, to which the exercise of manhood suffrage would compel us. Should we ever assume it, however, we should never lose sight of the fact that our feminine legislatures, having no material force to back them, and pretending to no authority, must rest all their hopes of respect and influence upon the excellence of their suggestions. Their functions in the world will be mainly those of advice and criticism, — two things that men hate so mortally from women, that, unless the advice be wise, and the criticism temperate, we may be sure that they will not listen to us; or if, heeding us, we persuade them into a mistake, that their contempt will be something terrific.* Before committing themselves, therefore, our legislatures will need on many topics all the enlightenment they can gain. Wisdom does not come by instinct to women any more than to men. It grows by knowledge and experience, and in order that the sex may possess it, may understand what it is about when it attempts to influence the law-making power, the co-operative housekeepers would do well to encourage the few among them who are fitted for such pursuits to devote their attention to the principles and problems of jurisprudence, and of the other studies whose objects are the regulation and happiness of humanity. — The Council-Hall should be the centre of our palace, but communicating with it must be the Courts of Law and the Bureaus of Charity, of Medicine, and of Education.

Law.

It may seem the last outrage of strong-minded-femaleism to suggest that women should study and practise law; since, though there have been stray members of the sex in almost every other masculine profession, no one of them has yet invaded, or asked to invade, this. But, to say nothing of the daughter of the Italian professor who was so learned in the law that she used to lecture to her father's students for him, and so beautiful that she had to sit behind a screen lest they should ponder her face more than her instruction, still, every little while, one hears of some woman whose determination, acuteness, and technical knowledge have

* The late petition of some New York women in the case of Hester Vaughan, so coldly received by the governor of Pennsylvania, so severely commented upon by the press, is a case in point of how well-weighed any public request by women should be, in order to have effect. Such hasty and ill-judged acts will not be frequent, however, when those who *really represent the sex* shall deliberate for it. Enthusiasts, acting from their own impulses, are very different from the well-informed and responsible matrons, who, I hope, will one day speak for their fellows, when their general or individual interests require it. The part womanhood will probably play in public affairs should be judged, not by a sporadic mistake like this, but by the long, steady, faithful, yet unobtrusive work of the women of the Sanitary Commission.

brought her off first-best in some legal battle, even against the most desperate odds. Such a case is that of the celebrated Mrs. Gaines, now in such honorable possession of her immense property; and if women without a regular legal training can so well help themselves, it is probable that they could with that training help each other. I have known the daughters of lawyers who seemed to me fitted for nothing but the law themselves, and as every co-operative housekeeping association must have a lawyer to keep it from getting into trouble, I think, though no doubt every one will laugh at the suggestion, that its members might do worse than employ one of their own sex in that capacity.* When, too, women prepare measures for recommendation to the State legislatures or to Congress, they might present as sorry a figure as the legislators do, unless some of them understood the subject enough to judge of the actual working of old statutes, and of the probable working of new ones. Who will instruct women in the law, however, I cannot guess, for if it has been such a struggle for a few of them to gain a medical education, when the care of the sick is so naturally a feminine occupation, what would it be in the case of this profession, — the immemorial prerogative of men? †

Charity.

Justice has so much to learn from mercy, that, next to a knowledge of the law, women have most need of large illumination on the subject of charity and reform. Our generosity is now so thoughtless and unsystematic, our sympathy so shallow, sentimental, and even silly, that it is to be feared much of it is no better than thrown away. But co-operative housekeeping could change all this by organizing in every society a charitable department, and giving it in charge to that woman of the association (and there is always one such in every circle) who takes more interest in the poor, and knows more about them, than any other person. Then, instead of each housekeeper's giving foolishly away at the door, or to her servants, subscribing at haphazard to this wise or that wasted charity, she could send all she had to bestow of food or clothing or money to the general Almoner. Women of like sympathies with herself would naturally cluster about her (if our churches were rightly organized, they would be the deaconesses of every parish), until in every community there would be a compact working body, ready to suggest and carry out the best methods for the relief and reform of all the poor and degraded of the neighborhood. If they found their means and powers inadequate for their designs, they could lay the case before the town-meeting, when, perhaps, it would occur to the tax-payers that, after all, the cheapest and most efficient overseers of the poor might be found among Christian ladies! Is it not likely that the sexes together could devise a better plan for the relief of lowly misery than the almshouse system, — so cold, so hard, so distasteful to the poor as it is, and therefore so inadequate to the work it undertakes?

Health.

After what I have already said about the responsibilities of women in regard to the study and practice of medicine, it follows that I should hope to see a great stimulus given to it by co-operative housekeeping; for then, if any woman possessed a peculiar gift for it, the association could take care of the bulk of her domestic concerns for her until she had received a regular medical training, and was qualified to be put in charge of the health department. Should she, out of respect to the resident physicians, decline to practise medicine, still she will have a noble function in the prevention of disease

* I understand it to be now not uncommon in large firms for one of the partners either to be a lawyer, or to study law as a necessary part of the preparation for a business career; and this, not only in order to save the expense of lawyer's fees to the company, but also because great sums are often lost for want of due legal knowledge beforehand.

† Since writing the above, I see by the papers that a young lady has just been admitted as a student into the Law School of Washington College, St. Louis.

and physical deterioration, and in the assisting of physical development. She will keep a strict eye on everything that goes out of the kitchen and clothing-house, to see that nothing injurious to health, either in food or clothing, be ignorantly adopted by the community, and that whatever is necessary to bodily well-being and beauty be in constant use in every family. Defective teeth, thin hair, pale cheeks, flat and narrow chests, spindling legs and arms, boniness and wrinkles instead of roundness and dimples, — all this melancholy physical deficiency that haunts society and makes home unhappy, exists because we do not know how to live physically; because we are ignorant what elements should preponderate in food and drink, in order to counteract the effects of our dry and stimulating climate; because we do not make our own and our children's muscular development in gymnasium and in the open air a solemn duty, or care what hours we keep, and what injurious customs we follow. The judicious head of the health department will, however, gradually change all this; and when the new generation grows up she will point with pride to the blooming Hebes and Junos all about as the just results of her enlightened physical teaching. Even before the children are born, she will watch over the expectant mothers, that the formation of the new human beings may go on with every favorable concurrence; and I suppose that in this connection a mass of phenomena is waiting to be studied by acute and experienced doctresses, of which the medical world little dreams. Another function of the co-operative doctress would be the training of her staff of nurses. It is in sickness, indeed, that perhaps co-operative housekeeping would shine the brightest. Some of these nurses will, no doubt, be ladies who love the work for its own sake, and it would be well if each congregation represented in the association could have one or two of such Nursing Sisters, as they might be called, trained and ready to their pastor's need. The pillow of many a poor sufferer is stuffed with thorns, as she reflects on the dirt and waste that may be running riot down stairs in her absence, or on the discomfort that may be added to the anxieties of the husband whom she loves. In co-operation, however, neither sickness nor health would make any difference in the clock-like workings of the great domestic machine. The Sisters would be trained not only in nursing, but in family management and the care of children, so that in case no relative of a sick mother could be called upon, her little ones would still be attended to. And I really think one angelic office of the co-operative kitchen would be the preparation of food for the sick. What exquisite delicacies would be sent in to tempt the fainting appetite! What wines and cordials would there be within the reach of all! and when the patient grew better, how easy to give her the needed daily ride in the carriage that would be kept by the association especially for its invalids!

Education.

A kindred and indeed necessarily associate spirit with the heads of the charitable and health departments will be the president of the co-operative boards of education. This lady will probably be chosen for her luminous mind and extensive reading,* and all the women teachers within the circle of the association, and all who have been teachers, will sit on the board with her. Their duty will be to discuss text-books, the methods of study, the systems and requirements of schools, public and private, and to make known their conclusions to the mothers of the association. Then, at last, will our whole bloodless, heartless, soulless public-school system be brought before the bar of intelligent womanhood, and the sense or nonsense, the kindness or cruelty, of the regulations of the present school committees criticised by those whom God made the natural

* I would say "thorough scholarship," but that as yet we have so very few scholars among us.

rdians and teachers of children. I can understand the ignoring of women by men in almost everything else, but how it is possible that they have not seen the absolute necessity of placing them on school committees, I cannot conceive.* The consequence is a routine so dry, mechanical, and one-sided, that it has got either to be wholly reformed or given up; for better no national education at all, than one which disposes us to be only a race of cheating traders. The feminine board of education will also have to decide the scarcely less important question of how much longer girls are to be kept out of the universities, and, in case they ought to be admitted, in what manner and by what means the sex had best attempt to bring it about. For myself, I think that the offer by women of half a million of dollars to either Harvard, Yale, Michigan, or Cornell, as the price of our admission, should precede all appeal, argument, or protest in the matter. I cannot echo the lofty tone of those who claim that women have a "right" to a university education, and that men have no "right" to keep them out of it. I really hope I shall live to see the day when the confusion of the American mind on the subject of "right"—one of the many baleful gifts of false France—is cleared up. How any one can have a right to a thing that he or she has never possessed, I cannot imagine. I can maintain that a woman has a natural right to her life or her honor, because these are her original possessions from her Maker. So, too, a native-born, white American citizen has a right to vote, because it is an inheritance from his father, upon which he legally enters when he is twenty-one years of age. But no other person has a "natural right" to the American manhood suffrage, nor any right at all, until he acquire it by purchase, gift, or conquest from the supreme American authority. It is the same with education. The whole realm of knowledge has been reclaimed and cultivated by men alone; it is they who have founded and sustained the great institutions of learning. Certainly, then, they, and not we, have a "right" to say who shall enter them, and if we wish to reap intellectually where we have not sown, why should we not be willing to pay for the privilege what indeed would be but a trifling sum, compared with all that men have expended in the gigantic labor? I would as soon think of demanding as a "right" that the miner, who with toil and struggle had hewn out the golden ore while I stood nerveless by, should halve it with me, as of claiming a right of entrance into the universities for women; nay, sooner, by as much as wisdom is more precious than gold. Compared with education the vote is a trifle indeed, as many of us realize full well in our minds cramped and limited on every side by ignorance of the things we would so gladly have known, had we been permitted "to go to college." But still we were deprived of a liberal education as much by the supineness of our own sex as by the illiberality of the other. Had women at large possessed any generous love of, or faith in, knowledge for its own sake, the rich among them might long ago have founded professorships and scholarships in the universities for the culture of the sex. As for the "female seminary," and every development and outgrowth of it, I abhor it. To begin with, where can professors be obtained for it? for there are no college-bred women, and men of the first rank will not accept the chairs in a "female college." Even could they be found, however, the intellectual results of such an institution would be as unsatisfactory as are the present moral and æsthetical results of those composed exclusively of men. The highest development and prosperity of humanity in any direction cannot consist with the divorce of the sexes. In truth, it almost makes one laugh to see Harvard, for example, congratulating herself that she is now a "University,"

* Since writing the above I have heard that in Worcester, Mass., a lady was to be appointed a member of the School Committee. The world moves.

when the curriculum of her studies is wanting in only about half of the circle of the arts and sciences, and when also she shuts out the best minds of half the human race. No university proper has ever yet existed or can exist, until every department of human knowledge is represented in it, and until mind is free to come there for culture as mind simply, and not as mind *plus* a particular sex. But to this noble end, since women would reap half the benefit, I would have women contribute to the utmost of their power. The Rochdale Pioneers always devote two per cent of their profits to education, and their example should be imitated by co-operative housekeepers, for so not only schools and colleges could be enriched, but individual cases of great talent stimulated and developed.*

When these various important educational questions are considered by the mothers of the community, we may hope that at last the most important of them all, — their fearful responsibility in regard to the morals of society, — may be brought home to them also, so that they will realize how much of the ruin of their own sex now wrought and handed on continually from one set of young men to another is due to their own neglect of duty. It is too often the case that parents train their boys in every virtue save those of chastity and honor to the other sex. I have said that a great agent in reforming society would be the possibility and encouragement of early marriage, and the demand of a higher morality from men than young girls now venture to make. But this is only the last half of the work. The first half must come from education, from early discipline. Mothers must teach their young sons to control their selfish impulses, not only as regards theft, violence, lying, deceit, drinking, the seeds of all of which can often be detected even in little children, but also in regard to that passion which, the most universal and now the most ungoverned of them all, causes more shame, misery, disease, and unspeakable agony, than all the rest of them put together. It seems almost incredible that, with the history of her own sex before her, with the crimes of society all about her, any mother can fail to fortify her son against temptation, or forbear to teach him to respect that womanhood of which she is to him the most sacred representative. So it is, however; and of all the sins of omission accumulating for judgment against women, surely there is none comparable to this!

Finally, when all the women who crave, and who are worthy of, a liberal education have received it, teaching will not, as now, be limited to those who are obliged to follow it for a living whether they have capacity for it or not. Co-operative housekeeping would develop the principle of "natural selection" in this as in so many other feminine avocations. The woman who had the talent for it would undertake it, whether married or single, rich or poor, since, if she could teach better than she could superintend cooking or sewing, her fellow-housekeepers would find it for their highest interests even to entreat her to instruct their children. And what a great thing it would be for the manners and ambition of the young, could they feel that their teachers were always the social equals and honored friends of their parents! The present disadvantage of the profession in this respect is immense.

The Press.

If co-operation, as I suppose, should give to women an organized interest in legislation, in charity, in medicine, in education, they will, of course, need journals wherein they can read news of each other. Then do not forget, O housekeepers, to provide among the stately apartments of your edifice a modest sanctum for your editress. For

* But let us not wait for co-operative housekeeping, which may never have an existence, before attempting to enlarge the education of women. What rich woman will give ten thousand dollars toward half a million to be tendered to Harvard University, in case she will admit women to her examinations and degrees, and furnish tutors to prepare them? Who will give five hundred, one hundred, fifty, or even ten dollars to it?

if among your number you count a restless spirit with an irresistible desire to inaugurate all possible and impossible reforms, from dusting the great organ in the Boston Music Hall (and O how dusty it is!) to sweeping the cobwebs off the sky, be sure that she will try to give you an excellent newspaper, with a perfectly independent platform, with all the latest items you ought to know about, with all the good old principles, and all the new ideas, with no fear or favor shown to anybody nor any anonymous editorials, but with a decent respect "for the powers that be," and a loyal recognition of truth and faithfulness wherever they be found.*

The Arts.

But our palace must be beautiful as well as ample, and to make it so we must send also from their housewifery all the gifted feminine artists we have, that they may carve the slender pillar and fling the graceful arch, paint the rich ceilings and inlay the mosaic borders; while the music swells and falls, and the poetesses from their airy towers survey the wide world like the watching sister in the nursery tale, and tell of all the new hopes that appear on the horizon.

Painting.

In co-operative housekeeping we shall all save so much money, and earn so much money, that we shall feel comparatively rich, and will raise our eyes to delights of which now we do not dream. Among others, we shall all want paintings on our walls and frescos on our ceilings; then we must not let our feminine artists waste themselves on sewing, but persuade them to beautify our homes for us. Such artistic talent as is now buried in housekeeping! Shall I ever forget my schoolmate, the tall and robust Jocunda? — bubbling well of laughter and fun and good-nature, — who never had a bit of paper in her hand that it was not presently broad with caricature or tender and graceful with the sweetest little flower-thoughts of babies and fairies and angels and all imaginable ethereal feminine things. But she is married! Women may never produce a Raphael, — but it is quite enough for me to look through the exquisite illustrations of "The Story without an End," by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, an English lady, to know that women cannot be spared from the world of art, — for these designs are *sui generis*, — I think no man would have imagined them. Art associations among our women, painting and sketching clubs, proper notice and encouragement given to girlish talent, would eventually produce a feminine School of Art in America, as they have already done in England, — but another instance among several which ought to humiliate us, of how much American women talk, and how much English women *do*. Whether it is that they have indeed more genius, or that so many of their gentlewomen are obliged to support themselves, or that so many of them being unmarried, they are forced into self-development for want of occupation, I know not; but certain it is, that while the mass of English women strike Americans as tame and conventional, most of the best work of the feminine world for the last twenty years has been done by them.

Sculpture and Architecture.

For sculpture American girls seem to have an odd, independent sort of instinct, though they have not shown any strictly independent thought in it yet, that I know of. But this is inevitable. All feminine attempts in any new direction will at first be servile, if not weak, copies of the masculine models. But when women have fairly learned to use their wings, they will shape their flight for themselves, discover their own truths, draw their own conclusions, conceive

* Lest any should take fright at what has just been said, and suppose that co-operative housekeeping would end by making all women doctors, lawyers, etc., I will quiet their fears by saying that by the census of 1850, out of nearly six millions of male citizens, only about two hundred thousand were engaged in professional or other pursuits requiring education. At the very worst, therefore, not more than the same proportion of women would be called to forsake the traditional occupations of their sex.

their own ideals, — a proposition which I consider proven by the history of the English feminine novel, which, beginning with the gross masculine imitations of Mrs. Aphara Behn, after a progressive development of two hundred years is now apparently culminating in the magnificent achievements of George Eliot, — a writer so extraordinary that she sits alone, while there is only one, perchance unattainable, height to which any future woman may ever soar above her.

But if American girls are trying sculpture, no woman of us all, I believe, has attempted architecture, which is strange; for little girls often find the greatest amusement in making ground-plans on the slate, and ladies frequently suggest the whole idea of their houses to the architect, and sometimes complain bitterly of the mistakes of the builders in carrying it out. So, whether they would ever aspire to cathedrals or not, I am sure women would succeed in planning the loveliest and completest of homes. Houses without any kitchens and "back-yards" in them! How fascinating! Think how much more beautiful city architecture will now be! The houses, instead of being built round a square, could be set in the middle of it, with only an alley-way for ventilation, and grasses, trees, and flowers all about the outside. Every tenth block would contain the kitchen and laundry and clothing-house; and for these domestic purposes the Oriental style could be adopted, of interior court-yards with fountains and grass, secluded from the street. Should not this also be the plan for all the public-school buildings?

Horticulture.

With their unlimited passion for flowers, and their universal success in cultivating them, why is it that women never have any floral societies? How ugly our streets and roadsides are, too, without a hundredth part of the trees that ought to be planted there! and alas, how expensive fruit is! It is said that the English ladies are many of them great florists and botanists, and also practical farmers, so that they understand thoroughly the management of their estates and gardens. Should co-operative housekeeping have that effect upon farming which I have before indicated, I trust American women will begin to imitate their English cousins in these respects. Are we never to begin to prepare the earth for the coming of the Lord? To think that one small sect of semi-Christians only, — the Shakers, — out of all the millions of Christendom, should cherish this beautiful hope, and put a part of their religion into every tree they plant and every field they sow! When, indeed, is the wilderness going to blossom as the rose? At least, let us set our feminine civilization in the midst of grass and flowers, of vines and trees, so that even every humble home may be adorned, and every table spread with "*all* the gracious words that proceed out of the mouth of God."

Music and the Drama.

Music is an angel from heaven which should dwell in every household. Then the best amateurs of the association must devise how to get and keep her there, — must observe the musical talent in the young, and have it properly trained by means of thorough teachers, choral societies, amateur concerts and operas in every community. I cannot express what exquisite musical capacity I have known remain undeveloped through the ignorance or indifference of parents, — what players, what singers, lost! And, on the other hand, I suppose no estimate can be made of the money sunk in trying to teach music to those who cannot learn it; for it is one of the most complicated and difficult of arts, and not one parent in twenty-five knows whether her children are succeeding in it or not. The true plan would be to give each child in the community a certain amount of careful elementary instruction, after which it should be examined by a competent musical committee, who could inform the parents of the probabilities

of the case, and thus save them either from ignorantly flinging away a jewel, or from trying to make one out of a pebble.* Finally, when all other women are earning their living, I trust it will no longer be considered derogatory for a "lady" to sing or play for money. If God creates an exceptional voice for the joy of multitudes, what is to be said of the conventionality that confines the magnificent tones to the limits of a fashionable drawing-room? I knew a glorious song-bird, that, from the farthest heights of the musical empyrean, might have ravished a listening world. She floods her gilded cage with melody; but does it fill her yearning heart? Still she is but a slave where she might have been a queen.

A great gift for acting stands in the same category with a great voice. Both should be used for the delight of mankind, and for the benefit of its possessor. I never see the refined and brilliant performance in private theatricals of these young ladies and gentlemen who rehearse together only a few weeks, and play together only a few times, without thinking what a pity it is that the stage is not a pure and honorable calling, and the dramatic talent not yet recognized as one implanted by the Creator to be developed for his glory and for human happiness as much as any other. I believe Brigham Young's theory and practice on this point the true one; and, humiliating as it may be to learn anything from a Mormon, yet, since Christianity cannot keep people away from the theatre, had it not better go there itself? Would the guilty intrigue be represented, the coarse joke applauded, the immodest dance tolerated, if good and noble men and women organized the stage and "catered for the public," — if ladies and gentlemen of honorable position and spotless name brought acting up to their own level of respectability as a profession, and, as an art, carried it far beyond into regions where it has never yet soared? At all events, I believe, with Mrs. Stowe, that the experiment is worth trying. A true civilization should overlook none of the marked tendencies of humanity; and should women ever form associations among themselves for the higher culture of other æsthetic branches, I hope they will by no means leave out the drama.

* For the sake of giving honor where honor is due, I will say that, with the beautiful natural voices of our country, it will be a shame if we do not erelong produce a supreme *prima donna;* for we have now among us one of the great singing-teachers of the world, — Madam Emma Seiler, a German, who has achieved an exhaustive study of the human voice, and completed the most perfect theory of the vocal art ever attempted. She is at present giving private lessons in Philadelphia. But her only true position is at the head of a vocal conservatory for the education of artists and teachers; and I hope the musical world will soon combine to place her there.

Society.

And what shall be the golden roof, the crown of our new civilization? Surely, a splendid society, presided over by ladies famous for their beauty, their wit, or their tact, where every graceful element of human achievement may have free play, and every kindly impulse of human feeling full encouragement, because none "look on their own things, but all look also on the things of others." I confess I fear it is not to exist on this side of the New Jerusalem. For a perfect society is one wherein every person composing it is fitly placed; whereas in such a world of inequalities in wealth, in attractiveness, in pride, in culture, it is difficult to get more than half a dozen persons together who feel precisely on the same footing.

Still, it is to be hoped that not then the women whose husbands have the most money, but the wise and stately matrons who are at the head of the co-operative kitchen, of the sewing-house, of the charitable and other departments, will be in some sort the acknowledged social leaders; for so we might eventually have what the women of rank give to society abroad, — a recognized standard of fine manners to which young people would be expected to conform. Thus American society would be taken out of the hands of the few brainless and generally intensely selfish young men who, with their chosen belles, "lead the

German," and the intolerable rudeness and crudeness of our contemporary boy and girl *régime* would be abolished.

The Religious Aspect of the Feminine Civilization.

The plan of our palace is complete. There is a place in it for every feminine power, and scope for every feminine aspiration. "But is there to be no hallowed shrine within our walls?" some deep, religious heart may ask; "no solemn sanctuary wherein we alone may gather together to worship God?" Alas! even had we such a chapel, in this age of many religions, to which of them all should we confide it? or how could we make ourselves priestesses where the Lord himself made none, and his apostles absolutely forbade them? Let men alone bear the responsibility of further divisions in the Church of Christ. If they are so anxious about the forms and reforms of Christianity that they have altogether lost sight of its spirit, let us not fall into the same error.

Nevertheless, though I would not organize women's congregations, lest evils that we know not of should grow out of them, yet I would have such women as feel themselves called to it distinctly recognized by the Christian Church as trained and trusted and commissioned servants, to whom she committed, first, the educating of the young, — not weekly, as in the mere makeshift (so thoroughly do I know its deficiencies that I had almost said the mere humbug) of the modern Sunday school, — but daily, in the precepts and practice of religion; second, the ministering to the poor and the sick; third, and most difficult of all, the comforting of the afflicted and the troubled, and the reformation of the guilty; and these women, as I have before indicated, would hold rank among the most valued officers of all co-operative associations! I myself am an Episcopalian, and cannot wonder enough that, when deaconesses were an integral part of the organization of that pure primitive Church which the Anglican Communion and her American daughter pretend to take for their model, our clergy and bishops are so content to ignore the value of the patient and devoted labors of Christian women, and to withhold official recognition from them. I do not think it necessary, in order to be a deaconess, that a woman should come out and be separate from her home and kindred, any more than that a man should do so in order to be eligible to the priesthood or the episcopate. If a married woman wishes to be a deaconess, and is of suitable age and qualifications, she ought to be ordained as one by the bishop, that she may be a recognized assistant of her pastor wherever she goes. Only, in order to be sure that none but women of the right tact and temper were consecrated, I would have her credentials signed by twelve matrons of the congregation. I give it as my experience, that, though I have been more or less engaged in church work all my life long, it has been always at a conscious disadvantage. Nothing gives any one any *right* to interest one's self in this, that, or the other, and if one chooses to do so, it is at the cost of being thought officious, forward, or overbearing, or of being obliged to play the complacent, see things go all wrong, yet still say nothing. What is true of the Episcopal Church I suppose to be true of all Protestant churches. The priests of them all more or less, in true masculine fashion, ignore half the human race, while the conventual system of the Romish Church is worse still; — though the Roman Sisters of Charity, were it not for their enforced celibacy and general want of breadth and culture, not to say ignorance, would perfectly represent one of the noblest types of deaconess.

But whether men ever give the few among us official recognition or not, the great fact for us to remember is this: that, in whichever of the countless chapels of the universal cathedral we worship, the majority of us are knit and covenanted together in the fellowship of the body and blood of Christ.

Most women are "members" of some church. Publicly, therefore, we have taken Jesus for our Head. Call him God or man, still we are ranged under his leadership, and if we strive to be faithful followers, or, deeper still, true members of his mystical body, our work must grow up with his inspiration. Not one corner of our civilization, then, simply should be set aside for a sanctuary, but the whole of it should be the yearning irrepressible, the upgrowth and outgrowth of our devotion to his Glad-Tidings preached for the renewing of this blind and diseased and suffering human congregation, into an image of the glorious hierarchies of Heaven. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Millions of Christian women make this petition every day, but how many of us exert a single intelligent energy to bring it about? Who of us understands "give us this day our daily bread" to mean "give it to us whether we strive for it or not"? Not one: and so, perhaps, we may pray unnumbered ages in this stupid and sluggish spirit for Christ's kingdom to come; but it never will come until, with all our feminine powers and all our mighty love, we do our share toward hastening it.

"Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it." The wretched history of so many masculine nationalities that go stubbornly along in their own way shows but too well how lost! Yet, even granting that strong men could do without the Gospel, weak women cannot. Jesus was our first, as he is still our best and truest, Friend. In the depths of the unutterable degradation to which paganism had reduced the sex, he alone saw what was in us, and raised us up. If in anything at all we are better or happier than the women of heathen nations, we owe it all to him; and whatever remains to be accomplished of our elevation must come through devotion to his teaching. I believe that, except as *Christians*, "bearing all things" with each other, "believing all things" possible to each other, "hoping all things" for each other, "enduring all things" from each other, — and all for our Master's glory, — women can do nothing. For we care very little for ourselves or for each other; nearly all we attempt is for some outside object, — for some child, or some man, or some God. Were men, for instance, to tell us to undertake this reform, we should accomplish it quickly and gladly enough. I think they will tell us no such thing; but, in view of all the interests that depend on it, can we not believe that HE who loves us, and whom we love beyond men, asks us to do it for his sake and for humanity's sake? It may not be an easy task, and to succeed in it we shall need our intensest energy, and more than all our present self-command. But what we lack ourselves I believe to exist in the Gospel in all its plenitude. By beginning and continuing perfectly in the spirit of Christ, the Heavenly Powers themselves must be our builders. We need only strive to be living stones in the hand of the Divine Architect. Then all "our walls will be salvation, and all our gates praise," and we shall need "no temple therein, for the Lamb will be its temple."

Man and Woman Face to Face.

There is a wonderful land called The Future, and somewhere in that land stands the structure of the feminine civilization, — its golden domes glittering in the sunshine, — its airy pinnacles springing into the ether, — bright contrast to the vast, time-worn towers and sombre splendors of its frowning brother. Silently and swiftly it rose, in fewer years than that was centuries in building, for the secrets and results that men by little and little so painfully wrought out for themselves were ready to our requirement; and now the perfume of its gardens streams over the sea, its music vibrates round the land, troops of lovely children play over its grassy lawns, and an exquisite girlhood clusters within its deep, sculptured porches. Is it an opposing citadel, or a true *home*, created by love, whither every man may come to find refreshing, peace, and joy? Beautiful

it stands, but, against the crowded cannon of the grim masculine battlements, as defenceless as the child's bubble that an instant rests upon the sward. Will they ever open upon its crystal walls? nay, will they even dare to thunder against each other as they have done through so many bloody generations? The roar alone would shatter its delicate pillars and fairy arches, and bury their builders in the fall. — The builders? yes, the women builders, the beloved, the wives and mothers of men. See them winding in endless procession from their council-hall, more "terrible" in their suppliance than "an army with banners," and bearing a petition to the nations as they are about to rush forth to their wild work of war and wasting. What says the petition? Only this: WAR MURDERS YOU, AND RUINS US.

The solemn sentence speaks too much for them not to deliberate over it, and at last they recognize that, be what loss or gain it may to men, to women war never is nor can be anything but incalculable ill. I tell the women of this generation that they may take sides, as pleases the passion of their unthinking sympathy, with this or that masculine war, but there is no war, especially no great or long-continued or expensive war, that does not grind a stratum of the feminine community to powder, and, by just so much, lower all the rest; and that not alone the women of the country which happens to be the scene of the contest, — *their* miseries and degradation are too fearful for contemplation, — but the women of the unscathed, of the winning side. Ruskin spoke even deeper than he meant, when he said that on the breaking out of a war all the women should go into black. They *should* go into mourning, yea, into sackcloth and ashes, for into worse than this must the war, before it ends, bring many a now innocent wife and maiden.

The separating of the hitherto jumbled interests and responsibilities of the two sexes would make these truths so apparent, that one great result of feminine co-operation and consultation would be the abandoning the national system of warfare, which is as senseless, as wasteful, and more wicked than the private wars of the old feudal barons which kept the world back for six hundred years. For they were ignorant, but we say "we see," therefore we "have no cloak for our sin." An international court where the disputes of nations could be adjusted, and an international police of married soldiers to enforce its decisions, are the only agencies whereby the extravagance and demoralization of war can be prevented, and the problem of the application of brute force in government solved for the world at large, as law and courts of justice and constables have solved it for the world's separate communities.

TWO FINAL CONSIDERATIONS.

At the close of these papers I would say to the women who may have been so kind as to read them, that I place little stress on the particular plan they propose. Co-operative Housekeeping may be wholly practicable or wholly visionary. But two things women must do somehow, as the conditions not only of the future happiness, progress, and elevation of their sex, but of its bare respectability and morality.

1st. They *must* earn their own living.

2d. They *must* be organized among themselves.

To accomplish these imperative results in the quickest and easiest way has alone been my object in trying to stimulate them to throw themselves, as it were, upon their own resources; that is, combine together on the capital furnished them by men for their domestic expenditures, on such a system as to bring a part, at least, of the retail trade into their hands, and so gain the independent and responsible handling of money, with all its incalculable stimulus to invention, enterprise, and independence of thought.

One question is, Is such a feminine development possible? for to many the dream will seem as extravagant as an opium vision. I answer, to those who know that to the faint beginnings of

trade among the squalid serfs of the Dark Ages Europe owes her powerful middle class, her commerce, her manufactures, her constitutional liberties, her greatest geniuses, — ourselves, her mighty offspring, — my imaginings concerning the future unfolding of womanhood will seem reasonable enough. Close-shut bud that it has remained amid the national storms of ages, who can tell, indeed, what forms and colors it will assume when at length the Sun of Righteousness pours down upon it unintercepted his gracious beams!

The other question is, Whether, in case such a feminine development be possible, it is desirable? This every man and woman must decide for themselves. It depends upon a single consideration. If manhood is commensurate with humanity, and womanhood is only an accident, a temporary provision of physical nature for the perpetuation of the race, then it is probable that nothing worth while *would* follow from organizing the world of women. This of course is, and always has been, the prevailing sentiment, otherwise there is no adequate explanation of the contempt men always express for possible feminine achievement and the distrust that, in consequence, women themselves have hitherto felt of it.

> "'They hunt old trails,' said Cyril, 'very well;
> But when did women ever yet invent?'"

This is the whole thing in a sentence. Because women do not originate, their practical and mental power is esteemed worthless. And yet the great mystery of Nature might teach us a very different lesson. Granted that all the vitalizing mental power of the race resides with men: the analogy from the physical world seems to show that the results may be barren enough without true feminine co-workers to complete what they can only begin. Therefore I, for one, cheerfully surrender to them the point of originality; I may know nothing in the whole realm of thought or invention that they have not started. But I also know nothing that they have perfected. Their learning, arts, and sciences are all one-sided; their churches inadequate; their governments and societies at once incomplete and rotting into dilapidation and decay. One after another their melancholy civilizations rise, return upon themselves, and are not. To judge what men alone can avail for humanity, it is quite enough to read an article in a recent number of the North British Review called "The Social Sores of Britain." With all their genius and all their energy, *that* festering community is the best that the greatest masculine race the world ever saw can show, after trying a thousand years! while the rapid downward rush of American politics and morals is filling every thoughtful mind with terror.

Observing all these disorders and shortcomings in the masculine administration of affairs, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there is a missing element somewhere; and as there is no element in humanity beside the two, that it must be the feminine element. I think, then, that women may very gently say to their brethren, without the least disrespect or self-conceit:

"Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Adam. We will not meddle with your concerns, but, if you please, we will just help you by attending to our own, which you have, indeed, most kindly tried to manage for us, but have simply got into the worst confusion. We deny, altogether, being 'the lesser man,' and are tired of the *rôle* of little brother. We are not an accident of nature, we are a necessity of Eternity. Our souls stamp the sex upon our bodies, not our bodies upon our souls. Feminine these are, and feminine they will remain forever. Why, then, are we to wait for Heaven before we begin our proper development? Do you think that giving a young girl, for a time, the diet and exercise of a prize-fighter would turn her into a man? It would only help to make her a physically strong and perfect woman. So, too, the feminine mind and heart cannot be made masculine by any abundance of education, freedom, and responsibility,

but will round, through their means, into curves of beauty and harmony, expressive of force and health indeed, but from these very qualities only the more enchanting. It is not womanhood you get, O men, by the conventional repressing process, but childhood; and thus it is that to this day there is no true marriage of the sexes on the earth, but a lonely and cruel lord stalks through the neglected and unfinished apartments of his ever-widening palace, while she who should be his friend, his love, his wife, drudges with his menials in the basement, or feebly amuses him in the drawing-room, — always a subject, generally a servant, too often a sycophant and a slave."

What is the matter with men, that they do not wish us to be noble, that they are not noble toward us? It is that they have no faith in the absoluteness of our sex. The "feminine," the "beautiful" in us constitutes our highest value to them. And seeing our modes of life so different from their own, they imagine that the secret of the charm is in this, and they cannot bear any suggestion of change. Then we ourselves must be softly brave against their prejudices and distrust; must insist that women can very easily combine the beautiful and the useful, the real and the ideal; must show them that, not so much the pursuit itself, but the manner of it, is feminine or unfeminine; must take care, above all, while we try to advance, that we do not throw aside, as some in the van too rashly have, the graces, the harmonies, and the reserves of gentle, traditional, adorable womanhood.

Conclusion.

"Old things are passed away. Behold, all things have become new!" How profound are the words, and how women hate them! The feminine sphere that for ages stood so immovable beneath our feet, the mighty mechanical powers are rolling, rolling away from under us. In great part it is already gone, and sewing-machines, washing-machines, machines for every smallest office, are taking from us the little that is left of the old manual labor by which we once fed and clothed the world, and whose shadow we yet cling to so desperately. Crowding us together on the fast-lessening area, it would seem as though men were determined that women should have no longer a serious interest or an earnest occupation in the universe. But, in truth, a wider, freer, sunnier orb, that they themselves have created for us, is moving beside us, though all unseen by our timid and reluctant eyes. Their mills and factories by thousands heap up food and clothing for the world, but unless it is distributed it is useless. At a ruinous expense both to them and to us they accomplish it; but by planning our lives as I have indicated, we can assume this useful and profitable office, and thus become again what in the beginning we were created, helps, *meet* for men in their new circumstances, and be in reality, what now we are only in name, "Ladies," — that is "Loaf-givers," almoners of their bounty, not only to our own families, but to all the needy, the destitute, the wretched of the whole race.

The leap is wide, and it must be taken together, but it is our best chance of uniting the grand and true old feminine functions of house-ordering, of food-preparing, and of clothes-providing, with the noble modern elements of taste and culture and freedom.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let HER OWN WORKS praise her in the gates."

O, when upon the immortal warp, stamped with the simple and majestic figure of the Virtuous Woman, shall we moderns weave in with glowing thread the still more resplendent feminine ideal, that all the knowledge and advantages of this happier age should teach us?

When indeed?

"Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

LITTLE CAPTAIN TROTT.

IT has become fashionable to write sketches of the lives of really existing worthies, who are at present acting their parts with more or less success on the stage of this mortal life. Among them all there is none who, as we think, exerts a more perceptible influence, makes more commotion, more confusion, more comfort, more perplexity, more laughing, and more crying than our sprightly, ingenious, omnipresent, ever-active little friend, Captain Trott.

His title indicates that he is in a position of responsibility and command. Nobody would infer this, from his short body, his dumpy little hands, and his square, padding little feet, his curly head, his ivory-fine complexion, and his rather singular modes of treating the English language; yet, should the question be put at this moment by the electric telegraph, to the million families of our land, "Who governs and rules you?" the reply would come back, as with the voice of many waters, "Little Trott." Little Trott has more influence at this hour in these United States than General Grant himself!

In giving a sketch of his personal appearance, we are embarrassed by the remembrance of the overweening admiration he always contrives to excite in the breasts of the feminine part of creation. A million women, we do believe, at this very hour, if we should draw his picture, would be ready to tear our eyes out for the injustice done him. *That* the picture of our little Trott, forsooth? What is the woman thinking of? She does not know, she never can know, she had no senses to perceive, half how beautiful he is! So say all the mothers; and the grandmothers double-say it, and are ready to shoot you if you doubt it; and the aunties and sisters reiterate it; and even the papas — who, as heads of the women and lords of creation, are supposed to take more sensible and impartial views of matters and things — go hook and line, bob and sinker into the general current. The papas are, if anything, even sillier and more beside themselves with admiration than the mammas. Trott is, in their eyes, a miracle of nature. They gaze at him with round eyes of wonder; they are really ashamed of themselves for their inebriate state of admiration, and endeavor to draw over it a veil of reticent gravity; but it leaks out of every cranny, and oozes out of every pore, that the man is, as our negro friends say, "done gone over" in admiration of little Trott. His administration, therefore, is a highly popular one, and we run some risk in instituting anything like a criticism upon it. There is, of course, as in all popular governments, an *opposition party*, composed principally of older brothers and sisters, crabbed old bachelors, and serious-minded maiden ladies, who feel it their duty, with varying success, to keep up a protest against Trott's proceedings, and to call on his besotted admirers to be on their guard against his wiles, and even go so far as to prophesy that, if not well looked after, he may one day ruin the country. Under these circumstances, it is a delicate matter to deliver our opinion of Trott, but we shall endeavor to do it with impartial justice. We shall speak our honest opinion of his accomplishments, his virtues, and his vices, be the consequences what they may.

And first we think that nobody can refuse to Captain Trott the award of industry and energy.

He is energy itself. He believes in early rising, and, like all others who practise this severe virtue, is of opinion that it is a sin for anybody to sleep after he is awake. Therefore he commences to whistle and crow, and pick open the eyes of papa and mamma with

his fat fingers, long before "Aurora crimsons the east," as the poet says. For those hapless sinners who love the dear iniquity of morning naps Trott has no more mercy than a modern reformer; and, like a modern reformer, he makes no exceptions for circumstances. If *he* is wide-awake and refreshed, it makes no difference to him that mamma was up half a dozen times the night before to warm his milk and perform other handmaid offices for his lordship; or that papa was late at his office, and did not get asleep till twelve o'clock. Up they must get; laziness is not to be indulged; morning naps are an abomination to his soul; and he wants his breakfast at the quickest conceivable moment, that he may enter on the duty of the day.

This duty may be briefly defined as the process of cultivating the heavenly virtue of patience in the mind of his mother and of the family and the community generally. He commences the serious avocations of the day after a shower of kisses, adorned by fleeting dimples and sparkling glances. While mamma is hastily dressing, he slyly upsets the wash-pitcher on the carpet, and sits a pleased spectator of the instant running and fussing which is the result. If there is a box of charcoal tooth-powder within reach, he now contrives to force that open and scatter its contents over his nightgown and the carpet, thus still further increasing the confusion. If he is scolded, he immediately falls on his mother's neck, and smothers her with sooty kisses. While taking his bath, he insists on sucking the sponge, and splashing the water all over his mother's neat morning-wrapper. If this process is stopped, he shows the strength of his lungs in violent protests, which so alarm the poor woman for the character of the family, that she is forced to compromise with him by letting him have a bright pincushion, or her darling gold watch, or some other generally forbidden object, to console him. This, of course, he splashes into the water forthwith, and fights her if she attempts to take it away; for Trott is a genuine Red Republican in the doctrine of his own right to have his own way. Then he follows her up through the day, knowing exactly when and where to put himself in her way, in fulfilment of his important mission of perfecting her in patience. If she be going up stairs with baby in her arms, Trott catches her about the knees, or hangs on to her gown behind, with most persistent affection.

In the kitchen, if she be superintending verdant Erin in the preparation of some mysterious dish, Trott must be there, and Trott must help. With infinite fussing and tiptoe efforts, he pulls over on his head a pan of syrup, — and the consequences of this movement all our female friends see without words.

Is there company to dinner, and no dessert, and stupid Biddy utterly unable to compass the difficulties of a boiled custard, then mamma is to the fore, and Trott also. Just at the critical moment, — the moment of projection, — a loud scream from Trott announces that he has fallen head-first into the rain-water butt! The custard is spoiled, but the precious darling Trott is saved, and wiped up, and comes out, fresh and glowing, to proclaim to his delighted admirers that he still lives.

Thus much on Trott's energy and industry, but who shall describe the boundless *versatility* of his genius? Versatility is Trott's forte. In one single day he will bring to pass a greater variety of operations than are even thought of in Congress, — much as they may do there, — and he is so persevering and industrious about it!

He has been known, while mamma is busy over some bit of fine work at her sewing-machine, to pad into the pantry and contrive machinery for escalading the flour-barrel, which has enabled him at last to plump himself fairly into the soft, downy interior, which he can now throw up over his head in chuckling transport, powdering his curls till he looks like a cherub upon a Louis Quatorze china teacup. Taken out, while his mother is looking for fresh clothes in the drawer, he hastens to plunge his

head into the washbowl, to clean it. He besets pussy, who runs at the very sight of him. He has often tried to perform surgical operations on her eyes with mamma's scissors; but pussy, having no soul to save, has no interest in being made perfect through suffering, and therefore gives him a wide berth. Nevertheless, Trott sometimes catches her asleep, and once put her head downward into a large stone water-jar, before she had really got enough awake to comprehend the situation. Her tail, convulsively waving as a signal of distress, alone called attention to the case, and deprived her of the honor of an obituary notice. But, mind you, had pussy died, what mamma and grandma and auntie would not have taken Trott's part against all the pussies in the world? "Poor little fellow! he must do something"; and "After all, the cat was n't much of a mouser; served her right; and *was n't* it cunning of him?" And, my dear friend, if Trott some day, when you are snoozing after dinner, should take a fancy to serve you as Jael did Sisera, your fate would scarcely excite any other comment. The "poor dear little fellow" would still be the hero of the house, and you the sinner, who had no business to put yourself in his way. This last sentence was interpolated here by my crabbed bachelor uncle, Mr. Herod Killchild, who cannot, of course, be considered as dispassionate authority. In fact, an open feud rages between Uncle Herod and Trott; and he only holds his position in the family circle, because the women-folks are quick-witted enough to perceive that, after all, he is in his heart as silly about Trott as any of them. He has more than once been detected watching the little captain's antics over the top of his newspaper, and slyly snickering to himself as he followed his operations, while at the same moment his mouth was ostensibly full of cursing and bitterness. Once, when Trott was very, very sick indeed, Uncle Herod lost his rest nights, — he declared it was only indigestion; his eyes watered, — he declared that it was only a severe cold. But all these symptoms marvellously disappeared when Trott, as his manner is, suddenly got well and came out good as new, and tenfold more busy and noisy than ever. Then Uncle Herod remarked dryly that "he *had* hoped to be rid of that torment," and mamma laughed. Who minds Uncle Herod? We have spoken of Trott's industry, energy, and versatility; we must speak also of his perseverance.

This is undeniably a great virtue, as all my readers who have ever written in old-fashioned copy-books will remember. Trott's persistence and determination to carry his points and have his own way are traits that must excite the respect of the beholder.

When he has a point to carry, it must be a wise mamma, and a still wiser papa, that can withstand him, for his ways and wiles are past finding out. He tries all means and measures, — kissing, cajoling, coaxing; and, these proving ineffectual, storming, crying, threatening, fighting fate with both of his chubby fists, and squaring off at the powers that be with a valor worthy of a soldier.

There are the best hopes of the little captain, if he keeps up equal courage and vigor, some future day, when he shall lead the armies of the Republic.

If, however, Trott is routed, as sometimes occurs, it is to be said to his credit that he displays great magnanimity. He will come up and kiss and be friends, after a severe skirmish with papa, and own himself beaten in the handsomest manner.

But, like a true, cunning politician, when beaten, he does not give up. There is many a reserved wile under his mat of curls yet, and he still meditates some future victory; and, sooth to say, after a running fire of some weeks. Trott often carries his point, and establishes his right to take certain household liberties, in spite of the protest of the whole family republic.

"Well, what can you do with him? we can't be fighting him always," are the usual terms which announce the surrender.

And did not our Congress do about the same thing with President Johnson? The fact is, when you've got a chief magistrate, you can't fight him all the time, and Trott is the chief magistrate of the family state.

The opposition party in the government, consisting always of people who never had or are like to have Trotts of their own to take care of, are always largely blaming those who submit to him. They insist upon it that minute rules should be made, and Trott made to understand what is meant by the reign of law.

Law? We would like to see the code that could compass and forbid Trott's unheard-of inventions. He always surprises you by doing just the thing you never could have conceived of, and through it all his intentions are so excellent! He sees mamma rubbing her head with hair-oil, and forthwith dips his hand in a varnish-pot and rubs his own mat of curls. He sees Biddy squeeze bluing into the rinsing-water, and, watching his opportunity, throws the bluing-bag into the soup-kettle. You have oil paints put away in a deep recess in the closet. Of course he goes straight to them, squeezes all the tubes together, and makes a pigment with which he anoints his face and hands, and the carpet, giving an entirely new view of a work of art. "Who would have thought, now, that he could have?" &c., is the usual refrain after these occurrences.

The maxim that "silence is golden" does not apply to Trott. Much as his noise may make mamma's head ache, it is nothing to the fearful apprehensions excited by his silence. If Trott is still ten minutes, or even five, look out for a catastrophe. He may be tasting bug-poison, or clawing the canary-bird out of the cage, or practising writing on papa's last Art Union, or eating a whole box of pills, or picking mamma's calla bud, or, taken with a sudden fit of household usefulness, be washing the front of the bureau drawer with a ten-dollar bill which he has picked out of it!

Sleep is usually considered a gracious state for Trott, but he has too intense a sense of his responsibility to lose much time in this way, especially if mamma is to have company to dinner, or has any very perplexing and trying bit of household work to do. Under these circumstances Trott never can sleep. He is intensely interested; he cannot let her go a moment.

There have been as many books written as there are stars in the skies concerning the vexed question of Trott's government, and concerning the constitutional limits of his rights and those of the older and bigger world.

And still that subject seems to be involved in mystery. Some few points only are clear, — Trott must *not* be allowed to make a bonfire of the paternal mansion, or stick the scissors in his mother's eyes, or cut his own throat with his father's razor. Short of this "the constitutional limits," as we say, are very undefined. And if you undertake to restrict him much, you will have all the fathers and mothers in the land on your back, who with one voice insist that, though Trott may have his faults, like all things human, yet he is a jolly little fellow, and they prefer, on the whole, to let him do just about as he does do, and don't want any advice on that subject.

Of course, his administration bears hard on the minority, and it is sometimes a question whether anybody else in the house has any rights which Trott is bound to respect. So much the worse for the minority. We should like to know what they are going to do about it?

There is one comfort in this view of the subject. All the wonderful men of the world have been Trotts in their day; have badgered and tormented their mammas till they trained them up into a meetness for Heaven, and then have come, in their turn, to be governed by other Trotts, — for in this kingdom the king never dies, or, rather, to put it in a modern form, in this republic there is always a president.

Well, after all, our hearts are very soft toward the little deluding Captain. The very thought that the house might some

day be without his mischief and merriment, and the patter of his little stubbed feet, causes us a hard lump in our throats at once. No noise of misrule and merriment, however deafening, where Trott reigns triumphant, can be so dreadful as the silence in the house where he once has been, but is to be no more.

> "The mother in the sunshine sits
> Beside the cottage wall,
> And, slowly, slowly as she knits,
> Her quiet tears down fall.
> *Her little hindering thing is gone,*
> And undisturbed she may knit on."

When we think of those short little mounds in Greenwood and Mount Auburn, we go in for patient submission to Trott with all his faults, rather than the dismalness of being without him. His hold is on our heart-strings, and reign over us he must.

We are reminded, too, how, years and years ago, the Dearest, Wisest, and Greatest that ever lived on earth took little Trott on his knee, and said, "Whosoever shall receive one of such children, in my name, receiveth me"; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Trott was doubtless as full of motion and mischief in those days as in these; but the Divine eyes saw through it all, into that great mystery making little Trott the father of whatever is great and good in the future.

A NEW CHAPTER OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

IN a series of articles, of which this is the first, we propose to state and unfold what we regard as an argument for the truth of Christianity, which is not only original, but also specially adapted to the present time. For as, in a great battle, when the current of the heady fight has raged around some fiercely contested point, the tide often shifts to another part of the field, so it is in the war of opinions. The controversies which to former generations were matters of life and death are to us often questions of supreme indifference.

Is Christianity a supernatural or a natural religion? Is it a religion attested to be from God by miracles? This has been the great question in evidences for the last century. The truth and divine origin of Christianity have been made to depend on its supernatural character, and to stand or fall with a certain view of miracles. And then in order to maintain the reality of miracles, it became necessary to prove the infallibility of the record; and so we were taught that, to believe in Jesus Christ, we must first believe in the genuineness and authenticity of the whole New Testament. "All the theology of England," says Mr. Pattison,* "was devoted to proving the Christian religion credible, in this manner." "The apostles," said Dr. Johnson, "were being tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery." This was the work of the school of Lardner, Paley, and Whately.

But the real question between Christians and unbelievers in Christianity is, not whether our religion is or is not supernatural; not whether Christ's miracles were or not violations of law; nor whether the New Testament, as it stands, is the work of inspired men. The main question, back of all these, is different, and not dependent on the views we may happen to take of the universality of law. It is this. Is Christianity, as taught by Jesus, intended by God to be the religion of the human race? Is it only one among natural religions? is it to be superseded in its turn by others, or is it the one religion which is to unite all mankind? "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" this is

* Essays and Reviews, Article VI.

the question which we ask of Jesus of Nazareth, and the answer to which makes the real problem of apologetic theology.

Now the defenders of Christianity have been so occupied with their special disputes about miracles, about naturalism and supernaturalism, and about the inspiration and infallibility of the apostles, that they have left uncultivated a wide field of inquiry, which we may designate by the name of *Comparative Theology*. Its work is to compare Christianity with other religions, in order to see how it stands related to them, and wherein they differ and agree. Such is the province of this new science. What we propose to do is to show by this comparison that Christianity possesses all the aptitudes which fit it to be the religion of the human race.

This method of establishing Christianity differs from the traditional argument in this: that, while the last undertakes to *prove* Christianity to be true, this *shows* it to be true. For if we can make it appear, by a fair survey of the principal religions of the world, that, while they are ethnic or local, Christianity is catholic or universal; that, while they are defective, possessing some truths and wanting others, Christianity possesses all; and that, while they are stationary, Christianity is progressive; it will not then be necessary to discuss in what sense it is a supernatural religion. Such a survey will show that it is adapted to the nature of man. But when we see adaptation we naturally infer design. If Christianity appears, after a full comparison with other religions, to be the one and only religion which is perfectly adapted to man, it will be impossible to doubt that it was designed by God to be the religion of our race; that it is the providential religion sent by God to man, its truth God's truth, its way the way to God and to Heaven.

But in conducting this proof it is necessary to avoid an error into which most of the apologists of the last century fell, in speaking of the heathen or ethnic* religions. In order to show the need of Christianity, they thought it necessary to disparage all other religions. Accordingly, they have insisted that, while the Jewish and Christian religions were revealed, all other religions were invented; that, while these were from God, those were the work of man; that, while in the true religions there was nothing false, in the false religions there was nothing true. If any trace of truth was to be found in Polytheism, it was so mixed with error as to be practically only evil. As the doctrines of heathen religions were corrupt, so their worship was only a debasing superstition. Their influence was to make men worse, not better; their tendency was to produce sensuality, cruelty, and universal degradation. They did not proceed, in any sense, from God; they were not even the work of good men, but rather of deliberate imposition and priestcraft. A supernatural religion had become necessary in order to counteract the fatal consequences of these debased and debasing superstitions. This is the view of the great natural religions of the world which was taken by such writers as Leland, Whitby, and Warburton in the last century. Even liberal thinkers, like James Foster and John Locke, declare that, at the coming of Christ, mankind had fallen into utter darkness, and that vice and superstition filled the world. Infidel no less than Christian writers took the same disparaging view of natural religions. They considered them, in their source, the work of fraud; in their essence, corrupt superstitions; in their doctrines, wholly false; in their moral tendency, absolutely injurious; and in their result, degenerating more and more into greater evil.†

Such extravagant views naturally produced a reaction. It was felt to be disparaging to human nature to suppose that almost the whole human race should consent to be fed on error. Such a belief is a denial of God's

* By *ethnic* religions we mean the religions of races or nations.

† See Christian Examiner, March, 1857, Art. II.

providence, as regards nine tenths of mankind. Accordingly it has become more usual of late to rehabilitate heathenism, and to place it on the same level with Christianity, if not above it. The *Vedas* are talked about as though they were somewhat superior to the Old Testament, and Confucius is quoted as an authority quite equal to St. Paul or St. John. An ignorant admiration of the sacred books of the Buddhists and Brahmins has succeeded to the former ignorant and sweeping condemnation of them. What is now needed is a fair and candid examination and comparison of these systems from reliable sources. Until within a few years this was impossible. It is only within the last twenty-five years that the sacred books of the East have become accessible to European scholars. The *savans* of France, Germany, and England are even now fully occupied in giving us the special results of their examinations, and the time may scarcely have come for a full comparison of these results. But comparative science will also enter this field. Analysis must always precede synthesis; but until synthesis arrives, the work of analysis is of little avail. Therefore, as studies in special philology have prepared the way for comparative philology; as partial geography has been succeeded by comparative geography; and comparative anatomy has followed special anatomy; so must the science of comparative theology follow examinations in special religions. And it is our purpose, in this and successive papers, to furnish such fruits of the comparison of ethnic and catholic religions as shall, while doing justice to the former, help us better to understand the permanent value of Christianity to the human race.

The first point which we think will be established by such a survey is this: —

I. *Most of the religions of the world are ethnic religions, or the religions of races. Christianity alone is a catholic religion.*

By ethnic religions we mean those religions, each of which has always been confined within the boundaries of a particular race or family of mankind, and has never made proselytes or converts, except accidentally, outside of it. By catholic religions we mean those which have shown the desire and power of passing over these limits, and becoming the religion of a considerable number of persons belonging to different races.

Now we are met at once with the striking and obvious fact that most of the religions of the world are evidently religions limited in some way to particular races or nations. They are, as we have said, *ethnic*. We use this Greek word rather than its Latin equivalent *gentile*, because *gentile*, though meaning literally "of, or belonging to, a race," has acquired a special sense from its New Testament use as meaning all who are not Jews. The word "ethnic" remains pure from any such secondary or acquired meaning, and signifies simply *that which belongs to a race*.

The science of ethnology is a modern one, and is still in the process of formation. Some of its conclusions, however, may be considered as established. It has forever set aside Blumenbach's old division of mankind into the Caucasian and four other varieties, and has given us, instead, a division of the largest part of mankind into Indo-European, Semitic, and Turanian families, leaving a considerable penumbra outside as yet unclassified.

That mankind is so divided into races of men it would seem hardly possible to deny. It is proved by physiology, by psychology, by glossology, and by civil history. Physiology shows us anatomical differences between races. There are as marked and real differences between the skull of a Hindoo and that of a Chinaman as between the skulls of an Englishman and a negro. There is not as great a difference, perhaps, but it is as real and as constant. Then the characters of races remain distinct, the same traits reappearing after many centuries exactly as at first. We find the

same difference of character between the Jews and Arabs, who are merely different families of the same Semitic race, as existed between their ancestors Jacob and Esau, as described in the Book of Genesis. Jacob and the Jews are prudent, loving trade, money-making, tenacious of their ideas, living in cities; Esau and the Arabs, careless, wild, hating cities, loving the desert.

A similar example of the maintaining of a moral type is found in the characteristic differences between the Germans and Kelts, two families of the same Indo-European race. Take an Irishman and a German, working side by side on the Mississippi, and they present the same characteristic differences as the Germans and Kelts described by Tacitus and Cæsar. The German loves liberty, the Kelt equality; the one hates the tyrant, the other the aristocrat; the one is a serious thinker, the other a quick and vivid thinker; the one is a Protestant in religion, the other a Catholic. Ammianus Marcellinus, living in Gaul in the fourth century, describes the Kelts thus (see whether it does not apply to the race now).

"The Gauls," says he, "are mostly tall of stature,* fair and red-haired, and horrible from the fierceness of their eyes, fond of strife, and haughtily insolent. A whole band of strangers would not endure one of them, aided in his brawl by his powerful and blue-eyed wife, especially when with swollen neck and gnashing teeth, poising her huge white arms, she begins, joining kicks to blows, to put forth her fists like stones from a catapult. Most of their voices are terrific and threatening, as well when they are quiet as when they are angry. All ages are thought fit for war. They are a nation very fond of wine, and invent many drinks resembling it, and some of the poorer sort wander about with their senses quite blunted by continual intoxication."

Now we find that each race, beside its special moral qualities, seems also to have special religious qualities, which cause it to tend toward some one kind of religion more than to another kind. These religions are the flower of the race; they come forth from it as its best aroma. Thus we see that Brahmanism is confined to that section or race of the great Aryan family which has occupied India for more than thirty centuries. It belongs to the Hindoos, to the people taking its name from the Indus, by the tributaries of which stream it entered India from the northwest. It has never attempted to extend itself as a faith beyond that particular variety of mankind. Perhaps one hundred and fifty millions of men accept it as their faith. It has been held by this race as their religion during a period immense in the history of mankind. Its sacred books are certainly more than three thousand years old. But during all this time it has never communicated itself to any race of men outside of the peninsula of India. It is thus seen to be a strictly ethnic religion, showing neither the tendency nor the desire to become the religion of mankind.

The same thing may be said of the religion of Confucius. It belongs to China and the Chinese. It suits their taste and genius. They have had it as their state religion for some twenty-three hundred years, and it rules the opinions of the rulers of opinion among three hundred millions of men. But out of China Confucius is only a name.

So, too, of the system of Zoroaster. It was for a long period the religion of an Aryan tribe who became the ruling people among mankind. The Persians extended themselves through Western Asia, and conquered many nations, but they never communicated their religion. It was strictly a national or ethnic religion, belonging only to the Iranians and their descendants, the Parsees.

In like manner it may be said that the religion of Egypt, of Greece, of Scandinavia, of the Jews, of Islam, and of Buddhism, are ethnic religions. Those of Egypt and Scandinavia are strictly so. It is said, to be sure, that the Greeks borrowed the names of

* In this respect the type has changed.

their gods from Egypt, but the gods themselves were entirely different ones. It is also true that the gods of the Romans were borrowed from the Greeks, but their life was left behind. They merely repeated by rote the Greek mythology, having no power to invent one for themselves. But the Greek religion they never received. For instead of its fair humanities, the Roman gods were only servants of the state, — a higher kind of consuls, tribunes, and lictors. The real Olympus of Rome was the Senate Chamber on the Capitoline Hill. Judaism also was in reality an ethnic religion, though it aimed at catholicity and expected it, and made proselytes. But it could not tolerate unessentials, and so failed of becoming catholic. The Jewish religion, until it had Christianity to help it, was never able to do more than make a few proselytes here and there. Christianity, while preaching the doctrines of Jesus and the New Testament, has been able to carry also the weight of the Old Testament, and to give a certain catholicity to Judaism. The religion of Mohammed has been catholic, in that it has become the religion of very different races, — the Arabs, Turks, and Persians, belonging to the three great varieties of the human family. But then Mohammedanism has never sought to make *converts*, but only *subjects;* it has not asked for belief, but merely for submission. Consequently Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Vambery tell us, that, in Arabia, Eygpt, and Turkistan, there are multitudes who are outwardly Mohammedan, but who in their private belief reject Mohammed, and are really Pagans. But, no doubt, there is a catholic tendency both in Judaism and Mohammedanism; and this comes from the great doctrine which they hold in common with Christianity, — the *unity of God.* Faith in that is the basis of all expectation of a universal religion, and the wish and the power to convert others come from that doctrine of the Divine unity.

But Christianity teaches the unity of God, not merely as a supremacy of power and will, but us a Supremacy of love and wisdom; it teaches God as Father, and not merely as King; so it seeks not merely to make proselytes and subjects, but to make converts. Hence Christianity, beginning as a Semitic religion, among the Jews, went across the Greek Archipelago and converted the Hellenic and the Latin races; afterward the Goths, Lombards, Franks, Vandals; later still, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Meantime, its Nestorian missionaries, pushing east, made converts in Armenia, Persia, India, and China. In later days it has converted negroes, Indians, and the people of the Pacific Islands. Something, indeed, stopped its progress after its first triumphant successes during seven or eight centuries. At the tenth century it reached its term. Modern missions, whether those of Jesuits or Protestants, have not converted whole nations and races, but only individuals here and there. The reason of this check, probably, is, that Christians have repeated the mistakes of the Jews and Mohammedans. They have sought to make proselytes to an outward system of worship and ritual, or to make subjects to a *dogma;* but not to make converts to an idea and a life. When the Christian missionaries shall go and say to the Hindoos or the Buddhists: "You are already on your way toward God, — your religion came from him, and was inspired by his Spirit; only now he sends you something more and higher by his Son; who does not come to destroy but to fulfil, not to take away any good thing you have, but to add to it something better," then we shall see the process of conversion, checked in the ninth and tenth centuries, reinaugurated.

Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, all teaching the strict unity of God, have all aimed at becoming universal. Judaism failed because it sought proselytes instead of making converts. Islam, the religion of Mohammed (in reality a Judaizing Christian sect), failed because it sought to make subjects rather than converts. Its conquests over a variety of races were extensive, but not deep.

To-day it holds in its embrace at least four very distinct races, — the Arabs, a Semitic race, the Persians, an Indo-European race, the Negroes, and the Turks or Iranians. But, correctly viewed, Islam is only a heretical Christian sect, and so all this must be credited to the interest of Christianity. Islam is a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord"; Mohammed is a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. It does for the nations just what Judaism did, that is, it teaches the Divine unity. Esau has taken the place of Jacob in the economy of Providence. When the Jews rejected Christ they ceased from their providential work, and their cousins, the Arabs, took their place. The conquests of Islam, therefore, ought to be regarded as the preliminary conquests of Christianity.

There is still another system which has shown some tendencies toward catholicity. This is Buddhism, which has extended itself over the whole of the eastern half of Asia. But though it includes a variety of nationalities, it is doubtful if it includes any variety of races. All the Buddhists appear to belong to the great Mongol family. And although this system originated among the Aryan race in India, it has entirely let go its hold of that family and transferred itself wholly to the Mongols.

But Christianity, from the first, showed itself capable of taking possession of the convictions of the most different races of mankind. Now, as on the day of Pentecost, many races hear the apostles speak in their own tongues, in which they were born, — Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judæa, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians. The miracle of tongues was a type of the effect of the truth in penetrating the mind and heart of different nationalities. The Jewish Christians, indeed, tried to repeat in Christianity their old mistake which had prevented Judaism from becoming universal. They wished to insist that no one should become a Christian unless he became a Jew at the same time. If they had succeeded in this, they would have effectually kept the Gospel of Christ from becoming a catholic religion. But the Apostle Paul was raised up for the emergency, and he prevented this suicidal course. Consequently Christianity passed at once into Europe, and became the religion of Greeks and Romans as well as Jews. Paul struck off from it its Jewish shell, told them that as Christians they had nothing to do with the Jewish law, or with Jewish Passovers, Sabbaths, or ceremonies. As Christians they were only to know Christ, and they were not to know him according to the flesh, that is, not as a Jew. So Christianity became at once a catholic religion, consisting wholly in the diffusion of great truths and a divine life. It overflowed the nationalities of Greece and Rome, of North Africa, of Persia and Western Asia, at the very beginning. It conquered the Gothic and German conquerors of the Roman Empire. Under Arian missionaries, it converted Goths, Vandals, Lombards. Under Nestorian missionaries, it penetrated as far east as China, and made converts there. In like manner the Gospel spread over the whole of North Africa, whence it was afterwards expelled by the power of Islam. It has shown itself, therefore, capable of adapting itself to every variety of the human race.

II. *The ethnic religions are one-sided, each containing a truth of its own, but each being defective, wanting some corresponding truth. Christianity, or the catholic religion, is complete on every side.*

Brahmanism, for example, is complete on the side of spirit, defective on that of matter; full as regards the infinite, empty of the finite; recognizing eternity but not time, God but not nature. It is a vast system of spiritual pantheism, in which there is no reality but God, all else being Maya, or illu-

sion. The Hindoo mind is singularly pious, but also singularly immoral. It has no history, for history belongs to time. No one knows when its sacred books were written, when its civilization began, what caused its progress, what its decline. Gentle, devout, abstract, it is capable at once of the loftiest thoughts and the basest actions. It combines the most ascetic self-denials and abstraction from life, with the most voluptuous self-indulgence. The key to the whole system of Hindoo thought and life is in this original tendency to see God, not man; eternity, not time; the infinite, not the finite.

Buddhism, which was a revolt from *Brahmanism*, has exactly the opposite truths and the opposite defects. Where Brahmanism is strong, it is weak; where Brahmanism is weak, it is strong. It recognizes man, not God; the soul, not the all; the finite, not the infinite; morality, not piety. Its only God, Buddha, is a man who has passed on through innumerable transmigrations, till, by means of exemplary virtues, he has reached the lordship of the universe. Its heaven, Nirwana, is indeed the world of infinite bliss; but, incapable of cognizing the infinite, it calls it nothing. Heaven, being the inconceivable infinite, is equivalent to pure negation. Nature, to the Buddhist, instead of being the delusive shadow of God, as the Brahman views it, is envisaged as a nexus of laws, which reward and punish impartially both obedience and disobedience.

The system of Confucius has many merits, especially in its influence on society. The most conservative of all systems, and also the most prosaic, its essential virtue is reverence for all that is. It is not perplexed by any fear or hope of change; the thing which has been is that which shall be; and the very idea of progress is eliminated from the thought of China. Safety, repose, peace, these are its blessings. Probably merely physical comfort, earthly *bien-être*, was never carried further than in the Celestial Empire. That virtue so much exploded in Western civilization, of respect for parents, remains in full force in China. The emperor is honored as the father of his people; ancestors are worshipped in every family; and the best reward offered for a good action is a patent of nobility, which does not reach forward to one's children, but backward to one's parents. This is the bright side of Chinese life; the dark side is the fearful ennui, the moral death, which falls on a people among whom there are no such things as hope, expectation, or the sense of progress. Hence the habit of suicide among this people, indicating their small hold on life. In every Chinese drama there are two or three suicides. A soldier will commit suicide rather than go into battle. If you displease a Chinaman, he will resent the offence by killing himself on your doorstep, hoping thus to give you some inconvenience. Such are the merits and such the defects of the system of Confucius.

The doctrine of Zoroaster and of the Zend-Avesta is far nobler. Its central thought is that each man is a soldier, bound to battle for good against evil. The world, at the present time, is the scene of a great warfare between the hosts of light and those of darkness. Every man who thinks purely, speaks purely, and acts purely, is a servant of Ormuzd, the king of light, and thereby helps on his course. The result of this doctrine was that wonderful Persian empire, which astonished the world for centuries by its brilliant successes, and the virtue and intelligence of the Parsees of the present time, the only representatives in the world of that venerable religion. The one thing lacking to the system is unity. It lives in perpetual conflict. Its virtues are all the virtues of a soldier. Its defects and merits are both the polar opposites of those of China. If the everlasting peace of China tends to moral stagnation and death, the perpetual struggle and conflict of Persia tends to exhaustion. The Persian Empire rushed through a short career of flame to its tomb;

the Chinese Empire vegetates, unchanged, through a myriad of years.

If Brahmanism and Buddhism occupy the opposite poles of the same axis of thought, — if the system of Confucius stands opposed, on another axis, to that of Zoroaster, — we find a third development of like polar antagonisms in the systems of ancient Egypt and Greece. Egypt stands for Nature; Greece for Man. Inscrutable as is the mystery of that Sphinx of the Nile, the old religion of Egypt, we can yet trace some phases of its secret. Its reverence for organization appears in the practice of embalming. The bodies of men and of animals seemed to it to be divine. Even vegetable organization had something sacred in it: "O holy nation," said the Roman satirist, "whose gods grow in gardens!" That plastic force of nature which appears in organic life and growth made up, in various forms, the Egyptian Pantheon. The life-force of nature became divided into the three groups of gods, the highest of which represented its largest generalizations. Kneph, Neith, Sevech, Pascht, are symbols, according to Lepsius, of the World-Spirit, the World-Matter, Space and Time. Each circle of the gods shows us some working of the mysterious powers of nature, and of its occult laws. But when we come to Greece, these personified laws turn into men. Everything in the Greek Pantheon is human. All human tendencies appear transfigured into glowing forms of light on Mount Olympus. The gods of Egypt are powers and laws; those of Greece are persons.

The opposite tendencies of these antagonist forms of piety appear in the development of Egyptian and Hellenic life. The gods of Egypt were mysteries too far removed from the popular apprehension to be objects of worship; and so religion in Egypt became priestcraft. In Greece, on the other hand, the gods were too familiar, too near to the people, to be worshipped with any real reverence. Partaking in all human faults and vices, it must sooner or later come to pass, that familiarity would breed contempt. And as the religion of Egypt perished from being kept away from the people, as an esoteric system in the hands of priests; that of Greece, in which there was no priesthood as an order, came to an end because the gods ceased to be objects of respect at all.

We see, from these examples, how each of the great ethnic religions tends to a disproportionate and excessive, because one-sided, statement of some divine truth or law. The question then emerges at this point: "Is Christianity also one-sided, or does it contain in itself *all* these truths?" Is it *teres atque rotundus*, so as to be able to meet every natural religion with a kindred truth, and thus to supply the defects of each from its own fulness? If it can be shown to possess this amplitude, it at once is placed by itself in an order of its own. It is not to be classified with the other religions, since it does not share their one family fault. In every other instance we can touch with our finger the weak place, the empty side. Is there any such weak side in Christianity? It is the office of comparative theology to answer.

The positive side of Brahmanism we saw to be its sense of spiritual realities. That is also fully present in Christianity. Not merely does this appear in such New Testament texts as these: "God is spirit," "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life": not only does the New Testament just graze and escape Pantheism in such passages as "From whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things," "Who is above all, and through all, and in us all," "In him we live and move, and have our being," but the whole history of Christianity is the record of a spiritualism almost too excessive. It has appeared in the worship of the Church, the hymns of the Church, the tendencies to asceticism, the depreciation of earth and man. Christianity, therefore, fully meets Brahmanism on its positive side, while it

fulfils its negations, as we shall see hereafter, by adding as full a recognition of man and nature.

The positive side of Buddhism is its cognition of the human soul and the natural laws of the universe. Now, if we look into the New Testament and into the history of the Church, we find this element also fully expressed. It appears in all the parables and teachings of Jesus, in which man is represented as a responsible agent, rewarded or punished according to the exact measure of his works; receiving the government of ten or five cities according to his stewardship. And when we look into the practical working of Christianity we find almost an exaggerated stress laid on the duty of saving one's soul. This exaggerated estimate is chiefly seen in the monastic system of the Roman Church, and in the Calvinistic sects of Protestantism. It also comes to light again, curiously enough, in such books as Combe's "Constitution of Man," the theory of which is exactly the same as that of the Buddhists, namely, that the aim of life is a prudential virtue, consisting in wise obedience to the natural laws of the universe. Both systems substitute prudence for Providence as the arbiter of human destiny. But, apart from these special tendencies in Christianity, it cannot be doubted that all Christian experience recognizes the positive truth of Buddhism in regarding the human soul as a substantial, finite, but progressive monad, not to be absorbed, as in Brahmanism, in the abyss of absolute being.

The positive side of the system of Confucius is the organization of the state on the basis of the family. The government of the emperor is paternal government, the obedience of the subject is filial obedience. Now, though Jesus did not for the first time call God "the Father," he first brought men into a truly filial relation to God. The Roman Church is organized on the family idea. The word "Pope" means the "Father"; he is the father of the whole Church. Every bishop and every priest is also the father of a smaller family, and all those born into the Church are its children, as all born into a family are born sons and daughters of the family. In Protestantism, also, society is composed of families as the body is made up of cells. Only in China, and in Christendom, is family life thus sacred and worshipful. In some patriarchal systems, polygamy annuls the wife and the mother; in others the father is a despot, and the children slaves; in other systems, the crushing authority of the state destroys the independence of the household. Christianity alone accepts with China the religion of family life with all its conservative elements, while it fulfils it with the larger hope of the kingdom of heaven and brotherhood of mankind.

This idea of the kingdom of heaven, so central in Christianity, is also the essential motive in the religion of Zoroaster. As, in the Zend-Avesta, every man is a soldier, fighting for light or for darkness, and neutrality is impossible; so, in the Gospel, light and good stand opposed to darkness and evil as perpetual foes. A certain current of dualism runs through the Christian Scriptures and the teaching of the Church. God and Satan, heaven and hell, are the only alternatives. Every one must choose between them. In the current theology, this dualism has been so emphasized as even to exceed that of the Zend-Avesta. The doctrine of everlasting punishment and an everlasting hell has always been the orthodox doctrine in Christianity, while the Zend-Avesta teaches universal restoration, and the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Nevertheless, practically, in consequence of the greater richness and fulness of Christianity, this tendency to dualism has been neutralized by its monotheism, and evil kept subordinate; while, in the Zend religion, the evil principle assumed such proportions as to make it the formidable rival of good in the mind of the worshipper. Here, as before, we may say that Christianity is able to do justice

to all the truth involved in the doctrine of evil, avoiding any superficial optimism, and recognizing the fact that all true life must partake of the nature of a battle.

The positive side of Egyptian religion we saw to be a recognition of the divine element in nature, of that plastic, mysterious life which embodies itself in all organisms. Of this view we find little explicitly in the New Testament. But that the principles of Christianity contain it, implicitly, in an undeveloped form, appears, (1.) Because Christian monotheism differs from Jewish and Mohammedan monotheism, in recognizing God "*in all things*" as well as God "*above all things*." (2.) Because Christian art and literature differ from classic art and literature in the *romantic* element, which is exactly the sense of this mysterious life in nature. The classic artist is a ποιητής, a maker; the romantic artist is a troubadour, a finder. The one does his work in giving form to a dead material; the other, by seeking for its hidden life. (3.) Because modern science is *invention*, i. e. finding. It recognizes mysteries in nature which are to be searched into, and this search becomes a serious religious interest with all truly scientific men. It appears to such men a profanity to doubt or question the revelations of nature, and they believe in its infallible inspiration quite as much as the dogmatist believes in the infallible inspiration of Scripture, or the churchman in the infallible inspiration of the Church. We may, therefore, say, that the essential truth in the Egyptian system has been taken up into our modern Christian life.

And how is it, lastly, with that opposite pole of religious thought which blossomed out in "the fair humanities of old religion" in the wonderful Hellenic mind? The gods of Greece were men. They were not abstract ideas, concealing natural powers and laws. They were open as sunshine, bright as noon, a fair company of men and women, idealized and gracious, just a little way off, a little way up. It was humanity projected upon the skies, divine creatures of more than mortal beauty, but thrilling with human life and human sympathies. Has Christianity anything to offer in the place of this charming system of human gods and goddesses?

We answer that the fundamental doctrine of Christianity is the incarnation, the word made flesh. It is God revealed in man. Under some doctrinal type, this has always been believed. The common Trinitarian doctrine states it in a crude and illogical form. Yet somehow the man Christ Jesus has always been seen to be the best revelation of God. But unless there were some human element in the Deity, he could not reveal himself so in a human life. The doctrine of the incarnation, therefore, repeats the Mosaic statement that "man was made in the image of God." Jewish and Mohammedan monotheism separate God entirely from the world. Philosophic monotheism, in our day, separates God from man, by teaching that there is nothing in common between the two by which God can be mediated, and so makes him wholly incomprehensible. Christianity gives us Emmanuel, God with us, equally removed from the stern despotic omnipotence of the Semitic monotheism, and the finite and imperfect humanities of Olympus. We see God in Christ, as full of sympathy with man, God "in us all"; and yet we see him in nature, providence, history, as "above all" and "through all." The Roman Catholic Church has, perhaps, humanized religion too far. For every god and goddess of Greece she has given us, on some immortal canvas, an archangel or a saint, to be adored and loved. Instead of Apollo and the Python, we have Guido's St. Michael and the Dragon; in place of the light, airy Mercury, she provides a St. Sebastian; instead of the "untouched" Diana, some heavenly Agnes or Cecilia. The Catholic heaven is peopled, all the way up, with beautiful human forms; and on the upper throne we have holiness and tenderness incar-

nate in the queen of heaven and her divine Son. All the Greek humanities are thus fulfilled in the ample faith of Christendom.

By such a critical survey as we have thus sketched in mere outline, it will be seen that each of the great ethnic religions is full on one side, but empty on the other, while Christianity is full all round. Christianity is adapted to take their place, not because they are false, but because they are true as far as they go. They "know in part and prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

III. *We find, finally, that while the ethnic religions are all arrested, come to an end, or degenerate, Christianity appears capable of a progressive development.*

The religions of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have come to an end; having shared the fate of the national civilization of which each was a part. The religions of China, Islam, Buddha, and Judæa have all been arrested, and remain unchanged and seemingly unchangeable. Like great vessels anchored in a stream, the current of time flows past them, and each year they are further behind the spirit of the age, and less in harmony with its demands. Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilization of the world. As the child's soul grows with his body, so that when he becomes a man, it is a man's soul, and not a child's, so the Gospel of Jesus continues the soul of all human culture. It continually drops its old forms and takes new ones. It passed out of its Jewish body under the guidance of Paul. In a speculative age it unfolded into creeds and systems. In a worshipping age it developed ceremonies and a ritual. When the fall of Rome left Europe without unity or centre, it gave it an organization and order through the Papacy. When the Papacy became a tyranny, and the Renaissance called for free thought, it suddenly put forth Protestantism, as the tree by the water-side sends forth its shoots in due season. Protestantism, free as air, opens out into the various sects, each taking hold of some human need; Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, or Rationalism. Christianity blossoms out into modern science, literature, art; children, who indeed often forget their mother, and are ignorant of their source, but which are still fed from her breasts and partake of her life. Christianity, the spirit of faith, hope, and love, is the deep fountain of modern civilization. Its inventions are for the many, not for the few. Its science is not hoarded, but diffused. It elevates the masses, who everywhere else have been trampled down. The friend of the people, it tends to free schools, a free press, a free government, the abolition of slavery, war, vice, and the melioration of society. We cannot, indeed, here *prove* that Christianity is the cause of these features peculiar to modern life. But we find it everywhere associated with them; and, so we can say that it only, of all the religions of mankind, has been capable of accompanying man in his progress from evil to good, from good to better.

The argument then, so far, stands thus: —

1. All the great religions of the world, except Christianity and Mohammedanism, are ethnic religions, or religions limited to a single nation or race. Christianity alone (including Mohammedanism and Judaism, which are its temporary and local forms), is the religion of all races.

2. Every ethnic religion has its positive and negative side. Its positive side is that which holds some vital truth; its negative side is the absence of some other essential truth. Every such religion is true and providential, but each limited and imperfect.

3. Christianity alone is a πλήρωμα, or a fulness of truth, not coming to destroy but to fulfil the previous religions; but being capable of replacing them by teaching all the truth they have taught,

and supplying that which they have omitted.

4. Christianity, being not a system but a life, not a creed or a form, but a spirit, is able to meet all the changing wants of an advancing civilization by new developments and adaptations, constantly feeding the life of man at its roots by fresh supplies of faith in God and faith in man.

In our next paper we shall describe Brahmanism, according to the latest investigations of that system.

CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

III.

Can Consumption be crushed out of the World?

WE now pass to the more difficult part of our subject, namely, to the attempt to answer the question, How shall we destroy the disease? how, if possible, expunge it from the earth? At present this question can be answered but very imperfectly.

We are met at the outset by some most excellent men, the ultra sceptics and quietists, so to speak, of the day, with the curt reply, "You will never drive consumption from mankind." All disease is "according to God's providence." "It is in the order of nature, and as such it cannot be abolished." Man lives and breathes a certain length of time on this earth, and it is sure that in good time he will meet death, probably by disease. "As for consumption, it has many causes, and exists equally in every part of the globe where man lives." "In fact, one can hardly call it a disease, but it is often only the culmination and conclusion of all other diseases." "It is the agency by which God gives the final *coup de grâce* to all the various diseases to which we poor mortals are subject."

In all these assertions, not always supported by the strongest proofs, we admit a certain amount of truth. We grant that, before man existed, his precursors, the fossil monsters, probably had diseases, and doubtless in their various Titanic fights, and by accidents in flood and field, limbs were broken or internal organs became diseased, while nature either cured or killed the patient. Perhaps, too, some of the antediluvian mammoths died of consumption. Who knows or ever can know the exact truth, one way or another? And shall we take a *suspicion* drawn from prehistoric ages, or even actual present facts, as our rule of judgment in reference to the future?

Granted, if you please, that consumption is universally spread now; although this assertion is by no means true, if any reliance can be put in human testimony. Granted that for centuries back it has annually cut down its myriads of victims in certain wide districts of the earth's surface. Granted all this, is that any reason for saying that we shall *never* see change in these respects? Certainly, at this era of the world, during which has been given the greatest boon ever vouchsafed to suffering man, namely, the complete knowledge of the fact that by ether we can *virtually annihilate* pain, shall we doubt of the possibility of still further relieving human woe in the future time? Who among us, whether in or out of the medical profession, twenty-five years since would not have ridiculed the idea that a man, by any means then known, could, with ease to himself, allow the surgeon's knife to play for hours among the most delicate of his nerves, or that he would

willingly submit to have an inflamed tooth wrenched from its socket, and all the while not only to be totally incapable of suffering, but, perhaps, be lapped in Elysian dreams? As the world has been *forced* to believe this, and now gladly accepts what it formerly would have deemed an absurd proposition, so do we now have high hopes that we are on the point of being able to cope with and to crush out this destroyer of our race, consumption. By looking at and studying minutely, as pathologists all over the world are now doing, the various hidden causes of consumption, and by thus adding all of us to the common stock of knowledge upon the subject, some future experimenter on nature's laws, some coming Morton, born at a fortunate epoch for discovery in his special line of work, will, like him, tell to his successors the method of annihilating consumption, as that great benefactor of the human race has revealed the remarkable powers of ether; or if, perchance, we may not wholly eradicate consumption, we may at least render it comparatively harmless, as he has enabled us virtually to annihilate suffering.

But what can we do *now* towards checking consumption? Let us look at the question under the following heads: —

What shall man do, first, as a law-maker; second, as a philanthropist; third, as a capitalist; fourth, as a parent?

First. It is a well-settled axiom that it is the duty of our law-makers to take some action in regard to the health of the people of the Commonwealth. This is granted by every one. The laws, wise or unwise, already existing on our statute-books on the subject of public health fully prove this. We contend that this power should be applied to the *prevention* of consumption, and that the question of deciding where villages and towns should be built, or, if built, what should be done to make them healthy, comes legitimately before the legislature. It is better, and, moreover, in the end it is much cheaper, to prepare for and prevent evils, than to wait till they have grown to huge dimensions, which by their very bulk may present almost insuperable obstacles to a radical cure of them. It would have been far better, years ago, to provide for the thorough drainage of London, than to wait till now to remove its sweltering mass of filth. Hecatombs of human victims have fallen upon the altar of folly in this respect, but only recently has Parliament taken proper note of the difficulty, and under the guidance of more enlightened views of the demands of public hygiene is London now endeavoring, at a vast expense, to purify itself.

New York and Boston and other cities in this country are suffering this year, as they have been in the past, for want of a proper regulation in reference to the increase of consumption.

As it is surely the duty of every Commonwealth to provide that nothing be done detrimental to the well-being of her citizens, so it is a self-evident proposition that she has a right to interfere and prevent villages and towns from being founded by ignorance or purely selfish interest, on spots tending to cause consumption; and it is equally the duty of town authorities to attend to unwholesome localities within their respective limits. The same principle of law which gives to towns in England and to the Metropolitan Board of Health of New York the right to shut up cellars and other residences which lack the proper hygienic influences, ought to demand of the State some legislation on this matter of soil moisture. We know a village situated on a wide, level plain, through which a sluggish river barely creeps along its winding course towards the sea. The whole earth on which the houses are built is literally reeking with water. This village has sprung up, mushroom-like, on each side of a railroad that runs directly through it. Already its situation is affecting the health of the inhabitants, yet no active general measures, we believe, have ever been taken to drain the town.

The State should have had the power to declare that the site was an improper one for human habitation, or it should have been thoroughly sub-drained before a single house was built upon it.

Not a few towns in the country are thus fosterers of consumption, owing to the fact that they have within their borders some of the causes of the disease which have been alluded to in the preceding papers, but which are removable if we only persistently and firmly carry out plans for such removal. There are also houses now standing and still occupied that are destined to become the early graves of families springing up in them. They are, and will continue to be, as they have been in the past, pestilential foci whence will radiate this dire disease throughout the Commonwealth. Yet some men still doubt whether the public has a right by legislative act to interfere with the private rights of their owners. Upon all these points the legislature, we contend, has not only a right to exercise, but a correspondingly high duty to perform. It should take some action, and prevent, as far as practicable, by wise and impartial laws, the continuance of such really public nuisances. A State Board of Health should be established, which should investigate and have some voice in determining the proper sites of new towns, and of their appropriate drainage, even when apparently the sites are well chosen. Into older and badly drained towns, and in particular localities in otherwise healthy towns, the legislature should, by its proper agents, enter and abate any nuisances, especially those tending to spread such a disease as consumption.

For the sake of the poor man, who is now often obliged to hire a miserably placed house or get no roof to cover him, such a board should have the right to say to the capitalist, "We will shut up your house, if you do not make it healthy. You have no more right to build upon a swamp or over a pond and offer it as a dwelling-place for citizens, than you have to put any other well-known nuisance at the doorstep of your tenant."

Second. We would urge upon every lover of his race to examine with candor the various causes of consumption enumerated above, and perchance others not enumerated, and, having done so, endeavor by action and counsel to induce his neighbors and the community to act in accordance with the truth in this matter, so far, at least, as it is now or may be hereafter imperfectly enunciated. Surely there can be no nobler object to occupy the minds of the philanthropists than that of procuring healthy homes for the masses of our people. And if ulterior fame be sought for, one may be well satisfied with memories similar to those that cluster around the names of George Peabody, Lord Herbert, Southwood Smith, and Florence Nightingale of England, and Parent Duchatelet of France, for their unselfish devotion to the great cause of public health.

Third. The capitalist in the erection of tenant buildings is morally bound to recognize any well-established hygienic laws. If he do neglect them, he deserves the stern rebuke of the whole community in which he lives. If need be, the terrors of the law should be visited upon him, provided, after due warning from constituted authorities, those who are obliged to hire of him are compelled by his criminal neglect to live in unhealthy situations. We believe that eventually self-interest on the part of the capitalist will induce him to select proper sites for his future village or house-lots. For if hereafter a village or a house should gain an evil reputation, owing to its improper situation, the property will of course depreciate in value or become wholly worthless, as it surely should, provided it is placed so badly that there is no remedy possible.

Such will and ought to be the result in regard to not a few houses in New England at the present time.

Fourth. It is the duty, as of course it should be the pleasure, of every parent to look sharply to the situation of the homestead in which he hopes to *educate* the powers of body and mind

of the children that are beginning to spring up around him. Let him understand, that, as he would avoid giving poison to his children in their daily food, so he should see to it that the air they breathe into their lungs, and which bathes night and day the delicate texture of their skins, is dry and pure, and uncontaminated by deadly emanations from surrounding soil. Let him avoid a wet soil as a spot for building, whether that place be on the hillside or in the valley. Or if it be already chosen and the homestead built, let a thorough under-drainage be made all around the house and to a considerable distance from it. Many may think that a hillside residence alone is sufficient. Far from it. One of our correspondents told us that, till he knew of our investigations, he could not understand why consumption entered almost every dwelling scattered over one of the hills in his own town, while it rarely was found in those upon a hill similarly situated with respect to sunlight, points of the compass, &c., and similarly wooded. There was, however, one very striking difference which he had always noticed between them, namely, that one had a dry, porous soil, upon which it was necessary to dig deep for wells, while on the other water was reached a foot or two below the surface. The earth was, in fact, so full of water that whenever, in accordance with ancient superstition, the graves of those who had died were opened in order to procure certain relics for the benefit of some living but invalided relative, the coffins were always found full of water, although buried in very shallow graves. My correspondent had never associated the idea of moist soil with the unusual prevalence of phthisis in the place. It might be asked, What was to be done in such a condition of things? A village is built; houses and families have been for years gathered there. Are the inhabitants to forsake their homes? By no means. Doubtless it is a misfortune that the spot should have been so occupied; but the English investigations already alluded to point to the remedy. The whole soil on which the town has been built must be thoroughly sub-drained by the joint co-operation of all the dwellers upon it; otherwise it will continue to be, in future as in the past, the destroyer of the children that are born upon it. Supposing that a proper homestead has been procured, the parents must still further be careful that in every respect, from birth to adult life, no deleterious influences should be allowed to exert themselves upon the young family. On the contrary, their efforts should be constantly directed towards obtaining all means possible for keeping up the standard of perfect health in each and all of its inmates. Especially is this care needed in those families in which hereditary consumption exists, and in which young children are peculiarly apt to become martyrs to the disease.

In conclusion, let us briefly review what has been previously given in detail, and indicate the methods which, if carefully followed, would, in our opinion, tend eventually to check certainly the ravages of consumption, and possibly, after a number of generations, to extirpate it wholly.

Build your houses in the country, in preference to any place near the sea-coast. In the country choose a slope rather than a plain to build upon, and where the sun can have full access to it, if possible, all the day. Be sure (if need be, by effectual sub-drainage) that the soil is thoroughly permeable to water. Let no moisture from the soil, from any source, be permitted to distil its pernicious influences upon the future dwelling or its inmates. Let the rooms be large, of substantial breadth rather than height, and so pierced by windows that the air may have a bounteous and free entrance and exit. Let fireplaces be built in every room and chamber, — fireplaces made for real use, not kept for show, and not closed with iron plates which are to be pierced for air-tight stoves. Eschew all furnace heat, except for warming the entries and corridors.

Outside of the house let there be ample space for air and sunlight. One or two trees may be permitted to grow near the house, but not to overshadow it, for nothing but evil comes from too much shade, either of trees or climbing vines. Both of these may very materially prevent the warm rays of the sun from reaching and bathing the exterior, or from penetrating the interior of the house, which they should be allowed to do freely, even in the depths of summer. Nothing so deadens the atmosphere as the too constant closure of the windows, blinds, and curtains, whereby light and heat as well as fresh air are excluded. Every morning let the windows be opened widely, so as to drive off the remains of foul air that has necessarily accumulated from the sleepers during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and if possible at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still a plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course the amount of space thus opened will vary with the season; but often, even during our Northern winters, especially in a furnace-heated house, a small aperture, at least, may thus be left. Two or three extra blankets only will be needed for any coldness thus caused.

As to the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to exist great doubt in this community. Even the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy as a means of giving health. Invalids, almost without exception, we have to educate to that faith. They have so many doubts about the weather. It is too cold, too hot, too windy, or too blustering. It is cloudy, or an east wind prevails. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are noted, and the unfortunate invalid quietly stays within doors day after day to avoid them. Nothing is more pernicious, no behavior more unwise. Both invalids and healthy persons ought to eschew all such views as arrant folly. "Whenever *in doubt*," we say to our patients, "about going out, *always go out.* If a violent storm is raging, to which no one would willingly expose himself, then keep to the house, but the moment it ceases, seize the occasion for exercise out of doors." "It would be better," said the late John Ware, "for everybody, sick and well, to face every storm, than to be fearful, as we now usually are, of even a trace of foul weather."

Having thus provided a dry, well-aired homestead, which during day and night shall give a healthy atmosphere to the family, let the parent be careful that *simple* but nutritious food be given. The food in most of our country towns, as we regret to have been obliged to say, is commonly most inappropriate, and far from simple in its cookery and its extraordinary compounds. For the very youngest child Nature provides its sweetest and best nourishment from the mother's breast. For several months, if that mother be healthy, and really enjoy as some mothers do the almost divine mission thus given to them, nothing more is needed or wished for by the child. If a mother's milk cannot be procured, then the diluted milk of the cow or goat may be used, into which may be grated, after a few months, a little biscuit or stale bread, or something similar. When about eight months or a year old, a child, especially one in feeble health, or one born of parents either feeble or having tubercular tendencies, may suck a little meat, beef or mutton, lamb or fowl, and even *small quantities* very *finely chopped up* may be swallowed. As it grows older a few vegetables may be added. But in all this let there still be simplicity and not too great variety of food. We believe that in England a better course is pursued in this respect than is followed generally in this country. There, children even beyond the age of puberty are confined to the simpler diet here recommended. All unnecessary stimulants and condiments are avoided, and it would be fortunate for us all if American parents would copy these wiser rules of our "mother country."

On approaching adult life, if simple

habits have been inculcated, they will naturally be followed even in the additions to the amount and variety of food which come with advancing years and self-guidance. Wine or similar stimulants are never needed in this country save as medicine, and usually for this purpose only after adult life. Before that period, however, they may be necessary for use among the dyspeptic and debilitated, who, either from originally bad constitutions or previous self-indulgence, or inattention to hygienic laws, may have so impoverished their powers of life that they need the extra stimulus in order to preserve life or to make it comparatively comfortable. The current of such lives runs sluggishly, instead of flowing luxuriant and free as it does in perfect health.

But parents have not done their whole duty in thus providing a healthy home and proper food for their children. They must prevent, before it be too late, the waste of their lives in extravagance of *over-action* or of *inaction*. Neither too much nor too little of physical or intellectual work must be permitted. The tendency is in this country to over-action in everything. We have few lazzaroni here. The climate, the genius of our republican institutions, the all-powerful stimulus of necessity in the grand struggle for existence, — ambition, competition, and emulation, — all tend to force us to over-action. It begins with the sports and studies of childhood; it drives us of adult life with railroad speed on our daily routine of business; and it hurries many to a premature decay of mental or bodily power, and often to an early death by consumption or other diseases. Too deep and continuous study, or too long and constant physical labor, cramps and injures the body, while not giving true wisdom to the soul. No child should be allowed to be at school more than four or five hours a day, and even during these he should have several recesses and intermissions. The remainder of the twenty-four hours should be given partly to sleep and partly to healthful out-of-door work or sport, or to *home* education, the last of which is much neglected in this country, owing to our overweening confidence in the common schools of the land.

This tendency to *over-action*, even in an excellent direction, is seen, at the present time, in the extravagances to which athletic sports, such as rowing and base-ball, are now carried. To a certain degree they have become pernicious both morally and physically. Betting and gambling are their too frequent accompaniments. And certainly, when a Milesian "trainer" is employed to *train* a party of young and refined college youths for a race with brother college-mates, almost exactly as would be done in case of a "mill" between two bulldog-like prize-fighters, the height of absurdity is reached in this direction. There is, however, not only absurdity, but radical evil, resulting often from such extravagance. Not a few of our youths will bear to their graves the effects of over-exertion in these games. Writers on surgery and diseases of the heart sustain this statement. We regret to feel compelled to make this protest against these admirable sports, for, notwithstanding these imperfections in their actual management, they have, as a whole, done infinite service to this community. The present number of athletic young men, compared with the many puny ones of the last generation, is, we think, very striking.

All we demand of the parent is that he should, as the vicegerent of the Almighty, guide and guard the child from youthful extravagance on his own part; and save him from the forcing propensities of teachers, or from the *training* of others of his own age from undertaking any amount of intellectual or physical labor that is unsuited to his powers of endurance. Such over-labor in *any direction* will inevitably tend to disease, and often to death by consumption.

All this will require, on the part of the parent, not only the highest ideas of the real nobleness of his own position as the guide and guardian of the future man or woman, but likewise

a reverent regard for, and estimate of, the young being given to his charge. This regard will lead him, if need be, to a lifelong devotion on his own part for the attainment of the object in view, namely, the perfect physical, intellectual, and moral health of his child. Some may say that in these remarks we have supposed the circumstances of every parent is such that he *can* command all the necessary resources involved in the above statements. Such critics will reply: "Your rules are all very well for the rich, but how can the poor man act upon them?" We grant that while legislators and philanthropists and capitalists neglect their duties, and either pass by, or perhaps actually encroach upon, the rights of the poor man, the latter must necessarily suffer. But, even now, few parents are actually *obliged* to live and to bring up children in unhealthy situations, or to allow them to be ruined by over-work. If a proper abode cannot be found in a city, one can generally be found somewhere on the line of railroads, in which the family can live. Ere many years have passed, we hope and believe that every workingman will have his dwelling in the country. When the interests of capitalists and of the working classes effectually combine, the majority of our laborers will live at night out of the city proper, and thus avoid all the misery involved in the *rookeries* of large towns, where now the poor "most do congregate."

In truth, no nobler undertaking could be desired by any capitalist, who is sighing under the very abundance of his wealth, than the following: Let him purchase large tracts of unoccupied land, which now are to be found in every direction around our cities, and which could be easily made accessible by rail, and build on these territories numberless small but well-arranged cottages for an honest, hard-working tenantry to occupy. Let each house have its quota of land, and each homestead be open for sale to the occupant, who shall be allowed to pay for it in small instalments. Where is the rich man or body of men who will be ready thus to combine a real blessing to the poor with ample returns to themselves? Is it not a fact that, notwithstanding all the miseries, and at times squalid poverty, of the laboring classes, from among them have sprung most of the noblest and best of our race? Long before the Blessed Babe lay in the manger at Bethlehem, and ever since that period, even in these latter days such men as Abraham Lincoln and Michael Faraday, have seemed to be illustrations of the existence of this almighty law. Is not this fact sufficient to stimulate the capitalist to look into the question of providing proper dwellings for the poor, not merely in order that all extra suffering from disease may be prevented, but also with the hope of thereby raising into a perfect manhood some who without this aid would die in early years?

Still more would we urge the plan traced above, because by it doubtless many might be brought out to the light and warmth of a better social existence, and thus become, in their turns, benefactors of the race.

What influence should the still mooted question of the contagiousness and non-contagiousness of the disease have upon us? We may safely feel that there is no degree of contagiousness in consumption like that which holds good of some other diseases, — like measles, small-pox, &c. But while granting this, we have no doubt that there is a certain number of cases in which consumption seems to have been communicated from one individual to another. Hence our duty is as follows: —

1st. Never allow any one to sleep in the same bed with a consumptive.

2d. If possible, let the attendant or friend sleep in an adjacent room, within easy call, rather than in the same room.

3d. Never let one sister (i. e. one with the same hereditary tendencies) sleep with another who is tuberculous.

4th. If possible, always have a paid

nurse to attend to the mere drudgery of the sick-room.

5th. As this will be often impossible, let the attendant be sure to go out not less than twice daily, and fill her lungs with pure air, or at least with air different from that of the sick-room.

On the subject of *clothing* no specific rules can be laid down that will meet all cases; but the following is what we deem simply prudent: —

Always strive to dress in such a manner as to feel perfectly comfortable, — neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer. Of course this necessitates very different dresses in these two periods of the year. A question often arises, Ought flannel to be used all the year round? That question is categorically and very decidedly answered in the affirmative by some. But even this article should be left to the decision of each individual. Some are made almost frantic by it in summer, while others seem to need it.

The spring in our New England climate is particularly trying in its changes from heat to cold; and if the above rule be followed, namely, of keeping one's self comfortable, it entails a frequent change of dress during even the short space of twenty-four hours.

In connection with clothing, and as, in fact, preceding it, we ought to allude to cleanliness of the skin. If possible, the skin ought to be daily washed all over either with warm or cool water.

What shall be done in case any great depressing passion seems threatening to bring on consumption?

The true way to meet such a case is as follows: While requiring absolute attention to self-evident hygienic rules, we should endeavor to induce the sufferer to seek relief from his or her own agony by becoming a ministering servant to the suffering of others. If the whole nature rebel against such a course, or if the man or woman lack those elements of character which fit one for such a mission, then oftentimes travel is the panacea under which life and health seem again to become new. Above all things, prevent by every means in your power all brooding over past misfortune or sorrow. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and stimulate the unhappy invalid for the joys and the duties of the morrow; and, if this can be done, oftentimes consumption and all its kindred terrors will flee away.

Thrice blessed is the person who is obliged in mental affliction to *work* for the bare subsistence of himself or others.

How shall we meet the fact of the hereditary character of the disease?

Very delicate questions often will be suggested to the physician in reference to this part of our subject.

As illustration often convinces more than all else, we give the following as actual fact. More than thirty years ago, we were consulted by a young man, who frankly confessed that he believed he had disease of the lungs, and he asked us to say whether or not he could rightly be married to an excellent young person to whom he had been for years engaged. We found that his opinion was correct, that decided disease of one lung existed, but it was not at the time in an active state. We found, however, at the same time, that an adverse opinion on our part would forever shatter the hopes of two lovers who had been for years devoted to one another. There was not an argument save this local disease which we could bring against the idea of marriage. We will not attempt to indicate the reasoning whereby we came to the decision that we ought not, by any motion of our own, to prevent the union. Ten or twelve years of sweetest married life were the result, and then the husband died of lung disease. But exactly what the youth feared came to pass, namely, one of his children died in very earliest infancy, and the other at the age of twenty, — both of consumption. The latter was particularly interesting to us. He seemed to be in perfect health. On arrival at an age to commence business, all his antecedents and his hereditary tendencies were forgotten. Instead of avoiding all excitants to consumption, he was allowed to settle

on the borders of a lake in a large Western city, and there to become a clerk to a corporation doing an extensive business, by which he was very much confined to his desk and overworked. As we have seen in the previous paper, he should of all things have avoided just such a location and that employment, — he should have sought for an active out-of-door life, if possible, in some dry inland town. After he had been laboring at his desk, however, a comparatively short time, we were summoned only to find him past all relief. In a few months he died with rapid consumption.

In the above case we deemed ourselves justified in allowing the marriage to be consummated, because, as may be stated generally, we were not sure that the disease would progress, and there was a chance of the husband's getting well, and there was no certainty that children would be born. But there are cases every day arising in which it seems almost madness for either party to think of marriage, — cases in which death seems foreshadowed with the certainty of almost absolute fate. In many of such, parents and physicians alike should protest.

Our articles have become so much longer than we intended when we commenced, that we forbear further allusion to other causes of consumption already mentioned. They have, perhaps, been sufficiently touched upon.

We conclude, as we began, in hope; and for a final statement lay down the following as our medical faith on this important question: When all men and women live in properly placed and rightly constructed houses, and at all times attend carefully to the hygienic laws of mind and body in themselves and their offspring, then will consumption, like many kindred evils, be wholly eradicated, or made comparatively harmless in its influence on the human race.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD ROLFE drove his chestnut mare over the red shale road which connected Emerald with Swatara, late one afternoon in September, chatting with his companion as he drove, in a way to make her merry.

She was a demure-looking young woman, but it was her dress that made her appear so. The daughter of the Mennonite bishop living in Swatara, she must, of course, conform to the customs of her people; but beneath the quaint apparel, the young man seated beside her in that light spring wagon, which was so well known on all the mountain roads, had discovered a rare intelligence, a rare sweetness, and a dignity of character, which commanded his reverence and love.

He had been telling her one of the many "thrilling adventures" of which he was the hero, — for he had travelled far and wide on his business as a civil engineer, and had passed through a great variety of fortunes for so young a man, — when, as they approached the Emerald station, he checked his horse's pace, and said, "Delia, Father Trost is going on this train." And there he paused. She understood him, and did not answer. Then he sought to ascertain her thought another way; he leaned forward and looked at the lovely face concerning which he was often asking himself whether it would be more or less lovely when she had laid

aside that uncouth bonnet, and donned the head-gear worn by ladies of his rank and station among the world's people. She smiled when he caught her eye, but it was a serious, thoughtful, doubting smile. Had he the very purpose which his words now suggested, when he asked her if she would ride with him to the Emerald station that pleasant afternoon?

"No," he said, as if in answer to her questioning thought. "I will not urge it, dear, though I do not know when so good an opportunity will offer again. We could keep our own secret," he added, immediately, "until we chose to make it known. O my darling, we are not going to trifle always, are we, with our blessed destiny?" That was the way he would not urge it.

"You may drive on, Edward, and do as you think best. We shall do our duty by each other, at least."

"We shall have done our highest duty surely then. It is all quite clear to me."

"Well, perhaps; you ought to know! I do not see clearly. Is the train about to start?"

"In a moment."

An expression of grave and satisfied determination appeared on the young man's face as he answered this question, which was asked with such evident anxiety. He did not now consume time in seeking to make his companion see more clearly that the thing he had resolved upon was the thing to do. This was not a moment for expostulation or for argument, but for rapid driving. The train would leave Emerald in less than ten minutes. The chestnut mare understood her master's pleasure, and went on at a quick trot. They were making up the train at the station, and the locomotive was working backward and forward. Edward might have driven upon the track and the mare would not have flinched, but, instead, he drove into the shed back of the station, threw down the lines, helped Delia to alight, and said, "Go into the waiting-room, and I will find him," and hurried away, while she walked quietly into the house. The behavior of each was perfectly natural, as any person must have acknowledged who had seen them at this moment. Edward Rolfe was always in a hurry, Delia Rose never.

When the engineer came into the waiting-room, she was there alone. He was accompanied by Father Trost, the burly Methodist, to whom Edward had already explained his wish.

"I don't know about this," Trost was saying, as they crossed the platform.

"Give us the benefit of the doubt, then," said Edward, gayly. "Here is your fee; you will find there are ten tens, but don't stop to count them now. We have really no time to lose. Bestow your blessing. Make us man and wife, according to the laws of God and the Commonwealth, and go your way rejoicing. The conductor will wait the train for you." Edward Rolfe thought he understood the man, and that the fee already in his hands would settle his doubts, even though he exclaimed when he saw who the young lady was in whose behalf his priestly service was requested.

He was right about it, but the old man felt himself drawn powerfully in two different directions when he saw the girl. His friendship for Bishop Rose would have dissuaded him from performing the ceremony which would unite his daughter with the man whom, according to the regulations of her sect, it was unlawful for her to wed, unless she intended to abandon openly the faith of which her father was so noted an expounder. But then, again, his dislike of the sect against which he had been preaching violently the year past prompted him to perform the ceremony, which would prove, when discovered or declared, the most effective blow the Mennonites had ever received. And then, besides, there was the eleventh-hour providence of that hundred-dollar fee!

"Father Trost," said Delia, "your last religious service in this region is

not one you could have expected to perform."

"I wish the train had started an hour ago," he answered; "but, young people, this is your business, not mine."

"Exactly, sir. And we consider ourselves very fortunate that we knew when the train would start, and who would be on board," said Edward, cheerfully.

"Come, then," said Father Trost, hurriedly, and of these two he made one.

"You may pray for us on your journey," said Edward; but the old man, in spite of the hint, lifted his hands, and besought for bridegroom and bride the blessing which rested on Isaac and Rebecca. Then, turning to Delia, he asked, "Do you mean to let your father know what you have done, Miss Dely?"

The bridegroom answered for her. "Not yet; just because Bishop Rose is the man he is, we could not speak to him. I do not mean to ask my wife to leave her people while her father lives."

"Then, young man, you might better have let this business alone."

"I will tell Adams that you are coming. Go that way," said Edward, cutting short the talk; and, pointing to the door which led into the bar-room, he himself passed out by that which opened directly on the piazza.

Delia, left alone, sat down. The next moment, however, she arose again and hurried out. Rolfe was talking with the conductor, but when he saw her looking for him, and evidently a little troubled, he went to her at once.

"Edward," she said, "should n't there be a — a certificate, or something? He is not coming back, you know. He should give us one."

"Certainly, dear; how stupid I was! I 'll speak to him." The train was in rapid motion when the engineer leaped from the car to the platform.

"Don't ever one of you try a thing like that, — it 's as much as your life is worth," said he, shaking his head at a group of urchins who had watched his feat with admiration. Then he hurried into the room where Delia was.

"Too late!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had thought of it before. It was a careless trick. But he will send us one, Delia, as soon as he can. It will be all right. I have to speak to some of the men; can you wait here a few minutes? or have n't you some errand?"

Delia now recollected that there were some articles for domestic use which she had intended to purchase in Emerald; and, while Edward gave his orders and gained his information, she attended to these.

The daylight seemed to have been arrested in its departure, so brightly the moon shone on their return. They did not linger by the way. Edward did not need to be reminded that the bishop would be looking for Delia, and he let the mare take her own swift return-pace.

He was so satisfied with the day's success, that he hardly cared to talk about it. Once he broke out gayly: "There goes Delia Rolfe! Do you see her, young woman? The lady in the white bonnet with the white roses and green leaves. She wears a gay gown, and a white shawl embroidered with pretty flowers. She is going out of the grays by the gray road, gradually, I suppose. Ned Rolfe was always in luck."

"The woman is so fine that I don't know her," said Delia. "Perhaps I have never seen her, though."

"I really think you never have," said he. And then Delia silently reproached herself for the thrill of satisfaction his words had occasioned, knowing as she did that it was only by the Valley of Death that she could pass to the place where he beheld her so changed in exterior; for it had been decided by them, that, so long as her father lived, she should remain quietly among the Mennonites.

The bishop was in his garden, listening to the crickets and the katydids, when Delia opened the gate and passed

through, and stood there looking around her. Two hours ago only she went; and now she had come again, another and another's.

At first, when Edward had talked of marriage, she had said, with a secret grief she had resolved he never should suspect, that it could never be. She had seen that it could be. And there stood the obstacle which had seemed insurmountable. A loving old man! For, after all, the church, she found, was her father! And even he had not been able to stand in Edward's way. How wonderful his power was! Everybody felt it. It was said no other man could have pushed the Emerald road through; nothing could thwart him; oh, least of all her foolish heart, least of all could it stand between herself and him! Bishop Rose was an old man; in the moonlight he looked very old. It seemed to his daughter that there were a dozen furrows in the place of one since she saw him last two hours ago. As if she had been considering the probabilities of his lengthened life, and had found them against it, — which she had not, dear soul, — Delia felt condemned. She rejoiced when they went into the house, and she looked at him by steady candlelight to see that his blue eyes were bright with an almost youthful fire. Though her freedom could only come by his death, he must not die.

Edward joined them at the tea-table which Delia had quickly spread. He was a frequent and always a welcome guest in the house of the bishop.

"You missed an old friend by being away this afternoon, Delia," said her father, looking at Rolfe and smiling as he spoke. "Mr. Trost was here, or Father Trost as the people call him. I must return his compliment, for he called me bishop when he went away, and it was the first time that I remember hearing it from him. Maybe you saw him at the station, daughter?"

"Yes, we did. You parted good friends then, father, if he called you bishop, for he always said that you were none."

"Good friends, to be sure. O, Trost meant well, and he was a hard worker. I never saw his equal for holding on."

"But I assure you, Bishop, he was no loss to Swatara. Nobody really loved him, and as for homage, which a preacher of the Gospel ought to be able to command — "

"I don't know," interrupted the old man, pained evidently by this criticism of the preacher who had not only made himself conspicuous as his rival in the neighborhood, but had taken great pride and pleasure in so doing, — "I don't know. I think it may be the zeal of the Lord's house that is eating him up."

"No, no," replied Edward, hastily, "it's your charity that is trying to cover up a multitude of sins. I know Trost; he is a hard, unforgiving, irascible, selfish man, and vain as a girl, — I beg your pardon, Miss Delia. For my part, I am heartily glad he has gone out to the Indians; but I doubt whether he will be able to win them over to his cause; he will be pretty sure to reveal anything but the beauty of holiness to them."

The bishop's Christian kindness was almost offended by these words, and Delia felt not a little pained that the man who had been associated with herself and Edward in the most important transaction of their lives should now be spoken of by him with so little respect. It almost seemed as if this feeling might even extend to that solemn covenant into which they had entered; that he would regard it as lightly.

Perhaps the bishop had felt relieved when he saw Trost going away from Swatara, but he said: "There was room for both of us here, and work enough to do. We will just keep in mind, daughter, that it wasn't our people, but our doctrines, he fought so hard."

Delia could not hear this without thinking with sudden pain: "Have n't I given him warrant for the worst thing he ever said against us, that we don't stand to our rules and keep our vows? He has gone off victorious, and I have put a sword in his hand!"

"Whoever they send in his place,

they cannot send a worse man for us," she said. "Whatever happens, nobody can complain of your stewardship, father."

The old man smiled, and his daughter smiled with him; but this hour, which should have been the happiest of her life, was, in spite of her, the saddest. Rolfe perceived the truth, saw that she was saying to herself, "He trusts me and I have deceived him," and exerted himself so successfully for the general enlivenment, that her misgivings presently were quieted. Then she felt ashamed of her varying mood, for how contemptible it must have seemed to Edward!

"The fact is," she said to herself, "I married him because I loved him more than anything else. Can't I stand by that? Do I love him less than I did three hours ago, when I saw that the most important of all things was to please him?" From the moment when she sharply reminded herself of these facts, Edward saw no further evidence of doubt on Delia's part. She would honor herself in the act she had performed. "I consented to this because I did not fear to let my heart lead me. We cannot be parted now, at least," she seemed to say; and he who had quietly watched her as she passed through these moods thought, "Thank Heaven you see how it is. But I knew I could trust to your reason."

From this time forth he continued to come and go as he had come and gone during the past year, reckoning the house of the bishop as one of his homes, and paying his way with a liberal hand. His work on the main road was nearer to Swatara than the Emerald station, and a drive of three miles took him across the hills to his scene of action.

While at work on his charts he completed many a drawing under the bishop's roof; and he brought his books there one by one, until the old man saw his shelves filled with a literature to which he would otherwise have had no access. These books he valued, and his daughter loved them. They gave to her the world from which Edward came, the world to which he would perhaps one day lead her. They had enriched her thoughts, and were not without their witness in her heart. The intelligence, the energy, and skill of the engineer had long made him an interesting study to the bishop, as well as a valued friend. He was his first point of contact with the great world; through him he felt the vast tides coming in and going out, ebbing and flowing; and through him he learned of the great enterprises by which the resources, power, and humanity of nations were discovered to each other.

So the weeks passed, the months. It was in the spring to which Delia had been looking forward with impatience, — for in the spring it would be easier for her to get away from home, and she had long promised herself a visit to a friend's house among the Ancaster hills, — in the spring that the man for whom she had endured anxieties as if they were joys, the gay, careless, happy fellow who secretly smiled at his good wife's occasional sighs as she thought of the poor Mennonite folk from whose company she, unsuspected, had separated herself, was taken out of the world as suddenly as by lightning's stroke.

When news of the appalling accident reached the bishop's house, Delia was alone. A child, the son of one of the miners, passing by, and seeing her on the doorstep, stopped and told her what he had heard at the Emerald station, from which he had just returned.

"When was it?" she asked, as she might have asked the time of any ordinary event.

"Day before yesterday."

After a moment the boy, perceiving that no more questions would be asked, ran on.

Delia went into the house. Hours passed. There she sat, waiting in silent, horrible uncertainty. The strength of her nature had never a better demonstration than in this. Her impulse was, of course, to leave the house, to fly

to Emerald, and see and learn for herself what had happened. But among these strangers who, if the rumor had grown in its transit and Edward still lived, would gather around her husband, could she stand as a silent spectator? How could she account to them from her presence there? Say to him that she had come in her father's stead, Mr. Rolfe's dear friend? Would not everybody discover in an instant that Rolfe was too much to *her*, if he was not all? And why might she not speak and say that he was all? If Edward himself could not declare it, she had no evidence. They had looked and looked in vain for the letter which Father Trost had promised. No; the one thing for her to do was to remain where she was. And yet! if he lived, if he could speak; if he could by signs even testify for her to that marriage before he passed out of the world, there might be time yet. But her father, but the church! Delia had not yet disposed of this afterthought when her father came home.

He had heard of the accident just after he had set out on his pastoral visits, and at once changed his course, going over to Emerald, and so to Laurel Station, arriving there in time to witness the funeral services, and to see the little company of mourning men start with the body for Philadelphia, where Edward's surviving sister lived.

The old man had come home to tell all this to his daughter, and to mourn with her.

The death of this young engineer, this enterprising man of business, so shocked the venerable bishop, he so deeply mourned his loss, that merely through sympathy his daughter might have fallen into a state of dejection from which she would find it difficult to rally. It seemed, indeed, impossible for either of them to accept the fact of Edward's death. So cheerful was he, so alive, so strong, it was monstrous to associate with him thoughts of helplessness and decay. He still lived, — he must come again! The reading he had begun must be continued; the work he planned must be finished. Alas! death had decreed not so! He would return for no more pleasant chat or kindly service. He was gone forever.

Late in the spring Delia made a great effort to break away from the seemingly hopeless state of life into which she had fallen. She began to talk again about the projected visit to Lancaster, and the bishop, perceiving that she needed a change, urged her going. So they closed the house, and he went on his long summer circuit, preaching through all the region until the end of July, when he came back, and found that Delia had preceded him by a single day. A glance assured him that it had been to her a profitable journey. She had recovered something of her native cheerfulness, and seemed young again.

Certain experiences had befallen both father and daughter during this separation which made them in subsequent intercourse more tenderly regardful of each other. The filial heart of Delia seemed to have been enlarged. She deported herself as though she had but her father to live for. There was no other for whose coming she might watch and wait; no light elastic step; only that heavy tread which was growing slower from the uncertainties of age.

In his circuit Bishop Rose had met Friend Holcombe again, that godly young man who had, before he began his ministry, worked in the bishop's blacksmith's shop; for like Paul, the teachers among Mennonites labored to get their own living with their own hands. He had found Mr. Holcombe in a remote corner of his circuit, preaching and praying with an earnestness of which his earlier youth had given promise, and he had invited him to return to Swatara. Since the mines were becoming famous, the population increased fast, and he felt that there should be at this important point a younger man, a man of more activity and vigor, than himself. When he gave the invitation, he had every reason to hope that Mr. Holcombe would think well of it; for it

had been clear to the father's eyes when Friend was with him, that he had but one great human-pointing desire, and that was to marry Delia.

Mr. Holcombe came back to Swatara and entered upon the work designated by the bishop, with a singleness and sincerity of purpose which could not but insure marked success. Everything about the young preacher was attractive; by voice, manner, and teaching he won upon the people, and from Sunday to Sunday the benches of the meeting-house were filled with hearers, many of whom Father Trost had counted as members of his flock. Still he did not get on rapidly with Delia Rose. She knew what her father's hope was; but she was looking for a letter, which still did not come. The expectation of it never left her. It took from her life all peace. There was not a day passed but she thought: "Who will open that letter? Who will read it first, and come to tell him that the worst foe of the church is of his own household?"

CHAPTER II.

ONE day Dr. Detwiler, who made as free as he pleased of every house in Swatara, coming in and going out a well-beloved physician, walked into her dairy, where she was busy with her cream-jars and her milk-pans, and her thoughts, and said: "Delia Rose, there is one thing for which you will not find it easy to get forgiveness. The greatest sin *you* can be guilty of is keeping Friend Holcombe doubting whether you are ever going to relent. You can't prevent his hoping that you finally will."

"What do you mean?" asked Delia, turning quietly toward the doctor, who had appealed to her in that abrupt way in behalf of another man. The doctor was an old friend to everybody, and freely used the privilege of speech, which he deemed he had earned in his summering and wintering with the country folk among the hills. He was in the country before Mr. Holcombe became a shining light, and people said that he might himself marry the bishop's daughter if he would only join the Mennonites. When anybody ventured to speak to him on the subject, he always answered that he was already married to Swatara for better or for worse.

He had come now prepared to answer in full Delia's question.

"You are giving I don't know how many years of unhappiness to the best man living, that's all. And I don't know as there's the woman on earth who has the right to do it."

"If he is the best man living, he is a great deal too good for me," said Delia. "I am saving him from his misery, if he did but know it."

"He is in no condition to appreciate your kindness, and never will be. It may be all true, but if you cannot make him see it, you had better stop trying. You are a sensible woman, Delia. I would n't have come here to say this, expressly for the man I love with my heart and my understanding, if I could see anything or anybody in the way. But I find there is n't, and I warn you against interfering with the Lord's designs; for if ever He intended two persons for each other, He took thought of Delia Rose and Friend Holcombe."

These words, spoken by such a man as the doctor, filled Delia with desperation. She saw her father's advocate, Mr. Holcombe's advocate, and the church's advocate in Detwiler, and gave him an answer that would have indicated despair to any one who could have suspected it: "If this should ever happen, you will have to take the consequences."

He answered as cheerily as if now quite assured that he had gained his cause, "Thank you, I will."

Then she asked: "Did Friend send you here to say this?"

"Not he."

And now, evidently, since she had gone so far as to ask this question, the doctor did not care whether his words displeased her or not. He had that high-handed way when he had determined that a certain course was desirable, and this marriage he decreed.

"I had only a minute to stop, and have stayed five," said he, looking at his watch. "I must go, but you will be married before the month is out." He wanted to provoke a smile, or at least some sort of emotion. This tranquillity of hers, considering Holcombe's state, was past endurance. He went out quickly as he spoke, but in a moment came back again.

"There are some persons who are born for higher ends than just to suit themselves," said he: "you are among these, Delia. I can see how well you would fill the place which is vacant, and always will be vacant unless you choose to fill it. Tell me, dear girl, is there anything in him which you positively dislike?"

She was still pondering that question when the doctor turned away and left her. "Have n't you said he is the best man living? Why should I dislike him?"

She was aware that the doctor was gone, but she said this aloud as if he were still within hearing.

It was not for the first time the doctor had said that she was wronging herself and the patient love that waited her relenting. But his words had never obtained such a hearing as they had that afternoon. If this marriage was ordained, — and had she not, since the day Friend Holcombe came back to Swatara and renewed the suit of his youth, trembled before him as in the presence of destiny?

"It would be better to die," she said, when the doctor had left her with that promise which had the sound of a threat in her ears. But she knew no messenger of death would come. Vain would have been her endeavor to make the doctor understand how she shrank from the duties which would make their demands upon her from the moment she should step from her present place, and stand before the people as the young preacher's wife. No one beside herself would be even surprised that she should take upon herself the duties pertaining to such station. People, indeed, expected her to do it; it was the one desire of her father's heart that she should occupy the place held by her mother so honorably many and many a year. Surely her expectation of life was not so great that she could afford to disappoint all these, and, intrenched in her secret, live to the memory of the unclaimed, unclaiming dead!

One day Detwiler dropped in with the news that Father Trost had been murdered by the Indians among whom he was laboring. He had come across men more savage than himself, and had got the worst of it.

From that day there was a marked change in Delia; and yet the anxious expectation of her heart was not immediately dismissed. The cloud above her head did not at once break and disappear. There was still on the sky and in the air a presage of storm. That letter which Trost had promised might be wandering along the wide distance which stretched between the prairies and her home among the hills; and it was many a week yet, after the doctor had brought the intelligence which had given her almost a shock of joy, before she ceased to look with doubt on every mortal who approached her. But at last there came a day when this apprehension lost so much of its force that she listened to Friend Holcombe's suit, and for her father's sake, and for the sake of the church which sustained him in it, she encouraged it.

Thus it was that the bishop, before his departure from earth, deemed himself among the blest. In the presence of his deacons and his lifelong friends, he gave his daughter to Friend Holcombe, as a king might give away a kingdom. "Take her," he said, to the young preacher; "so good a daughter as my girl has been to me will make you the truest and best of wives." And the old man's happy tears mingled with those of his daughter, who beheld among the wedding guests Edward and Edward's child. And it was not on the face of the dead that she saw the frown and the contempt.

Indeed, so surrounded and so cheered

as Delia was by all these approving faces and voices, it would have been strange if she had not supposed that the Lord also would smile on her endeavor to retrieve the past. Judgment had fallen upon her when she sought out happiness in her own way; she must shut her eyes on the past, and forget her lost joy; not for her the world's ways, the world's pride, the world's successes; it was here, in Swatara, among her father's people, that her duties lay. Trost was dead; and the child born far away among the Ancaster hills should never sorrow for the loss she had never known.

CHAPTER III.

But sometimes on a midsummer afternoon a sound is heard which surprises everybody, — a warning of storm. The cloud must be looked for whence the warning issued. Everybody may not be glad to hear it. There is clover or grain cut, which the rain will not sweeten more thoroughly than the sun has done already; or a party of pleasure, about to set forth gay as youth, is subjected to the misery of a doubting mind.

The voice that asked, "Is it Dely Rose?" at the gate of the preacher's house, was not unlike such thunder, — as startling, and perhaps not more welcome.

No dweller in Swatara could have asked the question of the commanding figure that arose at the sound of the voice from behind the currant-bushes which lined the garden fence. Leaning over the gate the man had perceived the woman, and thereupon had spoken as kindly and as cheerily as it was possible for him to speak. His voice was remarkable, but kindliness and cheeriness were not among its natural tones.

Mistress Holcombe appeared instantly to recognize it. She cast a quick glance around her, — where loomed the cloud? Astonishment for a moment seemed to have mastered every other emotion. Then, for hospitality was the law of Friend Holcombe's house, and the law of her life as well, she hastened from the garden path and stood on the gravel walk which led from the gate to the front door of the cottage.

"Is this Father Trost?" she asked, and at the same time she smiled and extended one hand, while with the other she lifted the latch.

He entered, saying: "I jest found you out, Miss Dely. Did ye know I had come back to Swatary to live?"

"We heard that the Indians had dealt so unkindly by you that you never could come back," she answered.

"I see, I see, everybody round here had me dead and buried," he said, with a note of exultation in his voice, He still lived!

"When did you come?" asked Delia.

"Last week, and been dreadful busy sence. I 've bought a little place for my hum up there among you folks. Mary is with me, — you remember Mary?"

"Little Mary, your granddaughter? O yes."

"Anything but little Mary now; she 's a woman grown. This does look nat'ral. It always was a purty place. But you 've been making a good many changes too." He withdrew his eyes from Delia and looked around on the red cottage, the blue hills, the garden, the flowers.

"O yes, changes everywhere," she answered, as if in her heart she had sighed and shuddered. "It is seventeen years since you went away, Father Trost; the bushes and vines have had time to grow. My hair was n't quite as gray when you went as it is now. You look as young as ever."

Father Trost, who wore a red wig which was fringed by obtrusive locks of his own gray hair, fixed his cold blue eyes on the flatterer, and seemed pleased by what she had said.

"You 're young yourself yet, Miss Dely, to be talking about gray. It would take sharper eyes than mine are to see the signs of age about you. Your ma had n't a gray hair at sixty. But 'pears to me you favor t' other side

o' the house. Well, well, he 's gone too since I went away. I was glad to hear you was living down here to the old place. You must have a good deal to tell me. Did you get the certificate ? "

" No ! " exclaimed Delia, looking around quickly, and going nearer to the old man. " You did not send it. *Did* you, Father Trost ? "

" Did n't I, though ! That 's like saying I broke my word," he answered roughly, and looking indignant. " I writ my letter, and I sent it, ma'am."

" It never came to us," said she, in the same low voice, which invited his to softer speech, — which expressed entreaty indeed, as well as apprehension.

" I sent it, though. I sent it to Rolfe from Arkansas."

" How soon ? Was it long, — weeks or months first, Father Trost ? "

" Well, I was nigh on to four months getting out there, and that was one of the things I attended to firstly after I got there."

" It was too late ! " If he had spoken truly, if he wrote the letter, and if they had received it, would all this have happened that had happened since ? And did she now wish that all this had not happened, that the people did not know her as Friend Holcombe's wife, and that Rose did not call her " mother " ?

" Why was it too late ? " said he.

" Have you heard that I am the wife of the preacher, Friend Holcombe ? " said she, quickly. " God took away the other, — your letter did not come, — you see how it was, — we said nothing about it. Only a little over four months and he was taken . . . ."

" You mean to say it is your and my secret, Miss Dely ! "

" Mine certainly," she said. " You remember it was to be made public when we pleased, but not while father lived." While Delia spoke she was steadily regarding the face of the old man. She did not like its expression. She feared that she had spoken unwisely and had angered him, — his violent temper she remembered of old, — but she had not spoken unawares ; she had seen in these few moments since he had, as it were, risen out of the grave, that she must show him that he had nothing to do with her past.

" Come in, let me show you my husband, Mr. Trost," she said, now speaking cheerfully and more kindly. " He happens to be at home to-day. He will remember your name, though he never saw you, perhaps. You left such a record behind you when you went away." While she spoke, Delia led the way to the house, and Father Trost followed her.

" You keep to your old style of wearing-apparel, Miss Dely," he said, in a not unfriendly way.

" We do not change our style, you know. We only grow old, and worse or better."

" You have Scriptur' for your fashion, and there 's a great economy in it," he said, with approval. But eyes that loved grace and beauty more would have looked with less admiration on the scant skirt, the short waist, the awkwardly shaped sleeves of the gown in which Mrs. Holcombe was attired.

They made slow progress through the " first room " of the cottage. At almost every step the old man paused, and leaned upon his stick, and looked around him. He recognized the venerable Dutch clock which adorned one corner, and Delia called his attention to the carpet on the floor. It was one of her mother's weaving. There was a book-shelf too, between the front door and the window, which he remembered hung in the same place in her father's time ; he noticed that it contained a greater number of books than of old. He could have told her the title of every volume it contained eighteen years ago. The room, as well as the book-shelf, had undergone a few slight changes. The whitewashed walls were covered with a light and pretty paper. There was a vase containing flowers on the table, and an easy-chair near by, which looked less than a hundred years old. A modern, it was evident, presid-

ed over the home of the ancients, but a modern who was not a cold-blooded innovator. The atmosphere of the place had undergone a change, but not such a change as less than eighteen years must have made in a home belonging to "world's people."

They passed into the kitchen, and again there was halting, but only long enough for Father Trost to note the exceeding order and cleanliness of the domestic arrangements. He had an eye for these signs, and smiled in his way. It was there in the kitchen that Friend Holcombe and the old man met. Friend had come in from the back porch, drawn by the sound of a strange voice.

"Ah," he said, after a single searching glance, "nobody need tell me who this is"; and he gave his hand to Father Trost with a cordiality which proved that in warmth of heart, at least, he was worthy to succeed to the headship of this house. "I was going to tell you, Delia, that I heard to-day Mr. Trost had come back to live among us. Your name is not strange to me, sir, though I have never before met you face to face. You were doing a good work in Swatara when I came here the first time, that was nigh twenty years ago."

Anybody looking at Delia while her husband spoke could not have failed to see the satisfied pride with which she gazed at him.

Well had the man been named Friend by his mother, who in her heart consecrated him from his birth to the service of his fellows as a friend. All the way up from childhood he had borne the name, conscious that he must redeem the promise it gave to all created beings.

"So you 're the man that 's in Bishop Rose's place," said Father Trost. From his ministerial habit of addressing a multitude as if it were an individual, he seemed now to be speaking to Delia as much as to her husband, turning from the one to the other.

He could nowhere have found a man and woman in finer physical harmony than these before him. They were models of manly and womanly beauty. A narrow, selfish, sordid life it was simply impossible that either of them should live; Nature had decreed otherwise. Friend Holcombe's character spoke out in his voice, frank, trustful, generous: —

"Not in the bishop's place, though I preach in the church and have married his daughter. Come into the porch, sir, and rest in the bishop's chair. Rosa, — I will show you our daughter, his grandchild, Father Trost. She has his name, you see."

A girl between eleven and twelve years of age came at this call across the porch and stood by her father. Her parentage was in her face. At her age Friend Holcombe's hair must have been of that golden brown; her forehead, which looked as if it had never been shadowed by a sorrow or marred by a passionate feeling, had the same beautiful shape as that of the man; her sweet blue eyes had an expression which had deepened in his to the great knowledge of a good man; her mouth bore out the testimony her eyes gave to the grace of a godly nature. She did not shrink back from the scrutiny which seemed harshly critical, rather than softly kind, but stepped forward and gave Father Trost her hand before he seemed to perceive that she was there as one of the family, and for something more than inspection.

Just then another girl came from the garden in the rear of the house, a girl taller and older than Rosa, possibly by half a dozen years. Her hands were full of crimson cardinal-flowers, and she had evidently just returned from a long walk; her shoes were soiled, and her face heated; how many miles she had walked with her sun-bonnet under her arm, no one of that group would have ventured to say. She was dressed in the same fashion as the mistress and the daughter of the house, but the attire did not befit her as well as it did either of them; one could hardly help feeling that she was conscious of its awkward unbecomingness. Her dark hair was put up in a knot at the back, but there were short front locks which had es-

caped, and were always escaping this folding, and falling around her forehead and behind her ears in short, wild curls. The face had a graver expression than is often seen, or than is pleasant to see, on the countenance of youth. It was not a fair face, but brown and stained by the exposure to which it had been subjected; freckle and tan abounded. But it was a fine face, the pure gray eyes kept always alive a fire which an emotion or a thought could set aglow; a face capable of expressing nobly a wide range of feeling. Edward Rolfe would have loved it; he would have seen a promise of his mother's beauty in his daughter's countenance, and in her form.

Father Trost was about to sit down, as he had been bidden, in the bishop's chair, when Mrs. Holcombe said, quite suddenly, "Edna, come here"; for the girl, seeing a stranger there, would have gone away again. She shook her head as if she would go in spite of the call; but Delia repeated, "Come, dear," in a way that few persons would have found themselves capable of disregarding. Edna obeyed.

"Our daughter Edna, Father Trost," said Mistress Holcombe, taking her hand, and thus quietly drawing the reluctant form towards her.

"What, another?" he said, and this time he extended his hand. Edna did not seem to see that he did so. She looked at the face before her and found it repulsive and ugly, there was not a feature or a line of it that she did not scan and judge. Old Annie Gell had talked with her from her childhood up as though she had been a woman grown, and she had sharp criticism at her tongue's end concerning the cold, hard eyes, the hanging cheeks, the red wig, the altogether tremendous person of the old man who affected her so disagreeably.

She had caught those words "daughter" and "another," spoken, the one so kindly and the other with unsympathetic surprise, by Mrs. Holcombe and the stranger, and the bitter thing she thought she forthwith said: "As much a daughter as you are a friend, maybe. Because they were kind and took me in. Do you want Rosa, Mrs. Holcombe?"

Delia looked distressed, perhaps because of the girl's rude speech, perhaps because the "daughter" declined to acknowledge relationship, persisting in that formality of speech which showed her constant recognition of the mere externality of the relationship. But she answered, kindly, "No, dear, not just now. But do you want her?"

"There are plenty of blueberries up the creek."

"But you look so very tired, Edna."

"I am not tired"; and Edna looked at Delia as a child can look at the woman whose soul it can nearly vex to death, knowing partly her power, and capable of repenting, but first of testing fairly the patience and the love to which it intends to yield. "I brought these flowers for you"; saying this she laid the scarlet bloom on Delia's lap.

"You may go," said Delia, "but do not go far; perhaps our friend will stay to tea with us."

"Oh, then we might catch some trout!" exclaimed Rosa, springing from her seat, and looking up at the shelf where the lines were kept.

"That will take too long," said Edna, and her words decided the question. The girls went into the kitchen for pails, and did not return, but passed out by the front door.

"I hope that dreadful thing will be gone when we come back," said Edna, as they closed the gate behind them.

Rosa thought that he was very funny.

"Funny! His face looks as if it was cut out of red leather, with holes for his eyes to stick through; and did you *ever* see such hands!"

"Well, no matter, father seemed glad to see him," said Rosa, quickly, as if to reconcile Edna to the fact that the old man had come to her parents' house.

"He don't look as though he had any business there."

"But you know," said Rosa, "our house is n't like any other; we always take everybody in."

"O yes, I know," returned Edna, as if it were very painful knowledge. At that Rosa's face turned a bright red, and she wished herself home again. She was always saying the wrong thing to Edna, and now she had reminded her of the fact which Edna had been so long forgetting, and would probably never forget, that she too was one of the wanderers overtaken by night for whom the hospitality of the house had been proven.

Meanwhile Father Trost, who never yet had seen a reason for forbearing to ask concerning anything that excited his curiosity, had turned to Friend Holcombe with, "Who is that girl? Adopted?"

"She has quite a story. She was bequeathed to us less than a year ago," said Mr. Holcombe. "We are quite busy yet trying to make her feel at home here; it has proved a little difficult."

"'Pears to me I've seen a face like hers, but I can't locate it. Was she born in your parish?"

Delia looked at the questioner without answering. "Are you going to the root of the matter?" she thought. "Perhaps the sooner the better."

Mr. Holcombe said: "I don't know as we ought to claim old Annie Gell, exactly, but she belonged to us as much as she did to anybody."

"You don't mean to say this girl belonged to her!"

"Not exactly. She is her sister's child, so she has been passed around. We are trying to make the poor child feel at home with us, and it will be strange if my wife does n't accomplish it. Do you find many changes in your parish, sir?"

The question had hardly escaped Mr. Holcombe's lips when Deacon Ent appeared. He brought a message to the preacher, and seemed to be in haste, for he turned to go as soon as he had delivered it.

"You might give me a lift up the mountain, if you are on your road back," said Father Trost.

Delia had already concluded that her guest intended to remain all night, and she now invited him to do so; but he answered that he had Mary and the cow at home expecting him, and if the Deacon, who was his near neighbor, would take him part way, it would be a timely favor.

The young man expressed his willingness to do so, but had evidently made an exact estimate of the amount of freight he was thus imposing on his favorite colt.

And so with expressions of mutual good-will, Trost and the Holcombes parted. The old man indulged in a bit of pleasantry at the last which cost Delia many a thoughtful moment after.

"I shall be coming across you on your circuit," said he, "but there 's room for fair play in the mountains. *My* trumpet is n't one to give forth an uncertain sound."

"Good!" exclaimed Friend, with spirit. "I hope I shall prove that the same may be said of mine."

But Delia, standing back and looking at the two men, thought: "The odds are against us. Those two don't fight with the same kind of weapons. He has n't grown any peaceabler than he was in father's time, and then he claimed that he fought with the sword of the Lord, only because there was war in his heart."

The Deacon and the old man were neighbors, it is true, but they had no joint interest to discuss, and there was no matter of public importance before them which they felt disposed to talk about just now, so the ride along the mountain road toward the mines was enlivened by the exchange of few words. Ent was thinking of the church business which had taken him to the preacher's house, and Father Trost was absorbed by his thoughts on Delia Holcombe's secret. He began to see why it was that he had escaped with his life from savages, and was now again in Swatara. He had his testimony to give against the religious system which could foster liars and hypocrites. Thus the business of Delia's marriage shaped itself to his mind; her fair exterior, her position and influence in the region,

stirred his indignation, fired him with holy resentment. If he had bound himself to regard her secret as her own, it was, nevertheless, his duty to warn the young folks of this neighborhood, and up and down the hills, and through the valley, against the system of which he suddenly remembered the young man by his side was a most zealous upholder.

"I must stop at the furnace a moment for a chain I left there," said the Deacon, driving past the miners' cottages towards the mine.

"Is Mr. Hooper anywhere about here yet, or is everything changed about the works?" asked Trost.

"Hooper is gone; but don't you remember Mr. Elsden? He was down at Emerald for a good while, I believe, in the office there."

"Elsden? Elsden? Yes, I remember that name."

"That 's his office yonder; he 's the superintendent of Mr. Boyd's works now. Hooper did n't seem to be the man for the place; but Mr. Elsden is carrying all before him."

"Well, you might let me out here, August, if you 'll be sure to pick me up again. I should like to look at the new man."

"I 'll do that, sir," said August; and he dropped his burden at the superintendent's door.

Father Trost, whose memory had lost nothing of its remarkably retentive power in all the long years of his life, had at once associated Mr. Elsden with Edward Rolfe, and there was one single question which he wished to ask *him*, and that was, "What had become of the engineer?" Delia had told him a single word concerning his fate; what had a man to say, a man like Elsden, who had been Rolfe's bosom friend, and was, most likely, in his councils?

Mr. Elsden was so busy looking over the Pit Hole estimates that he would not have looked a very hearty welcome even at Christopher Boyd himself that afternoon; but when he understood that his visitor was old Father Trost, he pushed away his papers and was all courtesy. Trost was a man whom he had much wished to see, and had no expectation of seeing. The wish was not based on any prophetic instinct of friendship, as if, "There was a man I should have loved to work with in this benighted region," nothing like this shone from the superintendent's eyes as he shook hands with the old itinerant and said he was right glad he had got back to Swatara; he had merely a curiosity of his own to ease. August Ent was outside, shouting to the minister, before Trost had gone much beyond his expression of wonder at the start things had taken in Swatara, and the surprising way the mines were looking up. When he heard Ent's voice, he said, "I was going to ask you about a young man who was very busy about these parts when I went away, — that was Rolfe, the engineer, — I don't see him around."

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Elsden, walking towards the door and then turning back again, with his head bent a little, and a grave expression stealing over his face, "he was a great loss to this region."

"Then he 's gone?"

"Gone? Killed, sir, in a minute, — crushed to death, — that must have been seventeen or eighteen years ago."

"What a blow! he was the liveliest man about in those days."

"Yes, sir, it took us a long time to get over it. It killed his sister. He had begun to build his house up here, — the one Mr. Boyd owns and lives in. I dare say he would have married and settled down among us, if he had n't been snatched away; the place seemed to have a great charm for him."

"Is that boy waiting outside there for me?" said Father Trost, and he seemed to be slightly bewildered as he turned towards the door. "Well, I 'll say good by t' ye, I 'm beholden to him for a lift."

"Come in again, when you are not in haste, sir," said Mr. Elsden, going to the door with Trost, who, having heard what he wanted to hear, seemed to for-

get that Mr. Elsden, the elegant gentleman who apparently had been cast away in Swatara by a freak of Providence, so unlikely was the post to be held by such a man, had any other business than to furnish him with the intelligence he happened to want. He went away though, promising that he would come again, to think during the remainder of the drive of that sole partnership of his in Delia Holcombe's secret.

But when Mr. Elsden went back to his desk, instead of occupying himself at once with his estimates, he took from a black wallet which he carried in the breast pocket of his coat, a letter, the contents of which were known only to the writer and himself. It was the letter Father Trost had written agreeably to promise, and contained his certificate of the marriage ceremony performed by him at the Emerald station. It had been received at that station not long after Edward's death, and had been tossed by careless hands, with other papers, into a box which Mr. Elsden had only recently been overhauling.

OUR PAINTERS

II.

THOMAS SULLY. — He, too, was English by birth, but, in his character, manners, appearance, and style of painting, he was the very opposite of Jarvis. Wanting breadth and strength, but being refined, sensitive, courteous, and gentlemanly, he threw his own character into all his pictures, and came to be the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America. Wanting the robust heartiness, and the rich, unctuous humor of Jarvis, he had a sense of beauty, a perception of the graceful and bewitching — of that which gives a high-bred woman dominion over man — of which Jarvis was wholly destitute. Hence the women of Sully, like the men of Stuart and Jarvis, were generally masterpieces. Of a slight frame, a kindly temper, and a pleasant voice, looking, at the age of fifty, as if he were still a young man, like Leigh Hunt; with an air of high breeding which could not well be counterfeited, Mr. Sully has always been a favorite with the better part of mankind, — the women of his day. His female portraitures are oftentimes poems, — full of grace and tenderness, lithe, flexible, and emotional; their eyes, too, are liquid enough and clear enough to satisfy even a husband — or a lover. Nobody ever painted more beautiful eyes, — not even Gainsborough, nor Sir Thomas Lawrence, nor West the Kentuckian, who, after his return to New York, painted these cairn-gorms and crystal wells, just as we see them in our young dreams, while yet overcharged with poetry, and the blood goes "a rippling to the finger-ends." But Sully's men were failures; even Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, with his fine classical head of the Roman type, though an excellent likeness of the outward man, was but a shadow in comparison with what Jarvis or Stuart would have made of the subject, while his portrait of Mrs. Robert Gilmore would be enough to establish his reputation as a devout and earnest woman-worshipper.

Sully used to play the flute like a master, and may do so yet, although, when I last heard from him, he did not happen to say so, while speaking of his pastimes; and he continues, I dare say, what is called a ladies' man, — by which we are not to understand that he ever was a coxcomb, or effeminate, or intensely fashionable; but that, by nature, he was made for the companionship of lovable women, being always gentle, considerate, and reverential to the sex.

He never attempted an historical pic-

ture but once, and that only to give away. Having been called upon for a full-length of Washington by the corporation of a Southern city — Charleston, perhaps — he fixed the price, — not more than five hundred dollars, I believe, — and then, the treatment being left wholly to himself, he painted him on horseback, with trimmings or accessories, and gave to the world what he called a portrait, while others, who saw the truth more clearly, called it a remarkably fine historical picture, — the "Passage of the Delaware," with General Knox, and a corps of artillerymen shouting and tugging at the guns. The white horse on which he had mounted Washington was so emphatic and spirited, that, when I first saw Vandyck's William of Orange at Warwick Castle, I thought he had borrowed largely from that; and so I dropped him a line on the subject, to which he replied by sending me a sketch of his battle-charger and the majestic rider, and showed that I was altogether mistaken as to the position, drawing, and character.

After a triumphant career of twenty-five or thirty years, Mr. Sully had *realized*, as we say Down-East, a handsome property, which he invested in Pennsylvania bonds, or something of the sort, and, like Sydney Smith and the Austins, lost the whole, or nearly the whole, of his life-long accumulations and hoarded savings. But, undiscouraged, and full of heroic resolution, he set to work afresh, and built himself a large painting-room, and began life anew, for the second or third time, with a large family upon his hands, and hardly a shot in the locker.

At one time, while I was abroad, he wrote me to say that he had a plenty of applications, but no orders; and as he had been long in the habit of making studies in black and white crayons, whenever a subject offered, the good people of Philadelphia, his patrons, seemed to think that such views, being only sketches, you know, were but a pleasant pastime for the artist, and hardly worth acknowledging. He once made three or four studies of a charming female face for the family and friends, or mayhap the husband, to choose from, and chancing to be near the window, after having waited several days for the answer, his attention was attracted by a negro coming round the next corner with a handful of papers fluttering in the wind. He began to have his misgivings, and after a few minutes the sketches were left at his door, without a word of explanation or apology; and that was the last he heard of the order.

Moved with a just indignation, I slipped a paragraph into the next Blackwood, telling the story, as I tell it now, I suppose, though I am not sure, and have no time to verify the details; and the effect upon the brotherhood of "Athenians," I have reason to believe, was quite a help to Sully, for they grew ashamed of their own heartlessness, and he was soon overrun with applications, which have continued from that day to this, at handsome prices, notwithstanding his great age, and the multiplication of portrait-painters and "damnable face-makers," not one in fifty of whom could draw a hand, if his life depended on it. Mr. Sully is a capital draughtsman, and has seldom or never made a mistake in face or figure. One habit he had, well worthy of being commemorated. Instead of drawing the whole figure when he blocked out the face, or determining the attitude, he finished the face first, and then threw forward a shoulder, after the manner of Vandyck, whereby he obtained a lifelike, spirited air, oftentimes wholly unexpected.

DOUGHTY, *the Landscape-Painter.* — Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the landscapes of Doughty were among the very best of the age. He was a Pennsylvanian, I believe, and had been brought up to some mechanical pursuit, — coach-painting perhaps, — and his first pictures were of scenery along the Susquehanna, with beautiful skies, foliage dripping with sunshine, or golden river-mist, — such water as you seldom

see anywhere on canvas, and an atmosphere you could breathe. His range was narrow, but within that range he had no rival; and he never passed the boundaries he had established for himself at the beginning; the beautiful, instead of the sublime, dealt he with, even to the last. A man of average size, with a generous, warm-hearted, healthy look and manner, which, if not absolutely genial, were something better, sincere and hearty, he went about making friends to the last, and multiplying pictures of the Susquehanna, till you never could think of the artist apart from the river, nor of the river but as a running accompaniment for the artist, — a transcript of himself, broad, full, and plenteous. I knew him well, and must say that I never knew a worthier man, or a truer artist; but he was exceedingly unfortunate, a doomed man from the first. Again and again after he had gone under, without a hope left, he would reappear on the surface, full of courage and strong purpose, swimming for his life, and striking out like a hero. But the last time he went under he stayed too long, and I do not know that he ever came up again. He had been living in Boston, where he met with such encouragement, poor fellow! that he began to breathe freely once more; and, while he had the means, he determined to go South and seek his fortune. With this view, he put everything he had in the world, pictures and all, on board a packet, and let her sail without insurance; and she went to the bottom, and he followed.

Leslie, C. W. — Another Englishman by birth, if not by persuasion, although "having been caught young, much was made of him" here, before he went back to his mother. He was at one time in the retail bookstore of Matthew Carey, if I remember aright; and his first remarkable efforts were water-colored portraits of Cooper and Cooke, the tragedians. They were very clever, to be sure, and, though not above six or eight inches high, they were full length, and capital likenesses. They were on exhibition in the Philadelphia Academy for a long while, and it was there I saw them. After this, he went to England, — took to West, — and ventured upon a picture on a large scale of the "Murdered Princes in the Tower," of which it may be enough to say, that it was no better than the worst of Northcote's, if we may judge by report.

After this, he fell into portrait-painting, but failed, wanting an eye for color, and being unable to see or seize character, though his drawing was both exact and beautiful; then he took to the composition of small cabinet pictures, which soon made him famous. It was in the very meridian of his glory and strength that I first met him; he had just finished his Sancho before the Duchess, which, with the Malade Imaginaire and the Importunate Author, by his friend Newton, were on exhibition at Somerset House.

I found him tall, stiff, and taciturn, with the air of a country schoolmaster, and a serious, though inquisitive look, deep, clear eyes, and the general bearing, not certainly of a fashionable man, or a man of the world on good terms with himself, and everywhere at ease, but of a man to be trusted and believed in. After a long and free conversation about matters and things in general, and authors and painters in particular, and his friend Washington Irving, whose portrait he had painted for love not long before, — a commonplace affair and a bad likeness, — he offered to secure me the lodgings which had been occupied by Irving while the Sketch-Book was under way, in Warwick Street, Pall Mall, commonly called Cockspur Street by all save members of Parliament and lodging-house keepers; which offer I accepted, of course, with many thanks. Next, having asked what exercise I was fond of, and what I thought of the small-sword, for an artist or sedentary man, and, being told that with me fencing had long been a passion, and that I looked upon it as a sort of chess for the body, he invited me to Angelo's rooms, where he went occasionally; and then he proposed to take

me to the National Gallery, which was in full blast at the time.

We went to Angelo's on what might well be regarded as a field day, for the large hall was crowded with amateurs and others who seemed to be taking lessons of one another. After introducing me to the elder Angelo, he lost no time in equipping himself and entering the lists, interchanging a few passes with his teacher, but I must say, though unwillingly, that he was a wretched player; being there only for exercise, and not knowing, perhaps, that he might as well fence with the broadside of his painting-room, as to lunge out in the way he did, without an object in view, or feeling the excitement which comes of playing loose. Fencing I regarded as comprehending in itself all the advantages of dancing, riding, swimming, and sparring; small-sword fencing, I mean, — for the broad-sword, like the lance drill, whether on horseback or afoot, requires too large an outlay of strength for a delicate hand, which has been trained to deceive or *tromper l'épée*, and I told him so; but he only smiled, as if it were a waste of time to get much in earnest on the subject, with or without an adversary.

Not long after this, we went to the National Gallery together. Soon after entering, he called my attention to a crowd collected before a Christ in the Garden, by Correggio. I had always wanted to look upon something — anything, indeed — of Correggio's, and we moved up to the corner where it was hung. "And this you call a Correggio," said I, after examining it carefully, and studying the composition. The figure of Christ, about six inches high, was meagre and unsatisfactory, the landscape gloomy enough to pass for a Poussin, and the picture itself a decided failure, no matter by whom painted. (On second thought, it may have been Christ at the Well, though I remember nothing of the Samaritan woman.) "Yes, a veritable Correggio," said Leslie. "How do you like it?" "Not at all; in fact, excuse me, but I don't believe it was ever painted by Correggio. It wants all his leading characteristics," &c. By this time I was talking louder than I ought, and the people about us were listening with evident uneasiness. "But you never saw a Correggio, I think you said." "Never." "How, then, are you able to speak so decidedly?" "From instinct, a sort of intuitive perception which amounts to *assurance* with me." Leslie looked as if he thought so too; for he added, with a grave smile: "That very picture was bought on the judgment of Mr. West and Sir Thomas Lawrence, — two presidents of the Royal Academy, you know, — and cost," I think he said, "three or four thousand guineas." "Can't help it," said I, "that picture was never painted by Correggio"; and as I turned away I heard a low tittering about me, though Leslie kept his countenance, and appeared to enjoy my positiveness and presumption, as a capital joke. Nor did I hear the last of it so long as I remained in England; but, just before I returned to this country, I had the satisfaction of seeing that very picture taken down from the walls, and utterly discarded for imposture, and another, which was truly a Correggio, The Mother and Child, one of the most beautiful things ever painted by mortal man, occupying its place, at an outlay of about four thousand guineas. It was even said that the picture which our academicians thought they had secured, was still in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, by whom it had been captured with Soult's baggage in the Peninsular War.

By far the best portrait ever painted by Leslie was that copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "West," now in the Philadelphia Academy. There we find, for the first and only time, what appears to be an eye for color, and the picture of itself might almost rank with Titian's; but then it was only a copy, and, of course, the coloring might be copied, as well as the composition. Good copies are often made by painters wholly incapable of using the same colors for themselves. It was so with Teniers, with Rembrandt Peale, and with Hazlett, to whom we are

indebted for some of the finest copies in the world. Even Page, when he copies Titian, appears to work with a feeling for color, not often found in the flesh-tints of his own best pictures.

But Leslie's small cabinet pictures were often admirable, and were always alive with a sly, quiet humor, of the Irving type, a decided individuality; his women were almost always painted from his wife, and were full of character. What on earth should have carried him to West Point not many years before his death, and there converted him into a drawing-master, I never could understand. He had always a plenty of orders ahead, and Earl Grosvenor alone, his first patron, would have kept him employed on his own terms; and, of course, he could not expect orders from abroad while at West Point, even if he should have that abundant leisure busy men so foolishly covet for their old age.

I have this moment lighted on a stray leaf which escaped our Portland fire, summer before last, whereon I find the following notices of Leslie, made at the time we were together: —

"May 11, 1827. — Called with Sully on old Mrs. Bridgen, 8 Buckingham Place, Cleveland Street, where King, Leslie, Morse, Allston, and Bowman had lived. For twenty years she had not been without an American painter. She liked painters, 'they were an innocent kind of people,' she said. King lived with her four years. For nine months he took the clothes off a good bed, which was made every day, wrapped himself up in them, and lay on the floor, that he might have it to say, that 'he had slept on the floor and lived on potatoes.' At last, he was persuaded to sleep in the bed, as winter came on. Sully used to have breakfast and tea. Four pounds of potatoes were bought for the dinner of both. He stayed fourteen months, — all the time he was in London. Leslie was with her eleven years. She has a picture of him at the age of seventeen in a fancy dress, by Morse, — a striking likeness now. I knew it immediately, though Leslie would seem to be altered in every feature; but the expression is there, — the expression of the eyes, and a sort of smile. One point I saw characteristic of the artist, — a sculptured figure, like Venus of the Bath in the background, very well done for a block of shadow; he began with sculpture before he tried the brush.

"Leslie's early attempts were very odd. Yet there was a good deal of the man's nature in them. There was a church, with children playing about the tombs; one child, a boy, leans back on his left arm, with his back toward you, catching lights on the drapery, — quite in Leslie's best manner. The church would remind you of that in Sir Roger de Coverley. Another sketch by him, of a child sitting up with a shawl wrapped round him, and hanging down below his feet, and a great black bonnet overhung with ostrich-feathers, was charmingly characteristic; shadow on the face admirable, and the face itself not unlike one in his Sir Roger. Portraits very poor — unlike, labored, and wretchedly colored — no flesh-tints. Morse was there [at Mrs. Bridgen's] five years. Allston painted but few portraits; tried with her twice; went to Bristol with his wife, returned, and took a house, partly furnished it, moved in, and lost his wife before the first week was over. She *left him*, he said. He stayed there the first night after her death, and never entered it again; returned to Mrs. Bridgen's. Morse managed to dispose of the pictures. The Dead Man restored to Life on touching the bones of the Prophet he was preparing to exhibit in Pall Mall; was dissuaded, and promised the premium; got it, — it was a trifle only, — and lost the whole profit of the Exhibition (whatever that might be). Allston, Leslie, and Morse had rooms on the opposite side of the street, — a wretched place at the best, where they painted, but fed at Mrs. Bridgen's. Bowman had a good deal to do among the Quakers; he 'painted so fast,' they said, 'and thee could see the comb and the hair through the muslin caps.' Morse was there five years.

"There was a picture of Lear and Cordelia by King, very good, strong, and graceful, better in conception than anything else of his I remember. Another of a boy stealing his sister's fruit while she is catching a soap-bubble that he holds over the plate, high up, with one hand, while he seizes the fruit with the other. A good idea, well expressed, though badly colored, and what I should have called *promising*, when it was painted."

ROBERT M. SULLY, nephew of Thomas, a Virginian by birth, and so like his uncle — *great* uncle, I should say, but for the fear of being misunderstood — in speech, voice, and manner, that I never doubted his having copied him, till I found that he had never seen that uncle till he had got his growth, and his habits were all established. He was a fine colorist, a capital draughtsman; and while at London, occupying one of my rooms in Warwick Street, was quite happy in his portraitures. One of Northcote, now in the Philadelphia Academy, — the original drawing of which in lead-pencil I have in my portfolio, on a fragment of paper not two inches square; a capital likeness, — may be regarded as the best he ever painted; and another of myself, a head only, now in England somewhere, as the next. With the former, Northcote himself was delighted; and, with the latter, Leslie; yet mine was too much idealized for a portrait, and would never satisfy a person who respected himself, warts and all, like the Lord Protector. Northcote sent him the following note, which I have now before me: —

"DEAR SIR: — I very much approve of the portrait you have painted of me. It possesses many requisites of a good picture: it has a very striking effect of light and shadow; the attitude is natural and well chosen, and also well drawn. In the countenance you have given expression and character, and, from the manner you have treated the subject as a whole, it is a well-managed picture.

"The portrait of Mr. B——, as well as that of myself, seems to promise much; and that you may succeed to the utmost of your wishes is the sincere desire of, dear sir, your true friend and very humble servant,

"JAMES NORTHCOTE.

"ARGYLE PLACE, July 19, 1826."

Northcote, when Sully painted him, looked like a little, dried-up, withered magician, with his bright black eyes and flowered dressing-gown, and very diminutive figure. One day he was seen pasting upon the pages of a manuscript, figures of animals which he had cut out of different books. He was getting out his "Fables." "You wonder, perhaps, at seeing me do this; but, as everybody knows I can paint animals, I choose to borrow — or steal — in this way." He wanted to murder Opie, as he acknowledged, out of sheer jealousy, — when he foresaw the career he was entering upon. He hated West, — the only *American* painter he ever did hate, he said. West could n't tell the truth, he declared; caught him once in a downright — fib. Northcote had signed an address, or a petition, to the king from the academy, "James Northcote," and nothing more. West asked why he did not add R. A. Northcote gave his reasons. West complimented him, and said the king himself had spoken of Northcote's modesty on that score in some other address. "I told West I had never before signed a petition or address to his Majesty in all my life," he added, with unspeakable scorn. Leslie called on Northcote, according to the etiquette of the school, after he had been elected R. A., to thank him for his vote. Northcote did not even ask him in, but received him in the hall. "O, sir," said he, "you need n't thank *me*. I had no hand in your election. You did n't have my vote, I promise you."

Sully had some pleasant experiences too. A Scotchman asked his price. Ten guineas. Ten guineas for *that!* Well, take your choice. Man chooses a three-quarters length and has one

sitting, the largest size in the room, — supposing them all of a price. Afraid of being done, he measures them with a pocket-handkerchief, getting down on his knees. "Aha! Mr. Sully," said he, "you have put eyelashes here, — no eyelashes in mine, sir. Oho! this cravat is neatly done; will mine be as well done? Some pictures will follow you with their eyes, you know." His master's did so; and when he looked up from the breakfast-table, it took away his appetite. Sully promised to make this look at everybody in the same way.

Another charming incident of a similar character he related to me one day on his return from the Exhibition, white with rage. He had painted the portrait of a military man of high rank; and, having a horror of the costume that goes out of fashion every two or three years, and of all your close-fitting garments, like that which George IV. used to have stitched upon his back, he painted the coat as much like drapery as it would bear. The picture was up in Somerset House, and one day Sully found a very substantial, well-dressed man of middle age and portly presence standing before it with an expression that startled him. "Mr. Sully," said he, — for it seems he knew Sully by sight, and had seen the picture before it was finished, — "Mr. Sully, sir, allow me to say that I am sorry to see that picture here." "Ah!" said Sully, "and why so?" "Why so? my good sir, can you ask why so? Just look at that coat." "Well, sir, and what of that coat?" "Why, Mr. Sully, every man that sees that picture will naturally ask who made that coat?" "Well, sir, and what then?" said Sully. "What then! well, sir, *I made that coat.*" He was the Duke of York's tailor, and just the man to satisfy the "fat friend" above mentioned, after he had begun plumping up, till he was ready to burst, and was still in favor with the Marchioness of Conyngham, and others of the "fat, fair, and forty" type.

Chester Harding. — Of course, our people do not require to be told much of this man's doings either abroad or at home; for a man, he was indeed — altogether a man, full of generous impulses and large ambition, — and a capital portrait-painter, though a faulty draughtsman, the moment he undertook a full-length. I knew him well. Our acquaintance — our friendship, I might say — began while he was painting John Dunn Hunter, the hero of Hunter's narrative, which had just been reproduced by Mr. John Murray, and all the "upper crust" of London was in a stew about him. This portrait of Hunter, though badly drawn, had so much of the man's character, and so much of real flesh and blood in it, as to engage the attention of "most thinking people," when it was hung up at Somerset House. It was painted for the Duke of Sussex, and led to the painting of His Royal Highness at Kensington Palace, — the best of all Harding's pictures, by the way, except, perhaps, the Duke of Hamilton, and one other (of which a word or two hereafter), though the hand looked like a mass of raw beef, being both unshapely and unmeaning; yet the drapery was well managed, the likeness admirable, and the coloring worthy of Rubens himself. The other portrait above referred to was mine. It happened, one day, after my return with Harding from Somerset House, where he had seen a portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, just painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, — a light-haired gentleman in the prime of life, just about embarking for St. Petersburg as the princely representative of his sovereign, — that he insisted on my sitting, as I had promised long before, and at once, instead of waiting month after month. He wanted to try certain effects of a purple shadow under light hair, after the style of Lawrence. I consented; and, at the end of a fourth sitting, he turned off what he himself acknowledged to be an atrocious caricature. He had gone out of the way preappointed for him, and failed utterly, of course. The picture was turned to the wall, and there remained until about a month before I left London forever,

when I, happening to be in his room one day, he took the portrait up, and, after looking on it a few minutes, begged me to give him another sitting, that he might see if anything could be done with it. I consented; and, within two hours at furthest, he produced — I say it with all seriousness — by far the finest picture he ever painted in his life. It was a two-thirds life-size, and had something of Sir Thomas, and something of Sully too, in the air and carriage, and enough of Harding, in its truthfulness and strength, to make it a treasure. It was sent forthwith to my friend, the late Henry Robinson of Brookline, Mass., and, after his death, presented to my eldest daughter by his widow. On her removal to Portland the picture came with her, and was destroyed in the great fire. Would it were extant now! It would show what no other picture of Harding's ever did show, — what the man was capable of, when pushed to the uttermost.

Hunter, before introducing our friend to the Duke of Sussex, assured his Royal Highness that Harding was a backwoodsman, who, without any help, or instruction, had taken to portrait-painting in a fit of enthusiasm, or inspiration. This delighted the Duke, who was a thoroughgoing republican at heart — or in theory — and he sent off immediately for Harding, and sat for his picture, which opened the way for all the success that followed, with Mr. Coke, the Duke of Hamilton, and others, both in England and Scotland.

West, *the Kentuckian.* — This fine artist, known all over the earth now, wherever Byron has been heard of, is best known by his portraits of that unhappy man, and his *chère amie*, the Countess Guiccioli. I met with him first in London, where much of his time was spent in multiplying copies of his Lordship, at five hundred guineas apiece, and of the Countess for something less than half price. Lady Caroline Lamb, who, it must be acknowledged, knew Byron well, and had reason to know him, used to come and sit down before his picture, and stay hour after hour, breathing hard, and wiping her eyes when she thought herself unobserved, saying it was the only likeness of his Lordship that had ever been painted; that by Phillips being a caricature, and half a score of others only supposititious, — all the painters being determined to represent the *poet* instead of the *man*. West gave him with a full, pleasant face, a clear complexion, large blue eyes, chestnut hair: blue eyes, I say, though I may be mistaken, for the eyes of West were wonders, — iridescent, clear, and changeable; but there was no melancholy, no pouting, no sulking, as if somebody else had "got a bigger bun," — to borrow an idea of Mrs. Leigh Hunt, — which Byron never forgot nor forgave. And here it may not be amiss to give some of West's reminiscences that just occur to me.

The first time he ever saw Guiccioli, she came to a window and looked in, while he was painting Byron. He was quite startled, thinking the face that of a young girl, out for a romp among the daisies and buttercups, and never dreaming that the Countess herself was there, overseeing his work with her innocent, girlish face. Byron was a sad dog at the best, and used to speak of her, just as he did of a little plump chambermaid, with whom he was on rather familiar terms, sometimes acknowledging a preference for the *contadina* while coquetting with the *contessa*.

Once Byron complimented West extravagantly on his courage, because he did not hide himself, when a servant of his Lordship was running a muck through the court-yard, and threatening everybody that came in his way — all which ended with the man's kissing and hugging his Lordship. Byron had retreated to his chamber; but West, believing it only a bit of acting, a mere flourish on the part of Pietro, went forth and met him in the midst of his tantrums, whereupon, after a few more extravagances, he burst into tears, and finished by beslobbering his Lordship,

who met him at the top of the stairs, after the fit was over. Of course, we all remember how Byron complimented Lady Hester Stanhope for her horsemanship, when she was mounted on a very commonplace animal, neither vicious nor spirited, which anybody might have ridden.

One day, when West was hard at work on his Cupid and Psyche, which was soon after engraved for a London annual, a sculptor tried to borrow the idea; but West said, "No; if you should outlive me, I may be charged with borrowing from you," and he appealed to me. I took the same view. While chatting with him at this time, he told me that Byron liked borrowing, as he proved; and that he said something West admired very much in Childe Harold was "*gin*, only gin." But one of the richest things he told me was the following. He was engaged on the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, and had nearly finished, when the mother came to see it, bringing with her a sister from the country. After looking at the picture for several minutes without speaking, the sister exclaimed, "Why, Maria! why didn't you have blue eyes?" "Blue eyes! why, my eyes are brown!" "O, but blue eyes are so much prettier!"

Not long after this, he undertook my portrait, chiefly, I dare say, that I might be led to unsay what I had published about his chalkiness. The drawing was beautiful, the coloring bad; but long before he had finished what everybody who knew us both acknowledged to be one of his triumphs, he managed to introduce a yellow pocket-handkerchief with small red stars in it, which completely demoralized the picture. I never saw it again. He was incorrigible, and what nature had denied, no study or labor could give him.

Charles Codman. — *Landscape.* — One of our earliest and finest landscape-painters. Until his day, our painters, with a few exceptions (Sargent, Dunlap, Allston, Morse, and Peale), had confined themselves to history and portraiture, seldom or never venturing upon landscape. One day, soon after my return from abroad, I happened to dine at the Elm Tavern in Portland. While at table, my attention was directed to what seemed the strangest paper-hangings I had ever seen, — a forest of large trees, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and crowded with a luxuriant undergrowth. Upon further examination, I found these paper-hangings to be painted in oil; and learned, upon inquiry, that they were the work of a sign-painter. They were masterly, and I lost no time in hunting the artist up. I found him in the midst of his workshop half buried in signs, banners, fire-buckets, and all sorts of trumpery, which he had collected as a curiosity-hunter. I ordered a picture, which he spoiled by overdoing; and then another, which I have now, — the first he ever painted worth mentioning, though he went over the foliage with a pin before he considered it finished. After this I obtained orders from the late T. A. Deblois, Simon Greenleaf, and others of my acquaintance; and he continued improving, not slowly and step by step, but by leaps and strides, until he produced some of the most beautiful things I know of. One day, when he was just beginning to paint freely and heartily, I told him I thought he must have begun life with some painter of tea-trays, or pottery, or clock-faces. He laughed, and acknowledged that he had been apprenticed to Willard, the clock-maker of Roxbury, where he did paint nothing but clock-faces; and that after this, he worked for Penniman, the sign-painter of Boston.

John Rollin Tilton. — *Landscape.* — This wonderful man deserves a chapter, and we can barely afford him a page or part of a page, — a touch-and-go notice at most. Our acquaintance began as follows. Mr. John A. Poor, one of the directors of the Montreal and St. Lawrence Railway, called on me to look at some car-panels, which had just been painted in landscape for the corporation. The late Judge Preble, Pres-

ident of the road, it seems, had complained of Mr. Poor's extravagance, believing the panels must have been very costly, — not less than twenty or thirty dollars apiece. They were very clever and spirited, with water and atmosphere such as we see in life; but had evidently been dashed off in a fit of inspiration. "What should they have cost?" said Mr. Poor. "They would be cheap at ten or fifteen dollars apiece," I said, "though the astonishing facility of touch I see might have enabled the painter to do them for much less." "Well, sir, they cost us just twenty-five cents apiece: we paid him a dollar and a half a day, and he painted them all in one day. There he is now, — shall I introduce him?" "By all means," and straightway we became acquainted. He was a tall, pleasant-looking fellow, a mere stripling, — not over nineteen, I believe, and rather shy. He was a New Hampshire boy, and, when urged to undertake something worthier of his fine talents, he answered that he had a mother to support, and, with the wages he was earning, — a dollar and a half a day, — he could get along very well, and was not inclined to run any risk. Nevertheless I persisted, and got him into my back office, where he began to throw off his landscapes with a most alarming readiness; though the first he painted for me, instead of being full of poetry and fine atmospherical effects, was overlabored to such a degree as to leave nothing of his natural manner. But he soon broke away from such finishing, and produced landscapes of extraordinary merit, though full of errors and extravagances. In bringing out effects, he paid little attention to drawing; and, though his trees were distinguishable, they were never characteristic. He generalized nature, and soon fell into a style astonishingly like that of Claude de Lorraine, though he had never seen a picture of that master at the time; and I have now on my walls a picture of "Cape Cottage," a sort of marine villa, then belonging to me, on Cape Elizabeth, and now converted into a watering-place, which was wonderfully like some of Claude's in treatment and coloring. After this he went to Italy, where he has remained ever since, occupying a place in the very foremost rank of landscape-painters, whether living or dead, and having his own prices, and orders from all parts of the world, until, of late, he has refused to make any more engagements. He is now married to a woman of fine literary taste, and, as they have two charming children, of course he may be regarded as being settled for life.

In Portland, where we always have had for the last thirty years one or more landscape-painters worthy of high praise, we have now Harry Brown, whose pictures are making their way right and left all over the land; and two or three more, like Hudson, who will find it no easy matter, with all their cleverness, to keep up the reputation of our city for landscape. In portraiture we have done just nothing at all. Portland never produced a portrait-painter worth mentioning, except the younger Cole, whose brother went to Boston, and there painted some very clever pictures. But enough.

P. S. In my last, (see December, 1868, Atlantic, page 647,) where I have to do with Mr. Titian Peale, now in the Patent Office at Washington, where his fine talents, accuracy, and large experience are turned to the best account, I wrote "Lewis and Clarke," when I should have written "Major Long's Expedition." I am reminded also by Dr. J. Ray, that Franklin Peale was a fifth son of Rembrandt.

For "enthroned *mysteries*," with a comma, page 645, please read "enthroned *mystery* —" with a dash. If a spare *and* could be slipped into another period on page 649, after "more than once," so that it might read "more than once, *and* I drove Breckenridge," &c., it would be a relief to my friend Ray and myself.

THE FATAL ARROW.

MY father had a fair-haired harvester; —
I gleaned behind him in the barley-land;
And there he put a red rose in my hand:
O cruel, killing leaves those rose-leaves were!

He sung to me a little lovelorn lay,
Learned of some bird; and while his sickle swept
Athwart the shining stalks, my wild heart kept
Beating the tune up with him all the way.

One time we rested by a limpid stream,
O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low;
Ah blessed hour! so long and long ago,
It cometh back upon me like a dream.

And there he told me, blushing soft — ah me! —
Of one that he could love, — so young, so fair,
Like mine the color of her eyes and hair:
O foolish heart! I thought that I was she!

Full flowed his manly beard; his eyes so brown
Made sweet confession with their tender look;
A thousand times I kissed him in the brook,
Across the flowers, — with bashful eyelids down.

And even yet I cannot hear the stir
Of willows by a water but I stop,
And down the warm waves all their length I drop
My empty arms, to find my harvester.

In all his speech there was no word to mend;
Whate'er he said, or right or wrong, was best,
Until at last an *arrow* pierced my breast,
Tipt with a fatal point, — he called me *friend!*

Still next my heart the fading rose I wore,
But all so sad; full well I knew, God wot,
That I had been in love and he had not,
And in the barley-field I gleaned no more.

POPULARIZING ART.

THE impatience of a German washerwoman led to the invention of lithography. The history of that elegant art begins with a homely domestic scene, which occurred at Munich about the year 1793, and in which three characters figured, — Madame Senefelder, the poor widow of an excellent actor, then recently deceased; her son, Alois Senefelder, aged twenty-two, a young man of an inventive turn; and the impatient washerwoman just mentioned. The washerwoman had called at the home of this widow for the weekly "wash"; but the "list" was not ready, and the widow asked her son to take it. He looked about the room for a piece of paper upon which to write it, without being able to find the least fragment, and he noticed also that his ink was dry. Washerwomen are not apt to be overawed by such customers, and this one certainly did not conceal her impatience while the fruitless search was proceeding. The young man had in the apartment a smooth, soft, cream-colored stone, such as lithographers now use. He had also a mass of paste made of lampblack, wax, soap, and water. In the hurry of the moment, he dashed upon the soft, smooth stone the short list of garments, using for the purpose this awkward lump of oily paste. The washerwoman went off with her small bundle of clothes, peace was restored to the family, and the writing on the stone remained.

To understand how so trifling a circumstance caused the invention of lithography, it is necessary to know why this young man had in his house that flat, smooth stone and that soapy black lump, and how it happened that his ink was dry, and that not the smallest piece of paper could be found in the room. If it is humiliating to the pride of man to learn what a great part Accident plays in discoveries, we are somewhat reassured when we perceive that it is only a specially trained, active, penetrating human intelligence which can interpret and follow up the hint which Accident gives. *Our* washerwoman, reader, might drive us raving mad with her impatience, but I fear we should never invent anything remarkable in consequence. But this Alois Senefelder was prepared for his washerwoman by previous experiment and brooding thought.

He had been a law student to please his father; but upon his father's death, the poverty of the family compelled him to abandon a distasteful pursuit, and he hastened to try the stage. The coldness of the audience announced to him that he had not inherited his father's talent, and the manager could only offer him the position of supernumerary, which he accepted. While performing silent parts, he devised speeches and situations for more gifted actors. Some of his plays were performed, and with such success that he deemed it worth while to print them; and this led to his becoming intimately conversant with the whole art and mystery of printing. Having plenty of leisure, and a plentiful lack of everything else, it occurred to him to try and save expense by printing his own plays; and, with that end in view, he proceeded to experiment with sealing-wax, wood, and other substances. Not succeeding in getting a good impression from wax or wood, he attempted to engrave a copperplate by the aid of aqua-fortis. But before applying this biting liquid, he had to cover his copperplate with the varnish that engravers use for the purpose, and write upon it a page of print backwards. It is not easy to write printing letters backwards; he made many mistakes; and one mistake might spoil a most laboriously written page. To lessen this difficulty, he contrived the mixture of wax, soap, lampblack, and water referred to above, with which he used to

cover over his errors, and write upon it the correct word. This accounts for his having in his house so unusual a mixture, which was, in fact, an *oily pencil*, — one of the essentials of the art, then unknown, of taking impressions from a writing or drawing upon stone.

He succeeded, at length, in getting a tolerable proof of one page from his copperplate. But plates of polished copper are expensive, and the poor German playwright could not continue his experiments with them. In the neighborhood of Munich the slabs of soft stone, since used by lithographers, are found; and it now occurred to the experimenter to try and engrave his works upon them. It is a *lime* stone, which, though soft when taken from the quarry, hardens after exposure to the air. He cut some letters upon the surface of one of the slabs which he had brought with his own hands from the banks of the Inn; but the result was not encouraging, and he only waited for his purse to be replenished to continue his experiments upon copper. Meanwhile he used to cover his flat stone with engraver's varnish, and upon the surface thus prepared practise writing backwards. On the morning of the washerwoman's visit he had in his room a stone which he had been roughening a little to receive the varnish, and it lay before him fresh and clean. Every scrap of paper in the house he had used in taking proofs from his copperplate and engraved stones; and the ink of this dramatic author was dry because, in his eagerness to print, he had ceased to write. Hence it was that, to get rid of an impatient washerwoman, he wrote the list of clothes upon a surface of limestone with a soapy, waxy pencil. The wax was of no importance. The secret of what followed was that he had written upon limestone with a pencil of which *grease* was an ingredient.

In fact, the whole art of lithography and chromo-lithography depends upon two facts of chemistry, — that water and oil will not mix, and that oil and lime will.

Before rubbing out his hasty scrawl, it occurred to him to try whether the letters would resist aqua-fortis; a weak dilution of which he poured over the stone, and let it remain wet for five minutes. He found, or fancied, that the aqua-fortis had eaten away the stone to the depth of one line, leaving the letters in slight relief. His next thought was to see if it were possible to take an impression of his list upon paper. After many experiments and failures, he succeeded in contriving a method by which he could cover his letters with ink, and keep the rest of the surface clean. He found it was only necessary to wet the whole surface of the stone before applying his inking pad. The film of water kept the oily printers' ink from adhering to the stone, but did *not* keep it from adhering to the letters written upon the stone with soap and lampblack. He laid his paper upon the stone, applied the requisite pressure, and lo! an excellent proof of his washing list! Lithography was invented. The process was complete. It only remained to devise apparatus for executing it with facility and despatch.

The great secrets of the art are these three: 1. A limestone surface; 2. An oily pencil in drawing upon that surface; 3. Wetting the stone before putting on the oily printing-ink.

Every one familiar with the history of inventions can guess perfectly well what next befell this inventor without being told. It is ever the same old story. After reducing himself very near the verge of starvation by continuing his experiments, and being at his wits' end, a man who had been drawn as a conscript in a neighboring province offered him fifty dollars if he would serve in his stead. Senefelder accepted the offer, but, upon presenting himself at the station, he was rejected as a foreigner, and compelled to return to Munich. Then he revealed his secret to the Court musician, and represented to him how well adapted the new process was to the printing of music, which was then only printed upon copperplates at great cost. The Court musician was convinced.

He joined the inventor in setting up at Munich the first lithographic establishment that ever existed in the world; where, amid poverty and discouragement, Senefelder toiled on, inventing presses, utensils, processes, and methods, patiently developing the art which he had created. Of course, the engravers and draughtsmen of that day either pooh-poohed lithography as something contemptible and transitory, or denounced it as inimical to the interests of art; and we may be sure that some of the art critics of the time smiled derision upon the inventor's exertions, and maintained that the slightest sketch from an artist's hand was more to be desired than the best lithograph which mechanism could assist in producing. It is mentioned, as an evidence of the slight importance attached to the new art, that on one occasion the Academy of Munich voted to Senefelder and his partner the sum of twelve florins to aid them in their experiments. The inventor, however, as inventors frequently do, triumphed at length over foes and friends, and, after about twenty years of unrequited labor, secured a small but sufficient share of the results of his invention.

He lived to the year 1834. I am assured by the most eminent lithographer of the United States, that Senefelder created almost the entire process, as now conducted, by which plain lithographs are produced, and that he lived to see that branch of the art reach its utmost development. Better plain lithographs were executed in the inventor's own lifetime than it has since been thought worth while to attempt. He also brought the art of tinting lithographs as far as it has ever gone, although, perhaps, he did not himself execute the best specimens. Finally, he more than suggested the application of the process by which those chromo or color lithographs are produced, which now adorn our abodes, and which are pushing from cottage and farm-house and barber-shop walls the gorgeous daubs of Napoleon crossing the Alps, the portraits of "Emma," the engravings of General Washington ascending to heaven borne by angels in Continental uniform, the representations of Edwin Forrest in the part of Rolla, holding aloft in fearful peril the child of a supernumerary, which used to disfigure them. It is seldom that in a single lifetime an invention is developed so far as this, and applied to so many uses.

The part which Accident played in the invention of lithography is more than usually remarkable. Since the day when Alois Senefelder, wandering thoughtful on the banks of Isar, near Munich, picked up specimens of that peculiar limestone, and brought home a slab to engrave upon, the earth has been carefully looked over, and the geologists have been closely questioned, for lithographic stones; but none have been found equal to those which he there discovered, seventy-five years since. That quality of stone has increased in price, until it now sells in our seaports at thirty-five cents a pound, which makes a stone twenty inches square worth about fifty dollars; but we can get no supplies of it except in the region where Accident revealed its existence to our poor playwright in 1793. If he had daubed his washing-list on marble or slate, nothing would have come of it. If he could only have found a small fragment of a play-bill or newspaper lying about in his room, we might never have had lithography. If his ink had not been dry, he would doubtless have used that in writing upon the stone, and from such an ink no impressions could have been taken. If his washerwoman had been so happy as to possess a tranquil mind, or if she had had no crying baby at home, or had held the Senefelder family in more respect, the poor lad might have kept her waiting while he ran in next door and borrowed a piece of paper. If he had not mixed some soap in his paste, and thus added to it the ingredient of oil, which forms the requisite chemical combination with the limestone, he would have experimented fruitlessly with his washing-list. If he

and his mother had not been very poor, and in all respects circumstanced just as they were and where they were, mankind might not for ages to come, and might never, have attained to lithography, and we should not have been the happy possessors of Mr. Prang's chromos. It is startling to consider how near we all came to losing Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy." Two inches of waste paper the more, or a small piece of yellow soap the less, and the public might never have had that interesting child.

Chromo-lithography, by which our houses and school-rooms are now filled with beautiful pictures, is a combination of Senefelder's invention with an ancient method of printing in colors by using two or more blocks. Antiquity, however, only gave the hint, which has been developed with wonderful rapidity by accomplished artists and artisans in Germany, France, England, and the United States, — the German Engelmann being the chief originator of methods. The first patents relating to chromo-lithography bear date 1835, and in these forty-four years the art has made such progress, that copies of fine oil-paintings are now daily produced which contain all of the original picture which the public can see, and which none but a close observer can tell from the original. At Prang's manufactory of chromos in Boston there is a gallery in which the proprietor sometimes hangs, side by side, an oil painting and the chromo-lithograph taken from it, both framed alike. I think that not even the artist who painted the picture could always tell them apart, and I am sure that few others could. It would be a safe thing to wager that the critics who have endeavored to write down these beautiful productions would not be always able, without handling them, to decide which was brush and which was printing-press.

The process by which these chromo-lithographs are produced is simple, but it is long, delicate, and expensive. One of the chromos most familiar, just now, to the public is that of the boy referred to above, in the painting of which Mr. Eastman Johnson endeavored to express upon canvas that which Mr. Whittier had already written in verse: —

> "Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
> With thy turned-up pantaloons,
> And thy merry-whistled tunes;
> With thy red lip, redder still
> Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
> With the sunshine on thy face,
> Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
> From my heart I give thee joy;
> I was once a barefoot boy!"

It is a small picture, — about thirteen inches by ten, — but to reproduce it in chromo-lithograph requires twenty-six slabs of stone, weighing not far from two tons, and worth fourteen hundred dollars. The time occupied in preparing these stones for the press is about three months; and when once the stones are ready, an edition of a thousand copies is printed in five months more. And yet, although the original is worth a thousand dollars, and the process of reproduction is so long and costly, a copy is sold for five dollars, — a copy, too, which, to nineteen-twentieths of the public, says as much, and gives as much delight every time it is looked at, as the original work could. It may be possible, in a few words, to convey some idea of the manner in which this particular boy, standing barefoot upon a rock in a brook, with trees, a grassy bank, and blue sky behind him, is transferred from a thousand-dollar canvas to whole stacks of five-dollar pasteboard.

As far as possible, the chromo-lithographer produces his copy by the method which the artist employed in painting the original. One great difference between painting and printing is, that the printer puts on all his color at once, while the painter applies color in infinitesimal quantities. One crush of the printing-press blackens the page; but a landscape grows and brightens gradually under the artist's hand, as the natural scene which he is representing ripens and colors under the softer touches of the sun, the warm winds and gentle showers of April and May. As

far as possible, I say, the chromo-lithographer imitates these processes of art and nature by applying color in small quantities and by many operations. He first draws upon a stone, with his pencil of soap and lampblack, a faint shadow of the picture, — the outline of the boy, the trees, and the grassy bank. In taking impressions from this first stone an ink is used which differs from printers' ink only in its color. Printers' ink is composed chiefly of boiled linseed oil and lampblack; but our chromo-lithographer, employing the same basis of linseed oil, mixes with it whatever coloring matter he requires. In taking impressions from the first stone in laying, as it were, the foundation of the boy, he prefers a browned vermilion. The proof from this stone shows us a dim beginning of the boy in a cloud of brownish-red and white, in which can be discerned a faint outline of the trees that are by and by to wave over his head. The face has no features. The only circumstances clearly revealed to the spectator are, that the boy has his jacket off, and that his future trousers will be dark. Color is placed, first of all, where most color will be finally wanted.

The boy is begun. He wants more vermilion, and some portions of the trees and background will bear more. On the second stone, only those portions of the picture are drawn which at this stage of the picture require more of that color. Upon this second stone, after the color is applied, the first impression is laid, and the second impression is taken. In this proof, the boy is manifestly advanced. As the deeper color upon his face was not put upon the spots where his eyes are to be, we begin to discern the outline of those organs. The boy is more distinct, and the general scheme of the picture is slightly more apparent.

As yet, however, but two colors appear, — brown-vermilion and white. On the third stone the drawing is made of all the parts of the picture which require a blue coloring, — both those that will finally appear blue and those which are next to receive a color that will combine with blue. Nearly the whole of the third stone is covered with drawing; for every part of the picture requires some blue, except those small portions which are finally to remain white. The boy is now printed for the third time, a bright blue color being spread upon the stone. The change is surprising, and we begin now to see what a pretty picture we are going to have at last. The sky is blue behind the boy, and the water around the rock upon which he stands is blue; there is blue in his eyes and in the folds of his shirt; but in the darker parts of the picture the brown-vermilion holds its own, and gains in depth and distinctness from the intermixture with the lighter hue.

Stone number four explains why so much blue was used upon number three. A bright yellow is used in printing from number four, and this color, blending with the blue of the previous impression, plasters a yellowy disagreeable green on the trees and grass. The fifth stone, which applies a great quantity of brown-vermilion, corrects in some degree this dauby, bad effect of the yellow, deepens the shadows, and restores the spectator's confidence in the future of the boy. In some mysterious way, this liberal addition of vermilion brings out many details of the picture that before were scarcely visible. The water begins to look like water, the grass like grass, the sky like sky, and the flesh like flesh. The sixth stone adds nothing to the picture but pure black; but it corrects and advances nearly every part of it, especially the trunks of the trees, the dark shade upon the rocks, and portions of the boy's trousers. Stone number seven gives the whole picture, except the figure of the boy, a coat of blue; which, however, only makes that bluer which was blue before, and leaves the other objects of their previous color, although brighter and clearer. The eighth stone merely puts "madder lake" upon the boy's face, hands, and feet, which darkens them a little, and gives them a reddish tinge. He is, however, far from

being a pleasing object; for his eyes, unformed as yet, are nothing but dirty blue spots, extremely unbecoming. The ninth stone, which applies a color nearly black, adds a deeper shade to several parts of the picture, but scarcely does anything for the boy. The tenth stone makes amends by putting upon his cheeks, hands, and feet a bright tinge of blended lake and vermilion, and giving to his eyes a somewhat clearer outline.

To an inexperienced person the picture now appears to be in a very advanced stage, and many of us would say, Put a little speculation into that boy's eyes, and let him go. Trees, rocks, grass, water, and sky look pretty well,—look a thousand times better than the same objects in paintings which auctioneers praise, and that highly. But we are only at the tenth stone. That child has to go through the press sixteen times more before Mr. Prang will consider him fit to appear before a fastidious public.

Stones number eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen all apply what seems to the uninstructed eye mere black. The colors are, indeed, extremely dark, although not pure black, and the chief object of these six impressions is to put into the picture those lines and shadows which the eye just mentioned cannot understand, but only enjoys. It is by such minute applications of color that a picture is raised from the scale of merit which escapes censure to that which affords delight. The last of these shading stones gives the boy his eyes, and from this time he looks like himself.

The seventeenth stone lays upon the trees and grass a peculiar shade of green that corrects them perceptibly. Number eighteen just touches the plump cheeks, the mouth and toes of the boy with mingled lake and vermilion, at which he smiles. The last seven stones continue the shading, deepening, and enriching of the picture by applying to different parts of it the various mitigations of black. It is then passed through the press upon a stone which is grained in such a way as to impart to the picture the roughness of canvas; after which it is mounted upon thick pasteboard and varnished. The resemblance to the original is then such that it is doubtful if Mr. Eastman Johnson could pick out his own boy if he were surrounded with a number of copies.

It is not every picture that admits of such successful treatment as this, nor does every chromo-lithographer bestow upon his productions so much pains and expense. A salable picture could be made of this boy in ten impressions; but, as we have seen, he receives twenty-six; and the process might be prolonged until a small quarry of stones had been expended upon him. Some landscapes have been executed which required fifty-two stones, and such pictures advance to completion by a process extremely similar to that employed by an artist. That is to say, color is applied to them very much in the same order, in the same minute quantities, and with an approach to the same intelligent delicacy of touch. It is an error to regard these interesting works as mechanical. A mere mechanic, it is true, by a certain Chinese servility of copying, can produce an extremely close, hard imitation of an oil painting; and much work of this kind is done in Germany and England. But in our Boston establishment no mechanic puts pencil to one of the stones employed in producing fine pictures. The artistic work is executed by artists of repute, who have themselves produced respectable paintings of the kind which they are employed to imitate. Any one who watches Mr. Harring transferring to a long series of lithographic stones Mr. Hill's painting of the Yosemite Valley will perceive that he is laboring in the spirit of an artist and by the methods of an artist. It would be highly absurd to claim for any copyist equal rank with the creator of the original, or to say that any copy can possess the intrinsic value of an original. But it is unjust to reduce to the rank of artisans the skilful and patient artists who know how to catch the spirit and preserve the details of a fine

work, and reproduce in countless copies all of both which the public can discern.

This art of chromo-lithography harmonizes well with the special work of America at the present moment, which is not to create, but to diffuse; not to produce literature, but to distribute the spelling-book; not to add to the world's treasures of art, but to educate the mass of mankind to an intelligent enjoyment of those which we already possess. Our poets, most of them, are gray-beards, and it does not yet appear that their places are to be filled when they are gone. Our few literary men of established rank are descending into the vale of years, and their successors have not emerged into view. In the region of the fine arts there are indications of more vigorous life; but our young artists do not seem so willing as the great men of old to submit to the inexorable conditions of a lasting and a *growing* success, — a simple, inexpensive life, steady toil, Spartan fare, and a brain uncontaminated by narcotics. And if, in the department of original science, we can boast of one great name, it is the name of a person whom we only had the sense to appropriate, not the honor to produce. Meanwhile, what our sweet and tenderly beloved Tory friends amiably style "the scum of Europe" pours upon our shores, chokes up our cities, and overspreads the Western plains. When a Tory speaks of the "scum of Europe," or of "the dregs of the people," he merely means the people whom *his* barbaric and all-grasping meanness has kept ignorant and poor. These people, as well as the emancipated slaves of the South, it devolves upon us of this generation and the next to convert into thinking, knowing, skilful, tasteful American citizens. Mr. Prang has finished his new manufactory just in time. By his assistance we may hope to diffuse among all classes of the people that feeling for art which must precede the production of excellent national works.

The public have shown an alacrity to possess these beautiful pictures. In April, 1861, Louis Prang was proprietor of a small lithographic establishment in the fourth story of a building in Boston. The impending war had not merely injured his business, but brought it to an absolute standstill. His presses were covered with dust; he had dismissed his workmen; no one came near him; and, being still in debt for his presses and stones, he was not to be reckoned, just then, among the fortunate of his species. One day, at the time when all eyes were directed to the pregnant events occurring in Charleston Harbor, when Sumter and Moultrie were on every tongue and in every heart, a friend chanced to show the anxious lithographer an engineer's plan of that harbor, with the positions of all the forts, shoals, and channels marked, with a map of the city in its proper place, drawings of the forts in the corners, and the distances indicated. "This would be a good thing for you to publish," said his friend. It was an oar thrown to a drowning man. A few days after, the occupants of the lofty building in which Mr. Prang had his small shop were at first surprised, and then annoyed, by the thunder of newsboys and errand-boys tramping up and thumping down the stairs leading to the lithographer's room. Four presses were soon running. The master of the shop, with surprise and pleasure beaming from his countenance, of late so dejected, was handing out copies of the map by ones, twos, dozens, twenties, and hundreds, damp from the stones, as fast as the presses could print them. On the first day, before the map had got into the shop windows and upon the news-stands, so large a number of single copies were sold, at twenty-five cents each, by the publisher himself, that he had at night a hatful of silver coin. The flow of cash came so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that he did not know where to put it, and was obliged to use his hat, for want of a reservoir more convenient. The little map was a marvellous hit. It sold to the extent of forty thousand copies before the public mind was turned to other scenes.

And you may be sure that, when the public mind had gone over the Long Bridge into Virginia, Mr. Prang was ready with another map, and that during the four years which followed it was not his fault if the people did not perfectly comprehend the various Seats of War. One of his maps, drawn so that each person could mark for himself the changing positions of the two armies, was in such demand that he had six presses running upon it, night and day, for several weeks, and sold hundreds of thousands of copies. When maps flagged, he started those card-portraits of popular generals, of which millions were sold, at ten cents each, chiefly to the army. Then followed sheets of heads, — fifty heads upon one large card, — which had considerable success.

In this way was accumulated the capital upon which Mr. Prang's present business of chromo-lithography was founded. He began with those extremely pretty cards which enliven young ladies' albums. He invited a lady of Boston, noted for her skill and taste in painting flowers and fruit, to paint for him twelve wild-flowers from nature, each on a card of the usual album size. These he lithographed in colors, and followed them with sets of mosses, butterflies, birds, roses, autumn leaves, fruit, dogs, landscapes, and many others. All of these were painted from nature, and reproduced with great fidelity. Some of them are exceedingly popular with the possessors of albums; one set of twelve beautiful roses having already reached a sale of fifty thousand sets. And so, by successive steps, this able man arrived at the production of full chromo-lithographs. His first attempts were failures. A set of four Cuban scenes, the first of the Prang chromos, which were sold together in a paper portfolio, did not strike the public favorably. There was nothing to hang up in the parlor. Mr. Prang next tried a pair of landscapes, which also failed to lure five-dollar bills from the passers-by. His third attempt was Tait's Group of Chickens, and this was an immediate, great, and permanent success. This encouraged him to persevere, until now his list of full chromos embraces forty subjects, and he has been able to build the first factory that was ever erected for a lithographic business in any part of the world. With seventy men and forty presses, he is only just able to supply the demand. It would now be hard to find a house or school-room in which there is not somewhere a bit of brilliancy executed at this establishment.

In order to value aright the advantage it is to the public to be able to buy a truly beautiful little picture, correct in drawing and natural in color, for the price of a pair of slippers, it is necessary for us to know what pictures these chromos displace. It is not true that they lessen the demand for excellent original works. The ostentation of the rich, in this kind of luxury, ministers to the pleasure of the rest of mankind; just as the pride of a class pays for the opera, which the poor man can enjoy for next to nothing in the gallery. The reason why I, in this city of New York, own a fine park of eight hundred acres, is because sundry rich men felt the need of a more convenient place for displaying their equipages on fine afternoons. We may rely upon it, that the persons who now buy expensive works will continue so to do, and that these chromos will enhance, rather than diminish, the value of originals; because the possession of an original will confer more distinction when every one has copies; and it is *distinction* which the foolish part of our race desires. Nor is it a slight advantage to an artist to have in his works two kinds of property, instead of one; the power to sell them, and the power to sell the privilege of multiplying copies of them. Neither art, literature, nor science will have fair play in this world, until *one* success, strictly first-rate, will confer upon the producer of the work a competent estate; or, in other words, until every one who acquires property in a production of art, literature, or science will pay a just compensation to

the producer. Before many years have passed, we shall see artists mounted on horseback riding in my Central Park, who would have gone on foot all their days, but for the reproduction of their works by chromo-lithography. Copyright will pay for the oats.

But there is one class of picture-dealers and picture-makers whom this beautiful process of chromo-lithography will seriously injure. I mean those who make and sell the landscapes which are offered at the New York ferries for five dollars a pair, gilt frames and all; also those who sell at auction "splendid oil paintings collected in Italy by a well-known connoisseur recently deceased." Some of these fine works, I am informed by one who has done them (a German artist whom poverty and ignorance of the English language compelled for a few months to misuse his brush in this way), are executed a dozen at a time, and are paid for by the dozen. Twelve canvases are set up in a large garret-room. The painter, with paint-pot in one hand and brush in the other, goes his rounds; first, putting in all the skies; next, perhaps, all the grass; then, his trees; and, finally, dots in a few cows, sheep, children, and ladies. A good hand can execute a very superior dozen in a week, for which, in these dear times, he may get as much as twenty dollars. Before the war, the established price for a good article of an oil painting was twelve dollars a dozen, and find your own paint.

The principal manufactory in the United States of this description of ware is in a certain Broad and noisy street of a city that need not be named. It is styled by its proprietor "The American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists"; but, among the unhappy young men who earn a sorry livelihood by plying the brush therein, the establishment is called "The Slaughter-House," and its master "The Butcher." This man of blood was once an auctioneer in a street that has little in common with the illustrious orator and statesman whose name it bears, wherein persons in needy circumstances can either sell superfluous or buy indispensable garments. It is now his boast that he is the "greatest patron of the fine arts in America," and his ways of patronizing art are various. He will have pictures painted by a young artist whose necessities are urgent, which he will keep as part of his stock in trade. In a room partitioned off from "The American Art Gallery" just mentioned he has a number of "hands" multiplying copies of these pictures as fast as the brush can dab on the paint. These "hands," to whom he pays weekly wages which average less than the wages of laborers, acquire by incessant practice a dexterity in making the copies that is truly remarkable. Besides these, he has out-door hands, who, like journeymen tailors, take their work home and do it by the piece. The pictures are offered for sale in the Gallery; but as they accumulate rapidly, the proprietor holds an auction every few weeks, either of the Old Masters or of Great Living Artists. These auctions take place by turns, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The Californians, my German artist says, are liberal patrons of the "American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists," the sales in San Francisco being both frequent and profitable. Even to Australia, on the other side of the globe, consignments of these precious works are sent from the Gallery in the nameless city. The pictures offered at the auction sales are frequently advertised and declared to be "original oil paintings, by native artists, from the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists." The frame is, of course, an item of the first importance in this kind of picture. The butcher manufactures his own frames, and he takes care that they shall be splendid. This is probably the secret of his success; for what is there dearer to the heart of man and woman than a gorgeous parlor? This amiable passion burns in the breast of every true Amer-

ican, and it is this which creates the demand for splendid gilt frames with something in them that looks a little like a picture.

I will copy, for the reader's more complete information, a few sentences from a letter lying before me, which describes some of the modes in which Art is encouraged at this American Gallery :—

"The proprietor never fails to impress upon a young artist who goes to him to sell pictures or get employment the advantages to be derived from *studying* with him, and his generosity in founding a place for their encouragement and assistance, and in furnishing them canvas, a nice studio, easels, and other things, and then paying them while they are improving themselves. They are required to furnish their own paints; but as they all use house paint, and buy it in pound pots, that does not form a very heavy item of expense. When I first went to him in 1863 I preferred working by the piece, and generally made about fifteen dollars a week. .... I received for a picture twenty-six inches by thirty-six, four dollars; for one about twelve by sixteen, one dollar and a half. For Cole's Voyages of Life, size twenty-four by thirty (one set was sent with every collection), we received two dollars. The next time I went to him he would not employ me except by the week, and gave me twelve dollars, which he said was more than he was in the habit of paying. When working by the piece, the most money was to be made on what he calls his crystal medallions, — small ovals pasted on the under side of convex glasses, for which we were paid from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, according to size. It is a trick of this old fellow, when a person brings in a picture for sale, to tell him to leave it, and when he has time he will look at it, and pay whatever it is worth. If the owner does so, and the picture is of any value, he sends it immediately to the paint room, and has one or more copies made of it. When the owner calls he will offer him two or three dollars for it; and if he is not satisfied, he can take it away, for the copies answer the purpose just as well as the original."

These are the pictures which chromos are displacing. Such are the dealers whom their popularity is likely to drive to more honest or less hurtful employments. When I hear critics lamenting the prevalence of these truly beautiful products of chemistry and art, and declaring that they corrupt the taste of the people, I think of the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists, and smile serene.

It is possible to overvalue the educating influence even of excellent pictures. In strengthening or informing the intellect, they are of no more use than mothers' kisses or the smiling loveliness of a flower-garden; and, truly, a man may spend his life among pictures, and fill books with eloquent discourse about them, and yet remain a poor, short-sighted reactionist, filled with insolent contempt of his species, whom he does his best to mislead. But we can say of good pictures, that they are a source of innocent and refined pleasure; and that is enough to justify their existence. I think, therefore, that this new art, which enables me and other laborers to buy for five dollars all that we can enjoy of a thousand-dollar picture, is one that deserves the encouragement it is receiving; and I cannot but regard it as a kind of national blessing, that the business of supplying us with these productions has fallen to the lot of so honest, painstaking, and tasteful a person as Louis Prang.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

II.

IN a former paper* we have seen that several good American schools, variously called scientific, polytechnic, or technological, now offer to young men who are not inclined to go to college a liberal and practical education in preparation for active pursuits and the scientific professions. These schools receive boys of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and usually endeavor to carry them through a systematic four years' course of study; they thus cover the same period of life, on the average, as the ordinary college course. With a single exception, these schools do not require of candidates for admission any knowledge of either Latin or Greek, and in none of them are the classics taught. The sciences, modern literature, and philosophy form the basis of their instruction.

What, then, should be the preliminary training of a boy who is to be prepared to enter a scientific or technological school by the time he is seventeen years old? This question may best be answered in the course of a more general discussion.

The proper studies of boyhood may be classified under three heads, — language, mathematics, and science, both natural and exact. Without going into much detail, we wish, first, to consider what the training of all boys whose parents can afford to let them study until they are twenty-one should be in each of these principal subdivisions up to about the seventeenth year.

In language, the first thing which a child should study with persistence and thoroughness is his native tongue; and this, not through its formal grammar, but by reading aloud, by committing to memory choice bits, and by listening to a good teacher's commentary upon passages selected from standard authors on purpose to illustrate the capacities and varieties of the English sentence, the nature of its parts, the significance of the order of words, and the use of epithets. A child can drink in and instinctively appreciate the beauties of a refined or noble style years before he can understand grammar and rhetoric, just as he admires the flaming woods of autumn long before he even thinks to inquire into the elements and explanations of their sudden glory. The mother tongue should come to a child by unconscious imitation of good examples, by impregnation unawares with the idiomatic essence of the native speech. But to this end the best examples, in prose and poetry, must be kept constantly before him from the time when he can first commit to memory a bit of poetry (not doggerel) or a verse of the Bible. Almost all American schools utterly neglect this kind of training. French and German boys study their own languages in the manner above indicated early and late; but in England and the United States the study of formal grammar has unfortunately replaced the true study of English. When a boy has learned by imitation to know and use his mother tongue, it will be time enough for him to look at it as an instrument of thought; and before this time comes it is to be hoped that he will have studied grammar in some other language than his own. English literature should be the first literature which an American boy studies. It is a shame that so many boys of seventeen read the Georgics before the Midsummer Night's Dream, Horace before Milton, and Xenophon before Napier. The boys' school ought to teach English systematically and amply, so that no child's

* Page 205 of this volume.

knowledge of his native language should be left to the chance influences of his home, the street, and the newspaper.

After English, the most desirable language for a boy to study is Latin. Its study imparts knowledge of language as a vehicle of thought better than the study of less regular and less inflected languages. Moreover, by learning to read Latin, access is gained to a splendid literature which has exerted, and still exerts, a wonderful influence over the modern civilized communities. The living languages and recent literatures of Western Europe are all impregnated with the Roman speech and thought, and no man can be thoroughly at home in any one of them, not even in his own, without some knowledge of Latin. It is sometimes said that nothing is worth teaching which is not worth remembering, and that the man forgets all the Latin which the boy knew. But it is not true that the man loses the mental habits which the boy acquired in studying Latin. Most of the technical ideas which a boy gets while he studies Latin can be transferred to other languages; most of the ways of thinking which become natural to him will be applicable to other subjects of thought. The distinctions between subject, predicate, and object, between active and passive, between different moods and tenses, the various connections of time and place, the relations of dependence, sequence, and contingency, the definitions of technical terms, each of which contains a philosophical distinction, — these are things which can be made familiar to a boy of seventeen; and even if he never after open a Latin book, he will have acquired notions and habits which go far to fix his mental tone. His mind will have been already furnished with a literary stock of the best quality. It is possible, or perhaps probable, that this intellectual furniture, this mental discipline, may be obtained by hard work over any language and literature. The Gettysburg speech proves that it can be got out of English. But in the actual state of educational appliances, the study of Latin is the readiest means of obtaining it. As the world stands, Latin is the best medium, after the mother tongue, through which to study language in general, and to acquire the powers of clear conception and adequate expression. Young men who are to devote themselves chiefly to other than linguistic studies after their seventeenth or eighteenth year have special reason to give a large portion of their time before that year to the study of language. No men have greater need of the power of expressing their ideas with clearness, conciseness, and vigor than those whose avocations require them to describe and discuss material resources, industrial processes, public works, mining enterprises, and the complicated problems of trade and finance. In such writings embellishment may be dispensed with, but the chief merits of style — precision, simplicity, perspicuity, and force — are never more necessary.

When sound arguments are so abundant, it is a woful blunder to use false ones. Nobody ought to teach Latin to boys on the ground that it is indispensable to professional men. Any doctor, lawyer, or popular exhorter, who cannot learn by heart in a week all the technical terms and phrases of Latin origin which he encounters in his common professional occupations, has not wits enough for his calling. To give the Latin origin of some scientific names, some legal phrases, and a few doctors' hieroglyphics as a reason why all boys should learn Latin, is to assign the feeblest possible reason for doing what is on other grounds a very good thing. The vulgar argument that the study of the classics is necessary to "make a gentleman" is beneath contempt. Honor and gentleness are not a dye or a lacquer, but warp and woof. It is true that a certain social consideration attaches to persons who are supposed to know Latin and Greek, whether they are gentlemen or not. The reason is that for many generations Latin and Greek stood for all education, and society has not yet suf-

ficiently enlarged its old definition of an educated man.

The great need of a more thorough study of language than has lately been common among scientific men plainly appears in many of the scientific writings of the day. Many a genuine discoverer in science is quite unable to describe a fact, or series of facts, methodically, clearly, and accurately. Many an inventor whose mind is full of original and curious ideas is at a loss for language in which to convey them to others.

It is doubtless their experience of the losses, direct and indirect, suffered by boys who are ignorant of Latin, which has induced the two leading polytechnic schools of this country — the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Sheffield Scientific School — to recommend their pupils to study Latin before entering.

After Latin, or rather with Latin, should come French. Nothing need be said of the necessity of this language for all educated men. It can hardly be begun too early. Latin and French go admirably together, and these two languages, with English, should occupy more than half of every boy's time up to the seventeenth or eighteenth year.

Next comes the second principal subdivision of the studies proper to boyhood, namely, the mathematics. Arithmetic, algebra to equations of the second degree, and plane geometry, is a moderate requisition in this subdivision. The numerous American transcripts of French treatises on elementary algebra and geometry, happily much better than the corresponding English treatises, are sufficiently good schoolbooks. The worst taught of the three subjects is usually arithmetic. Many a boy of seventeen, who has studied arithmetic ever since he was seven, is unable to divide a whole number by 0.2 with ease and confidence. The above-mentioned amount of mathematics is about the quantity required by the best colleges for admission, and it is almost the sole requisition for admission to the scientific and technical schools. The preparatory schools are therefore accustomed to teach these subjects.

The science which may be judiciously taught to boys under seventeen years of age is, we believe, of much less bulk and variety than is commonly imagined. Chemistry, physics, zoölogy, physiology, and all the other sciences which deal much in theories, and require strong powers of imagination and combination, are unsuited to the undeveloped mind of boyhood. They may be played with by children so far as to take off the edge of an appetite which ought to be reserved in all its strength for profitable indulgence in future years; but to comprehend their reasoning and really profit by their serious study, the stronger thinking powers of opening manhood are requisite. To master a new phenomenon, and at the same time to refer it to its natural connections and grasp its theory and its explanation, requires a strong head and a retentive memory. Most of the sciences, if attacked in earnest, are much too hard for young boys. Of the natural sciences, physical geography with a glimpse of geology, and botany taught from flowers and plants, not from books, are well adapted to the boyish mind. Of the exact sciences, the elementary mechanics, taught by the simultaneous use of books and models, is the subject which may be most easily grasped in its reasoning, and most effectively illustrated in what the boy daily sees and handles. The six mechanical powers may be really comprehended, if well illustrated, by an average boy of fifteen; but electricity, sound, heat, light, and chemical combination by equivalents, are beyond his powers. He may enjoy seeing experiments in these sciences, just as he likes fireworks and magic-lanterns, but at the best it is only a very superficial acquaintance which he gets with these really difficult subjects. We have seen many cases in which too early dabbling with the physical sciences proved a positive injury in later years, when the serious study of these subjects was to be entered upon. An unfounded notion that

he is already acquainted with physics and chemistry is a grave injury to a boy of seventeen.

Lest misconceptions arise, brief allusion may here be made to two pregnant considerations which are reserved for full discussion in another connection. The first of these considerations is, that one cannot too early teach a child the distinction between a fact and an inference from a fact. Few adults appreciate this fundamental difference in its full strength. But it may, nevertheless, be very early impressed upon a child's mind, and daily illustrated from his own experience and observation. The second consideration is, that a familiar acquaintance with many of the phenomena which constitute the raw material of the sciences is attainable at an early age. Scientific study will proceed in maturer years with greater ease and firmness, if the common phenomena with which science deals have become domesticated in the mind during childhood. We use the term "phenomena" advisedly. It is to the appearances of things that a child's attention should be directed, not to their explanations or supposed final causes. The boy of seventeen will take to scientific chemistry much more kindly if he has been always encouraged to consider exactly what it is which happens to his father's tools when they are left out in the wet, or what becomes of the log put on the fire, or of the sugar in the tumbler of water. Geology will not be a wholly strange thing to a boy who has really noticed how, when sudden showers flood the roads, the sand and little stones are swept into the gutters, and hurried down the hill, and then dropped gently in the first level expanse. He has made early acquaintance with the transporting power of water. A boy who has observed with real attention the annual course of events in his father's market-garden — merely the events without cause or consequence — has unconsciously assimilated a mass of facts which he will be agreeably surprised to find already a part of himself, when he meets them again in the grave sciences of vegetable physiology, chemistry, and meteorology. This early assimilation of the countless common facts which form the main staple of the sciences is of great advantage in education. If, however, the facts are confounded with, or obscured by, theories and speculations, the gain is straightway converted into a loss.

There remains one other subject which some people would desire to see made matter of early study at school, namely, history, or at least the history of the United States. Many think, on the contrary, that so much of history as a child finds interesting will be picked up as a part of home reading, and as to the uninteresting parts, the dates and names of kings and queens, that it is as useless to learn a list of dates as of atomic weights, and that genealogies and tariffs are as unsuitable food for a child's mind as tables of the conducting power of the metals, or the baker's score by the kitchen window.

Judicious parents will see that their boys learn to draw and sing, either in school or out of school. It is a common mistake to consider these things the luxuries of education; they are both of great practical advantage to every man. Drawing, especially, is admirable training of eye and hand and imagination; provided only that it be the lithographs or of other people's drawing of objects, not the copying of drawings. The only legitimate use of copies is to show how the effects of light and shade, which a boy sees on a real object, can be effectively and rapidly imitated on paper. Mere manual dexterity in drawing is of great practical use in all the scientific professions, and to a good degree in common life. All children can learn to draw more or less, and most children can learn to sing.

Having thus sketched the proper preliminary training for boys destined for the scientific or technological schools, let us inquire how such a school-training is to be obtained at this day in this country. The answer is plain. It can only be obtained in the best schools, both public and private, which make it an important part of their business to

fit boys for college. The programme of study which has been detailed is not exactly the actual course of study which boys now pass through who are well prepared to enter Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or any other good college; but it is very nearly what such boys ought to accomplish besides their elementary study of Greek. At present the colleges require for admission a modicum of Greek. So long as this is the case, the preparatory schools must teach Greek; but this is the one study of such schools which boys destined for scientific or technological schools should omit. There is no necessity of putting Greek on the same ground with Latin in a scheme of education. The two languages are very unlike, and are entirely separable in discussion and in teaching. Greek has very little to do with the languages of modern Europe. It is Roman law, and not Greek law, which is the basis of the modern states. It is in Latin, and not in Greek, that European science, philosophy, and history are written down to the time of the French Revolution. Greek is indeed an essential part of high literary culture. It is a marvellous instrument of thought, the vehicle of an unsurpassed literature, and it is the language of the Gospels. But art is immensely broader and deeper than it was two generations ago, and average life is only a few months longer. Not every good thing can be eaten or studied at once. The welfare of the great mass of boys must not be sacrificed in school arrangements to that of the few who are to be ministers and literary men. A heavy responsibility rests on college examiners in this regard; the schools are very much what the colleges make them.

Let the best preparatory schools, therefore, keep in the same classes the boys for college and the boys for technical schools in all subjects except Greek; and let the study of Greek be put off as late as possible, in order to keep the boys together until the last practicable moment. If the necessity of giving the boys destined for college a considerable time for the study of Greek, compel a reduction for them in the studies enumerated above as best suited for the boys going to a technological school, let this reduction be made upon the geometry, elementary mechanics, and English subjects, which the boys destined for science need to study more thoroughly than the boys who will subsequently pass through the semi-classical college course. But the time assigned to the study of Greek must not be exaggerated. The Phillips Academy at Exeter, than which there is certainly no better preparatory school in this country, teaches thoroughly, in a course of three years, all the Latin, Greek, and mathematics required for admission to college. There have been many good college students who have learned in two years all the Latin and Greek demanded for admission.

It is a great object, worth some sacrifices, to keep all the boys together until the last year or eighteen months of their school life. A boy's course of study should be representative; it should be so selected as to reveal to him, or at least to his parents and teachers, his capacities and tastes before he is seventeen years old. Teachers are apt not to believe much in natural bents. They observe that the boy who is fond of mathematics is generally good in the classics also; that the boy who takes kindly to language is generally respectable in all other subjects. The observation is correct, but the inference from it is not a just one. The boy who loves mathematical reasoning learns to concentrate all his powers upon that subject. This power of thinking, once acquired, he applies successfully to other subjects. Another boy, who has a natural gift for languages, acquires this power of concentrated attention while studying Latin or Greek; he then applies it to his other studies, which he succeeds in mastering in spite of their distastefulness. But this general fact does not in the least invalidate the fundamental proposition, that a man will be productive and happy in his life-work just in proportion to his natural fitness for it. The teacher, mother, or father

can do nothing better for a boy than to find out, or help him to find out, this innate aptitude. But to this end the boy's course of study at school must be fairly representative. It must be neither language, science, nor mathematics chiefly, but all combined in due proportion. Parents who are able to do the best thing for their children, which is attainable in the actual state of American society may be sure that their boys' training up to sixteen years of age has not been right if it has not made possible for them all careers which start at or near that point.

But some indignant father says: "I spent two years of my boyhood in committing to memory Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, and learning the ancient geography of the countries about the Mediterranean. Nothing shall induce me to have my boy condemned to the same sickening drudgery." We would not gainsay this dictum. But high authorities now recommend Latin grammars which are much smaller than those of twenty and thirty years ago; and good teachers omit large portions even of these diminished grammars, especially the long lists of exceptions in etymology and the greater part of the syntax. Common sense has reformed to a good degree the teaching of the dead languages, and every year sees changes for the better. By thus reducing the teaching of formal grammar, time is gained for better things, — for reading Latin, for English and French, botany and drawing.

There is great need of broadening and deepening the course of study in the schools which receive the American boy from ten to seventeen. Reasonable parents justly complain of the very small number of subjects in which their boys are instructed at this forming period of their lives. It is indisputable that French and German boys, though inferior as a rule to American boys in reach and liveliness of mind, are better trained at seventeen than their American contemporaries, and in a larger variety of subjects. It is necessary to teach the very elements of French to a large part of the Senior class at Yale College. Not a few Harvard Sophomores were rather doubtful where the joke was, when one of their number announced that the Rhine is an African river. Many of the applicants for admission to the Troy Polytechnic School might be quite unable to divide by a fraction, if they should happen to forget the mechanical rule, "invert the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication."

A very interesting work is before the younger men who are now establishing or conducting preparatory schools. The school programmes are to be extended and enriched, the unprofitable subjects cut out, a greater variety of studies introduced, and the course of study so modified as to make it as available for boys who are going to polytechnic schools as for those who are going to college. We venture the prediction that the teachers who first or best effect these changes will find their account in them. The process of adaptation has already begun.

The country will shortly need more polytechnic schools of the highest grade than it now has. The four or five existing schools will be filled, and new ones will be established. The number of trained young men entering the scientific professions every year, becoming engineers, architects, teachers of science, chemists, superintendents of mines and works, and constructors of machinery, ought to bear some comparison with the number of those who enter the professions of law and medicine. The polytechnic schools may also play an important part in the much-hoped-for reform of the civil service of the country. It is a mistake to suppose that the growth of the technical schools will injure the colleges. On the contrary, the polytechnic schools, though claiming young men of the college age, and perhaps diverting a few from academic life, will do the colleges good service by relieving them of all necessity of meeting the demand for practical instruction, and leaving them at ease for their legitimate work.

A polytechnic or technological school is best placed in a large city, in a great industrial centre. A college needs quiet and seclusion; a technical school, on the contrary, should be within easy reach of works, mills, forges, machine-shops, and mines. The professors of a scientific school have need to be brought into daily contact with practical affairs, to watch the progress of new inventions as they develop from day to day, and to know the men who are improving special industries. The students of a scientific school have a like need. They need to see as much as possible of the actual conditions of practical mining, manufacturing, constructing, and inventing, while they are students, because, when they leave the school, they are almost invariably thrown directly into the vortex of business, and have not that interval of little work and much leisure through which the young lawyer or doctor is gradually initiated into the practical details of his profession.

The amount of money required to establish securely a polytechnic school of the best sort, capable of receiving four or five hundred pupils, is considerable, but yet within the means of many individuals in this country. One man provided all the buildings, apparatus, and money needed to found, and carry on for many years, the École Centrale at Paris. He saw the school grow into a famous institution, resorted to by all nations, and of the first importance to French science and industry, and finally presented it to the state. For several years it has been a government school of large size and the highest rank. It would be impossible to estimate the good effects upon French industry of that one man's sagacity and good management.

To house and equip such a school, in any of our large cities, requires the expenditure of three or four hundred thousand dollars. To provide for the running expenses of the school, once equipped, requires the interest of invested funds to about the same amount, besides the students' fees. American trustees for educational establishments are apt to be ignorant of the fact that no school or college of high grade can be worthily conducted on the principle of making it pay its own expenses. The original "plant" must be given by individuals or the state, and the income of permanent funds must eke out the receipts from students. The fees will necessarily be high, unless the invested property of the school be large; for technical education is the most expensive kind of education, because of the costly apparatus and collections which are absolutely required. All attempts to domesticate in this country the foreign custom of paying professors by the fees of the students they attract, instead of by fixed salaries, have signally failed. Wherever it has been tried in this country, the tone of the instruction has been lowered by the too direct money relation between teacher and taught. The American boy is not well adapted to hold that attitude towards his instructors; and the American man cannot abide such a relation to his pupils.

It is of the first importance that the schools which train American boys for the scientific professions should be American. European schools teach American students a great many things which are not only inapplicable in America, but positively misleading and dangerous. The prices of labor, fuel, and transportation are so very unlike in Europe and in this country, that methods and processes which are profitable there are ruinous here, in spite of the fact that scientific principles do not change with the latitude and longitude. The conditions of success in all manufacturing and mining industries are very different in a thinly peopled country of immense distances from what they are in compact, crowded communities; so that it is not to be wondered at, if men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of European schools, and taught only the practices and results of established European industries, are less successful than could be wished when they attempt to put their school knowledge in practice under the

novel Am[illegible]ies. T[illegible]s are chief[illegible]nditions. A man who has s[illegible]uity has b[illegible] apprenticeship in building Dut[illegible]liots is not likely to excel in building Baltimore clippers. An uneducated Welsh miner, perfectly familiar with every detail of his trade at home, is utterly lost if he is put down among strange rocks and minerals. His home experience is almost useless to him. A well-trained man, perfectly competent to superintend zinc-works in Belgium or Silesia, may easily prove an unsafe guide in Pennsylvania or Illinois. An architect, who would have no difficulty in finishing a tasteful house or handsome church in Paris within his estimates, might be quite unable to make feasible plans and binding specifications in New York. Conditions of business and ways of living in America are fundamentally different from European habits and conditions. An average American does not eat, drink, sleep, work, or amuse himself like an average European. He wants different tools, carriages, cars, steamboats, clothes, medicines, and houses. His necessities and his luxuries are both unlike those of the European. The industries which exist to supply American wants are therefore not like the corresponding European industries. They will be better learned at home than abroad. The whole spirit of the school at home will be in conformity with American requirements. The spirit of a European school cannot but be foreign in many respects to American habits. It is not now as it was thirty years ago, when an American boy had to go to Europe if he wanted to learn chemical analysis or the elements of engineering. Now one might as well go to Europe to learn the multiplication-table, as to study the common subjects in chemistry, physics, mechanics, and engineering. The instruction in these and many other scientific subjects is as good in several American schools and colleges as it is anywhere in Europe. More schools are needed; but even now the American should do all his student-work at home. When he has become a master in his art, he may well go to Europe to see how his business is there conducted.

Three difficulties beset the establishment of such new schools in this country. The first danger is the tendency to reckless preliminary expenditure upon buildings and mechanical fittings. Many American schools and colleges have been wrecked on this rock. The American trustee has a deplorable propensity to put what should be quick capital into more or less unsuitable bricks and mortar. This danger escaped, the second difficulty is the scarcity of teachers having the necessary training and the equally necessary enthusiasm. There must be brought together a harmonious body of teachers, young, if possible, both in years and spirit, but at any rate in spirit, allowed the leisure necessary for men to keep themselves on a level with the rapid progress of the arts and sciences, and paid enough to have a mind at ease. High reputation is not necessary; but conscientiousness in the discharge of routine duties, fair talents well improved, and a genuine enthusiasm are essential. If to these qualifications there can be added personal devotion to the head of the institution, the happiest conditions are united. The American scientific schools and colleges and the European universities have trained a few Americans to such functions; but they are still scarce, because the active industries of the country absorb the greater number of energetic young men possessed of the requisite training. The supreme difficulty remains. Men competent to administer a large school of science are rare in all communities; they are not only rare in this country, but are here peculiarly liable to be drawn into other pursuits. A steady, careful, and kindly administration is required, not thrusting itself into notice, but quietly felt alike by teachers, students, and servants. The building up in any new place of a great school for the new education must be in the main the work of a single man, or, in rare cases, of two or three men animated by the

same spirit. To find this man should always be the first step; it will certainly be the hardest in the whole undertaking.

The American colleges have taken, and still take, their presidents from the clerical profession almost exclusively. This course has been perfectly natural for the colleges, because almost all of them have been founded expressly to propagate and perpetuate the Gospel as the founders understood it, or, in other words, to breed ministers and laymen of some particular religious communion. It is gradually becoming apparent that even the colleges are suffering from this too exclusively clerical administration. Fortunately for the country, education is getting to be a profession by itself. For the discharge of the highest functions in this profession, the training of a divinity student, years of weekly preaching, and much practice in the discharge of pastoral duties, are no longer supposed to be the best, or at least the only preparation. Several other classes of men are now as cultivated as the clergy. As a class, ministers are as fit to be suddenly transferred to the bench at forty-five or fifty years of age, as they are to be put at the head of large educational establishments. The legal profession would be somewhat astonished at such an intrusion. Yet in their capacity of trustees, lawyers and men of business are constantly putting clergymen into the highest posts of the profession of education, which is thus robbed of its few prizes, and subjected to such indignity as soldiers feel when untried civilians are put over their heads. But, however it may be with the colleges, to transplant a successful clergyman in the prime of life from the charge of a parish to the charge of a polytechnic school would be felt to be absurd. The difficulty of finding a good head is not to be surmounted in any such ready fashion.

But now some one may ask, To what good end all this discourse about the improvement of technical education? Are not Americans already the most ingenious people on the face of the earth? Have we not invented the high-speed sewing-machines, and the best printing-presses? Are we not doing countless things by machinery which other people do by hand? Is there really any need of instructing Americans in the application of science to the arts? The answers to these incredulous suggestions are not far to seek. In the first place, it is emphatically true that Americans have invented a large number of labor-saving machines of the greatest value. They are powerfully incited to this sort of invention by the dearness of labor in this country. Secondly, this same scarcity of laborers, and the consequent abundance of work for all willing hands, enable an American to pursue the precarious rewards of invention, perhaps for years, with the certainty that if, after all, he wins no prize in the lottery, he can readily find some steady employment to keep his old age from absolute want. But if a European once falls out of the ranks of industry, he has infinite trouble, in case he fails in his adventures, to recover any standing room whatever in society. An American may do with impunity, and without real wrong perhaps, what a European could only do in the spirit of the most reckless gambler or in the confidence of inspired genius. Freedom, and the newness and breadth of the land, explain this favored condition of the American. But it is to be noticed that the chief American successes in invention are of one sort, — machinery and mechanical appliances. In other departments of invention, which require greater knowledge, we are obviously borrowers, rather than lenders. How many millions of dollars are sunk every few years in mining enterprises, through sheer ignorance? Freiberg and Swansea have to be called upon to smelt American ores. The best managers of American print-works receive patterns of the latest French designs by every steamer. The aniline colors are not American discoveries. There are hardly twenty miles of good road, in the European sense, in the whole

United States. The various chemical industries are chiefly foreign. American ingenuity has been of more limited range than is commonly imagined. Not a few reputed American inventions are really of European origin. But, however this may be, we may zealously endeavor to strengthen the scientific professions in this country without being a whit less proud of the undisputed achievements of American ingenuity. It is not a question of promoting fertility of invention by improving technical education. Inventors are a law unto themselves. What the country needs is a steady supply of men well trained in recognized principles of science and art, and well informed about established practice. We need engineers who thoroughly understand what is already known at home and abroad about mining, road and bridge building, railways, canals, water-powers, and steam machinery; architects who have thoroughly studied their art; builders who can at least construct buildings which will not fall down; chemists and metallurgists who know what the world has done and is doing in the chemical arts, and in the extraction and working of metals; manufacturers who appreciate what science and technical skill can do for the works which they superintend.

Americans must not sit down contented with their position among the industrial nations. We have inherited civil liberty, social mobility, and immense native resources. The advantages we thus hold over the European nations are inestimable. The question is, not how much our freedom can do for us unaided, but how much we can help freedom by judicious education. We appreciate better than we did ten years ago that true progress in this country means progress for the world. In organizing the new education, we do not labor for ourselves alone. Freedom will be glorified in her works.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslavèd
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold! — the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing! —
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

* * *

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you:
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we 're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising, — all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning? —
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
A joy and blessing!

THE SUABIAN ALB.

I LEFT the railway from Stuttgard to Ulm at the little town of Göppingen, in the valley of the Fils. The principal inn in the place was full of tumult, and two steady streams of beer and country wine flowed from the taps into the guests' rooms. The same matter was discussed by the mechanics and farmers on one side of the entrance, and by the merchants and bureaucrats in their more elegant quarters opposite. There had been an election, accompanied by almost a riot, the previous day, and the liberal candidate had been elected, — which was a gain for the "North German Bund" (the Union party) and a defeat for the "particularists" (States-Rights men). I found the latter as fierce and stubborn in Würtemberg as they are wont to be at home, but neither side has yet acquired our blessed habit of falling into peace and quiet after a hotly contested election. When the discussion rose into yells, and several of the broad-bottomed beer-glasses had been smashed in the way of emphasis, I found the atmosphere of the Present less agreeable than that of the Past, which awaited me in a lonely chamber overhead.

Yet I did not wander so far back into Time as the lonely peak of Hohenstaufen, at the foot of which Göppingen lies, might have led. It was a personal, not an historic Past, which most concerned me. Just twenty-three years had elapsed since first, leaving the Danube behind me, I had crossed on foot the eastern extremity of the Suabian Alb, and descended into the valley of the Fils. Neither the ardors of the fierce June weather, nor the lean condition of my pocket, which threatened to become empty long before the chance of replenishment at Heidelberg, could divert my youthful fancy from the associations of Hohenstaufen, or the later poetical names which gave a luminous atmosphere to the fair scenery of Suabia. I was fresh from the reading of Schiller and Schubarth and Hauff and Schwab and Uhland, — all natives of this region, — and made the lonely parts of the road ring with the latter's sounding prelude to *Graf Eberhard:* —

"Are then the Suabian valleys by sound of song unstirred,
Where once so clear on Staufen the knightly harp was heard?
And why, if Song yet liveth, we hear not from its chords
The deeds of hero-fathers, the ancient clash of swords?

"They lisp the lightest fancies, point epigrams with wrong;
They sneer at woman's beauty, the ancient light of song:
Where stalwart life heroic but waits to be recalled,
They pass, and if it whisper, they shrink away appalled.

"Burst then from out thy coffin, rise from the chancel's gloom,
Thou and thy son, thou Roaring-Beard, forsake for us the tomb!
Through hoary years, unconquered, thou fought'st the hostile lords:
Stalk then once more among us, with mighty sound of swords!"

Of the five poets, Schiller is the only one who outgrew the influence of the picturesque mediæval stories among which he was cradled. The others have cut their names ineffaceably on the old stones of many a knightly ruin, and there is scarcely a valley falling to the Neckar between the green buttresses of the Alb, which has not a place in their songs. Yet even Schiller might have found grander dramatic subjects than Don Carlos or Wallenstein in the history of Frederick Barbarossa of Hohenstaufen, of Frederick II., of King Manfred of Benevento, and the young Conradin. As a school-boy, in the neighboring village of Lorch, he had the Hohenstaufen for years before his eyes, and his first impressions of history must have been derived from its legends. His voice never entirely lost the broad provincial accent which he there picked up.

The stately castle of Hohenstaufen was so entirely destroyed during the

Peasants' War, that only a few foundation-stones now remain. It is a two hours' climb to the summit of the peak whereon it stood, and I found it preferable to mount the low hill beyond the Fils, whence I saw not only the mountain in its whole extent, but much of the landscape which it commands.

Hohenstaufen is imposing from its isolation. Its outline reminded me somewhat of Monadnock, but the summit is a more perfect cone. Lifted quite above the general level of the hill country of Suabia, it looks southward over the ridge of the Alb and the broad plains of the Danube to the Alps; northward, to the Odenwald. Not often has an imperial race been cradled in so haughty a home. Here, where the richest regions of Southern Germany lie within the ring of the Hohenstaufen horizon, the future rulers of the "Holy Roman Empire" accustomed themselves to look broadly upon the world. Even as the villages below were only seen as glimmering specks in their material vision, so, afterwards, the interests of provinces, nations indeed, were considered by them only in their relation to the vast, incongruous realm which recognized their lordship. They travelled hither and thither, between Sicily and the Baltic, between Burgundy and the Carpathian Gates, marrying here, suppressing a too independent city there, bullying the Popes, using Saracen, Italian, or Saxon soldiers as was most convenient, and carrying a perambulating court with them wherever they went. Their lives were marches, splendid episodes of warlike travel, from the investiture of the crown to their deaths in the far Orient, or by poison, or on the block.

In whatever way we may judge the influence of the Hohenstaufens on the development of Europe, we cannot deny the heroic strain which one transmitted to the other. In some respects Frederick II. was the greatest ruler between Charlemagne and Napoleon. But he was a man too far in advance of his age to be understood by his contemporaries, or to be properly estimated even by the historians of this day. And there is nothing more tragic in all history than the fate of his descendants, Manfred, Enzius, and Conradin. Who will write a history of that splendid century (from 1152 to 1258), from which we date the revival of Art and Learning? The knightly harp on Staufen was the morning-song of the modern world.

While looking on the soaring, sunlit mountain, the words which Uhland puts into the mouth of the Truchsess of Waldburg, on taking leave of Conradin, came into my memory: —

> "Think on that mountain, rising high and slim,
> The fairest peak of all the Suabian hills,
> And boldly bearing on its royal head
> The Hohenstaufen's old, ancestral house!
> And far around, in mellow sunshine spread,
> Green, winding valleys of a fruitful land,
> Sparkling with streams, and herd-supporting meadows,
> With wooded hills that woo the hunt, and sound
> Of convent-vespers from the nearer dells."

All these features exist, but a sudden popular tempest blew away the home of the Hohenstaufens, and the proud blood of the race runs, mixed and lost, in the common Italian and German stock. From my seat on the hill, looking westward, I saw the front of the Suabian Alb, — a series of headlands, point beyond point fading in the distance, almost to the fortress-crowned peak, which bears another noted historic name, — Hohenzollern. Further, in the same direction, and less than a hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Aar, still stands one tower of the ancestral castle of a third imperial family, — the Hapsburgs. One involuntarily contrasts the histories of these three families, and feels that a brief and brilliant career, crowded with achievement, though with a tragic close, is preferable to a gradual in-and-in breeding into imbecility. As for the Hohenzollerns, one is at a loss to say whether their history is closing or beginning afresh.

The Suabian Alb, the reader will by this time have guessed, is a range of mountains; yet this term will hardly describe its peculiar formation. The northern bank of the Danube, west of Ulm, rises in a broad, steadily ascending slope for thirty or forty miles, until

it attains an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the sea-level: then it reaches a long, irregular brink, and falls away in a sudden escarpment, to the valley of the Neckar. Seen from the north, it presents a series of the boldest and most broken mountain forms. Deep winding valleys divide its headlands; but when one has climbed through these to the summit, he finds himself on a broad, monotonous plain. It is a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the terraces by which one ascends to the table-lands of Mexico. In front of the northern headlands of the Alb are several isolated, conical peaks, which some geologists declare to have been originally mud volcanoes. The whole region, as you follow the Neckar to Tübingen, seems to be set apart, in the character of its scenery, from the rest of Germany. It suggests a more southern latitude, in its atmospheric effects, as well as in the forms of its enclosing mountain walls.

The name "Alb" (occasionally written "Alp") is derived from one of two Celtic words, — *alb*, white, or *al*, high. The one explains itself: the fronting cliffs of Jura limestone might explain the other. The word *Alp*, among the inhabitants of the Alps, whether in Switzerland or the Tyrol, denotes a high mountain pasture, not a snowy summit; and this Suabian range, therefore, comes honestly by its title. I do not believe, however, as some of the people would gladly establish if they could, that it is the Ἀλπεινὰ ὄρη of Ptolemy.

Descending the hill beyond Göppingen I followed the main highway towards the Alb, but at the first village my companion (guide I could hardly call him, since none was necessary) proposed that we should take a foot-path across the country. My object being to reach the Lauter valley by following the bases of the mountains, all paths were alike, and the prospect of a ramble through the open fields and beside the scattered woodlands was in itself attractive. I met no adventures on the way. The farmers were mostly taking a little rest between reaping and sowing; the meadows were lorn of flowers, and the stubble-fields were not lovely, near at hand; yet the Alb, before me, seemed to take quite another charm and character when seen over a lonely and secluded foreground. With the highway the rigid routine of travel had vanished; the landscape became my own familiar possession. The son of the country beside me understood crops if nothing else; and we discussed oats and barley and carrots, hemp, rapeseed, and potatoes, with as much interest as if both had been land-owners. Now and then I received a bit of gossip about the owners of certain properties we passed, — nothing very romantic, I assure the susceptible reader, — and occasionally we stopped to exchange a word with shepherd or herdsman. It was the most commonplace walk possible; yet not a feature of it has faded in my memory. I can see every star of dew lingering in the shade of the alder-bushes, every sunburned crack in the banks of red earth, and remember each tree under which I stopped to take breath and contemplate the ever-beautiful landscape.

Three hours of an August morning passed in this free, delightful ramble, and when the sun began to shoot down stinging arrows, I reached the little town of Weilheim. Here there was an inn, and dinner came upon the table the moment the shadow on the dial announced noon. A chatty young fellow dined with me, and then set off in his own light wagon to secure patronage for a tobacco-firm in Stuttgard. I took the post-omnibus for the next stage, in company with a dowager of the place, who proved to be a very intelligent and agreeable lady. In the course of an hour we became so well acquainted that we shook hands on parting at Kirchheim.

I was obliged to wait two or three hours at the latter place, before a vehicle could be found to take me up the valley. The inn was deserted, the landlord was busy, the streets outside were baking in heat, and the only *Schwäbische Mercur* in the guests' room did not furnish five minutes' reading. I endured solitude and flies with a feeling

of savage impatience, and when, at long last, the postilion came, I could have fallen on his neck and wept tears of gratitude. As my indolence was to his eyes the height of earthly felicity, this would not have been intelligible; so I ordered a measure of wine instead, and secured his smile at the start.

It was a light vehicle, drawn by a single horse, and both belonged to the man who sat beside me. He entertained me with the complete story of his courtship, marriage, and subsequent life. I was inclined to feel a little complimented by so much confidence, until a certain glibness in the narrative made me suspect that it was a part of the man's inevitable programme for the diversion of travellers. Assuredly I was not the first who had learned how hard it was for "Lisel" to make up her mind, until he said to her, plump, "There 's another will have me, if you don't!" — but the story was none the less better than fiction, if not so strange.

On the left, as the valley enters between two opposing forelands of the Alb, a peak, partly separated from the main mountain mass, bears upon its summit the few remaining fragments of the ancient castle of Teck, — a name recently revived by its connection with the royal family of England. The original race of Teck, I believe, became extinct in the fifteenth century, but the title is still retained in the governing family of Würtemberg. When the castle was founded is unknown. Barbarossa once held it in pawn, and it belonged for a time to the Zähringen (Baden) family. It fell in the Peasants' War, like Hohenstaufen. The last event which the old walls witnessed was an assemblage of the people in 1848, when they resounded with enthusiastic republican cheers for Hecker, — our Union soldier and Illinois farmer. And this, in the briefest space, is the history of Teck.

After passing the town of Owen (a name which one might suppose had strayed away from Wales, were it not a corruption of *auen*, meadows), the valley shrinks to a deep cleft or crack in the body of the Alb, and its meadows become an emerald ribbon, on which the stream braids its silvery rapids. Forests of deciduous trees ascend precipitously on either side, and above them gleam the topmost parapets of rock. The massy walnut-trees by the road, the wild-flowers heaping the banks, the colors of the soil, and the general character of the vegetation, belonged to Switzerland. They were no doubt carried hither by the geognostic birth which unites this region to the Jura.

It was a delightful drive into and through the lengthening shadows of the upper world. The length of the valley is not more than four or five miles, when it terminates in a *cul de sac*, enclosed with steep faces of rock, up one of which the highway is cut in zigzags to the level of the Alb. The sunset showed me two villages aloft, looking down from among their higher and colder fields upon the little hamlet of Gutenberg, where I resolved to stop for the night.

The inn and people were alike primitive. Although it was a post-station and likely to be frequented by strangers, there seemed to be no special accommodation for such. The landlady was busy with her ironing in the guests' room, the landlord gave his two youngest children orders to take me into the garden, and then resumed his seat in front of the stable. When I had seen the gooseberry-bushes, and the radishes, parsley, and sweet marjoram, and exhausted the conversational powers of the children, I had recourse to a lame groom, who explained at great length the admirable points of the post-horses, and then supper was announced. I had one table, the landlord's family another, and the servants a third. The oldest daughter of the house, a girl of thirteen, presided at the latter. Grace was said by the youngest child, and then each, in the order of authority, dipped a spoon into the single dish upon the table.

The first course was a kind of porridge, made slab with pieces of black

bread. The people ate most deliberately and delicately, taking moderate spoonfuls, and always pausing after each, so that their communistic way of eating had a certain grace, after all. Each one dipped carefully from his or her side of the bowl, which presently seemed to be crossed by so many division lines. Before the porridge was half finished it was set aside, and a dish of salad took its place. This, with a piece of bread and a glass of beer for each, concluded the supper. At the close there was a moment's silence, after which the youngest child repeated a short prayer. The summer twilight had hardly faded away before the children were sent to bed, and the servants followed. The former were required to bid me good night. Last of all, the landlord, taking a candle, looked at me significantly, and waited. Before I slept, the roar of the mountain streams was all the noise I heard in the village.

I arose early, in order to cross a spur of the Alb into the valley of Urach, which lies farther to the westward. An old weaver of the place, glad of the chance of stretching his bandy legs for something more than weaver's wages, went with me. We turned into a side branch of the main glen, passing a village completely buried in forests, and then struck upon a road leading up the mountain-side. The summits were covered with a canopy of rolling mists, through which, now and then, some wandering sunbeam penetrated to the bed of the valley, touching the meadows like a sudden flame.

The ascent occupied an hour. When I reached the top, half a dozen steps removed me from all view of the deep, picturesque vale, and I found myself on a cold-looking plain covered with fields of rye. On either side were dark woods of fir; in front, a village, solidly but meanly built, and quite different from the cheerful little towns of the Under-land. It was a change from Suabia to Westphalia. Here, on the windy summit-plain of the Alb, — the Upper-land, as the people call it, — one would never guess what a warm, rich region lies below, and so near that a stone might almost be flung into it.

Near the point where I ascended, the heads of two lateral valleys approach within half a mile of each other, and are united by a deep cleft, which is believed to be the work of human hands. It is called the *Heidengraben* (the Pagans' Moat), and is so deep and narrow that some antiquarians conjecture that the plateau beyond was thus isolated by the Romans, in order to form a camp, fortified by nature. There is a tradition that the monarchs of the Carlovingian line afterwards used it as a natural menagerie for wild beasts.

The village was a dirty, dreary place. Most of the inhabitants were assembled in an open space before the tavern, watching the antics of a huge brown bear, which was in charge of a Pole and an Italian boy. The monster, whining an impotent protest, danced and whirled over in the mud, to the great delight of the women and children. The men stood a little farther off, that they might slip out of the way when the Italian went around with the hat. I asked the latter some questions in his own language, and I verily believe the people suspected, from that circumstance, that I was in some way leagued with the vagabonds, for they looked upon me with a shy, suspicious expression as I passed out of the place.

It was but a short distance to the western brink of the plateau, and the road then began to descend into pleasant glens, wooded with deciduous forests. The mists rolled away, the sun came out hot and sharp, and the deep valley of Urach quivered through the heat which brimmed it. I loitered down the easy road, resting in the shade, and indulging my eyes with the bold, bright picture of the old castle of Hohen-Urach, springing from the topmost cliff into the blue air. It was a visible knightly legend, even without a story.

This valley was deeper, broader, and grander in all its features than the former. From the stately old town of Urach, which lies in its bed, threaded by the little river Erms, five valleys

diverge, star-fashion, and five bold headlands, between them, are thrust out from the body of the Alb. Looking southward, one sees, high over the deep blue gorges, the crowning summits of the region, nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level; westward, behind Hohen-Urach, opens a lovely Alpine dell, a land of meadow, pasture, and waterfall; and on the eastern side a rocky wall, bright against the sky, hides the airy site of the famous castle of Neuffen, which lies beyond. Some landscapes, like some human faces, assure you that they have a history worth the knowing, — and this was one of them. I felt it before I had looked into one of the scattered chronicles of Urach.

The castle on the height stood on a rock nearly detached from the cliff, and hung, when its drawbridge was raised, inaccessible, over the valley. Here Count Eberhard of the Beard — the *Rauschbart* of the poets — imprisoned his insane brother, Count Henry, whose faithful wife, Eva von Salm, remained with him and there bore him a son, George, from whom the present reigning family of Würtemberg is descended. But the fate of the poet Frischlin lends a more tragical interest to the spot. Crowned laureate by the hand of the Emperor Rudolf II. at the age of twenty-eight (in 1575), he created so many enemies by his merciless satire of the nobility — the "court-devil," as he termed the order — and the class of parasites, who guide and misuse "the long arms of kings," that even Duke Ludwig, who was favorably inclined, was unable to protect him. For some years he led a wandering life, driven from land to land, always discharging new Parthian arrows at the corrupt life of his day, — a premature reformer, yet doubtless a wave of that stream which finally sets the mills of the gods to grinding, — until, in 1588, he was caught and put into the castle of Hohen-Urach. He there wrote "Hebrais," a history of the Jewish kings, but, after two years' confinement, determined to escape.

Having succeeded in twisting a long rope out of his bedclothes, he tried to let himself down from the terrible height. It was a bright moonlit night, and his eyes were probably deceived in regard to distances, for he chose the loftiest and most dangerous part of the rock by which to descend. The rope either gave way or was cut through by friction, and the unfortunate poet was dashed to pieces. In the year 1755 a heavy oaken coffin was accidentally exhumed in the churchyard of Urach. On opening it the mutilated body of Frischlin was found, still undecayed, clothed in his scholar's gown, and with a roll of paper in the left hand.

Urach is a well-built, picturesque, cheerful town. Many of the high houses have the weight of two or three centuries upon them. The residence of Count Eberhard of the Beard, in which he celebrated his nuptials with Barbara di Gonzaga, of the ducal house of Mantua, is still standing, near the market-place. Tradition relates that fourteen thousand guests were entertained on that occasion. Over the entrance-gate the palm-tree of the famous count, and his motto "Attempto," are carved in wood. He was consecrated as a pilgrim to the Holy Land in a small chapel which then stood in the glen behind the fortress, and thence set forth on foot to undertake the long journey, wherefrom he returned with a staff of white-thorn in his hand, as it is related in one of Uhland's ballads. One of the sons of the builder of Castle Urach, Kuno, became Cardinal-bishop of Præneste, stood high in the favor of Pope Gregory VII., and was witness of the memorable humiliation of the Emperor Henry V. at Canossa. The histories of these old Suabian families belong almost as much to Italy as to Germany; the theatre of their lives stretched beyond the Suabian Alb even to Apulia and Sicily.

An American is apt to forget that the picturesque, knightly past of the Middle Ages belongs as much to him as to those who are cradled with its legends. Possibly it is in greater degree his inheritance; since so much of the blood that presses up towards some level of

achievement, and which represents the best element of the knightly period, has been driven to us. The vital stream of character, like the veins from which brooks are born, runs underground, and genealogy is unable to trace it. It is generally bred out of the lines of kings, but assuredly does not perish with the founders of such lines. Qualities being inherited *laterally* as well as directly, and each man being the converging point of a pyramid, which, a few centuries back, embraces tens of thousands of ancestors, I think we should find the true currents of transmitted force and courage and intellect describing very meandering lines through the generations. Fortunately for us, our ancestors broke loose from the traditions that fetter and impede, when they came to America. The poetry of the Past did not perish, as we sometimes lament, but we receive it purified of all power to harm. The clear-sighted Goethe said, fifty years ago: —

> "Thou 'rt better off, America,
> Than our old Continent now;
> Thou hast no ruined castles,
> And no basalt hast thou.
> Neither useless remembrance
> Nor inherited strife
> Hinders the currents
> Of thine active life."

I think I enjoyed the romantic episodes of Suabian history all the more from the feeling that it was a field which I was precluded from every attempt to illustrate. The heroic figures of knights and dames came up, passed and faded in leisurely review, and none of them said, as such figures sometimes will: "Get into me and revive me, if you can! See how your modern muscles will fit my armor, and your views of life be crammed into my brain!" I felt glad, at last, that the spectres had no such property in me as they acquire in the atmosphere of childhood. Knave and lord, prophet and robber, showed themselves alike through a clear, impartial medium. Some of them were certainly among my thousands of Suabian ancestors (in the twelfth century), and it was a matter of complete indifference as to whom the latter might have been. The only thing I felt sure of was, that they helped to tear down Hohenstaufen and Teck, three hundred years later.

After I had quietly enjoyed Urach, I went down from the mountains to the Neckar, and took the railway to the next station of Reutlingen, in order to reach another valley, farther westward, which attracted me with an interest drawn from later times. This enabled me to withdraw to a little distance from the highest portion of the Alb, and compare its external features with those of the view from Hohenstaufen. The general character remained the same, — bold headlands, faced with rock, dividing valleys which seemed to have been torn and rent into the heart of the mountain by some tremendous convulsion, and still the isolated volcanic cones posted in advance. Near Weilheim there was one, mantled to the summit with vines, near Metzingen a second, and near Reutlingen a third, the Achalm, which has given its name to a race often mentioned in the Suabian annals.

Reutlingen is also a noted place in the old histories, but its walls are now broken down, its moat turned into vegetable-gardens, and seventy manufactories are acquiring for it a different reputation from that once given by its warlike tanners and dyers. The latter, in a battle fought in 1377, cut a body of the Suabian knights to pieces. There is a line in Uhland's descriptive ballad, which proves that a play of words much used in our late Presidential canvass is not so new, after all: —

> "They charge the rear with fury, knight after knight they slay;
> The citizen will bathe him in noble blood to-day!
> There came the gallant tanners, and masterly they tanned!
> There came the dyers, purple, from dyeing all the land!"

I was already longing for the green valleys of the Alb, and remained no longer in Reutlingen than was necessary to procure a carriage and span of horses for the castle of Lichtenstein. Once out of the noisy town, the imposing cone of Achalm lay before me, in

the fairest sunshine, warm with vines, and girdled, near its summit, with houses and groves. Part of the old castle-walls, with one massive tower, are still standing. The view therefrom is celebrated, and I have no doubt with justice.

At the inn in Reutlingen I tasted wine from the slopes of Achalm, and found it very palatable. Yet this is the region where the Germans fix their ancient joke of the "three-man wine," — two being required to hold the one who drinks, lest it knock him over. The stories one hears of "tangle-foot whiskey" in the Western States are imitations of those which have been told for centuries about the Suabian wine. There is a song of the place, which says that when Prince Eugene of Savoy was presented (as was then the custom) with a cup of welcome by the city authorities, he answered: —

> "I 'd willingly engage to take
> Belgrade by storm again,
> Rather than drink a second time
> The wine of Reutlingen!"

Half an hour's drive, across the breezy valley, brought me to the town of Pfullingen, which lies in the throat of a deep crevice of the Alb. The scenery thenceforth was singularly wild and abrupt. The sheer walls on either side gradually contracted, until the western half of the dell lay in shadow, and the meadows and pastures along the brook diminished to a narrow strip. Somewhere away to the right was the *Nebelhöhle* (Cave of Mist), described, in Hauff's romance of "Lichtenstein," as the hiding-place of the banished Duke Ulric. All the ground, indeed, was now familiar to me, and yet new, since it displaced the involuntary scenery which I had created as I read. "Lichtenstein" is one of the best German stories of the Scott school; very different, indeed, from those "Pictures of the German Past," which Freytag has since given us, but a tale so simply and frankly told, and invested with such a pleasant poetic atmosphere, that it has not yet ceased to be read.

At a little village called Oberhausen my postilion stopped, and informed me that he must take an extra horse, unless I chose to mount to the castle on foot. I looked in the direction indicated by his whip, and saw what seemed a very toy of a castle, of warm yellow stone, high, high up, painted on the sky. Schwab says the rock on which it stands "shoots up like a sunbeam," but I should rather compare it to a lance, planted but-end in the valley, with the castle as its lance-head, shining above the thousand feet of forest. In the August heat, I had no mind for the ascent thither on my own two feet, so I decided to go upon the twelve hoofs. Out came a *vorspann*, with a bareheaded maiden as groom, and we began our slow way upward through the beechen woods.

Stopping frequently to breathe the horses, it was more than an hour before we reached the level of the Upperland, the views into the valley meanwhile growing deeper, richer, and more surprising. The girl informed me that Count Wilhelm of Würtemberg, to whom the restored castle belongs, was then residing in it, and that, consequently, strangers were not admitted. He was newly married (to a daughter of the Prince of Monaco, as I learned afterwards), and was understood to be very fond of a quiet, retired life. The postilion drew up at a hunting-lodge on the summit, unharnessed his horses, and called for wine; so I set out to discover such views as were free to visitors.

The path led through a narrow belt of trees, and I found myself in front of the castle. The portal was overhung with half a dozen flags, — the Würtemberg colors, — and no person was to be seen on the walls, neither was there any sound of life. I hesitated a moment, then crossed the moat by a drawbridge, and rang the bell. Presently the door opened, and a man who had the air of a servant and secretary in one made his appearance. Their Serene Highnesses, he said, were in the castle, and the rule was not to admit visitors. As his manner was by no means peremptory, I gave him my card for the Count, with the message that I

only desired to see the view from the ramparts.

He came back in a few minutes with the announcement, "His Serene Highness orders me to show you the castle," and opened the door for me to enter. Crossing a small court-yard enclosed by buildings for the servants, I found myself in a small garden or *pleasaunce*, shaded by fine old linden-trees. Under one of these sat a gentleman with cigar and newspapers; under another were two ladies sewing at a small table. The servant whispered, "Their Serene Highnesses"; there were mutual rapid salutations in passing, and I was free to enter the castle, which lay beyond this shady realm. A second drawbridge spanned the natural chasm which separates the columnar rock from the mountain-wall. The former is not more than fifty feet in diameter, and the outer walls of the castle are simply a continuation of its natural lines. The building is an eyrie, — a diminutive, air-built nest, a thousand feet above the valley.

I never saw space so economized as in its interior arrangement. Hauff's Castle of Lichtenstein disappeared long ago, and I doubt if even tradition enough of its structure remained for a modern copy. Count Wilhelm thereupon consulted his own taste, and he has admirably adapted mediæval apartments and furniture to the requirements of life in our day. None of the usual features of a *Ritterburg* are wanting; the banquet-hall, the chapel, the armory, the ladies' bower, so disposed that they suggest ample space. All the appliances of carved wood, stained glass, and arabesques in fresco have been used, with equal fitness of form and color. Old armor, a most interesting collection of pictures by old Suabian painters, ancient drinking-vessels, lion's and leopard's hides, cabinets of natural history, coins and medals, and an abundance of books, illustrated the taste of the princely owner.

The servant performed his office of *custode* so conscientiously that he introduced me into the bedchambers of the Count and Countess, really against my own wish. All the little signs of occupation — an open book, manuscript sheets on the library-table, a shawl tossed upon a chair — made my presence seem intrusive, and I passed through the charming chambers with a haste which my guide must have interpreted as indifference. Last of all I mounted the tower, which is one hundred and twenty feet high. The landscape was dim with heat and summer vapor, and I saw neither the Alps (which are visible in clear weather) nor the peak of Hohenzollern in the west. The depth of the dell below me, and the extent of the Neckar valley beyond, were magnified in the dim atmosphere; but the finest feature of the view was the contrast between the gray rye-fields and dark fir-forests of the Upper-land, and the rich harvests, walnut-trees, vineyards, and gardens of the Under-land. It was my last and loveliest panorama of the Suabian Alb.

Their Serene Highnesses greeted me so pleasantly on returning, that I paused a moment and thanked them for the privilege they had allowed me. The Count replied in a few courteous words, and the servant conducted me to the outer gate. As Lichtenstein is one of the chief points of attraction to German tourists, its owner could have very little privacy if he were always so obliging; and I confessed to myself that, under similar circumstances, I should hardly have been so ready to admit a stranger to the inspection of my house and household gods.

Returning to Reutlingen in the carriage, I took the evening train for Stuttgard, and once more passed along the front of the Alb, now fairer than ever in its sunset contrasts of light and shadow. Henceforth it will be the real, familiar background of Suabian legend to me, of the stories of Hauff and the ballads of Uhland, Schwab, and Kerner; and its landscapes will arise beside those of the Apennines and the Campanian coast, with every page that tells the history of the Hohenstaufens.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

NOT the least surprising development of the late war in this country was the man who ended it. This was not, or at least it ought not to have been, owing to anything more than the personal peculiarities of the result; for the exigencies of the contest on the side of the Union were so great, and our resources in military leadership were so scant, that it was inevitable its chief hero must be a man comparatively, if not absolutely, insignificant before. General Scott was our only first-class officer at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and his advanced age and his infirmities, as well as the conviction impressed by the uniform teachings of history upon all reflecting minds, that every great crisis must furnish its own controlling actors, made his supremacy merely nominal, till the first battle of Bull Run swept it away entirely. There was a tradition, indeed, in military circles, that Scott's brilliant campaign in Mexico was much more largely due than the outside public were aware to his Chief of Staff, whose admirers even went so far as to claim that he was the real hero of that successful invasion. Many at the North looked to see him wielding the forces summoned for the suppression of the Rebellion. He proved, however, not to be above the miserable Southern weakness of "going with his State," which took him out of the lists of genuine heroism forever. The problem, then, of eventual military pre-eminence on the Union side was not unlike that which some good public moralizers are so fond of impressing upon us. The future President of the United States, they tell us, is at this moment playing in the streets; and we cannot doubt the fact, though we know it is utterly useless to scour the country for the purpose of guessing which particular boy it is that is destined for the White House.

The lot fell, as the world knows, upon Ulysses S. Grant. Though it appeared capricious in comparison with his former estate, yet, as the result of his actually established merit, it followed as logically as a demonstration of Euclid, and as practically as an engineer's experimental verdict upon a new piece of ordnance. We venture to say that no commander of ancient or modern times ever won his fame more honestly, by a clearer, more thoroughly tested and more enduring title, than General Grant. In the first place, there was nothing about the man calculated to wrest a snap judgment in his favor either from the army or the people. He was not dashing in mind or manners; his personal appearance was not such as to awaken the least suspicion that he was above mediocrity; he was as plain as an untutored Westerner and as reserved as an educated Yankee; while of prestige he had absolutely nothing. A West Point education and service in Mexico were all that secured him appointment in the army. Thenceforward he made his own way; his only political support being one faithful Congressman, who was kept busy in shielding him from detraction, and would have failed after all, had it not been for a President eminently just and patient. But long before Grant reached his meridian, he had the loyal country so far, and only so far, favorable to him that it was prepared to appreciate military worth wherever it might be found. Indeed, the people at that time hungered and thirsted for military merit, having seen their great armies, commanded by the most promising officers in succession, decimated, without making any apparent headway toward the suppression of the still-augmenting Rebellion. Neither they nor the government had any prejudices springing from party sources or elsewhere, which interfered in the least with their recognition of the coveted reinforcement of effectual general-

ship. All the Union officers in the field, wanting that, would have been set aside to make room for any drummer-boy that had chanced to show it. For this very reason then, and no other, this obscure Illinois colonel was advanced rapidly to the head of our forces, and crowned with a title expressly created in token of his unprecedented achievements. He was tried in every serviceable capacity; as an executive officer under the direction of others, in independent movements, in combinations, in dashes, in protracted sieges, as a strategist, as a tactician, on the offensive, — never on the defensive, however, — in the West, at the East; against all the Rebel generals, from Floyd up to Lee; in all gradations of rank, from colonel of volunteers up to Lieutenant-General holding finally in his hands the control of a million of soldiers, driving all our armies abreast, and directing in person the death-blow of the Rebellion. In all these positions and spheres he was invariably and gloriously successful. General Grant's military reputation, then, is that about him which is of itself palpable to all mankind, fixed and secure. Whatever he may have seemed before he won it, whatever he may have been, is nothing to the point in this respect. We may resort to his early record under the curiosity naturally inspired by the reflex light of his glory in the field, or to seek glimpses of that which was to come; but nothing that our search may reveal can affect the reality and solidity of his military fame.

The truth is, however, the narrators of General Grant's early life present us nothing but a pleasant, hazy background for the grand portrait now so familiar to the civilized world. They succeed in showing that a graduate of West Point, named Ulysses S. Grant, was kept alive till the fortieth year of his age, when the Rebellion broke out; and that is about all they can do. We are not overlooking Grant's service in the Mexican War. It was meritorious, it was honorable to the second lieutenant, who was promoted to a brevet captaincy; but it was simply the average career of an average cadet. Those who knew him best, then and there, with their wits sharpened by the suggestions of actual service, were as utterly unsuspicious of his pre-eminent capacity as those brilliant Congressmen who strove to effect his removal for incompetency, even after the capture of Fort Donelson. The remainder of his ante-rebellion career may be easily run over as follows: He spends two years on garrison duty at Detroit, where he is remembered only for his superior horsemanship; thence he goes for a few months to Sackett's Harbor; in 1852 he is transferred to California, where, in association with other officers, he leases a club billiard-room, which enterprise fails; in July, 1854, he sends in his resignation, in accordance with a previous intimation that it would be accepted, remarking to a friend, as he does so, "Whoever hears of me in ten years will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer"; from 1854 to 1858 he is a Missouri farmer, but not well-to-do, for he fails continuously to make both ends meet; at the opening of the year 1859 he becomes a member of the firm of "Boggs and Grant, Real Estate Agents, St. Louis"; fails of success again, having failed in the mean time to obtain the situation of county engineer; in 1860 he is established as a clerk in his brother's leather store at Galena, Illinois, on a salary of six hundred dollars per annum, raised to eight hundred dollars when the war broke out in the year following.

During the whole of this period of Grant's life, we have no reason to believe that any human being, except his wife, had any idea or suspicion of the real powers of the man. His neighbors at "Hardscrabble" looked upon him as a clever fellow, but a poor farmer; Boggs lectured him for his want of tact in the real-estate business; his brother, the head of the leather store, thirteen years his junior, thought it was rather a stretch of generosity to call his services worth eight hundred dollars a year.

It is easy for us to laugh at this blindness; but what intelligible connection can even we point out between the Grant of that day and the Grant of this? It is like putting the towering genie into his sealed vessel again. We should all say, for instance, in looking at the main characteristics of Grant's public career, that he had that precise combination of qualities which would have insured him success in any of the ordinary pursuits of life. His was not the merely aggressive energy of Suwarrow, the headlong heroism of Garibaldi, or the restless brilliancy of his own chief lieutenant. He was what might be called a common-sense general, displaying that mingled patience and promptitude, system, adaptation of means to ends, foresight, and economy (so signally exemplified afterwards in his temporary charge of the War Department), which are accounted the main requisites for business prosperity. And yet we see nothing of them at this period preceding the war. The problem is one for the curious in studies of character. Instances of a similar nature, however, abound in history, from the two Cimons of ancient Greece to Cromwell, Toussaint, Patrick Henry, and Lord Palmerston of modern times. It is usual to say that these men ripened late. Perhaps the better statement would be, that their powers lay dormant for want of the particular incitements necessary to awaken them, and the congenial field to give them scope. They were like the machinery which is temporarily disconnected from its motive-power. The engine is in silent motion, here and there a drum is rolling and a piston playing back and forth, but there is no practical result. By and by a little lever is moved, when instantly the bands are tightened, the cog-wheels come together, the entire mechanism becomes vitalized with its driving force, and it executes the work for which it was created. Many men take no such new departure, have no visible turning-point in their career; from first to last they show what they are, no matter how their fortunes may vary. With others, their awakening either depends on slight circumstances, hardly perceptible to their associates, or else it requires a total change of condition and relations; while there possibly may be those who carry their powers through life with them like letters of introduction to fame, which they never deliver.

Another curious point is this: what was General Grant's self-estimate during this period of his obscuration? Did he cherish in secrecy that brooding consciousness of a great destiny in reserve which has characterized the early years of so many able men, — at once a prophecy and the means of its fulfilment? This, of course, is a question upon which there can be but scanty evidence. What there is, however, happens to be in the negative, tending to the conclusion that his brilliant emergence was as much a matter of surprise to him as to others, if, indeed, the capacity to be surprised is to be reckoned among his endowments. If he had his day-dreams, they must have been of generalship; if he had innate confidence in his own powers in any respect, it would naturally have been in his powers for command. And yet when a friend first advised him to apply for a colonelcy, he said: "To tell you the truth, I would rather like a regiment, yet there are few men really competent to command a thousand soldiers, and I doubt whether I am one of them." But it is observable that from the moment he fairly got at work in the field he went about everything with the easy and masterly vigor of a man who has found his place. At a time when our other leading officers, including the intrepid Sherman himself, were dismayed by the magnitude of the crisis, Grant appeared to think only of getting at the enemy. He was continually forming plans for aggressive action, pointing out to his superior officers openings for attack, and begging for permission to seize some strategic point here or make an assault there. Whenever he was allowed any discretionary power, he employed it to

the full. His principal traits were never more strikingly displayed than in his undertaking to capture Fort Donelson, after he had been but seven months in the service. One day he said to a correspondent who was about to start for New York, "You had better wait a day or two." "Why?" "I am going over to attack Fort Donelson to-morrow." "Do you know how strong it is?" "Not exactly; but I think we can take it; at all events we can try." In fact, the fort was held by twenty-one thousand men, with sixty-five pieces of artillery, while Grant advanced to its attack with fifteen thousand troops, afterwards reinforced to but little above the strength of the enemy, without a single field-piece, and without tents or baggage, though it was in the middle of February. He had the co-operation of Foote's gunboats, but they proved of slight use, owing to the height of the river-banks on which the fortifications stood. Any disinterested military observer would have said that he had not one chance of success in a thousand; yet succeed he did, through the very audacity of his assault, his accurate knowledge of the Rebel commanders, and the quick fertility of his expedients. The achievement differed, to be sure, from the great campaigns of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond, for it did not involve the broad combinations and the skilful handling of large masses of troops which only experience can effect; but the same boldness, self-reliance, and mastery of circumstances were exhibited at Fort Donelson which we find even in the climax of his triumphant career. These qualities attest a generalship not the product of schools nor of any amount of training, but inborn and akin to genius.

When we thus glance at this picture and then at that, — at the Grant before the hour of the rebellion struck, and at the Grant since known to history, — we can hardly be surprised that strange theories have been suggested by the amazing contrast. We can even be indulgent to the phantasmal idea that the American people have been unconsciously preparing the way for a resistless usurper, — for another Cromwell of another Puritanic cause, for another Napoleon intoxicated by military glory, even for another Louis Napoleon, nicotinized, silent, and brooding. This notion, perverse as it is, is a thousand times more respectable than the attempt of certain presses during the last presidential canvass to represent the Republican standard-bearer as only an ordinary fighter of extraordinary luck, an imposing nobody, a "smoke-enveloped accident." The former pretence evidences a real, though distorted, appreciation of some of Grant's most salient qualities; the latter is only the projection of the silliness of its authors. It is to be observed, however, that those who profess such lively fears of the designs of the President elect are men like Alexander H. Stephens, who cherish a hatred and horror of the cause which he has vindicated in war and will establish by his civil administration. Doubtless the unexpressed thought of these men is something like this: Suppose that President Grant should, after all, find that the end for which he has fought and toiled, — the supremacy of the loyal cause, so called, — was apparently endangered in the last days of his administration by the triumph of his opponents at the polls, would he quietly retire, at the end of his term, and see his work undone? Not at all. He is just the man to seize the supreme power and hold the government till he has ineffaceably stamped his policy upon it, leaving the vindication of his memory to future ages.

The inventors of this chimera have beheld General Grant through the distorting mists of enmity and fear while he was demolishing their fabric of treason, and they now see him called to erase its final vestiges. If to patriots he is a phenomenon, to the disloyal he is an apparition. He has horrified them so often that they imagine him capable of anything. The truth is, however, they have exaggerated and drawn erroneous deductions from a single trait in Grant's

nature which reminds one of the usurpers of history. He has what may be called the terrible temperament. This, indeed, is often allied with winning qualities. Julius Cæsar was amiable and magnanimous. Cromwell was devout and peace-loving. "Was the Emperor a kind-hearted man?" asked an American scholar of Marshal Soult. "He was indeed," exclaimed the Marshal; "you might disappoint him time and again, and he would always overlook it if he could find the least excuse for doing so." The present Napoleon is said to have shuddered at the sight of bloodshed in the Italian war, while the friends of his *régime* maintain that he has never used more severity than the occasion, from his point of view, has required. But the one characteristic common to all these historic personages, and possessed by Grant as largely as by any of them, is an inexorable will. The men of this temperament seem to be taken up into a sphere of their own, where all the doubts, hesitations, sense of responsibility, and fear of adventure which belong to ordinary human nature are left behind, and there remains nothing but the object in view and the resolve to gain it. Human life, however valued in other relations, becomes of no account when it stands in the way of the end to be attained, or else it is but an instrument for carving out success. When Grant was asked how he felt amid the fearful carnage and the uncertainties of the struggle in the Wilderness, he answered that he felt he was "bound to go to Richmond." We have called this the terrible temperament, because there is in it something preternatural, fatal, and unnerving to the mass of mankind; but it is the heroic temperament as well, and its illustrations are found among the great scholars, the inventors, the saints, and the regenerators of the world.

It was natural that this indomitable energy of General Grant, which first signalized his merits as a commander and was the means of his breaking down the Rebellion, should make a more vivid impression upon his enemies than upon his friends, but it really affords no excuse for overlooking the total character of which it forms but a single element, and which stamps the theory we have been considering as the sheerest of grotesque illusions. Indeed, great energy, as Emerson has well remarked, is generally but the result of a rare harmony of character, and not of the exertion of the will in control or defiance of the other faculties; it is rather as if all the powers of the man, like the entire momentum of a battering-ram, lay directly in a line behind the impinging point. Not more conspicuous is this tenacity of Grant than his respect for law, his devotion to the will of the people, his love of free institutions, his disinterestedness, modesty, and equanimity. The language of panegyric in this relation suits neither our tastes nor our purposes; but may not the array of the successful commanders of all times — not excluding even the august name of Washington — be searched in vain to find one who has borne his honors more becomingly in every respect than this General of ours who, at middle age, with the first military reputation among his contemporaries, finds the paths of seemingly equal civil glory just opening before him?

Any endeavor to project the essential features of the character we have been contemplating upon the canvas of the future, to show what sort of a President has been foreshadowed by the General, suggests the questions, Are we sure that we have yet all the elements of the problem before us? Is it probable that a man who has exhibited such a colossal development in seven or eight years has already finished the process, seeing that he is still in the prime of manhood, and is entering on a new arena full of incitements? Putting aside these questions, however, we think it will be entirely safe to say: —

First, General Grant will be President in fact as well as in name. As we have seen, he never was a man to hesitate about exercising any amount of power that might be confided to him.

In Jackson's place, he might not have said, "I take the responsibility"; but he would have taken it, nevertheless, and said nothing about it. Even one of his associates in the Galena leather store understood this peculiarity well enough to give Governor Yates of Illinois, who had confessed his inability to get at the special capacities of "this Captain Grant," the following good advice: "The way to deal with him is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will obey promptly." The people have now summoned this same prompt officer to be President of the United States, and that he will be. If any individuals high in position or prone to intrigue indulge the hope of managing or improperly influencing Mr. Johnson's successor, it only remains for them, seeing how blind they have been to the plainest pages of recent history, to take a lesson or two in the school of experience and pay their tuition.

Secondly, it is but a reasonable calculation that General Grant, in the discharge of the duties of the Presidency, will win a substantial success not unsuited to his martial renown. Indeed, nine tenths of those who have risen above the folly of confounding the gift of popular oratory with executive talent concede already that he has all the main requisites for administering the affairs of the country at this time, except, possibly, the information derived from long civil experience. His generalship reveals governing ability of the highest order, circumspection only matched by energy, and an unerring faculty for selecting the right men for subordinates. As to the possible deficiency alluded to, — and we must always bear in mind that there is no special training school for the Presidency, — General Grant is the son of his time, and, though he may not be learned in the statesmanship of books, he comprehends his own age. Starting with that political *tabula rasa*, the mind of an army officer, — having really voted but once before the war (for Buchanan), and having always regretted that, — he enjoyed the excellent privilege of having nothing to unlearn. The crisis found him without prejudices, and he took in all its elements dispassionately as comprising the true situation with which he was to deal. Even that conservative bias, of which a few good Republican supporters are still absurdly suspicious, was in his favor, for while it has been observed that the descent from youthful liberalism has often been as swift and extreme as the apostasy of a Strafford, the contrary tendency, as illustrated in the lives of men like Peel and Gladstone, gives the finest fruits of genuine progress. Hence it happened, that, while antislavery men of many years' standing were worrying over the future relations of the institution they had so long fought and feared, Grant calmly foresaw and announced its extinction; and, more than that, every stage of the extinguishing process can now be traced in his military orders, in advance of the action of Congress and of the Executive. The same remark may be made respecting the reconstruction policy of the government; its germs are all to be found in the record of his field measures, while toward the maturing of that policy he gave his valued counsels and his profoundest sympathies. Of all the great questions which appear to demand settlement during the incoming administration, it may be truly said that none are older than General Grant's public life, while most have already touched him at many points in his career, and engaged his earnest attention. For the last three years in particular he has reflected upon the political juncture, perhaps with the prescience that he would be called to deal with it practically; he has conferred with the acutest statesmen of the day, and has mingled with his countrymen in every part of the Union. It would not be strange, therefore, if the whole situation bearing upon the Presidency, comprising policies, men, and measures, should be at this moment as accurately mapped out in his mind as were his great campaigns before he fought them in the field, and should be followed by national results hardly second in value.

SEDGE-BIRDS.

YEARS ago, when there was time enough, and when nobody had rheumatism except very old people, the "Fresh Pond marshes" was a name that called up far other associations than any that can attach, I should think, to the dreary waste of brickfields, shanties, and ice-ponds now occupying that region. In those days it was a wilderness, encompassed to be sure on all sides by civilization, yet of indefinite extent, full of mystery, of possibilities, and invaded only by the Concord turnpike, — a lonely road with a double row of pollard willows causewayed above the bog. Here the Florida Gallinule had been seen; here were the haunts of the Rails, the Least Bittern, the Short-billed Wren, then newly discovered and perhaps seen only here, — a saucy, chuckling sprite, flitting from bush to bush in front of you; and here was his nest, a ball of grass with no apparent opening, snug-hid in a tussock of sedge, in the midst of treacherous depths patiently waded over by feet not wonted to such punctual assiduity at more accredited tasks. Did a more heartfelt rapture hail the adventurer's first or greatest nugget in Californian or Australian gold-fields than welcomed, after uncounted disappointments, the rounded wisp that at last did not deceive? Here, also, in the remote recesses of the marsh was the ancient heronry of the Kwa-birds, the Jew's quarter of the feathered community, where this persecuted tribe made their nests, and huddled in shady seclusion and squalid comfort during daylight, sallying forth at dusk in quest of prey. Perhaps I am dwelling too much upon what to most of us was, after all, a secondary interest for the off-seasons, or the intervals of more regular pursuits. These the brook allured, with its steady, tranquil stream — then, alas! curtained with stooping alders and willows — of devious course, allowing the silent paddler, cautiously peeping round the point, to surprise the black-duck or wood-duck with up-stretched neck for an instant before, spurning the surface, she rushed into the air. An enchanted stream, not the dull ditch that now meets the passer-by, but broad and deep, leading to Menotomy Pond, to Mystic River, to the ends of the world! For had not "the old Captain" passed down this way in his sail-boat to the Harbor, to Cape Cod? So, at least, it was said, and we believed it. Though how he passed the bridge at the Fresh Pond outlet? No doubt his masts unshipped, or perhaps at that day Concord turnpike was not. At this outlet, where the brook left the pond, all attractions centred. What it was then is easier imagined without seeing it now. Not merely are all the objects changed, but there is not room enough on the ground for what it then contained. Where now is a meagre bit of mangy pasture and a row of ice-houses, a vast army of reeds and bulrushes and wild rice encompassed the shore, tenanted throughout the year by muskrats (for the water was deep at the edge), and at the right times by throngs of feathered visitors. The height of the season was about the end of October, when the pond-holes began to skim over and the mud to stiffen in the marsh. Then of some clear, frosty morning, the youth whose eyes, sometimes heavy at prayer-bell, had unclosed that day punctual as the second-hand of his watch, shouldering with an alacrity in itself deserving of all praise his manifold impediments, made his way by starlight up the white, stony turnpike, — all silent and deserted save, perhaps, a slow-moving wain creaking placidly along like some cosmic phenomenon regardless of village times and seasons, — past the lonely farm-house, last outpost on the bleak hill overlooking the pond (now the centre of a village), and so on to the boat and the ambush at the edge

of the reeds, there to crouch expectant in the hay while the steel-blue heavens begin to detach themselves by a lighter, almost phosphorescent shimmer from the hills and tree-tops eastward. On the water all is darkness, yet here in the reeds the inhabitants are already astir; and after the first preparations are made, and the first moment of hushed attention over, — your left-hand decoy, quacking slowly in a measured, tentative way, making ready for business, and the other responding irregularly, as if incurious and intent rather upon the surrounding possibilities of duck-weed, — you feel at liberty to attend to these more speculative interests. First of all, a Song Sparrow in the willows by the road begins to sing, in a cheerful, confident way, having, it is like, just waked from a dream of daylight, and then, fairly getting his eyes open, ends rather abruptly and inconclusively, and dives into the shelter beneath. He is an outsider, and ought to keep village hours, but the proper marsh community are earlier risers. From the pines behind comes the *hoo, hoo-hoo* of the owls, like the toot of a distant horn preluding the full blast, and out of the darkness overhead the bark of the Kwa-birds or Night Herons. A most characteristic marsh sound earlier in the season is the strange note of the American Bittern, like a heavy echoed axe-stroke upon a post in the swamp. At our sides all is rustling and creaking. Are they two-footed or four-footed these invisible forms that set the reeds a-shaking and a-whispering? In the wilderness, everywhere, the night is the time of noises. In the woods at midday Pan sleeps, but at night the forest is full of stir and bustle, the rabbits and all the tribes of mice are abroad, and the prowlers that prey upon them. We hear the squeaking and croaking of Rails, stragglers perhaps, and uneasy at being left behind by their migrating brethren. One flutters across the bit of open water, with loose bat-like flight and hanging legs, ready to take the ground again when he can. The wedge-like body and long legs and feet are perfectly fitted for running over the floating stalks and making way unseen through the matted blades, and he will not fly when he can run. A similar habitat gives something of the same air and build to the Swamp Sparrow. He has one foot on firm land also; his plumage is like that of the Song Sparrow, but of richer and purer tints, unbleached by dust and sunshine, and he can sing sweetly too. But now he appears in the character of sedge-bird, silent, skulking, rat-like, not afraid, but shy and burrowing out of daylight.

Now the surface of the water begins to appear, and the dim reflection of the more distant shores. On the left the high pines of the promontory stand tree and shadow one black mass, like a black cavern cut into the sky, — close at hand or miles away, you could not tell. Suddenly from the dim distance of reeds on the right a sparkling line of ripple comes cutting across the open water in front. Not a muskrat, for as it crosses the lighter space a slender neck shows for a moment upright above the water. It might be a Teal, but the decoys take little notice of the stranger, who moves athwart our system in a cometic way, neither seeking nor avoiding, as if of imperfect affinities with the duck-kind. Perhaps a Coot, or more likely a Pied-billed Grebe, and where the ripple ceased he dived for food. By and by he may come nearer, and if a Grebe may be worth shooting, if nothing better offers. The Coot is only a larger Rail set afloat, with the thighs planted farther back, and the lobes of the toes furnished each with its fringe of membrane to aid in swimming. The Grebe, too, has divided toes, but the fringe is continuous instead of being scalloped out as in the Coot, and in other respects the adaptation to an aquatic life has gone much further; the body slender, cylindrical, the plumage compact and glossy, the legs so good for swimming as to be good for no other purpose, — all as befits the typical diver or "dipper," who gets his living under water. Just as the flush of morning begins to tinge upwards into the sky and to show the swirl of mist lying low over the water

on the other side of the pond, there is a sudden whistle of wings and a rush overhead, and a little flock of Teal stoop swiftly down upon the decoys, then as swiftly glance upwards again, and with a beautiful wheel, the white under-coverts of their wings twinkling an instant in the eastern light, dash into the water, sending it up far in front of them. Both barrels roar at once, and as the echoes come bellowing back, a vast swarm of Blackbirds, who for some time have been chattering and whining in the reeds to the right, now start into the air, and swoop about awhile confusedly with a crackle of complaint, and then, not being able to make up their minds to settle again, make off for their feeding-grounds. Now the birds in the rice and reeds at our side begin to show themselves more; not the Rails, they are unseen still, and multiply themselves by their ventriloquism; now near, now far, whether one or a hundred no one could say. But the Swamp Sparrows come into sight, and a Chickadee tilts lightly on to the edge of the boat with a *day-day* of recognition, like an old acquaintance met in an out-of-the-way place, thence to the level gun-barrel along which he hops, twisting right or left at each hop, peeps into the muzzle, and, finding nothing attractive there, makes his way with one sideways glance under the rail of the gunnel, to the marsh again. He is not a sedge-bird, yet he is not out of place there. His close cousin in Europe bears the name of Marsh Tit, and he himself has been passing the summer in a thicket at the edge of the swamp, where in the side of a slanting birch ruined by last winter's snow and now falling to decay, he chiselled a hole for his soft-felted, purse-like nest, and drawled *phœbe* to his mate the season long. Now his *villeggiatura* is ended, and the sentimental fit past; he has resumed his brisk winter accent, and is coming back again to the pine-groves and gardens. While we are seeing him off, the sound of a paddle comes from behind the point to the right, and gradually a punt emerges and makes leisurely way towards us, its broad-shouldered occupant sinking the stern deep in the water. At last he heaves to off our stand, and the voice of "the old Captain" hails us, asking whether we have seen a decoy of his. We have not, but he edges in, still unsatisfied, and flings out in a short growling way that it looked much like a wild one, &c., &c., evidently thinking we have shot his bird, perhaps knowingly. Indeed, what do these young scamps come here for, to spoil what little shooting is left? There never was much, and now there 's none. All this inside the teeth, however, for he manages to consume his own smoke, though with some rumbling. He still keeps edging in until he gets fairly alongside, where we dispel the doubt which native delicacy would not allow him openly to express, even to such miscellaneous-looking individuals as we. Satisfied that his pet is not among the slain, he softens up, becomes chatty, at length hearing a name which he will not directly ask, he looks up sharp and fairly overflows with friendly talk and stories of the olden time, until we, warned by the sunbeams that now begin to gild the woods on the western point, with some difficulty make our escape. A kindly old giant, — beneath all his gruffness as tender as true. He has vanished with the bit of wilderness and the game he almost survived, and now men are levelling off the oak-clad knolls that hid his trig cottage from the north and from the Concord road; the railway runs where the curving edge of the bank met the waters of the bay, and the swale where his little greenhouse stood open to the pond and the sun is blocked across by a line of ice-houses. They have turned his place round, to suit the requirements of a new era. He dwelt there sunning himself in the old memories, among his flowers or in his boat, silent, introverted, brooding over the old New-England times to which he belonged. But now the present has come in with its far-reaching schemes, its cosmopolitan interests, and must live on the street, and has no time to think of the sunshine or the want of it.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Carthage and Tunis, Past and Present. In Two Parts.' By AMOS PERRY, late United States Consul for the City and Regency of Tunis. Providence, R. I.: Providence Press Company.

THE past of Tunis and Carthage, so far as concerns any new light thrown upon it by Mr. Perry, might as well have been sketched in ten pages as in two hundred, and even in two hundred the narrative might have been freed of a good deal of fatiguing and confusing detail, and presented with a somewhat livelier air. When, however, you come to the second part of his work, in which the author treats of the actual condition of the country, you are aware of an original value not attaching to memories of the Punic wars, the Mohammedan conquests, and the Crusades. In no other case does Time seem to have so completely brought round his revenges as in that of this Mussulman potency, which now exists only by grace of the commerce it once preyed upon, which is bullied by every state in Christendom, and practically controlled by the Foreign Consuls. Conceive of the pleasures of Christianity and Judaism in a city where nearly all the public buildings were constructed by Christian slaves under the whip of the Moslem task-master, and where Jews were habitually taken by the beard and smitten heavily upon every light pretence, but where now Christians and Hebrews breathe their tobacco-smoke in the faces of true believers, fainting at the end of a long fast, — and thus add another day to their penance! The good old days are past in Tunis, and humanity is the better off for the fact: no more corsairs ravaging the seas; no more descents of Barbary kidnappers upon defenceless European coasts; no more compulsory purchases of white cotton caps by Jews; no more vile oppressions of those people in person and pocket. It can now happen in Tunis that an Israelite wears the sacred green color in his belt, and that the prudent Mussulman, to avoid the religious obligation of resenting the insult, feigns not to see it. The Christians hold the power, and the Jews hold the purse: what can the faithful do but tacitly despise them, and bitterly believe in their perdition? It is questionable whether the happiness of the only enterprising and industrious people in the country would be at all enhanced by the overthrow of Moslem rule.

Mr. Perry gives us some very interesting chapters on the different races, their customs and beliefs; on the state of woman and the ruinous effects of polygamy; on some hopeful tendencies of Mohammedans of European race towards Christianity through admiration of Christian civilization; on the climate and the industrial resources and characteristics of the regency; on the government; on the archæological interest and the ruins of ancient cities. And, on the whole, the book is well enough written, — with no great strength of philosophy certainly, and an unquestioning faith in the marvels of story, yet with some shrewdness of observation in the study of modern Tunisian life, and a laudable moderation of tone. The second part of the work is in fact entertaining and profitable reading. The chief lesson of it all is one now familiar enough, namely, that Islam is sick in every part, perishing of inherent and incurable corruption, yet with such conditions that it is hard to tell whether it were better to prolong its agony, or to extinguish it at once as a political system. Few virtues remain to it, and the appearance of few. The Jews and Christians of Tunisia, who are not always miracles of uprightness and purity, are yet respectable in comparison with the depraved and unnaturally vicious Moslems. The idea of Mohammedan society, as presented in this and other books of good authority, is one that includes most of the hidden iniquities of Christian civilization in an explicit and recognized form, and the practice of many almost unknown to it.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore: Stories. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE editors of this Magazine — who have been to some degree also readers of it — remember with pleasure "Elkanah Brewster's Temptation"; and we fancy that

there are others who will be glad to read it over a second time in this collection. It is no dispraise of them to say that Mr. Nordhoff's stories are all light, — "easy things to understand," — aim to please and entertain folk, and do not grapple with problems of any kind, unless perhaps the doubtful wisdom of forsaking simple Cape Cod and country-town ways, for the materializing and corrupting career of newspaper men and artists in New York. Elkanah Brewster barely overcomes his temptation, and returns to the Cape just in time to be true to Hepsy Ann, while Stoffle McGurdigan actually succumbs, becomes a great editor, and breaks faith with pretty Lucy Jones. Though the interest of these and the other stories of the book is not complex, the satire is wholesome and just, and the reader will scarcely escape being touched by the pathos. The character in them is good enough to be true of the scenes of most of the tales which take us among places and people seldom touched by magazine fiction, and not here exhausted. It seems to us that "Mehetabel Roger's Cranberry Swamp" is the best of all, and that "Maud Elbert's Love-Match" is the worst, as might be expected from its suggestive title.

The book is such an one as we imagine people taking up and reading through, one story after another, and being now sorry and now glad that there is not more, — so nicely is the balance trimmed with here a good story and there a poor one, — but, on the whole, kept in excellent humor by the author's manly feeling and sympathy with homely life, and his rarely failing lightness of touch in matters usually fallen upon heavily.

History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861–65. Prepared in Compliance with Acts of the Legislature, by SAMUEL P. BATES, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Vol. I. Harrisburg: B. Singerly, State Printer.

THE plan of Dr. Bates's work, as developed in this first volume, includes an historical sketch of each of the Pennsylvania regiments, followed by a sort of tabular biography of all the men in it. Only the names and places of enlistment of the three months' men are given, but in the case of those enlisted for the war the date of muster into service is added, as well as the number of years served, and a brief statement of the promotion, discharge, death, hurt, or desertion of every soldier. This accuracy and detail are due to brave men who will have in the vast majority of cases no other record of their heroism, and the book is properly a monument to them. To others it has necessarily in great part only the curious attraction which city directories possess. Even the histories of the different regiments, which cover a long period of eventful and varied service, must be somewhat meagre; but, considering the difficulties of the work and its limitations, we are inclined to compliment the author upon his success. He contrives to do justice to the achievements of each body of men, and to give such picturesque relief as is possible to them; in repeatedly telling the story of the same battle, he manages to tell that part of it which concerns the particular regiment celebrated, without cumbering the reader with circumstance. We like particularly the care with which he remembers the gallant deeds of the men as well as the officers; nothing about the famous Bucktail Regiment is left quite so distinct in our minds as that heroic act of Private Martin Kelly, who, when his regiment faced a body of the enemy, "seeing that the colonel was about to give the order to advance, said, 'Colonel, shall I draw their fire?' and deliberately stepping from behind a tree, received without flinching a volley of balls, falling dead upon the instant." The whole sketch of the Bucktail Regiment is interesting, — the most interesting in the book, — but other episodes, as the battle above the Clouds, and the march of the Pennsylvania Volunteers through Baltimore (the day preceding the attack on the Massachusetts troops), are also well treated; and the story of the part borne by Captain Ricketts's Battery F in the battle of Gettysburg is told in such a graphic and forcible manner, that whoever reads it will hardly forget again the fight sustained in the dark by the Pennsylvanians against the seventeen hundred Louisiana Tigers, reduced in that encounter to six hundred, and never afterwards known as an organization.

We shall look with interest for the second volume of Dr. Bates's work, which we hope will contain biographies of distinguished Pennsylvanian soldiers and civilians. The temperate and sensible fashion in which he has executed this most laborious part of his task is sufficient promise of good and faithful work in the rest.

Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians, in 1764. With Preface by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c., and a Translation of Dumas' Biographical Sketch of General Bouquet. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

AT the end of the old French War (it is a war that seems to have been old from the first, and to have started in history with all the advantages of antiquity), the Indian allies of the French refused to abide by the treaty of peace, and troubled all the western borders of the English colonies with raids and massacres, and plotted a general war for the destruction of the settlements. Whereupon, M. Henri Bouquet, a Swiss gentleman, who had received a military education in Holland, and had distinguished himself in the service of the King of Sardinia and the Dutch States, being now an officer of the British army, was put at the head of two regiments of regulars, newly arrived in bad condition from the West Indies, and marched from eastern Pennsylvania to the relief of Forts Pitt and Ligonier and the protection of the frontier. His men numbered only five hundred. They were not only enfeebled by sickness and the torrid climate they had left, but were utterly unused to Indian warfare; yet they were so well handled that Colonel Bouquet pushed rapidly and safely through the border till within easy distance of Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), where, midway between that fort and Fort Ligonier, which he had relieved, he met the banded tribes on a battle-ground of their own choosing, and signally defeated them. After supplying Fort Pitt with provisions and munitions, he went into winter quarters, and in the following year, 1764, he advanced into the Indian country immediately westward, while another corps, acting in concert with him, marched to attack the Indians living near the lakes. The tribes which Bouquet was appointed to punish were the Delawares and their allies the Shawnees, Mingoes, and Mohicans, whose general capital was on the Muskingum River, about half-way between the Ohio River and Lake Erie. Reinforced by a thousand Pennsylvania militia, he penetrated at once into the heart of the Muskingum country, where the savages met him with proposals for peace; and where he treated with them upon terms very advantageous to the colonies, and received from them some hundreds of captives.

This, in brief, is the story recounted in the old pamphlet which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. have so handsomely reprinted from the first Philadelphia edition of the year 1766. The whole narrative is most entertaining, for the interest of the subject, and for the quaintness of that highly literary style of the last century in which it is written, and of which we shall give a notion by the following passages: —

"And here I am to enter on a scene, reserved on purpose for this place, that the thread of the foregoing narrative might not be interrupted, — a scene which language indeed can but weakly describe; and to which the Poet or Painter might have repaired to enrich their highest colorings of the variety of human passions; the Philosopher to find ample subject for his most serious reflections; and the Man to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul.

"The scene I mean was the arrival of the prisoners in the camp; where were to be seen fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once-lost babes; husbands hanging round the necks of their newly recovered wives; sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together after long separation, scarce able to speak the same language, or, for some time, to be sure that they were children of the same parents! In all these interviews, joy and rapture inexpressible were seen, while feelings of a very different nature were painted in the looks of others; — flying from place to place in eager inquiries after relatives not found! trembling to receive an answer to their questions! distracted with doubts, hopes, and fears, on obtaining no account of those they sought for! or stiffened into living monuments of horror and woe, on learning their unhappy fate!"

Whether the Poet has ever repaired to this scene, we do not know; but the Painter has, in the person of Benjamin West, and has produced a formal, not to say majestical, representation of the fact, on which we enjoy looking in the lithograph of the old engraving here given. There is a curious and amusing harmony between this picture — and that other by West, of Bouquet's Talk with the Indians, also given in this reprint — and the feeling of the text, which was originally "Published from Authentic Documents by a Lover of his Country," namely, Dr. William Smith of the Philadelphia College, as appears from the researches of Mr. A. R. Spofford, Congressional Librarian.

Its quaintness every one must relish, and none can help noticing the clearness and solidity of the narration. The present publishers have given it with the original maps; the whole is fitly introduced by Mr. Parkman, and the book very worthily comes first in the contributions which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. propose to make to the materials of American history in their "Ohio Valley Series." These publications are to include reprints of such monographs as this, and such historical and biographical materials now existing in manuscript as the publishers can secure. In some cases the volumes will consist of digested histories of particular events and places, and each will be so far edited as to group the materials according to the periods and occurrences to which they refer. It is an enterprise to which we heartily wish success, both for the valuable matter it will preserve for the use of the student, and for the pleasure it will afford the general reader. The pioneer life of the West began with the settlement of the Ohio Valley, and ended with the growth of that region in population and security. It was the field of famous Indian wars, and of romantic personal adventure; and that part of it included in the State of Ohio was especially the scene of some of the most interesting, if not the most important, events of our early national history. Ohio was, in fact, a battle-ground for a quarter of a century; there the Indians made their last great stand against the whites, and there they were beaten; there St. Clair met with his disastrous defeat, and there Mad Anthony Wayne subdued the savages and broke their power. Names like theirs, and like Boone's, Kenton's, and Girty's, and, later, Burr's and Blennerhassett's, are associated with its annals, to which many picturesque episodes lend a peculiar charm.

The Pampas and Andes. A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. With an Introduction by EDWARD A. SAMUELS, ESQ. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

BRIEFLY told, Mr. Bishop's entertaining story is this: He worked his passage as a sailor on a merchant vessel from Boston to Montevideo, and ascended the river Plata to Buenos Ayres; as soon as possible he joined a caravan leaving Rosario, and walked across the pampas to Mendoza; spent the winter near San Juan in the service of an American who had grist-mills there; in the spring started alone upon his chief enterprise of passing the Andes on foot, but was overtaken by a train, and walked with it to Chili, whence, at Valparaiso, he again shipped before the mast and returned home, — his capital at no time having exceeded forty dollars, and his other resources being summed up in Yankee courage and curiosity, and such knowledge of the world as a boy of seventeen may have.

As all this happened in the years 1854–55, Mr. Bishop does not, of course, bring us "the latest advices from South America"; but, to our perennial ignorance of that part of the world, it is something very like news he tells of its countries and the people. His narrative is compiled from the journal he kept during his wanderings, and holds the reader by the novelty and variety of incident, whilst it by no means displeases with a certain boyishness of tone, consorting well enough with the character of the whole adventure, which in its indefiniteness of purpose seems of some past epoch rather than our own. The "zeal for the study of Natural History," which Dr. Brewer attributes to him in Mr. Samuels's Introduction, does not appear to the unscientific reader with disturbing effect; and but for the connection of Mr. Bishop's name with those of these gentlemen, we should only have credited him with a general desire to see the world.

He has seen the world in phases not often shown in these days of genteel tours, and his book, read in the light of a highly philosophized work like Señor Sarmiento's "Civilization and Barbarism," is a useful study of life in the Argentine Republic. He shared the lot of the gauchos, with whom he traversed the pampas, in every respect, and he reports their character from this intimate association in the same colors that it wears in the profounder view of their countryman. They are sad ruffians indeed, — brutal, lawless, dishonest, filthy, everything but cowardly; and in the picture of their life on the pampas, as Mr. Bishop gives it, we are struck again with that resemblance to the Bedouins which Señor Sarmiento points out. These noble fellows despise foreigners, of course, and especially Yankees; and the experience of *Bostron el Gringo*, as they called our author, in recognition of his Athenian origin, were unpleasant even to the poisoning

point. He seems to have fallen personally in their opinion from the fatal moment when at dinner he attempted, gaucho fashion, to sever with his knife the morsel of meat, one end of which it is good manners on the pampas to let hang from your mouth, and so cut the tip of his nose. No gaucho of true *ton* could have been guilty of this awkwardness, and thereafter they offered him every possible affront, and finally attempted his life. He added to his unpopularity by his habit of washing himself; yet, seeing him on Sunday with a testament containing a picture of the crucifixion, they declared that he was a Christian, and invited him to celebrate their unity of faith by a game of cards. There is, however, a savager creature on the pampas than the gaucho, namely, the Indian, who lies in wait for the latter, and robs and murders him. The gauchos travel in continual fear of the Indians, and the whole encampment of Mr. Bishop's friends was terror-struck by the appearance of two Indian women. Altogether, it is an agreeable country. But our author survived the enmity of his comrades, as well as the unavoidable hardships of a passage of the pampas, and arrived in good condition at Mendoza. He found here a North American circus company, with the usual number of professional gentlemen by whom our country is chiefly represented in the inland cities of South America. In connection with this company, he relates a shocking instance of bribery and corruption, — the governor of Mendoza being prevailed on by the present of a season-ticket to transfer the government band from the theatre to the circus, thereby breaking faith with his countrymen, and greatly injuring native talent and the legitimate drama in Mendoza.

Of the citizens, particularly at San Juan, Mr. Bishop gives a friendlier account than we find elsewhere: —

"I found, to my surprise, among the wealthier citizens, a class of society, which for dignity of deportment, strictness in etiquette, and generous hospitality, would favorably compare with any class that I have met in the United States or in Europe. The young men were intelligent and full of generous ardor, and the maidens, — how shall I describe them? .... Many of the females, particularly the younger ones, have complexions that in clearness and beauty would rival the blondes of the North. In addition to personal beauty, the ladies of San Juan can boast of varied attractions. The guitar is used with a grace and skill that give evidence of careful study and long practice. Many play upon the piano, using instruments that have been carted a thousand miles over the pampas, from the port of Buenos Ayres. All can embroider with skill and elegance. Poetry appears to be assiduously cultivated among them, and many specimens of true inspiration came to my notice that would be considered worthy of the name of Tennyson or Longfellow." Here we may suspect Mr. Bishop of the partiality of friendship, but we cannot question him when he adds: "Altogether, I know of no situation more pleasant, or containing more elements of interest and romance, than San Juan."

Beneath this verse-producing and piano-playing level were grades of civilization not so attractive, and the milling business, as Mr. Bishop knew it outside of San Juan, was not all a dream of poesy.

"There were no water privileges in the interior, and the merchants and farmers of Cordova and San Luis frequently sent wheat three or four hundred miles by troops of mules. My office, therefore, proved an advantageous one, as I was enabled to have direct intercourse with people from several of the northern and eastern provinces. Among the numbers that I became acquainted with were the old-fashioned Riojano, who came from his distant home to the north of the desert, clothed in a heavy *frasada*, manufactured from wool of his own shearing by the industry of his wife or daughter. Sometimes the Indian-looking Santiaguenian, or Catamarcan, and the crafty yet polite Cordovese, traded at the mill; and many were the little gifts that the most respectable portion of my customers brought me from their estates far back in the irrigated *travesia*, or along the bases of the Andes. The press of business demanded that the mill should be run night and day. This compelled the poorer classes that came from a distance to sleep in the mill. And at night, when all was quiet save the restless hum of the revolving stone, it was a curious sight to peep in at the door, and behold the ground covered with sleeping forms of men, women, and children of many types and complexions, — here the offspring of the negro and Indian; there the child of a Spanish father and Indian mother..... The gauchos love to gamble, and while waiting for the mill to do its work, they generally spent the time in playing their favorite games, always staking small sums of money up-

on the chances, in order to make the time pass more profitably. But, whatever might have been the rules of the other mills, Don Guillermo soon put a stop to what he called a degenerating practice, and by various small skirmishes with the gaucho peons, he fully demonstrated that *his* was a North American institution, and that, therefore, gambling could not be permitted upon his premises. The peons remonstrated, but the don was firm. They threatened to ruin his business by patronizing the other mills in preference to his own; but as their masters respected the policy of my friend, they were restrained from carrying out their designs. Thus law and order were firmly established, and North American principles were triumphant. It requires no small degree of firmness and knowledge of human nature to carry on the flour and grain business in the Argentine Republic. Peace and quiet did not last long before a second innovation was attempted, although upon a new plan. A band of thieves and loafers erected a hut of corn-stalks and briers upon the opposite side of the canal, in the district of Anjuaco, and the place was once more disturbed by midnight revels, and by frequent raids upon the grounds of neighboring farmers. Sheep, calves, and even horses disappeared in a mysterious manner. At length Don Guillermo became exasperated, and, watching an opportunity when the rascals were absent, he attacked the shanty, levelled it to the ground, and, collecting the ruins into one pile, set fire to it, and burned it to ashes."

We leave the reader to follow Mr. Bishop across the Andes in his own narrative, and to decide for himself whether he will believe the personal history of Don Guillermo Buenaparte as recounted to the author. Mr. Bishop believes it, but he is himself a more temperate story-teller, and is in all respects a pleasant and entertaining companion, whose book we are glad to have read.

The Story of a Regiment: A History of the Campaigns and Associations in the Field, of the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. By E. HANNAFORD, formerly a Member of the Regiment, and later Adjutant of the 197th O. V. I. Cincinnati: Published by the Author.

THE story of the Sixth Ohio includes notice of many of the principal military operations in the Southwest, from the beginning of the war until June, 1864, when the regiment was mustered out of service. It is another of those narratives of the Rebellion, restricted in one sense, but of universal interest in another, which we are always glad to welcome; it gives that fulness of detail which satisfies personal and local feeling, and it forms a study from new points of view of great events and great commanders not to be too well known. It is in spirit a model for books of its kind, and is both faithful and modest, written with clearness, and with no more rhetorical exuberance than is easily pardonable. General Nelson is the author's hero, but even his character is treated with frank justice in its defective points; and there is evidence throughout of honest feeling and solid work. The second part is made up of personal reminiscences, letters, and magazine sketches of members of the regiment. Altogether, the book is to be valued and read for itself now, and to be sought hereafter as admirable material by whoever aspires to write the history of the war.

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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XI.

DESCENSUS AVERNI.

MALBONE stood one morning on the pier behind the house. A two days' fog was dispersing. The southwest breeze rippled the deep blue water; sailboats, blue, red, and green, were darting about like white-winged butterflies; sloops passed and repassed, cutting the air with the white and slender points of their gaff-topsails. The liberated sunbeams spread and penetrated everywhere, and even came up to play (reflected from the water) beneath the shadowy, overhanging counters of dark vessels. Beyond, the atmosphere was still busy in rolling away its vapors, brushing the last gray fringes from the low hills, and leaving over them only the thinnest aerial veil. Lower down the bay, the pale tower of the crumbling fort was now shrouded, now revealed, then hung with floating lines of vapor as with banners.

Hope came down on the pier to Malbone, who was looking at the boats. He saw with surprise that her calm brow was a little clouded, her lips compressed, and her eyes full of tears.

"Philip," she said, abruptly, "do you love me?"

"Do you doubt it?" said he, smiling, a little uneasily.

Fixing her eyes upon him, she said, more seriously: "There is a more important question, Philip. Tell me truly, do you care about Emilia?"

He started at the words, and looked eagerly in her face for an explanation. Her expression only showed the most anxious solicitude.

For one moment the wild impulse came up in his mind to put an entire trust in this truthful woman, and tell her all. Then the habit of concealment came back to him, the dull hopelessness of a divided duty, and the impossibility of explanations. How could he justify himself to her when he did not really know himself? So he merely said, "Yes."

"She is your sister," he added, in an explanatory tone, after a pause; and despised himself for the subterfuge. It is amazing how long a man may be

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false in action before he ceases to shrink from being false in words.

"Philip," said the unsuspecting Hope, "I knew that you cared about her. I have seen you look at her with so much affection; and then again I have seen you look cold and almost stern. She notices it, I am sure she does, this changeableness. But this is not why I ask the question. I think you must have seen something else that I have been observing, and if you care about her, even for my sake, it is enough."

Here Philip started, and felt relieved.

"You must be her friend," continued Hope, eagerly. "She has changed her whole manner and habits very fast. Blanche Ingleside and that set seem to have wholly controlled her, and there is something reckless in all her ways. You are the only person who can help her."

"How?"

"I do not know how," said Hope, almost impatiently. "You know how. You have wonderful influence. You saved her before, and will do it again. I put her in your hands."

"What can I do for her?" asked he, with a strange mingling of terror and delight.

"Everything," said she. "If she has your society, she will not care for those people, so much her inferiors in character. Devote yourself to her for a time."

"And leave you?" said Philip, hesitatingly.

"Anything, anything," said she. "If I do not see you for a month, I can bear it. Only promise me two things. First, that you will go to her this very day. She dines with Mrs. Ingleside."

Philip agreed.

"Then," said Hope, with saddened tones, "you must not say it was I who sent you. Indeed you must not. That would spoil all. Let her think that your own impulse leads you, and then she will yield. I know Emilia enough for that."

Malbone paused, half in ecstasy, half in dismay. Were all the events of life combining to ruin or to save him? This young girl, whom he so passionately loved, was she to be thrust back into his arms, and was he to be told to clasp her and be silent? And that by Hope, and in the name of duty?

It seemed a strange position, even for him who was so eager for fresh experiences and difficult combinations. At Hope's appeal he was to risk Hope's peace forever; he was to make her sweet sisterly affection its own executioner. In obedience to her love he must revive Emilia's. The tender intercourse which he had been trying to renounce as a crime must be re-baptized as duty. Was ever a man placed, he thought, in a position so inextricable, so disastrous? What could he offer Emilia? How could he explain to her his position? He could not even tell her that it was at Hope's command he sought her.

He who is summoned to rescue a drowning man, knowing that he himself may go down with that inevitable clutch around his neck, is placed in some such situation as Philip's. Yet Hope had appealed to him so simply, had trusted him so nobly! Suppose that, by any self-control, or wisdom, or unexpected aid of Heaven, he could serve both her and Emilia, was it not his duty? What if it should prove that he was right in loving them both, and had only erred when he cursed himself for tampering with their destinies? Perhaps, after all, the Divine Love had been guiding him, and at some appointed signal all these complications were to be cleared, and he and his various loves were somehow to be ingeniously provided for, and all be made happy ever after.

He really grew quite tender and devout over these meditations. Phil was not a conceited fellow, by any means, but he had been so often told by women that their love for him had been a blessing to their souls, that he quite acquiesced in being a providential agent in that particular direction. Considered as a form of self-sacrifice, it was not without its pleasures.

Malbone drove that afternoon to Mrs.

Ingleside's charming abode, whither a few ladies were wont to resort, and a great many gentlemen. He timed his call between the hours of dining and driving, and made sure that Emilia had not yet emerged. Two or three equipages beside his own were in waiting at the gate, and gay voices resounded from the house. A servant received him at the door, and, taking him for a tardy guest, ushered him at once into the dining-room. He was indifferent to this, for he had been too often sought as a guest by Mrs. Ingleside to stand on any ceremony beneath her roof.

That fair hostess, in all the beauty of her shoulders, rose to greet him, from a table where six or eight guests yet lingered over flowers and wine. The gentlemen were smoking, and some of the ladies were trying to look at ease with cigarettes. Malbone knew the whole company, and greeted them with his accustomed ease. He would not have been embarrassed if they had been the Forty Thieves. Some of them, indeed, were not so far removed from that fabled band, only it was their fortunes, instead of themselves, that lay in the jars of oil.

"You find us all here," said Mrs. Ingleside, sweetly. "We will wait till the gentlemen finish their cigars, before driving."

"Count me in, please," said Blanche, in her usual vein of frankness. "Unless mamma wishes me to conclude my weed on the Avenue. It would be fun, though. Fancy the dismay of the Frenchmen and the dowagers!"

"And old Lambert," said one of the other girls, delightedly.

"Yes," said Blanche. "The elderly party from the rural districts, who talks to us about the domestic virtues of the wife of his youth."

"Thinks women should cruise with a broom at their mast-heads, like Admiral somebody in England," said another damsel, who was rolling a cigarette for a midshipman.

"You see we do not follow the English style," said the smooth hostess to Philip. "Ladies retiring after dinner! After all, it is a coarse practice. You agree with me, Mr. Malbone?"

"Speak your mind," said Blanche, coolly. "Don't say yes if you 'd rather not. Because we find a thing a bore, you 've no call to say so."

"I always say," continued the matron, "that the presence of woman is needed as a refining influence."

Malbone looked round for the refining influences. Blanche was tilted back in her chair, with one foot on the rung of the chair before her, resuming a loud-toned discourse with Count Posen as to his projected work on American society. She was trying to extort a promise that she should appear in its pages, which, as we all remember, she did. One of her attendant nymphs sat leaning her elbows on the table, "talking horse" with a gentleman who had an undoubted professional claim to a knowledge of that commodity. Another, having finished her manufactured cigarette, was making the grinning midshipman open his lips wider and wider to receive it. Mrs. Ingleside was talking in her mincing way with a Jew broker, whose English was as imperfect as his morals, and who needed nothing to make him a millionnaire but a turn of bad luck for somebody else. Half the men in the room would have felt quite ill at ease in any circle of refined women, but there was not one who did not feel perfectly unembarrassed around Mrs. Ingleside's board.

"Upon my word," thought Malbone, "I never fancied the English after-dinner practice, any more than did Napoleon. But if this goes on, it is the gentlemen who ought to withdraw. Cannot somebody lead the way to the drawing-room, and leave the ladies to finish their cigars?"

Till now he had hardly dared to look at Emilia. He saw with a thrill of love that she was the one person in the room who appeared out of place or ill at ease. She did not glance at him, but held her cigarette in silence and refused to light it. She had boasted to him once of having learned to smoke at school.

"What 's the matter, Emmy?" burst in Blanche. "Are you under a cloud, that you don't blow one?"

"Blanche, Blanche," said her mother, in sweet reproof. "Mr. Malbone, what shall I do with this wild girl? Such a light way of talking! But I can assure you that she is really very fond of the society of intellectual, superior men. I often tell her that they are, after all, her most congenial associates. More so than the young and giddy."

"You 'd better believe it," said the unabashed damsel. "Take notice that whenever I go to a dinner-party I look round for a clergyman to drink wine with."

"Incorrigible!" said the caressing mother. "Mr. Malbone would hardly imagine you had been bred in a Christian land."

"I have, though," retorted Blanche. "My esteemed parent always accustomed me to give up something during Lent, — champagne, or the New York Herald, or something."

The young men roared, and, had time and cosmetics made it possible, Mrs. Ingleside would have blushed becomingly. After all, the daughter was the better of the two. Her bluntness was refreshing beside the mother's suavity; she had a certain generosity, too, and in a case of real destitution would have lent her best ear-rings to a friend.

By this time Malbone had edged himself to Emilia's side. "Will you drive with me?" he murmured in an undertone.

She nodded slightly, abruptly, and he withdrew again.

"It seems barbarous," said he aloud, "to break up the party. But I must claim my promised drive with Miss Emilia."

Blanche looked up, for once amazed, having heard a different programme arranged. Count Posen looked up also. But he thought he must have misunderstood Emilia's acceptance of his previous offer to drive her; and as he prided himself even more on his English than on his gallantry, he said no more. It was no great matter. Young Jones's dog-cart was at the door, and always opened eagerly its arms to anybody with a title.

XII.

A New Engagement.

Ten days later Philip came into Aunt Jane's parlor, looking excited and gloomy, with a letter in his hand. He put it down on her table without its envelope, — a thing that always particularly annoyed her. A letter without its envelope, she was wont to say, was like a man without a face, or a key without a string, — something incomplete, preposterous. As usual, however, he strode across her prejudices, and said, —

"I have something to tell you. It is a fact."

"Is it?" said Aunt Jane, curtly. "That is refreshing in these times."

"A good beginning," said Kate. "Go on. You have prepared us for something incredible."

"You will think it so," said Malbone. "Emilia is engaged to Mr. John Lambert." And he went out of the room.

"Good Heavens!" said Aunt Jane, taking off her spectacles. "What a man! He is ugly enough to frighten the neighboring crows. His face looks as if it had fallen together out of chaos, and the features had come where it had pleased Fate. There is a look of industrious nothingness about him, such as busy dogs have. I know the whole family. They used to bake our bread."

"I suppose they are good and sensible," said Kate.

"Like boiled potatoes, my dear," was the response. "Wholesome, but perfectly uninteresting."

"Is he of that sort?" asked Kate.

"No," said her aunt. "Not uninteresting, but ungracious. But I like an ungracious man better than one like Philip, who hangs over young girls like a soft-hearted avalanche. This Lambert will govern Emilia, which is what she needs."

"She will never love him," said Kate,

"which is the one thing she needs. There is nothing which could not be done with Emilia by any person with whom she was in love; and nothing can ever be done with her by anybody else. No good will ever come of this, and I hope she will never marry him."

With this unusual burst, Kate retreated to Hope. Hope took the news more patiently than any one, but with deep solicitude. A worldly marriage seemed the natural tendency of the Ingleside influence, but it had not occurred to anybody that it would come so soon. It had not seemed Emilia's peculiar temptation; and yet nobody could suppose that she looked at John Lambert through any glamour of the affections.

Mr. John Lambert was a millionnaire, a politician, and a widower. The late Mrs. Lambert had been a specimen of that cheerful hopelessness of temperament that one finds abundantly developed among the middle-aged women of country towns. She enjoyed her daily murders in the newspapers, and wept profusely at the funerals of strangers. On every occasion, however felicitous, she offered her condolences in a feeble voice that seemed to have been washed a great many times and to have faded. But she was a good manager, a devoted wife, and was more cheerful at home than elsewhere, for she had there plenty of trials to exercise her eloquence, and not enough joy to make it her duty to be doleful. At last her poor, meek, fatiguing voice faded out altogether, and her husband mourned her as heartily as she would have bemoaned the demise of the most insignificant neighbor. After her death, being left childless, he had nothing to do but to make money, and he naturally made it. Having taken his primary financial education in New England, he graduated at that great business university, Chicago, and then entered on the public practice of wealth in New York.

Aunt Jane had perhaps done injustice to the personal appearance of Mr. John Lambert. His features were irregular, but not insignificant, and there was a certain air of slow command about him, which made some persons call him handsome. He was heavily built, with a large, well-shaped head, light whiskers tinged with gray, and a sort of dusty complexion. His face was full of little curved wrinkles, as if it were a slate just ruled for sums in long division, and his small blue eyes winked anxiously a dozen different ways, as if they were doing the sums. He seemed to bristle with memorandum-books, and kept drawing them from every pocket, to put something down. He was slow of speech, and his very heaviness of look added to the impression of reserved power about the man. All his career in life had been a solid progress, and his boldest speculations seemed securer than the legitimate business of less potent financiers. Beginning business life by peddling gingerbread on a railway train, he had developed such a genius for the management of railways as some men show for chess or for virtue; and his accumulating property had the momentum of a planet.

He had read a good deal in his earlier days, and had seen a great deal of men. His private morals were unstained, he was equable and amiable, had strong good sense, and never got beyond his depth. He had travelled in Europe and brought home many statistics, some new thoughts, and a few good pictures selected by his friends. He spent his money liberally for the things needful to his position, owned a yacht, bred trotting-horses, and had founded a theological school.

He submitted to these and other social observances from a vague sense of duty as an American citizen; his real interests lay in business and in politics. Yet he conducted these two vocations on principles diametrically opposite. In business he was more honest than the average; in politics he had no conception of honesty, for he could see no difference between a politician and any other merchandise. He always succeeded in business, for he thoroughly understood its principles; in politics

he always failed in the end, for he recognized no principles at all. In business he was active, resolute, and seldom deceived; in politics he was equally active, but was apt to be irresolute, and was deceived every day of his life. In both cases it was not so much from love of power that he labored, as from the excitement of the game. The larger the scale the better he liked it; a large railroad operation, a large tract of real estate, a big and noisy statesman, — these investments he found irresistible.

On which of his two sets of principles he would manage a wife remained to be proved. It is the misfortune of what are called self-made men in America, that, though early accustomed to the society of men of the world, they often remain utterly unacquainted with women of the world, until those charming perils are at last sprung upon them in full force, at New York or Washington. John Lambert at forty was as absolutely ignorant of the qualities and habits of a cultivated woman as of the details of her toilet. The plain domesticity of the wife of his youth he understood and prized; he remembered her household ways as he did her black alpaca dress; indeed, except for that item of apparel, she was not so unlike himself. In later years he had seen the women of society; he had heard them talk; he had heard men talk about them, wittily or wickedly, at the clubs; he had perceived that a good many of them wished to marry him, and yet, after all, he knew no more of them than of the rearing of humming-birds or orchids, — dainty tropical things which he allowed his gardener to raise, he keeping his hands off, and only paying the bills. Whether there was in existence a class of women who were both useful and refined, — any intermediate type between the butterfly and the drudge, — was a question which he had sometimes asked himself, without having the materials to construct a reply.

With imagination thus touched and heart unfilled, this man had been bewitched from the very first moment by Emilia. He kept it to himself, and heard in silence the criticisms made at the club-windows. To those perpetual jokes about marriage, which are showered with such graceful courtesy about the path of widowers, he had no reply; or at most would only admit that he needed some elegant woman to preside over his establishment, and that he had better take her young, as having habits less fixed. But in his secret soul he treasured every tone of this girl's voice, every glance of her eye, and would have kept in a casket of gold and diamonds the little fragrant glove she once let fall. He envied the penniless and brainless boys, who, with ready gallantry, pushed by him to escort her to her carriage; and he lay awake at night to form into words the answer he ought to have made when she threw at him some careless phrase, and gave him the opportunity to blunder.

And she, meanwhile, unconscious of his passion, went by him in her beauty, and caught him in the net she never threw. Emilia was always piquant, because she was indifferent; she had never made an effort in her life, and she had no respect for persons. She was capable of marrying for money, perhaps, but the sacrifice must all be completed in a single vow. She would not tutor nor control herself for the purpose. Hand and heart must be duly transferred, she fancied, whenever the time was up; but till then she must be free.

This with her was not art, but necessity; yet the most accomplished art could have devised nothing so effectual to hold her lover. His strong sense had always protected him from the tricks of matchmaking mammas and their guileless maids. Had Emilia made one effort to please him, once concealed a dislike, once affected a preference, the spell might have been broken. Had she been his slave, he might have become a very unyielding or a very heedless despot. Making him her slave, she kept him at the very height of bliss. This king of railways and purchaser of statesmen, this man who

made or wrecked the fortunes of others by his whim, was absolutely governed by a reckless, passionate, inexperienced, ignorant girl.

And this passion was made all the stronger by being a good deal confined to his own breast. Somehow it was very hard for him to talk sentiment to Emilia; he instinctively saw she disliked it, and indeed he liked her for not approving the stiff phrases into which alone he could force his unaccustomed emotions. Nor could he find any relief of mind in talking with others about her. It enraged him to be clapped on the back and congratulated by his compeers; and he stopped their coarse jokes, often rudely enough. As for the young men at the club, he could not bear to hear them mention his darling's name, however courteously. He knew well enough that for them the betrothal had neither dignity nor purity; that they held it to be as much a matter of bargain and sale as their worst amours. He would far rather have talked to the theological professors whose salaries he paid, for he saw that they had a sort of grave, formal tradition of the sacredness of marriage. And he had a right to claim that to him it was sacred, at least as yet; all the ideal side of his nature was suddenly developed; he walked in a dream; he even read Tennyson.

Sometimes he talked a little to his future brother-in-law, Harry,—assuming, as lovers are wont, that brothers see sisters on their ideal side. This was quite true of Harry and Hope, but not at all true as regarded Emilia. She seemed to him simply a beautiful and ungoverned girl whom he could not respect, and whom he therefore found it very hard to idealize. Therefore he heard with a sort of sadness the outpourings of generous devotion from John Lambert.

"I don't know how it is, Henry," the merchant would gravely say, "I can't get rightly used to it, that I feel so strange. Honestly, now, I feel as if I was beginning life over again. It ain't a selfish feeling, so I know there 's some good in it. I used to be selfish enough, but I ain't so to her. You may not think it, but, if it would make her happy, I believe I could lie down and let her carriage roll over me. By ——, I would build her a palace to live in, and keep the lodge at the gate myself, just to see her pass by. That is, if she was to live in it alone by herself. I could n't stand sharing her. It must be me or nobody."

Probably there was no male acquaintance of the parties, however hardened, to whom these fine flights would have seemed more utterly preposterous than to the immediate friend and prospective bridesmaid, Miss Blanche Ingleside. To that young lady, trained sedulously by a devoted mother, life was really a serious thing. It meant the full rigor of the marriage market, tempered only by dancing and new dresses. There was a stern sense of duty beneath all her robing and disrobing; she conscientiously did what was expected of her, and took her little amusements meanwhile. It was supposed that most of the purchasers in the market preferred slang and bare shoulders, and so she favored them with plenty of both. It was merely the law of supply-and-demand. Had John Lambert once hinted that he would accept her in decent black, she would have gone to the next ball as a Sister of Charity; but where was the need of it, when she and her mother both knew that, had she appeared as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, she would not have won him? So her only resource was a cheerful acquiescence in Emilia's luck, and a judicious propitiation of the accepted favorite.

"I would n't mind playing Virtue Rewarded myself, young woman," said Blanche, "at such a scale of prices. I would do it even to so slow an audience as old Lambert. But you see, it is n't my line. Don't forget your humble friends when you come into your property, that 's all." Then the tender coterie of innocents entered on some preliminary consideration of wedding dresses.

When Emilia came home, she dismissed the whole matter lightly as a

settled thing; evaded all talk with Aunt Jane, and coolly said to Kate that she had no objection to Mr. Lambert, and might as well marry him as anybody else.

"I am not like you and Hal, you know," said she. "I have no fancy for love in a cottage. I never look well in anything that is not costly. I have not a taste that does not imply a fortune. What is the use of love? One marries for love, and is unhappy ever after. One marries for money, and perhaps gets love after all. I dare say Mr. Lambert loves me, though I do not see why he should."

"I fear he does," said Kate, almost severely.

"Fear?" said Emilia.

"Yes," said Kate. "It is an unequal bargain, where one side does all the loving."

"Don't be troubled," said Emilia. "I dare say he will not love me long. Nobody ever did!" And her eyes filled with tears which she dashed away angrily, as she ran up to her room.

It was harder yet for her to talk with Hope, but she did it, and that in a very serious mood. She had never been so open with her sister.

"Aunt Jane once told me," she said, "that my only safety was in marrying a good man. Now, I am engaged to one."

"Do you love him, Emilia?" asked Hope, gravely.

"Not much," said Emilia, honestly. "But perhaps I shall, by and by."

"Emilia," cried Hope, "there is no such thing as happiness in a marriage without love."

"Mine is not without love," the girl answered. "He loves me. It frightens me to see how much he loves me. I can have the devotion of a lifetime, if I will. Perhaps it is hard to receive it in such a way, but I can have it. Do you blame me very much?"

Hope hesitated. "I cannot blame you so much, my child," she said, "as if I thought it were money for which you cared. It seems to me that there must be something beside that, and yet —"

"O Hope, how I thank you," interrupted Emilia. "It is not money. You know I do not care about money, except just to buy my clothes and things. At least, I do not care about so much as he has, — more than a million dollars, only think! Perhaps they said two million. Is it wrong for me to marry him, just because he has that?"

"Not if you love him."

"I do not exactly love him, but O Hope, I cannot tell you about it. I am not so frivolous as you think. I want to do my duty. I want to make you happy too: you have been so sweet to me."

"Did you think it would make me happy to have you married?" asked Hope, surprised, and kissing again and again the young sad face. And the two girls went up stairs together, brought for the moment into more sisterly nearness by the very thing that had seemed likely to set them forever apart.

XIII.

Dreaming Dreams.

So short was the period between Emilia's betrothal and her marriage, that Aunt Jane's sufferings over trousseau and visits did not last long. Mr. Lambert's society was the worst thing to bear.

"He makes such long calls!" she said, despairingly. "He should bring an almanac with him to know when the days go by."

"But Harry and Philip are here all the time," said Kate, the accustomed soother.

"Harry is quiet, and Philip keeps out of the way lately," she answered. "But I always thought lovers the most inconvenient thing about a house. They are more troublesome than the mice, and all those people who live in the wainscot; for though the lovers make less noise, yet you have to see them."

"A necessary evil, dear," said Kate, with much philosophy.

"I am not sure," said the complain-

ant. "They might be excluded in the deed of a house, or by the terms of the lease. The next house I take, I shall say to the owner, 'Have you a good well of water on the premises? Are you troubled with rats or lovers?' That will settle it."

It was true, what Aunt Jane said about Malbone. He had changed his habits a good deal. While the girls were desperately busy about the dresses, he beguiled Harry to the club, and sat on the piazza, talking sentiment and sarcasm, regardless of hearers.

"When we are young," he would say, "we are all idealists in love. Every imaginative boy has such a passion, while his intellect is crude and his senses indifferent. It is the height of bliss. All other pleasures are not worth its pains. With older men this ecstasy of the imagination is rare; it is the senses that clutch or reason which holds."

"Is that an improvement?" asked some juvenile listener.

"No!" said Philip, strongly. "Reason is cold and sensuality hateful; a man of any feeling must feed his imagination; there must be a woman of whom he can dream."

"That is," put in some more critical auditor, "whom he can love as a woman loves a man."

"For want of the experience of such a passion," Malbone went on, unheeding, "nobody comprehends Petrarch. Philosophers and sensualists all refuse to believe that his dream of Laura went on, even when he had a mistress and a child. Why not? Every one must have something to which his dreams can cling, amid the degradations of actual life, and this tie is more real than the degradation; and if he holds to the tie, it will one day save him."

"What is the need of the degradation?" put in the clear-headed Harry.

"None, except in weakness," said Philip. "A stronger nature may escape it. Good God! do I not know how Petrarch must have felt? What sorrows life brings! Suppose a man hopelessly separated from one whom he passionately loves. Then, as he looks up at the starry sky, something says to him: 'You can bear all these agonies of privation, loss of life, loss of love, — what are they? If the tie between you is what you thought, neither life nor death, neither folly nor sin, can keep her forever from you.' Would that one could always feel so! But I am weak. Then comes impulse, it thirsts for some immediate gratification; I yield, and plunge into any happiness since I cannot obtain her. Then comes quiet again, with the stars, and I bitterly reproach myself for needing anything more than that stainless ideal. And so, I fancy, did Petrarch."

Philip was getting into a dangerous mood with his sentimentalism. No lawful passion can ever be so bewildering or ecstatic as an unlawful one; for that which is right has all the powers of the universe on its side, and can afford to wait. But the wrong, having all those vast forces against it, must hurry to its fulfilment, reserve nothing, concentrate all its ecstasies upon to-day. Malbone, greedy of emotion, was drinking to the dregs a passion that could have no to-morrow.

Sympathetic persons are apt to assume that every refined emotion must be ennobling. This is not true of men like Malbone, voluptuaries of the heart. He ordinarily got up a passion very much as Lord Russell got up an appetite, — he, of Spence's Anecdotes, who went out hunting for that sole purpose, and left the chase when the sensation came. Malbone did not leave his more spiritual chase so soon, it made him too happy. Sometimes, indeed, when he had thus caught his emotion, it caught him in return, and for a few moments made him almost unhappy. This he liked best of all; he nursed the delicious pain, knowing that it would die out soon enough, there was no need of hurrying it to a close. At least, there had never been need for such solicitude before.

Except for his genius for keeping his own counsel, every acquaintance of

Malbone's would have divined the meaning of these reveries. As it was, he was called whimsical and sentimental, but he was a man of sufficiently assured position to have whims of his own, and could even treat himself to an emotion or so, if he saw fit. Besides, he talked well to anybody on anything, and was admitted to exhibit, for a man of literary tastes, a good deal of sense. If he had engaged himself to a handsome schoolmistress, it was his fancy, and he could afford it. Moreover she was well connected, and had an air. And what more natural than that he should stand at the club-window and watch, when his young half-sister (that was to be) drove by with John Lambert. So every afternoon he saw them pass in a vehicle of lofty description, with two wretched appendages in dark blue broadcloth, who sat with their backs turned to their master's, kept their arms folded, and nearly rolled off at every corner. Hope would have dreaded the close neighborhood of those Irish ears; she would rather have ridden even in an omnibus, could she and Philip have taken all the seats. But then Hope seldom cared to drive on the Avenue at all, except as a means of reaching the ocean, whereas with most people it appears the appointed means to escape from that spectacle. And as for the footmen, there was nothing in the conversation worth their hearing or repeating, and their presence was a relief to Emilia, for who knew but Mr. Lambert himself might end in growing sentimental?

Yet she did not find him always equally tedious. Their drives had some variety. For instance, he sometimes gave her some lovely present before they set forth, and she could feel that, if his lips did not yield diamonds and rubies, his pockets did. Sometimes he conversed about money and investments, which she rather liked; this was his strong and commanding point; he explained things quite clearly, and they found, with mutual surprise, that she also had a shrewd little brain for those matters, if she would but take the trouble. Sometimes he insisted on being tender, and even this was not so bad as she expected, at least for a few minutes at a time; she rather enjoyed having her hand pressed so seriously, and his studied phrases amused her, besides their evident sincerity. It was only when he wished the conversation to be brilliant and intellectual, that he became intolerable; then she must entertain him, must get up little repartees, must tell him lively anecdotes, which he swallowed as a dog bolts a morsel, being at once ready for the next. He never made a comment, of course, but at the height of his enjoyment he gave a quick, short, stupid laugh, that so jarred upon her ears, she would have liked to be struck deaf rather than hear it again.

At these times she thought of Malbone, how gifted he was, how inexhaustible, how agreeable, with a faculty for happiness that would have been almost provoking had it not been contagious. Then she looked from her airy perch and smiled at him at the club-window, where he stood in the most negligent of attitudes, and with every faculty strained in observation. A moment and she was gone. Then all was gone, and a mob of queens might have blocked the way, without his caring to discuss their genealogies, even with old General Le Breton, who had spent his best (or his worst) years abroad, and was supposed to have been confidential adviser to most of the crowned heads of Europe.

For the first time in his life Malbone found himself in the grasp of a passion too strong to be delightful. For the first time his own heart frightened him. He had sometimes feared that it was growing harder, but now he discovered that it was not hard enough.

He knew it was not merely mercenary motives that made Emilia accept John Lambert; but what troubled him was a vague knowledge that it was not mere pique. He was used to dealing with pique in women, and had found it the most manageable of weaknesses.

It was an element of spasmodic conscience which he saw here, and which troubled him.

Something told him that she had said to herself: "I will be married, and thus do my duty to Hope. Other girls marry persons whom they do not love, and it helps them to forget. Perhaps it will help me. This is a good man, they say, and I think he loves me."

"Think?" John Lambert had adored her when she had passed by him without looking at him; and now, when the thought came over him that she would be his wife, he became stupid with bliss. And as latterly he had thought of little else, he remained more or less stupid all the time.

To a man like Malbone, self-indulgent rather than selfish, this poor, blind semblance of a moral purpose in Emilia was a great embarrassment. It is a terrible thing for a lover, when he detects conscience among the armory of weapons used against him; and faces the fact that he must blunt a woman's principles to win her heart. Philip was rather accustomed to evade conscience, but he never liked to look it in the face and defy it.

Yet if the thought of Hope at this time came over him, it came as a constraint, and he disliked it as such, and the more generous and beautiful she was, the greater the constraint. He cursed himself that he had allowed himself to be swayed back to her, and so had lost Emilia forever. And thus he drifted on, not knowing what he wished for, but knowing extremely well what he feared.

XIV.

The Nemesis of Passion.

Malbone was a person of such ready emotional nature, and such easy expression, that it was not hard for Hope to hide from herself the gradual ebbing of his love. Whenever he was fresh and full of spirits, he had enough to overflow upon her and every one. But when other thoughts and cares were weighing on him, he could not share them, nor could he at such times, out of the narrowing channel of his own life, furnish more than a few scanty drops for her.

At these times he watched with torturing fluctuations the signs of solicitude in Hope, the timid withdrawing of her fingers, the questioning of her eyes, the weary drooping of her whole expression. Often he cursed himself as a wretch for paining that pure and noble heart. Yet there were moments when a vague inexpressible delight stole in; a glimmering of shame-faced pleasure as he pondered on this visible dawning of distrust; a sudden taste of freedom in being no longer fettered by her confidence. By degrees he led himself, still half-ashamed, to the dream that she might yet be somehow weaned from him, and leave his conscience free. By constantly building upon this thought, and putting aside all others, he made room upon the waste of his life for a house of cards, glittering, unsubstantial, lofty, until there came some sudden breath that swept it away; and then he began on it again.

In one of those moments of more familiar faith which still alternated with these cold, sad intervals, she asked him, with some sudden impulse, how he should feel if she loved another? She said it, as if guided by an instinct, to sound the depth of his love for her. Starting with amazement, he looked at her, and then, divining her feeling, he only replied by an expression of reproach, and by kissing her hands with an habitual tenderness that had grown easy to him, — and they were such lovely hands! But his heart told him that no spent swimmer ever transferred more eagerly to another's arms some precious burden beneath which he was consciously sinking, than he would yield her up to any one whom she would consent to love, and who could be trusted with the treasure. Until that ecstasy of release should come, he would do his duty, — yes, his duty.

When these flushed hopes grew pale, as they soon did, he could at least play with the wan fancies that took their

place. Hour after hour, while she lavished upon him the sweetness of her devotion, he was half consciously shaping with his tongue some word of terrible revealing that should divide them like a spell, if spoken, and then recalling it before it left his lips. Daily and hourly he felt the last agony of a weak and passionate nature, — to dream of one woman in another's arms.

She too watched him with an ever-increasing instinct of danger, studied with a chilly terror the workings of his face, weighed and reweighed his words in absence, agonized herself with new and ever new suspicions; and then, when these had grown insupportable by their numbers, seized them convulsively and threw them all away. Then, coming back to him with a great overwhelming ardor of affection, she poured upon him more and more in proportion as he gave her less.

Sometimes in these moments of renewed affection he half gave words to his remorse, accused himself before her of unnamed wrong, and besought her to help him return to his better self. These were the most dangerous moments of all, for such appeals made tenderness and patience appear a duty; she must put away her doubts as sins, and hold him to her; she must refuse to see his signs of faltering faith, or treat them as mere symptoms of ill health. "Should not a wife," she asked herself, "cling the closer to her husband in proportion as he seemed alienated through the wanderings of disease? And was not this her position?" So she said within herself, and meanwhile it was not hard to penetrate her changing thoughts, at least, for so keen an observer as Aunt Jane. Hope, at length, almost ceased to speak of Malbone, and revealed her grief by this evasion, as the robin reveals her nest by flitting from it.

Yet there were times when he really tried to force himself into a revival of this calmer emotion. He studied Hope's beauty with his eyes, he pondered on all her nobleness. He wished to bring his whole heart back to her, — or at least wished that he wished it. But hearts that have educated themselves into faithlessness must sooner or later share the suffering they give. Love will be avenged on them. Nothing could have now recalled this epicure in passion, except, possibly, a little withholding or semi-coquetry on Hope's part, and this was utterly impossible for her. Absolute directness was a part of her nature; she could die, but not manœuvre.

It actually diminished Hope's hold on Philip, that she had at this time the whole field to herself. Emilia had gone for a few weeks to the mountains, with the household of which she was a guest. An ideal and unreasonable passion is strongest in absence, when the dream is all pure dream, and safe from the discrepancies of daily life. When the two girls were together, Emilia often showed herself so plainly Hope's inferior, that it jarred on Philip's fine perceptions. But in Emilia's absence the attraction of temperament, or whatever else brought them together, resumed its sway unchecked; she became one great magnet of enchantment, and all the currents of the universe appeared to flow from the direction where her eyes were shining. When she was out of sight, he needed to make no allowance for her defects, to reproach himself with no overt acts of disloyalty to Hope, to recognize no criticisms of his own intellect or conscience. He could resign himself to his reveries, and pursue them into new subtleties day by day.

There was Mrs. Meredith's house, too, where they had been so happy. And now the blinds were pitilessly closed, all but one where the Venetian slats had slipped, and stood half open as if some dainty fingers held them, and some lovely eyes looked through. He gazed so long and so often on that silent house, — by day when the scorching sunshine searched its pores, as if to purge away every haunting association, — or by night when the mantle of darkness hung tenderly above it, and seemed to collect the dear remembrances again, — that

his fancy by degrees grew morbid, and its pictures unreal. "It is impossible," he one day thought to himself, "that she should have lived in that room so long, sat in that window, dreamed on that couch, reflected herself in that mirror, breathed that air, without somehow detaching invisible fibres of her being, delicate films of herself, that must gradually, she being gone, draw together into a separate individuality an image not quite bodiless, that replaces her in her absence, as the holy Theocrite was replaced by the angel. If there are ghosts of the dead, why not ghosts of the living also?" This lover's fancy so pleased him that he brought to bear upon it the whole force of his imagination, and it grew stronger day by day. To him, thenceforth, the house was haunted, and all its floating traces of herself, visible or invisible, — from the ribbon that he saw entangled in the window-blind to every intangible and fancied atom she had imparted to the atmosphere, — came at last to organize themselves into one phantom shape for him and looked out, a wraith of Emilia, through those relentless blinds. As the vision grew more vivid, he saw the dim figure moving through the house, wan, restless, tender, lingering where they had lingered, haunting every nook where they had been happy once. In the windy moanings of the silent night he could put his ear at the keyhole, and could fancy that he heard the wild signals of her love and her despair.

THE MISSION OF BIRDS.

WHEN it was announced last spring that the city government of Boston, through the Committee of the City Council on Public Squares, was making arrangements for the introduction of the European House-Sparrow into the Common and the Public Garden, one of our fellow-citizens was at the pains to wait upon his Honor the Mayor, and remonstrate against what he was pleased to call an unwise experiment. He spoke of their introduction as an experiment, either ignorant or forgetful of the entire success that had attended their naturalization in New York and the adjacent towns and cities of New Jersey. It was unwise and absurd, he said, because if the object were to destroy or to keep down destructive insects, this would be better accomplished by the cultivation of insectivorous birds, among which the European House-Sparrow was not classed, &c. As if the *insectivores* of authors actually did devour the "insects injurious to vegetation," and were the only family of birds that did so!

Such was the sum and substance of his protest against what we then regarded, and still regard, as a very important step in the right direction, and one which we sincerely trust the casualties of the past season have only delayed, but have not arrested. Had the remonstrance come from an unintelligent person, or from one with no scientific pretensions, we would not have attached any particular importance to so total a want of appreciation of the subject upon which such decided opinions were given. But here the case was far otherwise. The remonstrant was a gentleman of high scientific reputation in branches of culture closely interwoven in interest with the suppression of noxious insects. To the *dicta* of such an one, speaking as with authority, some importance is naturally attached. The mere fact that one from whom we seem to have the right to expect a more accurate knowledge in such matters showed himself so utterly at fault is of itself a pregnant suggestion. It awakes a train of reflections

touching the whole subject of birds, the seeming evil done, and the often unseen or unappreciated benefits conferred by them. How absolutely wanting in information nearly all of us are, — even the best informed in other respects, — in regard to the real practical economic value to mankind of the whole feathered race! How limited our knowledge! How short-sighted our views! We are as yet, with only here and there a most rare exception, unlearned even in the alphabet of this science! Even our systematists, with all their supposed knowledge of their subject, have but added to our confusion, and have only led us astray, when they have attempted to divide the feathered tribe into *insectivores*, supposed to feed only on insects, *granivores*, as if they ate nothing but seeds, *omnivores*, who are supposed to devour a little of everything, and so on. Herein the danger of a little learning is clearly made manifest. Naturally enough, our friend the Sparrow aforesaid is mentioned as a grain-eating bird. And while we cannot, with a conscientious regard for the truth, venture to deny his occasional indiscretions in this direction, it is none the less absurd, and in the face of positive evidence, for us, or for any one, to rush to the extreme conclusion in the opposite direction, and declare that seeds are his exclusive, or even his principal, food. More than this, we are equally in error if, misled by this nomenclature, we suppose that the Sparrow and all his clan of gross-feeders, who belong to all orders, and have no exclusive groups, do not devour at least as many insects, especially the more injurious ones, as the families which the scientific world believes *par excellence* insect-eaters.

The fact is, all our systems that attempt any such arbitrary classification are absurd, untenable, founded in error, and, of course, only lead to confusion and hopeless entanglement. Of all the eight or nine thousand species that inhabit the globe, the proportion cannot be very large of those which are supposed to be exclusively insect-eaters. The number is yet smaller, — indeed, we almost doubt if there are positively known to be any birds of any kind, — which are not, at certain periods of their lives, largely insectivorous. This is certainly true in regard to nearly all those generally known in our books as *granivores*, while all genera of birds known to our systematists as omnivorous are, without exception, the most active, persistent, and valuable destroyers of those insects from whose ravages our gardens, our parks, our lawns, and our farms would have, but for their intervention, the most to apprehend. To this large variety of birds, to which we can give no more significant name than that of gross-feeders, the world is most indebted for keeping within any limits those destructive insects which would otherwise make earth uninhabitable.

We shall offer no other apology than our own shortcomings for raising our voice in behalf of the entire race of feathered creatures, nearly all of which we believe to be life-long benefactors to the human race. Our incompetence to do justice to this self-imposed task we fully admit *ab initio*. But some one must make a beginning; and how can we better serve the cause we have at heart than by thus venturing to appeal, in behalf of our clients, the unappreciated birds, to a few facts, not to be gainsaid, which point unerringly to the great hidden *arcana*, in reserve for future explorers of a boundless and almost untrodden field of research? The need of light upon this question is but too painfully apparent. When we hear of such a protest from such a source as we have just named, — or when we find one of our most honored and esteemed scientific men passing by in total and oblivious silence the most complete and triumphant vindication of the Sparrow, made only a few years since under the auspices of the Senate of France, — or when one who styles himself "Curator of Zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet," in the year of our Lord 1867, in his "Birds of New England," pronounces

wholesale denunciations against the mischievous and destructive character of such birds as the Crow, the Blue-Jay, the Purple Grakle, and the like, — we cannot hold our peace.

We do not propose to attempt an exhaustive treatise on this subject. Nor can we discriminate in favor of this or against that class, family, or genus of birds. We know but too little in regard to any, and may not therefore venture to speak with much positiveness as to their relative merits or demerits. In regard, however, to a few points of some moment, we feel secure, both through our own observations, and yet more through those of others far more trustworthy. Of these points we shall venture to write, and shall essay to vindicate the claims to our grateful consideration even of some of those species which have been most complained of, and are most subject to unfavorable prejudice.

And here we would premise. The mischief which these birds do is often of daily occurrence, is open, palpable, and not to be gainsaid. And yet these very birds are often really our greatest benefactors. Let us take up first for our consideration the Robin. Where will you find, hereabouts, one more complained of, more generally denounced, than he? Is he not, by common consent, pronounced by most of our fruit-growers the pest of horticulturists? Does he not steal our cherries, plunder our strawberries, strip our currant-bushes, pilfer our raspberries, help himself to our choicest grapes, and, if we have some rare Shepardia berries, will not the glutton take the whole? And does he not, some one else will add, attack and spoil our handsomest pears? In reply to the last charge we cannot respond affirmatively. We do not believe it, and if it were true, we would say to whoever made this charge: "My dear sir, it only serves you right. You should not leave summer pears on the tree long enough to become so soft as to tempt a bird to peck at them. Your fruit should have been gathered when so hard that no bird could molest it, and thus you would have saved your pears and improved their quality!" But we are getting off our track, and will return to the Robin.

With the exception of the pear-accusation, which we believe to be bosh, we admit the truth of all these charges, — but what then? What do they prove? Simply that the worst traits in the character of the Robin are those which, unfortunately for his reputation, are the most apparent, and which are brought home to the notice of all who have fruit to be plundered, while his beneficial deeds escape the general observation. The Robin is eminently one of those who delight in doing good by stealth, but alas! he is very rarely put to the blush by finding it fame. The world, as a general thing, is but too prompt to recognize the mischief he does, but knows little or nothing of his good deeds, far overbalancing his faults.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Robin, careful and faithful friends have looked into his record, and the result of their investigations prove him to be an invaluable friend to the farmer, and demonstrate by indisputable evidence that his services are of an indispensable importance. Nearly eleven years since, the very same gentleman who this last summer signalized his imperfect knowledge of birds by protesting against the European Sparrow's coming to Boston, because it was not an insect-eater, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society introduced a motion in favor of the presentation of a petition to the State Legislature, in the name of the Society, praying for the repeal of all legislation for the protection of the Robin. After an animated discussion, in which it was shown that the Robin was not even then without strong friends, the Society, instead of adopting the motion, very wisely voted to look into the matter before they thus committed themselves, and referred the whole subject of the habits of the Robin to a select committee, who were desired to make a very thorough investigation. Fortunately at the head of this committee

was placed J. W. P. Jenks, Esq. of Middleboro', an ardent and zealous friend of the bird. He entered upon his duties with an alacrity and an interest, and completed them with a fidelity and a thoroughness that reflect upon him the highest credit. The leisure hours of an entire year were devoted by this gentleman to a careful and minute investigation of the subject committed to his charge. Day by day, and at all hours of the day, he procured specimens of the birds for the purpose of carefully examining the contents of their several stomachs, for evidences of the general character of their food. Robins were thus obtained by him, both from the villages and from the more rural districts, apart from gardens and orchards. Beginning with the first week in March, 1858, these examinations were continued, with more or less frequency, until the same month of the succeeding year.

Confining ourselves here to such portions of the results as may have a direct bearing upon the points we seek to establish, we find that Professor Jenks has demonstrated, among other things, that during the whole of March, April, and May not a particle of vegetable matter of any kind whatever could be found in the food of the robins. Insects, in large quantities, varying greatly as to kind, condition, and development, were during all these months their sole and exclusive food. The larvæ of a species of fly known to naturalists as the *Bibio albipennis* of Say, formed a large proportion of the contents of their stomachs. Not unfrequently as many as two hundred of these insects, in this stage of development, were taken from a single bird, and for the most part wherever any were found they were the only food in the bird's stomach.

It next became important to inquire, What are these larvæ? What is the peculiarity of this insect either in the larva-form or the more perfect imago? And does any importance attach to their destruction?

It is made to appear from the evidence of the highest authorities cited by Professor Jenks, — and, we may here add, their testimony is entirely corroborated by that of others equally trustworthy, — that the whole class of insects belonging to the genus of Bibio is a kind of fly whose larvæ would be, if not kept in check, exceedingly destructive to the roots of plants, feeding upon them and frequently causing them to wither and die. In Europe, the analogous species with our own, called the *Bibio marci*, is known to feed upon the roots of strawberry plants, vines, flowers in pots, &c., and does great mischief to plants in earth that has not been disturbed during the autumn and the succeeding spring. Entire beds of ranunculuses have been known to be completely ruined by these insects year after year.

Now it is very evident that what is known to happen in Europe from the destruction wrought by the larvæ of these insects might occur with us, — indeed, would be very sure to occur with us, — but for the timely and invaluable services of our much-abused Robin. During all the spring months, from early March until almost June, the Robins are rendering to us the all-important service of destroying these destructives, of which service, but for the faithful investigations of their friend Mr. Jenks, the world might never have been made aware. The larvæ of this insect live together in large swarms, are exceedingly numerous, the parent being very productive, and depositing her whole stock of eggs in a single spot. The Robin finding one of these colonies rarely leaves it until the whole swarm is exterminated.

Nor is it entirely a matter of inference that the activity and zeal of the Robin in destroying these insects avert from us the consequences that follow from their unchecked abundance. Mr. Jenks refers to a noteworthy instance in which the slaughter by a shooting-match created a great scarcity of birds in a certain locality, and a vast extent of grass-land in that neighborhood became withered and dried up, as if a

fire had passed over it. Why it did so no one could then conjecture, but we can now perceive that just such consequences would follow from an undisturbed growth of these destructive worms.

Professor Jenks's investigations further show that in May and June these larvæ were replaced in the stomach of the Robin by a variety of insects, among them various caterpillars and beetles of the family *Elateridæ*, the parents of the well-known wire-worms, so destructive to corn and other seeds. Later in June strawberries and cherries were detected in the birds' crops, but almost always largely intermingled with insects. It was noticed that Robins shot in the more rural districts at this season, at a distance from gardens and fruit-trees, were generally found to have chiefly fed upon insects, and to a comparatively small extent upon fruit, showing that they do not go to a distance to obtain this kind of food. This mixed diet of insects and berries was found to continue until October, though after July their vegetable food consisted chiefly of elder and poke berries and other wild fruit. Later in the season they fed almost exclusively upon grasshoppers and other orthopterous insects.

Such, in brief, is the substance of Professor Jenks's important observations. They cannot but be regarded as a triumphant vindication of the claims of the Robin to our grateful protection. They establish beyond dispute that, during seven out of the nine months in which the Robins are with us in any numbers, they are exclusively our benefactors and nothing else, — doing us nothing but good, and that of the highest importance. And if, during six or eight weeks, those birds of this species, which make their home in our villages for want of sufficient insect food, do share with us our small fruit, they are at the same time earning their wages by the destruction of injurious insects, beyond the power of man to reach; while the Robins who reside in the country, out of temptation's way, rarely trouble our fruit, but confer upon us only benefits.

So much for Professor Jenks's testimony; but this is not the whole story of the Robin. Thus far we have only taken into our account the food of the adult birds. We have said nothing as to that which they provide for their young. This very important chapter in their history Mr. Jenks appears to have overlooked, perhaps not being aware how different the food given by birds to their young often is from that which they eat themselves. As a general rule, the food of all young birds is, as far as may be possible, of an animal and chiefly of an insect character. Certainly the Robin is no exception to this general rule. And even those birds which in an adult state feed almost entirely upon seeds will be found to be fed, when fledglings, almost entirely upon insects. It is this most important fact that enhances so greatly the value to man of the entire class of birds, and which changes a seeming enemy and depredator into his best friend.

As we have said, the Robin is far from being an exception to this rule. Although we find in Mr. Jenks's valuable paper no corroboration of this fact, fortunately evidence of the highest authority is not wanting.

Professor Daniel Treadwell of Cambridge, in September, 1858, submitted to the Boston Society of Natural History an elaborate paper, giving in carefully prepared details certain important facts observed by him relative to the feeding and the growth of young Robins. The great value of this paper consists in the evidence it furnishes of the enormous amount of animal food necessary for the development and growth of the young of this species. We cannot give in detail Professor Treadwell's experiments, and it is enough for our purpose to state that they demonstrate that a young Robin consumed forty-one per cent of animal food more than his own weight in twelve hours, before he began to gain, and that after he had eaten this amount his own weight was fifteen per cent less than the food he had consumed. That he absolutely needed this large proportion of food

was shown by his falling off in weight while he had less. Even when fed on raw beef the young bird consumed nearly his own equivalent each day; and after eating this amount daily for thirteen successive days, his weight was then hardly twice in amount that of his daily supply of raw beef. These facts demonstrate the immense power of these birds to destroy insects. Besides earth-worms, which are not always to be had, especially in grass-lands or in a time of drought, Robins feed their young very largely with both the larvæ and the imago of the whole family of cut-worms and many others of the most destructive varieties of insects. Wherever the land is turned up at this time, whether by the hoe, the spade, or the plough, you will always find these birds on the sharp lookout for these your worst enemies, but also the choicest titbits for their own family. And when we take into consideration the fact that each pair of Robins usually rears on the average at least three broods of four or five each in a season, and that for some twenty or thirty days each young Robin requires twice his own weight of insects for his food, then we may form some idea of the immense amount of benefit conferred by one pair of these birds and their offspring in a single season upon their immediate neighborhood.

And not only are we assured, by the observations we have referred to, of the large number and great importance, in an agricultural point of view, of the insects thus destroyed, but the writer's own personal observations as to the character of the food of the young Robin enable him to add testimony of the most positive and satisfactory kind. In the summer of 1867 a pair of Robins built their nest on the top of a lattice porch over his door and immediately under his window. In so exposed a place, in full sight both from above and from below, everything that transpired in the nest could be easily noticed, and without disturbing its occupants. They were very closely observed after the young appeared; and, so far as they were seen, the nestlings were fed until they left their nest entirely with the moths of the family of *Agrotidiæ*, or subterranean caterpillars, commonly known as cut-worms.

Upon the destructive character of these ravagers of our gardens we need not here enlarge. If any are curious to learn more in regard to them than we have space to tell them, they can find their criminal record fully set forth in the pages of Harris, and in successive reports of our State Board of Agriculture; while those who already know more about these pests than they would wish to do, who have been eyewitnesses to their ravages in their own strawberry-beds, or who have seen their rising rows of early peas, their first outcropping of corn or other plants, all swept off, almost in a single night, by these secret destroyers, — they at least can appreciate the approbation and gratitude with which the writer witnessed the commendable efforts of friend Robin towards the extermination of the foe. It is a matter capable of mathematical demonstration, that this single pair of Robins have more than earned their full right and title to all the cherries they can eat, so long as they may be spared to remain with us, the guardian angels of our garden.

We have thus devoted a large portion of our space to an extended defence of a single species. We do so for several good and sufficient reasons, because in this vicinity it is one of the most generally denounced of its family, because its true character has been more thoroughly and carefully investigated than that of any other, and because, with the single exception of the House-Sparrow of Europe, it is the most striking instance we can call to mind wherein a bird clearly shown to be one of our greatest benefactors is generally held in disrepute by the very persons whom he most benefits.

We will now more briefly refer to other instances where the benefits conferred on man by certain birds are positive, demonstrable, and important, but in which, so far as we are aware, the

same exact measures for a thorough examination of their respective habits have not been resorted to. We do not, therefore, possess the same conclusive evidence of the value of their services as in the case of the Robin, and cannot so readily offset the sum of their transgressions.

The common Cat-bird of New England is not a general favorite; why it is not so we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. Its harsh cry, which it only utters when it is anxious for the safety of its brood, is certainly an insufficient reason, for at all other times it is a beautiful singer. In its habits it is friendly and familiar, never molesting our fruit to any important extent, and it is a constant and active benefactor in the destruction of insects of the most injurious character, such as several kinds of caterpillars, the grub of the May-beetle, — generally, though improperly, called muck-worms, and one of the most mischievous enemies to all vegetation we have among us, — and a very large variety of other insects, in various stages of development. More active and enterprising than the Robin, it searches for and drags to light all those hidden workers of evil, the subterranean caterpillars of all descriptions. Woe to the muck-worm or the cut-worm whose habitat the Cat-bird discovers! The culprit is at once dragged forth to light, and summarily punished. This we have witnessed in numberless instances.

One rainy day, the past summer, as we sat by a window looking out upon the flower-bed, our attention was attracted to a Cat-bird apparently buried head and shoulders in the soil and trying to extricate himself. Our first impulse was to run to his rescue, supposing him to be in danger from some hidden enemy; but we soon discovered our mistake when we saw him gradually emerge, dragging out with him, not without some difficulty, a very large grub of the May-beetle, which he had detected in the very act of eating the roots of our favorite geranium. The offender was forthwith pounded to a jelly, and in this condition borne off to the bird's nest hard by, where it no doubt gladdened the heart of one of his nestlings.

Our good opinion of the Cat-bird is confirmed by the recent experience of President Hill of Cambridge. A favorite elm, near his house, was attacked last summer by a large swarm of the vanessa caterpillar. They rapidly devoured its foliage, and threatened soon to despoil the tree of its beauty. One day, when he was about to bring ladders and attempt their removal, and was considering whether this was practicable, he observed a Cat-bird fly to the tree and begin to destroy the caterpillars. Seeing this unexpected relief, he deferred any interference and awaited the result. Nor was he disappointed. In a few days the Cat-bird entirely cleared the tree. The writer was an eyewitness to a similar result, but in this case the tree attacked by the vanessa worm was a poplar, and the birds which cleared them out were Baltimore Orioles.

Leaving, then, the Cat-bird as one whose value to the cultivator is beyond dispute, we turn to a bird that of all others perhaps in this country has the fewest friends, and against whom, as by almost common consent, an incessant, bitter war of extermination is waged. We mean, of course, our common Crow. But that it is a bird of uncommon sagacity, one whose experience has taught it to beware of man and to keep the sharpest lookout for its own safety, it would long since have been added to the increasing catalogue of extinct species. State governments have set a price upon its head, and as many as forty thousand have been slaughtered in a single year under the authority of the broad seal. Whole communities have leagued together and have raised large sums of money to be expended in promoting its extermination. But so long as men depended upon the gun alone, and made use only of powder and shot, the wily Crow could laugh to scorn their futile endeavors to circumvent and destroy him. But the case is very differ-

ent now, since the deadly strychnine places within the reach of his assassins a cheap, convenient, and sure means of exterminating his race, and the Crow is fast disappearing from our land.

We can regard the possible extermination of this bird in hardly any other light than that of a calamity. If this ruthless and cowardly warfare is not arrested before it is too late, our farmers will have — as in many places they have already — occasion bitterly to regret the loss of the Crow's indispensable services.

We have been eyewitness to the destructive ravages in large districts of our own State, by certain insects which the Crows would have kept in check, if they had not been nearly exterminated in that neighborhood.

While we must regret the short-sighted madness — we can call it no less — which thus prompts whole neighborhoods and States even to promote the wholesale destruction of these birds, we can but admit that, in certain localities and under peculiar circumstances, the Crow may appear to be so great a nuisance that the victims of his rapacity naturally become exasperated at his misdeeds, and combine for his destruction. Wilson relates that, in the vicinity of Newcastle, Del., the Crows collected in immense numbers in the low islands of the Delaware River, and from that rendezvous sallied out, committing depredations in the immediate neighborhood that were almost incredible. Entire fields of corn were laid waste by the thousands of these birds that alighted upon them at once. Like the stragglers of an immense and undisciplined army, they spread themselves over the field, plundering and destroying wherever they alighted. Who can wonder that in that part of the country the Crow was universally execrated as a plunderer and destroyer?

His destructiveness in digging up the newly planted Indian corn is too notorious to be disputed. Nor can we deny that he will, whenever he finds the opportunity, destroy the egg and the young of the smaller birds, and rob hens'-nests and kill young chickens. All these charges are but too true, and furnish strong reasons for his being generally held in disrepute.

Yet that there is a bright side even to the character of the Crow, that to the community as a whole the good he is constantly doing greatly exceeds its mischief, we do most fully believe. At least, before the present exterminating warfare against him shall have been carried to a fatal end, it is to be hoped the question of his value may be determined by positive facts, and not too hastily denied by crude theorists upon imperfect and superficial data, or assumptions as likely to be imaginary as real.

Great stress has recently been laid, in a work more pretentious than accurate, upon the Crow's destruction of the eggs and young of other birds, magnifying into an enormous amount of mischief the few isolated instances that chanced to fall under the writer's notice. Before we give full credit to his conclusions, we insist upon a little more exact evidence in regard to the frequency of these offences. Our own experiences do not lead us to believe their correctness. Unquestionably the instinct of a Crow would lead him to do all the mischief of this sort that he had the opportunity of doing, but, most fortunately, there is also an instinct equally powerful that prompts other birds so to conceal their nests that they are safely hidden from him. The few cases that fall under our notice in which the Crow discovers and attacks them are, as we believe, exceptional and rare.

The injury done to newly planted maize by the Crow can be prevented by several simple and inexpensive expedients. The suspending of white or light-colored cord around and across the field is a sure preventive. The Crow, ever on its guard against traps, is too wary to venture within the supposed snare. So, too, the soaking of corn in the water of distillation from the manufacture of kerosene, for the same or some other reason effectually

secures the seed from being molested by the Crow. A kinsman of ours, residing on Milton Hill, where Crows still survive, has tried this experiment with complete success. In other cases, boys have been employed to watch the newly planted fields until the corn is up. All which sufficiently proves that to save our corn it is at least not necessary to exterminate this bird.

Whatever wrong the Crow commits against the cultivators of the soil may, by a little painstaking, be materially lessened or wholly prevented. The benefits he confers are both numerous and important. During the time he remains with us he destroys, so says no less authority than Wilson, "myriads of worms, moles, mice, caterpillars, grubs, and beetles." Audubon also affirms that the Crow devours myriads of grubs every day of the year, — grubs which would lay waste the farmer's fields, — and destroys quadrupeds innumerable, every one of which is an enemy to his poultry and his flocks. Dr. Harris also, one of the most faithful and accurate observers, in speaking of the fearful ravages sometimes wrought in our grass-lands and gardens by the grub of the May-beetles, adds his testimony to the great services rendered by the Crow in keeping these pests in check. Yet here in Massachusetts, regardless of such testimony in their favor, we have nearly exterminated these birds, and the destructive grubs, having no longer this active enemy to restrict their growth, are year by year increasing with a fearful persistence. We have seen large farms, within an hour's ride of Boston, in which, over entire acres, the grass was so completely undermined and the roots eaten away, that the loosened turf could be rolled up as easily as if it had been cut by the turfing-spade. In the same neighborhood whole fields of corn, potatoes, and almost every kind of garden vegetable, had been eaten at the root and destroyed. Our more intelligent farmers, who have carefully studied out the cause of this unusual insect growth, have satisfied themselves that it is the legitimate result, the natural and inevitable consequence, of our own acts. Our short-sighted and murderous warfare upon the Crow has interrupted the harmonies of nature, disturbed her well-adjusted balance, and let loose upon agriculture its enemies with no adequate means of arresting their general increase.

We might extend almost indefinitely our evidence of the practical value of birds as shown by facts, and instead of an article compile a volume, giving instances of the beneficial intervention of other varieties of birds, some of them also among our most maligned species, in behalf of our rural interests. But our space will not permit. We can only very briefly refer in passing to a few instances upon which we would gladly dwell more at length.

The measure-worm of the Middle States, so successfully driven from the squares of New York by the English Sparrow, but still ravaging the parks of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, has two very powerful enemies among our native birds, which would be abundantly able to keep them in check were they themselves unmolested. They are the Cedar Bird and the Purple Grakle. Unfortunately, both of these birds are under the ban of the unreflecting and prejudiced: one because he helps himself to our cherries, the other because he is accused of making free with our corn-fields at harvest-time.

The canker-worm still riots in almost undisturbed possession of our orchards. Each year extends the area of its ravages, and witnesses the loss of millions of dollars' worth of fruit, the growth and development of which it prevents. We have many native birds which would prey upon and keep down these pests, — most of them, too, harmless and inoffensive species, — but the murderous gun and the still more destructive cat have so thinned their ranks that they are now too few to cope with the worst enemies of the orchard. Yet there are powerful auxiliaries whom we might call in most effectually where circumstan-

ces favor. The domestic pigeon has been shown, by the testimony of Dr. Jeffries Wyman, to feed its young with enormous quantities of these worms. And it is a well-established fact that gardens and orchards protected by the inmates of the dovecot have been known to be kept free from them, when all around the trees of other grounds were devastated. The common domestic fowls also, under favorable circumstances, is of great service in destroying the canker-worm. But their presence cannot generally be permitted, nor their services made available.

The Blue-Jay, whose good name and fame our space will not permit us here to vindicate, has recently been rendering very valuable and efficient services to the dwellers on the lake shore of Ohio. Our venerable friend, Dr. Jared P. Kirtland of Cleveland, informs us that the tent caterpillars — *Clisiocampa americana* — which with us are such pests in the orchards, have been attacked and destroyed by the Blue-Jay so thoroughly that hardly a specimen can now be found on the entire lake shore. These good deeds of the Jay, we are happy to add, are appreciated by the enlightened cultivators of that State, who overlook their depredations for the sake of the greater good they do, and are wiser in their generation than our own Solons, who allow these birds no mercy.

The cabbage-butterfly of Europe, whose larvæ are so destructive that, according to Mudie, were it not for the Sparrow not a single cabbage would be raised in any part of Great Britain, has made its appearance in large numbers on our shores. In the province of New Brunswick and in the neighborhood of Calais, this unwelcome visitor is already abundant. Year by year it is extending the area of its depredations, and each year brings it nearer to our own gardens. How are we to meet this new enemy? We have no Sparrows as yet domiciled among us. That any of our native birds will show themselves equal to the task of its destruction is, we fear, hardly to be hoped; so long as the gun and the cat are permitted to restrict their numbers to the minimum, we may not anticipate any present or effectual relief from our natural protectors whose services we repay with ingratitude or neglect.

Somewhere about the close of the winter of 1866, late in February or early in March, a pair of Black-throated Blue Warblers, — a bird supposed never to make its appearance with us before May, — took up their abode in the small yard in the rear of the writer's house in Boston. Whence they could have come at that season of the year we were unable to conjecture. They were plump, lively, and active, and in excellent condition in every way. They at once made themselves at home, searching every crack and crevice in and about the roof, lattice, and outbuilding for the eggs and larvæ of insects, of which they evidently found an abundance. After having thoroughly explored our premises and exhausted its supply, they proceeded to those of our neighbors, but returned each night to roost on the clothes-line stretched from an upper window to the top of a high trellis. This they continued to do for a week or more. After this we did not see them again.

Their visit to us was followed by notable consequences. The swarms of hairy caterpillars that every year before their advent had so abounded as to be an intolerable nuisance entirely disappeared and have not since been seen. Their entire race seems to have been exterminated by our two little visitors. These Warblers, unfortunately for us, are not residents here, even in summer, but flit rapidly through our State in their spring and fall migrations. But the immense service they are capable of doing, and which they must do somewhere, is shown by what a single pair accomplished with us in the short space of a week.

We have sought to present a few of the more striking instances of the really remarkable economic value to agriculture, of birds generally but wrongfully held in disesteem. We have suggest-

ed rather than attempted to prove that all birds may have their intrinsic value, often demonstrated to us only too late, when we have slain our benefactors and miss the services they can no longer render. We would say, with Professor Jenks, that our experiences, as well as his, have taught us to believe that "each species of bird has a specific mission in the services rendered by each, in preventing the multiplication of injurious insects and smaller animals. Not only the strictly insectivorous but the rapacious and the granivorous have their duties to perform, bearing directly upon the matter of aiding the tiller of the soil in preserving the balance of favorable and unfavorable influences, from whatever part of the animal kingdom they may come."

The subject is one of inexhaustible magnitude. We have only bestowed a hasty glance upon a restricted portion of the field of research. In this country the subject is new and the path of investigation almost untrodden. In France, under the patronage of its government, invaluable researches have been made by M. Florent-Prevost, with already many conclusive and satisfactory results. His studies and observations have demonstrated several general laws bearing directly upon the economic value of birds in their relations to man and his interests.

These are, that the same species of birds changes its food according to its age and the season; that very nearly all the so-called granivorous birds are insectivorous in their immature age, and also during adult age at each period of reproduction; that some birds of prey, besides being carnivorous, are also largely insectivorous at times; that insects form, in the food of birds, by far the more considerable part; that birds are in general much more useful than injurious to our crops; and that, even in respect to the greatest part of the granivorous species, the evil which is done at certain times is largely compensated by the destruction of insects which they accomplish at other times.

We are thus led to the same inevitable conclusion with this life-long student of our special subject, that *no agriculturist can destroy a bird without knowing that he may expect from the act only injury.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER.

PART I.

IN consequence of the Shakers' having held a convention in Boston on November 11th and 12th, 1868, to which I was a delegate, I received from Friend Fields a note, in which occurs the following paragraph: —

"How would it do for you to write an article for our Atlantic Monthly Magazine, which should be an autobiographical account of your experience as a seeker after truth, and should give the 'reason of the hope that is in you,' that people may understand precisely the meaning of a sect which has lately been brought into notoriety by the writings of Dixon and Vincent?"

I can see great importance in a *principle*, very little in an individual. Not of myself should I write *of* myself; but, in the hope that others may be advantaged thereby, I acquiesce in the foregoing suggestion.

I have always lived much in the future; yet my present life has been a practical success; while my work has ever been before me, my reward has always been with me. I am satisfied with the continued realizations of the

prophetical spirit within, — of the abstract principles that have been my inner life.

My father's family were of the middle class in England. They were long-lived, my grandmother reaching the advanced age of one hundred and four, and my grandfather approaching one hundred. My father, George Evans, was the youngest of twelve children, and died comparatively young; he was sent into the English army, was under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the Egyptian expedition co-operating with the fleet under Nelson, and held a commission in the service.

My mother was of a class a little above, so that the marriage caused a perpetual breach between the two families. Her name was Sarah White. I was born in Leominster, Worcestershire, England, on the 9th of June, 1808. The first *fact* that I can *remember* may be of some interest to the student in anthropology. When I came of age, I was relating to an aunt on my father's side, whom I had never before seen, that I had always had stored up in my memory one thing which I could not account for; I could remember nothing before or after it to give it a meaning, and none of my mother's relatives knew anything about it: I saw the inside of a coach, and was handed out of it from a woman's arms into those of some other person. My aunt was utterly astonished, and stated that my mother was coming down from London to Birmingham, when I was not more than six months old, that something happened to the horses which frightened the party badly, and that I was handed out (just as I had seen and remembered) by my mother into the arms of another person.

When I was four years of age my mother died, and I was thrown among her relatives, who sent me to school at Stourbridge, where there were some two hundred scholars; and the position the master assigned me was that of the poorest scholar in the school, which effected my release from the school-room, to my great satisfaction and peace of mind; for if there was one thing more than another that I hated, it was school-books and an English schoolmaster, with his flogging proclivities. I was then about eight years old.

Henceforth my lot was cast with my uncle and aunts at Chadwick Hall, near Leaky Hill, the scene of one of Cromwell's battles, where a systematic arrangement of all things obtained, from the different breeds of dogs, — the watchdog in his kennel, the water-spaniel, the terrier of rat-catching propensities, the greyhound, the pointer, and the bulldog, — to the diversity of horses for the farm, the road, the saddle, and hunting; there were five hundred sheep, with a regular hereditary shepherd to change them from pasture to pasture in summer, and attend to all their wants, and fold them in the turnip-fields all the winter. Every field on the farm was subject to a rotation of crops as regular as the seasons, which are generally bad enough for the English farmer.

The farm was very hilly and woody, and dotted with five fish-ponds formed from a stream that ran through it. There was plenty of fish and game, and the woods were vocal with the great variety of singing-birds, from the jackdaw to the nightingale.

As my friends had given up all attempts and hopes to educate, and thereby fit me for good society, I was allowed to follow my own instincts and affinities; and these led me to associate almost exclusively with the servants, of whom eight or ten were kept on the place, there being two distinct classes of human beings and two separate establishments at Chadwick Hall, as on a Southern plantation in the olden times of seven years ago. Here I was allowed to educate myself to my heart's content, reading and studying the vegetables and fruits (and of these there were variety and abundance, from the apple and pear to the apricot and gooseberry), in all of which I was deeply interested. The land and its crops, the animals and the servants who at-

tended them, together with those who officiated in-doors, were all my school masters and mistresses, and the servants were not less my particular friends, for I was a democrat.

When almost twelve years of age, my father and brother, whom I did not know, appeared at Chadwick Hall (not to me, among the servants, but) to my uncle and aunts in the parlor, and to my grandmother, who had *not* given me up for lost as had the others (so far as a school education was concerned), but had made me say my prayers before going to bed, and when I rose in the morning; had caused me to learn the collect on Sunday; and required the servants to take me to the National Episcopal Church to learn the text, and patiently endure an occasional gentle knock on the head from the sexton's long wand. For all this I had a proper respect; but the organ (which I heard for the first time) in another church alarmed me, and caused me to cry out in a fright, to the amazement of a large congregation.

My father, brother, &c., as I subsequently learned, had a sharp contention about taking me off to America, of which I only knew so much as I used to hear the common people sing in a doggerel originating at the time recruits for the Revolutionary War were being raised: —

> "The sun will burn your nose off,
> And the frost will freeze your toes off;
> But we must away,
> To fight our friends and our relations
> In North America."

The different parties became warm in their feelings, and quarrelled, each laying claim to me; and, as neither would give way, Englishmen-like, they agreed to settle the matter on this wise: I, Frederick, was to be called into the parlor, no word upon the subject to be spoken to me previously, and uncle was to put a question to me, which he did, as follows: "Frederick, will you go to America with these men (who are your father and brother), or will you stay with us?" "I will go to America with my father and brother," was my reply, and that settled it. I was soon "fixed off," and on my way to Liverpool. This was in the year 1820, and I attained my twelfth year at sea.

I was hardy and healthy, and liked to work; I barely knew my letters, and detested paper books. I had not been poisoned with saleratus, or American knick-knacks or candies; nor with American superfine flour; nor with the great variety and dreadful mixtures with which the systems of children and young persons in this nation are duly prepared for Plantation Bitters, and the long, endless train of bitters resulting from dyspeptic diet.

The next ten years were spent in America in such intimate relations with my brother G. H. Evans, that some reference to him is indispensable. He was two years older than myself, and had received a scholastic education; so that, in literary knowledge, we were the two extremes of learning and ignorance. But we were brothers in a higher meaning of the term. We were Radicals in civil government, and in religion, being Materialists. He is now deceased; but he made his mark upon the page of history, which has recorded the current of thought as it flowed down from the *founders* of the American government to the election of *Grant* as President of these United *Reconstructing* States, upon principles more nearly realizing the abstract truisms affirmed in the Declaration of Independence than were ever before advanced.

George started the land-reform movement in this country, on the basis of the principle laid down by Jefferson, that "the land belongs to man *in usufruct* only." And *that idea* was, doubtless, entertained by all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. George was contemporary with Horace Greeley in his younger days; and, at the time of starting the "New York Tribune," they were fast friends.

Another important point of agreement between the founders of the government and G. H. E. was, that they were all, so far as I know (excepting Thomas Carroll of Carrollton, who was a Catholic), infidels to the existing so-called

Christianity of the world. Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Franklin, and Washington (who has been somewhat whitewashed by the sectarian priesthood) were Materialists, Deists, Unitarians, &c. These made provision that no priest of *any denomination* should hold any office under this government.

This school of mind had progressed up to the Community theories of Fourier and Owen, and the attempts to realize them in various places in Europe and America were most rife about the year 1830.

The right *to be* and the right *to land*, each included the other; we held that they were identical; and hence we waged a fierce and relentless war against all forms of property accumulation that owed their origin to land monopoly, speculation, or usury.

While still an apprentice at Ithaca, G. H. E. published "The Man." Afterwards I combined my means with his, and we published, successively, "The Workingman's Advocate," "The Daily Sentinel," and, finally, "Young America," besides a great variety of other publications, including "The Bible of Reason," &c., &c.; none of which, in a pecuniary point of view, was successful; for G. H. E. was a poor financier, and we had a tremendous current to stem. But that these publications had a controlling influence upon the American press, may be inferred from the very frequent quotations in other papers from the editorials of "Young America," and also from the fact that six hundred papers indorsed the following measures, which were printed at the head of "Young America":—

"*First.* The right of man to the soil: 'Vote yourself a farm.'

"*Second.* Down with monopolies, especially the United States Bank.

"*Third.* Freedom of the public lands.

"*Fourth.* Homesteads made inalienable.

"*Fifth.* Abolition of all laws for the collection of debts.

"*Sixth.* A general bankrupt law.

"*Seventh.* A lien of the laborer upon his own work for his wages.

"*Eighth.* Abolition of imprisonment for debt.

"*Ninth.* Equal rights for women with men in all respects.

"*Tenth.* Abolition of chattel slavery and of wages slavery.

"*Eleventh.* Land limitation to one hundred and sixty acres,—no person, after the passage of the law, to become possessed of more than that amount of land. But, when a land monopolist died, his heirs were to take each his legal number of acres, and be compelled to sell the overplus, using the proceeds as they pleased.

"*Twelfth.* Mails, in the United States, to run on the Sabbath."

These and similar views and principles we held and propagated to the very best of our ability; for our whole hearts and souls were in them.

This Spartan band was few in number; but there were deep thinkers among them; and all were earnest, practical workers in behalf of the down-trodden masses of humanity. It was war between abstract right and conventional rights. We held the Constitution to be only a compromise between the first principles of the American government, as they were set forth in the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, and the then existing vested rights of property-holders and conservatives of all sorts, secular and religious; and we contended that the mutual, well-understood intention and design of the founders of the government was, that, as soon as was possible, the Constitution should be amended, so as to conform more and more to the ideal pattern set forth in the declaration of rights inherent in humanity, it being a question *only* as to *how long* an acknowledged *wrong* should be permitted!

Our little party gradually and steadily increased, and acquired the title of "The Locofoco Party" in the following manner: On the evening of the 29th of October, 1835, a great meeting was to be held in Tammany Hall, by the Democratic party (which was then and there split into two, and in which

the Radical Land Reformers triumphed, taking with them a large portion of the party). The conservative leaders came up the back stairs into the hall, and secured the fore part of the meeting, and elected a chairman and committee. But these were finally entirely outvoted by the thousands of workingmen who crowded into and filled the hall, ejecting Isaac L. Varian, whom the monopolists had installed, and putting in Joel Curtis as chairman. Then the conservatives retired in disgust down the back stairs as they came in, and revengefully turned off the gas, leaving the densely packed hall in total darkness. The cry was raised, "Let there be light," and "there was light"; for locofoco matches were ignited all over the room, and applied to candles, when a fine illumination ensued, creating great enthusiasm, which finally resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson and B. M. Johnson as President and Vice-President of the United States. For it was soon found that the Locofoco party held the balance of power; and they offered their entire vote to whichever of the parties would put at the head of their great party papers the twelve measures above enumerated, and the offer was accepted by the Democratic party.

Thus, during the last thirty-eight years, have been accomplished the following among our progressive purposes, viz.: —

Second. The United States Bank overthrown.

Third. Freedom of public lands to actual settlers secured.

Fourth. Homestead laws in nearly all of the States.

Sixth. General bankrupt laws passed by the United States.

Seventh. Lien of laborers upon work to a great extent secured.

Eighth. Abolition of imprisonment for debt, in most of the States.

Tenth. Abolition of chattel slavery in the United States entire.

Ninth. Equal rights for women is next in order.

I will now return to the scenes of my boyhood; for it is a truth that "the boy is father to the man."

The example of the order and economy practised at Chadwick Hall was not lost upon me. Two uncles, John and James, managed the farm. One remained at home mostly; the other attended the fairs and markets, which latter are held once a week at the principal towns. Here the farmers and dealers meet to sell and buy all the products of their farms; the grain being bought and sold by samples. The fairs were much the same thing, but the sales were principally of live stock on a large scale. On these occasions, servants (male and female) congregated together, and hired themselves out for the ensuing year, each one producing his "character" on paper from his former employer.

To these markets and fairs my uncle John used frequently to take me; and there I learned the relative value of property, and how to buy and sell. At home I learned to take care of horses, cattle, and sheep. Everything moved as if by machinery. For instance, there were some twenty horses; and in the morning, at a regular hour, they were all turned out to water as we now turn out cows. Whilst they were gone, their mangers were cleaned, and the racks emptied of any hay left in them overnight; this was put aside to be aired, and fresh hay was given; at night, however, the aired hay was first fed out, — nothing was wasted or lost.

In the house it was the same. Once a month they washed; once a week they baked bread made from unbolted wheat, black enough, but *sweet*, especially when, as often happens in that unfortunate climate, the wheat is grown; then the bread is *sweetish*. But the people are not dyspeptic; nor do they *in the country* commonly eat pills.

When my father and brother had fairly possession of me, they found they had "caught a Tartar." I had a good constitution, and, before they converted me into a "young gentleman," could stand a great deal of discipline.

We came over in a ship called "The Favorite," laden with salt and iron. The captain said, that, in twenty-two voyages, he had never experienced one so rough. Three times was the jibboom broken off close to the prow of the ship. At one time the ship sprang aleak; and it was "All hands to the pumps!" There were several feet of water in her hold; but the storm abated just in time to save the vessel, which was lost on her next voyage.

Landing at New York, we went up to Newburg, where we hired three teams to remove our baggage to Binghamton, at which place two uncles were already located. This became *my home* in America, from whence I went and came until I found a Shaker home. And here, in the company of young folks belonging to the three families, I was again the black sheep. Several of the young men became editors, while I could barely *read* a little. But one of my aunts, one evening, when we were all together, prophesied of me that, "of the company present, Frederick would yet occupy the most desirable position in life"; which has come to pass.

I now took a sudden turn in respect to books and learning. I saw that "knowledge was" not only "power," but that it was respect and consideration. I made up my mind that I would learn to read, and *love* to read. My first *dose* was "The Life of Nelson"; then I set myself to reading the Bible through by course; and I did it; and here I made a discovery (or rather my friends did), that my memory was so retentive, that whatever I read was, as it were, pictured on my brain. I had only to look at the picture to see it in all its minutest particulars, without any effort. And (as Lincoln would say) this reminds me of what a woman I met on a Hudson boat said; that in coming from California she was nearly drowned, but, before consciousness was gone, all the sins of her life were present to her view; not one, however small, was missing.

I next went to Ithaca, and put myself to school to an Episcopal minister, who proved a real friend. At parting, he advised me "always so to live, that I could respect myself"; and that has ever since been my life motto. Next, I apprenticed myself, at Sherborne Four Corners, N. Y., to learn the hatting business. There I had access to a library of valuable books; and I took to reading Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives of Great Men, the "Tatler" and "Spectator," and Zimmermann, Shakespeare, Young, Watts, Thomson, Socrates, and Plato. I also took up theology, and asked myself, Why was I a Christian, and not a Mahometan, or a follower of Confucius? for I read the Koran, and the Bibles of all the people that I could obtain. I read "Locke on the Human Understanding, and the Being of a God." This laid in me the foundation of Materialism; for I came to the conclusion that matter was eternal, had never been created. Thomas Paine's "Crisis," and "Rights of Man," together with Volney and Voltaire, were among my friends.

I became a firm, settled Materialist, — a believer in *matter*, as I then understood it, the object of my external senses; for I then did not know that I had any other senses. This continued to be my condition until I met with the Shakers, some five years afterwards. I possessed this one great advantage, that what I *did* believe was *true*, however much there might be true that I did *not* believe.

Starting from such a basis, it was not strange that I early became a convert to the socialistic theories which, about the year 1830, were so enthusiastically advocated by their respective adherents, as the grand panacea for all the wrongs perpetrated by Church and State. To all my other radical ideas I now added Socialistic-Communism; and I walked eight hundred miles (starting from New York) to join a Community at Massilon, Ohio. On this journey I was the recipient of many acts of kindness and hospitality from so great a variety of persons, entire strangers, that to this day I can-

not think of the Western people without emotions of gratitude and pleasure. At first, my feet swelled, and became very sore; but at length I could walk quite comfortably forty miles a day.

Reaching the Community, I found Dr Underhill at the head of it, and a goodly company of congenial spirits, — infidels (like myself) and philosophers, — lovers of wisdom; there also were *some Christians;* and these were considered the cause of the breaking up of the Community, which occurred within some two months after my arrival.

About a dozen of us, — young men, — looking into the causes which had destroyed so many Communities (some of us had been in five or six different ones, and were well acquainted with the whole movement), concluded to found another Community, upon a proper basis, purely philosophical, and not to allow in it a single Christian.

But, in the mean time, I had to make a voyage to England; and in the spring of 1829 I started on a raft, from the village of Chatauqua, drifting down the Monongahela and Ohio to Cincinnati, and thence on a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. This gave me an opportunity of seeing life as it existed in the then slave States, and I formed my own private opinion of Jefferson's remark when he said, he "trembled for his country, when he reflected that God was just," which was, that he saw the end from the beginning of slavery.

Sailing from New Orleans, and landing in New York, I soon after embarked for England; and after ten years' absence, I found at Chadwick Hall no more change in persons or things than would usually occur in America in a single year.

I returned to New York in January, 1830, when we perfected our plans for the new Community; and I was deputed to travel for information, and to find a suitable location in which to start. At this time we had in New York a Hall of Science, and Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright were its great lights.

Calling one day in the month of June (3d), 1830, at the office in Mount Lebanon, I was directed to the North House as the proper place for inquirers. I was kindly received by those, who at that time I supposed were the most ignorant and fanatical people in existence. And knowing by experience how touchy and sensitive *religious* persons were to any ideas not in unison with their own, and how extremely reluctant they were to have either their dogmas or practices tested by logic or common sense, I was very wary and careful as to what I said, and in the questions I propounded. But I was agreeably surprised and impressed by the air of candor and openness, the quiet self-repose, with which I was met. I remained here two or three days, but failed to find the touchy place where anathemas supply the place of reasoning, proof, and evidence; I have now been here some thirty-eight years, and have yet to find it. In fact, after about a week's inquiry, I pronounced them a society of infidels; which indeed was paying them the highest compliment of which I was capable.

My reason for so concluding was, that all that I, as a philosopher, had repudiated and denounced, in the past religious history of men, as false and abominable, and as having turned this earth into a real hell, while they were cutting each other's throats about imaginary heavens and hells, the Shakers also repudiated and denounced, only in stronger terms than I was master of; the power of a man or people for truth and good, being measured by their capacity for indignation, and for the "wrath of God revealed from heaven against" falsehood and evil, in all their multifarious forms.

I found here one brother, Abel Knight, who had been a Quaker, then a Socialist, and whose house in Philadelphia had been the head-quarters of Communists and infidels; a man of standing, in all the known relations of life; he was a brother indeed, and a father too.

I have stated that I was a Materialist; and to some it may be interesting

to know how I was converted. Well, it was not by the might of reasoning, nor by the power of argument, but by Spiritualism in the right *place*, — the Church of God; and put to the right *use*, — the conversion of a soul from an earthly to a spiritual condition.

The Shakers prayed for me, and I was met in my own path just as the Apostle Paul was met in *his* own path, by spiritual manifestations made to myself when quite alone, from time to time, during several weeks, until my reason was as entirely convinced by the evidence received of the existence of a spirit-world, as I am by evidence that is presented to my outward senses of the existence of our material earth. Not only so; but I came to a conception of the inner world as being the most substantial, and of the inner man as being the real man; the outward world being only the shadow of the invisible world of causation. I also saw a meaning in the words of Paul: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

Some persons may be curious to know what particular kind of spiritual manifestation it was that could convince so confirmed an infidel and Materialist. It was so spiritual that, whilst it fully met my case, I never have seen how I could put it into words, and do justice to the heavenly visitants or myself. In fact, I have always felt much as did a tribe of negroes whom Livingston found in the interior of Africa, and whom he designates the "African Quakers," because they will not fight: when he began to act the *missionary* to them, by preaching his kind of religion, they replied to him, in a whisper, "Hush! hush!" It was too sacred a subject for them to clothe in audible words. Even the *Jews* would never utter the sacred word "Jehovah" — *He-She* — except in a whisper.

In one of the first meetings that I attended I saw a brother exercised in a slight way outwardly; and it gave me the first *evidence* that began to produce in me faith in the *spiritual*. For I held that no person could believe, or disbelieve, at his or her own option; *belief* being solely the result of evidence.

One night, soon after retiring, I heard a rustling sound, as of the wings of a flock of doves flying through the window (which was closed) towards my bed; and, that I believed it to be supernatural, and that the faith in the supernatural, which the servants had planted in my soul, by their oft-told *ghost* stories, had not wholly died out, was evidenced by the fact that I was frightened, and hid my head beneath the bedclothes. For this faith was never planted by the priest whose text I used to learn; nor by the sexton who now and then gave me a rap on the head; because neither the priest nor his people (who informed me every time I met with them, that they had, during the past week, been doing "those things which they ought *not* to have done," and that also they had "left undone those things which they ought to have done"; and that they were "*miserable sinners*") had succeeded in attracting my attention to, or in the least degree interesting me in, supernatural or spiritual existences of another world.

I soon recovered my self-possession, and found that a singular mental phenomenon was going on. I was positively *illuminated*. My reasoning powers were enhanced a hundred-fold. I could see a chain of problems or propositions, as in a book, all spread out before me at once, starting from a fact that I *did* admit and believe; and leading me, step by step, mathematically, to a given conclusion, which I had *not* hitherto believed. I then discovered that I had powers within me that I knew not of. I was multiplied and magnified, and intensely interested. I was *reasoning* as I never before reasoned. Doubting was at a discount; for here were facts, something of which my senses were cognizant, — my physical, mental, rational, and spiritual senses; and I *knew* that

intelligences not clothed in what I had called *matter* were present with me, reasoning with me more purely and logically than hitherto had any intelligences in the body ever done, or than any mere mortal man or woman has ever done since. This first visitation of angels to me continued till about one o'clock in the morning, having lasted several hours. I now had *new* material for *thought.*

The next night they came again. This time it was spirit acting upon matter. Something began at my feet, and operated as palpably as water, or fire, or electricity; but it was neither: to me it was a new force, or element, or power; call it what you please. I reasoned upon it. There was no pain, but *fact.* It passed quite slowly upward throughout my whole body.

These visitations recurred nightly for three weeks, always different, always kind and pleasant; but were addressed directly to my rationality, showing me the facts of the existence of a spiritual world, of the immortality of the human soul, and of the possibility and reality of intercommunication between souls in and spirits out of the mortal body.

At about this time I had the following dream: I saw a great fire, and a nude man, perfect in his physical organism, standing by it; he stepped into its very midst, the flames completely encircling his whole body. The next thing I observed was, that while he was perfect in *living beauty*, he was so organically changed that no "fig-leaf" covering was required.

Although a Materialist, I had never presumed to deny what others might know or had experienced to be true. But I would not believe, or rather *profess* to believe, things of which I did not know, or of which I had received no evidence. This was the extent of my infidelity; and I still hold fast to the same rock. "How can we reason but from what we know?"

At the end of the three weeks I was one day thinking of the wonderful condescension of my spirit friends, and how I had been met, to repletion, by evidence addressed to all my senses, powers, and faculties of body and mind; and I said to myself, "It is enough"; and from that moment the manifestations entirely ceased; thus adding, as a seal, still another proof, that intelligent beings, who perfectly understood all of my mental processes, had me in charge.

Among the people (Believers) themselves, I had, for the *first time*, found religionists who were also rationalists, ready to "render a reason for the faith and hope that was in them"; and who were willing to have that *reason* tested by the strictest rules of logical ratiocination. And they could appeal to me, as a Materialist, as did the Nazarene to unbelievers, "If ye believe not my words" (and the validity of my arguments), yet "believe for the very works' sake."

I had objected to other religious people and preachers, that, whereas they professed to believe in God, in the immortality of the soul, in an eternal heaven and hell, their lives and actions, as logical sequences, were inconsistent with such premises. And I often said to them: "If I believed what you profess to believe, I would devote all my time to a preparation for eternity." Here, however, was a people, unknown by the world, doing that very thing. Their whole life was a religious one; all their temporal, no less than their spiritual, affairs being the exponent of their religion. Here was, first, faith in a Supreme Being, not as a dry unsympathizing Trinity of three male persons, but a *Dual God,* a Father, the Fountain of wisdom and power, and a Mother, the Fountain of goodness and love to humanity. Here was faith in Divine communication — revelation — from the Parents primarily of all souls, not only to the man *Jesus,* as the "first-born" from humanity, in the *male* line, eighteen hundred years ago; but also to the woman *Ann,* the first-born of humanity in the *female* line, in modern times. "Why not?" I said. Theoretically, I was just as ready to believe the one as the other; especially when,

in the present, as in the former case, I found the principles identical, and the works similar.

Moses was a land reformer. The Jews held land as do the people of Vineland, by allotment, each one having his little family homestead. The early Christians, being all Jews, easily went one step further, and held their land "in common"; and thus did the Shakers, viewing them as a body politic complete in themselves. For all the principles of Materialistic Socialism were in practical operation, — their "works"; where is possessed and enjoyed "freedom of the public lands," and of all lands, and "land limitation," and "homesteads inalienable"; where is fully carried out "abolition of slavery, both chattel and wages," including poverty and riches; monopoly in all its forms, together with speculation, usury, and competition in business; where is abolished "imprisonment for debt," or for any other cause, for in this Community (or nation) not only are there no "laws for the collection of debts," but debt itself (as must be the case in a perfect Community) is impossible; where "Woman's Rights" are fully recognized, by first giving her a Mother in Deity to explain and protect them; where equal suffrage for men and women, and equal participation in the government of an order founded by a woman, was an inevitable necessity.

These were the works for the sake of which I was compelled to believe that there really was a God, and that revelation, or communication, existed between that God and those whom I had supposed were the extremely ignorant and very fanatical Shakers.

As a Materialist, accustomed to be governed by *common sense*, the Shakers had to convince me by evidence, addressed to my own senses and reasoning faculties, that a God did exist; and that they received *from him* revelations upon which a rational man, in the most important business relations of life, might safely depend, before I could think of believing the Bible or any other record of what men and women (who possessed no more nor better faculties or senses than I did), in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, in the early history of the human race, had seen, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or tasted, or said, — experienced.

If a God exists in our own time, then certainly men and women, as perfect as were those of olden times, also exist. Moreover, it is generally claimed that great progress has been made by mankind as a race; therefore, and as a natural consequence, this progress should in nothing be more palpable than in his religion (his relation to God), and the relation of man to his fellow-man. And why, therefore, should there not be (if there ever was) a living intercommunication between God and man *to-day*, as well as on long-ago bygone days? was the question to be answered; and the Shakers did answer it, in a sensible and rational manner, by words and *facts* not (by me) to be gainsaid.

I was not required to believe the imperfectly-recorded experiences of spiritual men and women, but to attain to an experience of my own. I had received a revelation as truly as ever did Peter, or Paul, or Jesus, or Ann; and I therefore *believed*, not from the words of others, but (like the people of Samaria) because I had seen and heard and felt for myself.

This *rock* of revelation to each individual is the true foundation of the Shaker Church. "Night calleth unto night, and day unto day." There is nothing that will so illumine the pages of a true record of a *past* revelation as will a *present* and superior revelation shining thereupon. For it separates the chaff from the wheat, the false from the true, darkness from light.

After three months' absence, I returned to New York, to face, for the first time, my astounded Materialistic friends, to whom a more incomprehensible change could not have happened than my apparent defection from their ranks.

As soon as my arrival in the city was known, there was a gathering at my

brother's office, when the room was well filled with many older men than myself, and those to whom I had looked up as my superiors in knowledge and experience. At first, there was a little disposition shown by a few to be querulous and bantering; while the greater part took it as a serious matter, to be righted by solid argument.

I called the attention of the company, and inquired whether any of them wished to give me any information concerning Materialism, its principles? All said, No! you do not need it. I then inquired if any one present was acquainted with *Shakerism?* and again the answer was, No! Then, gentlemen, I replied, it is for *you* to listen, and for *me* to speak. And I *did* speak; and gave them as simple an account of my experience thus far as I was able.

I also had a separate interview with Robert Dale Owen at the Hall of Science. At its close he remarked: "I will come up to New Lebanon and stay a month; and, if I find things as they now appear, I will become a Shaker."

In course of time all of them became Spiritualists. Who sowed the seed?

I joined myself to the order, and became a Shaker. I have now had thirty-eight years' experience, and feel "satisfied with the goodness of God" and his people to me. I have gained a degree of victory over *self*, which causes my peace to "flow as a river," and which fills me with sympathy for *all* "seekers after truth" and righteousness, whoever and wherever they may be. In Part II. I propose commencing my Autobiography as a *Shaker*. My address is, *F. W. Evans, Mt. Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y.*

RUN WILD.

HERE was the gate. The broken paling,
As if before the wind, inclines,
The post half rotted, and the pickets, failing,
Held only up by vines.

The plum-trees stand, though gnarled and speckled
With leprosy of old disease;
By cells of wormy life the trunks are freckled,
And moss enfolds their knees.

I push aside the boughs and enter:
Alas! the garden's nymph has fled,
With every charm that leaf and blossom lent her,
And left a hag instead.

Some female satyr from the thicket,
Child of the bramble and the weed,
Sprang shouting over the unguarded wicket
With all her savage breed.

She banished hence the ordered graces
That smoothed a way for Beauty's feet,
And gave her ugliest imps the vacant places,
To spoil what once was sweet.

Here, under rankling mulleins, dwindle
The borders, hidden long ago;
Here shoots the dock in many a rusty spindle,
And purslane creeps below.

The thyme runs wild, and vainly sweetens,
Hid from its bees, the conquering grass;
And even the rose with briery menace threatens
To tear me as I pass.

Where show the weeds a grayer color,
The stalks of lavender and rue
Stretch like imploring arms, — but, ever duller,
They slowly perish too.

Only the pear-tree's fruitless scion
Exults above the garden's fall;
Only the thick-maned ivy, like a lion,
Devours the crumbling wall.

What still survives becomes as savage
As that which entered to destroy,
Taking an air of riot and of ravage,
Of strange and wanton joy.

No copse unpruned, no mountain hollow,
So lawless in its growth may be:
Where the wild weeds have room to chase and follow,
They graceful are, and free.

But Nature here attempts revenges
For her obedience unto toil;
She brings her rankest life with loathsome changes
To smite the fattened soil.

For herbs of sweet and wholesome savor
She plants her stems of bitter juice;
From flowers she steals the scent, from fruits the flavor,
From homelier things the use.

Her angel is a mocking devil,
If once the law relax its bands;
In Man's neglected fields she holds her revel,
Takes back, and spoils his lands.

Once having broken ground, he never
The virgin sod can plant again:
The soil demands his services forever, —
And God gives sun and rain!

A STRANGE ARRIVAL.

BRIG Betsy Jane, of New Haven, Connecticut, bound for Jamaica, is doing her best to get there.

It is not by any means her "level best," for a fresh tornado has burst from his lair in the Gulf of Mexico, and is blowing all his great guns and marline-spikes down the course of the Gulf Stream, as if he were totally out of patience with that venerable current, and meant to hurricane it off the face of the planet.

The waves rush, rear, tumble, howl, and froth at the mouth, like a mad herd of immeasurable buffaloes. Up goes one to a quivering peak; for a moment it stands, shaking its maniacal head of spray at the heavens; then, with a dying roar, it is trampled upon by its comrades. Onward they climb, roll, reel, topple, and wallow; their panting sides marbled with long streaks and great splashes of foam; their bluish masses continually throwing out new outlines of jagged, translucent edges; their sullen bellows and sharp gasps defying the beak and scream of the tornado. It is a combat which makes little account of man if he comes within range of its fury.

At a distance, the brig appears a stumpy black speck, buffeted, jerked, submerged, and then tossed upward. Now it plunges clean out of sight, as if the depths had gaped beneath it to their trembling base; now it crawls slowly into view again, as if a miracle had saved it for just another moment. You can see, misty miles away, that the craft has lost her topmasts, and that she is in dire trouble.

At hand things appear even worse than afar. The forty horses and mules, which were being transported for hard labor to the sugar-mills of the West Indies, have been drowned at their fastenings, thrown overboard by the sailors, dragged overboard by the billows. Short, frayed tatters of canvas, and loose, unstranding ends of rope, flutter and snap from the remaining yards. The caboose is gone; the bulwarks have taken to swimming; the water sweeps clean from stem to stern. Under a storm-jib, the only sail that can hold, the only sail that the reeling craft can bear, she is running before the gale. Worst of all, one of the dragging topmasts made a parting, traitorous rush at the stern, and stove a fracture through which the Atlantic spurts and foams.

We will wait a night and day, while the tornado dies into a half-gale, and the sea changes from toppling mountains to sliding hills. Around the wheel, the only upright object on deck, sits a little group of drenched forms and haggard faces, staring with reddened eyes at the restless deserts of ocean. We will spend few words on the black cook, the mulatto cabin-boy, the six gaunt and brown New England sailors, the broad-shouldered, hard-featured mate. Our story more nearly concerns Captain Phineas Glover, and his daughter, Mary Anne Glover.

If the little oyster-planting suburb of Fair Haven ever produced a purer specimen of the old-fashioned, commonplace stock Yankee than "Capm Phin Glover," let Fair Haven stand forth and brag of her handiwork in that line, secure from competition. It passed understanding how he could be so yellow, so sandy, so flaxen, after thirty years of exposure to sun, wind, and sea. How was it that pulling at tackles in his youth had left his shoulders so scant, his chest so hollow, and his limbs so lean? We must conclude that Captain Glover was Yankee all through, and that his soul was too stubborn for the forces of nature, beating them in their struggle to refashion his physique.

But tough as was his individuality, a due proportion of it had melted into paternity. As he looked at Mary Anne's

round, blond face and ringlets of draggled flaxen, he was evidently thinking mainly of her peril. "O Lord! what made me fetch her?" was the all-absorbing thought of Phineas Glover. The girl, eighteen years old perhaps, was still childlike enough to have implicit trust in a father, and she returned his gaze with a confiding steadiness which enhanced his trouble.

"Pumps are played out, Capm," said the mate, in the hoarse tone of an over-fatigued and desperate man. "The brig will go down in two hours. We must take to the boat."

"It 's lucky we had one stowed away," replied Glover, and paused to meditate, his eyes on the waves.

"Shall we get her up and launch her?" asked the mate, sharply, impatient at this hesitation.

"I wish we had n't cut the masts away," sighed the captain, after another pause. "If we had n't, I 'd make sail."

"Make sail to Davy Jones's locker? I tell you we see the Dutchman last night. More 'n one of us see him."

"I seen him," said the cook, with a deprecatory grin. "An' so did Jimmy."

"Ordinarily I don't mind such stories," continued the mate. "But now you see how things is for yourself; you see that something out o' the common has been afoul of us; and my opinion is that it hain't done with the brig yet. Anyway, Dutchman or no Dutchman, this brig is settling."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Brown. Them staves an' bar'ls is a floatin' cargo. She 'll go to the water's edge, mebbe, but she won't go a mite farther."

"Now look a here, Capm. I, for one, don't want to resk it."

"Nor I," struck in the sailors, and, in a more humble tone, the black cook.

"Wal," decided the captain, "I sha' n't put my daughter in a boat, in this sea, a thousan' miles from land. She an' I 'll stay aboard the brig. If you want to try the boat, try it. I don't say nothin' agin it."

A brief silence, a short, earnest discussion, and the thing was thus settled. The boat was dragged out of the hold and launched; two or three barrels of provisions and water were embarked; the crew, one by one, slid down into the little craft; presently it dropped away to leeward. Phineas and Mary Anne Glover called to the adventurers, "Look us up, if you find help," and waved them a sad farewell. The seamen rose from their seats and returned three encouraging cheers. A little sail was set in the bow of the boat, and it stole, rising and falling, toward the setting sun. Night came down on the rolling, waterlogged, but still floating brig.

"I tell ye them boys had better a great sight hung by us," said Captain Glover to Mary Anne, as they sat on the upper steps of the gangway and looked down upon the water swashing about the cabin. "She hain't settled a hair in the last two hours. The' ain't a speck o' danger o' founderin'. I knew the' wa' n't. Noah's flood could n't founder them staves an' bar'ls."

"O dear! I wish I was in Fair Haven," blubbered Mary Anne. "If I could only git back there, I 'd stay there."

"Come now, cheer up," returned the father, doing his best to smile. "Why, I 've been a sight wus off than this, an' come out on 't with the stars an' stripes a flyin'. Las' time I was wrecked, I had to swim ashore on a mule, — swum a hundred miles in three days, with nothin' to eat but the mule's ears, — an' as for sleepin', sho! Tell ye that mule *was* a kicker. A drove o' sharks was right after us, an' he kicked out the brains o' th' whole boodle of 'em. Stands to reason I could n't sleep much."

"O pa! You *do* tell such stories! I sh'd think you 'd be afraid to tell 'em now."

"Wal, you don't b'lieve it. But live an' learn. Tell you, b'fore you git home, you 'll b'lieve things you never b'lieved b'fore. Why, I got a new wrinkle no later 'n day b'fore yesterday. Many strange things 's I 've seen, I

never b'lieved till now in the Flyin' Dutchman. You heard what the men said. Wal, I saw him 's plain 's they did. I 'm obleeged to b'lieve in him. I sighted him comin' right up on our larboard bow, 's straight in the wind's eye 's he could steer. He run up till he was a cable's length from us, an' I was jest about to hail him, when he disappeared. Kind o' went up or down, I could n't say which. Anyhow, next minute, he was n't there."

This time Captain Glover spoke with such earnestness that his daughter put faith at least in his sincerity.

"O pa! I wish you would n't scare me so," she whimpered. "It 's awful."

"Lord bless you! never mind it, Mary Anne," chirruped the father. "The critter 's done all the harm he 's allowed to do. 'Tain't in his pea-jacket to do wus 'n he has. That 's jest the reason why he up helm and put out o' sight. Come now, we 'll have supper; lots to eat aboard. I reckon we 've provisions enough to last three years, an' have a big tuck-out every Thanksgiving. Come, chirk up, Mary Anne. I wish them poor boys was half 's well off 's we be. Why, we can be as happy 's Robinson Crusoe."

All night Mary Anne, as she afterwards related, dreamed about the Flying Dutchman. She saw him steer straight over the meadows to the Fair Haven steeple, and knock it prostrate with one glance through his telescope. He carried her away to caverns under the sea which were encrusted with pearls and stored with treasure. He sailed with her so fast around the world that the sun was always setting and yet never got out of sight. His canvas was made of moonbeams, and his hull of the end of a rainbow. When she awoke at daylight, the first words that she heard from her father were, "Wal, if that ain't the Dutchiest Dutchman that ever I did see!"

Leaping up, and steadying herself against the paternal shoulder, she looked across the now gently heaving waters. Was there witchcraft in the world? Had they slept a hundred years in a night, and slept backward at that? Not for two centuries, not since the days of Hendrik Hudson and De Ruyter, had earthly eyes beheld such a sight as now bewildered these two human oysters from Fair Haven. The wildest fancies, the most improbable inventions of Capm Phin Glover were left a long ways astern by the spectacle before him.

"I never see the like," he said, quite forgetting his need of rescue in his wonder. "Dunno whether it 's a Dutchman or a Chinaman. The' was a Chinee junk brought to New York that was a mite like it."

Here he suddenly remembered that he was a shipwrecked unfortunate, and burst into a series of shrill yellings, emphasized by wavings of his tarpaulin.

A hundred fathoms distant, right against the broad, dazzling halo of the rising sun, slowly bowing and curvetting on the long, low swell, lay a craft of six or eight hundred tons burden, with a perfectly round bow capped by a lofty forecastle, and a stern which ran up into something like a tower. Two huge but stumpy masts supported the yards of four enormous square sails, while a third mast, singularly short and slender, rose from near the tiller. Two short jibs ran down to a bowsprit which pointed upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Two monstrous tops, fenced around with bulwarks, looked like turrets on stilts. The whole pompous, grotesque edifice was painted bright red, with a wide streak of staring yellow.

It seemed to swarm with men, and they were all in strange, old-fashioned costumes, as if they were revellers in a masked ball, or wax-figures escaped out of museums. The queerest hats and high-colored jackets and knickerbocker breeches and long stockings went up and down the shrouds, and glided about the curving decks, and stole out on the pug-nosed bowsprit. On the castle-like poop stood three men in richer vesture than the others, whose hats showed plumes of feathers.

Presently these three uncovered their heads, and set their faces steadfastly toward heaven, as if engaging in some act of devotion. This ended, the tallest turned toward the sufferers of the Betsy Jane, made them a solemn bow and waved his hand encouragingly.

"Wal, if this don't beat all!" said Phin Glover to his daughter. "Now tell me nothin' happens at sea but what happens in Fair Haven. Now tell me I never swum ashore on a mule."

"What is it, pa?" demanded Mary Anne. "Is it a ship, or a house?"

"I declare I dunno whether it's a meetin'-house afloat or Noah's Ark," responded the hopelessly bewildered skipper. "I never hailed the like before, not even in picters."

By this time a round-shouldered, full-breasted boat, high out of water fore and aft, had been let down the bulging sides of the stranger. Half a dozen of the grotesque sailors swung themselves into it; then came the tall personage who had made the cheering signals to our shipwrecked couple; in another minute the goose-fashioned craft was bobbing under the quarter of the Betsy Jane. Phin Glover looked at his rescuers in such amazement that he forgot to speak to them. Even when the tall man stepped from his seat upon the deck of the waterlogged brig, the Yankee skipper could only continue to stare with his mouth open.

The visitor was in every way a remarkable object. A sugar-loaf hat with a feather, a close-fitting doublet of purple velvet, loose breeches of claret-colored silk tying below the knee, silk stockings of a topaz or sherry yellow, broad, square-toed shoes decked with a bow, and a long, straight sword hanging from a shoulder-belt, constituted a costume which even the wonder-hunting Phin Glover had never before beheld, nor so much as constructed out of the rich wardrobe of his imagination. Moreover, this man had a noble form, a stately bearing, and a countenance which was at once stern and sweet. His gray eyes sent forth a melancholy yet hopeful light, which seemed to tell a history beyond the natural experience of humanity.

His conduct was as singular as his appearance. After one glance at the Glovers, he knelt down upon the damp deck of the brig, removed his hat, and uttered a prayer in some unknown language. Rising, with a face moistened by tears, he approached Mary Anne, took her trembling hand in his, bowed over it in profound humility and kissed it. Then, before he could be prevented, he in the same manner kissed the horny fist of Captain Glover.

"Seems to me this is puttin' on a leetle too many airs, ain't it?" was the remark of our astonished countryman.

"You are English," returned the other, with a pronunciation which was foreign, and even stranger than foreign. It seemed as if the mould of ages clogged it, as if the dead who have been buried for centuries might have uttered those tones, as if they were meant for ears which have long since been stopped by the fingers of decay.

"No, *sir!*" responded Phin Glover, emphatic with national pride. "Americans! United States of America! Dunno's you ever sailed there," he added, startled and somewhat humbled by a suspicion that there might be countries or ages in which his beloved Union was not, or had not been, famous. He was a good deal confused by what was happening, and could not think in perfectly clear grammar or sense.

"You speak English," continued the stranger. "I also have learned it. During five years I abode in London. Inform me of the state of the gracious Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth!" echoed Captain Phin Glover. "Why, good gracious! you don't mean the old Queen Elizabeth! Come now, you don't mean to say you mean *her!* Why, bless your body! that's all gone by; improved off the face of the earth; holystoned out of creation. Queen Elizabeth! She's dead. Been dead ever s' long. Did n't you know it? Shipmate, tell a fellah; ain't you a jokin'? Where upon earth do you hail from?"

"From Amsterdam. I have voyaged to the Indies and am returning to Amsterdam."

"Amsterdam! Queen Elizabeth — The Flyin' Dutchman, as I 'm a sinner!" exclaimed Phineas. "Shipmate, *be* you the Flyin' Dutchman?"

"I know not what you mean," answered the stranger. "I am, however, a Hollander, and I am flying from the wrath to come. I am a great criminal who hopes forgiveness."

"That 's right, — that 's orthodox," chimed in Glover, who always went to church in Fair Haven, though indifferent to divine service in foreign parts. "But bless my body! Queen Elizabeth! The Flyin' Dutchman! If this don't beat all! Now tell me I did n't swim ashore on a mule. Tell me I never rigged a jury-mast on an iceberg, an' steered it into the straits of Newfoundland. Shipmate, I 'm glad to see ye. What 's the news from Amsterdam?"

"Alas! it is long since I was there. I know not how long. When I left, Antwerp had lately been overcome by the Spaniards."

"By the Spaniards? Never heerd of it. Wal, cheer up, shipmate. Since you quit, the Dutch have taken Holland, every speck an' scrap of it."

The stranger's eyes beamed with a joy which was at once patriotic and religious.

"What might your name be?" was the next remark of our countryman.

"Arendt Albertsen Van Libergen."

Captain Glover was silent; such a long title awed him, as being clearly patrician; moreover, he did not feel capable of pronouncing it, and that was embarrassing.

"You must now come upon my vessel," continued the Hollander. "Yours cannot be got to land."

"How 'bout the cargo?" queried Glover. "Bar'ls 'n staves — wal, no use, I s'pose — can't be got up. Some provisions, though. Might take 'em along, 'n allow me somethin' for 'em."

"Our provisions never fail," returned Captain Van Libergen. "Come."

They stepped into the boat; the old-time sailors fell back on their old-time oars; in two minutes they were mounting the sides of the Flying Dutchman. If Phineas and Mary Anne Glover had been led into the Tower of London or the Museum of Dresden, they could hardly have discovered a more curious medley of antiques than saluted their gaze on this singular craft.

"The bul'arks was five feet high," our countryman subsequently related. "The' was at least three inches through, — made for fightin', I should jedge. The' was four big iron guns, 'bout the size o' twenty-four pounders, but the curiousest shape y' ever see, an' mounted, Lord bless you! Sech carriages 'd make a marine laugh now-a-days. Then the' wa' n't less 'n a dozen small brass pieces, dreadful thin at the breech, an' with mouths like a bell. I see some blunderbusses, too, with thunderin' big butts, an' muzzles whittled out like the snouts of dragons. Fact is, the' had all sorts of arms, spears, an' straight broadswords, an' battle-axes on long poles, an' crossbows, — y' never see such crossbows in Fair Haven.

"The decks was a sight," our narrator proceeded. "They run scoopin' up for'ard an' scoopin' up aft. The fo'kesle an' the quarter-deck looked at each other like two opposition meetin'-houses. The fore an' main masts was as stumpy 's cabbage-stalks. As for her riggin', she was a ship, an' yet she wa' n't a ship. However, on the whole, might 's well call her a ship, considerin' the little mizzen by the tiller. But the' ain't a boy in Fair Haven don't draw better ships on his slate in school-time, when he oughter be mindin' his addition 'n substraction. As for the crew, y' never see such sailors now-a-days, not even in picter-books. The' looked more like briguns in a play than like real seamen. A Weathersfield onion-sloop would n't ship such big-trousered, long stockinged lubbers. Put me in mind o' Greeks, most of anything human. But the' was discipline among 'em. Tell ye the' was mighty ceremonious to the skipper an' his mates. Must allow 'em that credit. The' was discipline."

Phineas Glover's wonder did not abate when he was conducted into the cabin of the Flying Dutchman. All was antique, — the carved oaken wainscoting, the ponderous sideboard of Indian wood, the mighty table, set with Delft ware and silver flagons. Amid this venerable, severe elegance stood two gentlemen and a beautiful lady; the former attired much like Van Libergen, the latter in what seemed a court costume of other days.

"These are Adraien Van Vechter and Dircksen Hybertzen, my cousins," said the Flying Dutchman. "And this is Cornelie Van Vechter, the wife of my cousin. They speak no English, but they desire me to say that they rejoice in your deliverance, and that they are your humble servants."

"When a woman 's as putty as that, an' can smile as sweet as that, she don't need no English to make herself understood," returned Captain Glover, gallantly. "Tell 'em they can't be no humbler servants to us than we be to them."

The lady now advanced to Mary Anne, took her hand with another charming smile, and placed her at table. Van Libergen went through the same gracious formality with Phineas; and the other two Hollanders, after bowing to right and left, seated themselves.

"But before we took a mouthful," relates our minute and veracious countryman, "the Flying Dutchman stood up an' asked a blessing which I thought would last till we got to Amsterdam. Never see a more pious critter. If he could manhandle a blessing that long, he must have had a monstrous gift at prayer."

By the way, Captain Glover was boggled, as we may suppose, by the outlandish names of his new acquaintance, and especially by that of the commandant. The title of a celebrated cheese, which he had partaken of in lager-bier saloons, came to the aid of his memory; and he found it convenient, during his stay on the famous sea-wanderer, to address Arendt Van Libergen as Capm Limburgher.

The meal was served by dark men in white apparel, whom Mary Anne took to be "some kind of niggers," but whom her father guessed to be "Lascars." In place of tea and coffee, there were vintages of Spain, taken perhaps from some captured galleon. The glorious old wine! Captain Glover had never tasted the like before, not even at his owner's in New Haven. Under its incitation, he came out strong as a conversationalist, telling the story of his shipwreck and not a little of his previous life, and throwing in some of those apocryphal episodes for which he was celebrated. He was particularly splendid in describing a religious procession which he had seen in Havana.

"Most wonderful sight!" he said. "Two miles of priests, and every one of 'em with a wax-candle in his hand, as big — as big as the pillars in front of the State-House."

"O pa!" protested the abashed Mary Anne, with an alarmed glance at her august hosts, "you don't mean as big as the pillars in front of the State-House."

"Yes, by thunder!" insisted the captain; "*and* fluted from top to bottom."

But, if our countryman slightly surprised his entertainers, they prodigiously and perpetually puzzled him. Their inquiries were all concerning matters so out of date, so far beyond his tether! They asked about the siege of Antwerp, the surrendry of Brussels and Ghent, the reported mutinies of Walloons, the prospect of armed succors from England. After endeavoring to draw some information on these subjects from the abysses of his subjective, and finding that he was floundering into various geographical and chronological errors, he frankly acknowledged that he was not logged up in Dutch politics, having had little chance of late at the newspapers. And when they spoke of the Prince of Parma, William of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, the Earl of Leicester, and Henry of Navarre, he feared that he was not making things very clear to them in asserting that

those old cocks were all as dead as General Washington. This statement, however, produced a painful impression upon his auditors.

"Dead!" sighed the beautiful lady. "Then others also have passed away. Are we only to find those we love in the grave?"

"And are we not dead ourselves?" sadly yet firmly replied Captain Van Libergen. "Did not our due term of life long since close? Only the signal mercy of Heaven has preserved us on earth until we could repent of our great sin. Perhaps, when the expiation is complete, we also shall suddenly cease to be."

"Let's hope not," replied Phineas Glover, always cheerful in his views. "But come, about the dates; time of Queen Elizabeth, you say. Why that was settlement of Virginny. That was 1587, wa'n't it, Mary Anne? Wal, if 't was 1587, then, as this is the year 1867, 't was two hundred 'n eighty years ago. Why, shipmates, if your log is correct, if you left Amsterdam when you say, you 've been on the longest cruise ever I heerd of. Two hundred 'n eighty years out o' sight o' land! Jerusalem! I 'd ruther live ashore all the while."

When these words were translated to Cornelie Van Vechter, she covered her face with her hands, moaning, "All dead! all dead!"

"I knew it was thus," sighed Arendt Van Libergen; "and yet I weakly hoped that it might be otherwise."

"What! hain't you kep' no log, shipmate?" demanded Phineas Glover.

"How could we believe it?" replied the Hollander. "How could we believe that we were even as the Everlasting Jew?"

"Everlasting Jew? Wandering Jew, s'pose ye mean. Wal now, Capm Van Limburgher, I 'll tell ye what it all means. You 're the Flyin' Dutchman; that 's just what you are; now take my word for it, an' be easy; I 've heard of ye often, an' dunno but what I 've seen ye. You 're monstrous well known to sailors; an' on the whole I 'm glad I 've come acrost ye; though seems to me, 't wa' n't quite han'some to sink the Betsy Jane; that is, unless you was under some kind o' necessity o' doin' it. Yes, *sir;* you 're the Flyin' Dutchman; bet your pile on it, if you 're a bettin' man."

"But what in the name of thunder is it all for?" he added, after a moment of curious and puzzled staring at the famous wanderer; "what makes ye go flyin' round, sinkin' ships an' sailin' in the wind's eye, an' raisin' Nipton generally? Why don't ye go into port? Tell ye the whole United States would turn out to give ye receptions an' hear ye lecter! The Ledger 'd give ye a hundred thousan' dollars for your biography, written by your own fist. Might pile up a million in five years. Must be mighty fond o' cruisin'. Make money by it? Sh'd think y'd want to slosh round on shore, once in a century, at least."

"It is my punishment," replied the rover, with an affecting solemnity and humility. "I am a great criminal."

"Waterlogged the Betsy Jane, certin," muttered Glover, in spite of a jog on the elbow from Mary Anne.

"You shall hear our tale," said Captain Van Libergen, signing to the Hindoo servants to leave the cabin.

"Sh'd be delighted to put it in the papers," observed our countryman. "The Palladium or the Journal would either of 'em snap at it."

"I was mad to be rich," began the Flying Dutchman. "I desired wealth, not for its luxury, but for its power. Sometimes, in the midst of my hardness towards other men as I grasped at gold, it occurred to me that some day a fitting retribution would descend upon my head. A voice within sometimes whispered, 'In that thou art living for thyself alone, thou art denying Him who died for thee; an appointed hour will come when thou wilt be subjected to a last trial; and then, if thou choose the evil, thy punishment will be great.'

"Yet I continued covetous and pitiless, and I made these men who voy-

age with me like myself. This vessel is freighted with the tears and sweat of the Indies, wrung out by me into gold and precious merchandise. Knowing that the sooner I gained my native land the greater would be my profit, I swore that nothing should detain me on my voyage. Horrible oath! kept with the faith of a demon! punished with the wrath of God! On the ninetieth day, when we were within a hundred leagues of Amsterdam, I saw a wreck with two persons upon it. My cousin Cornelie Van Vechter implored me with tears to turn aside and save them. Monstrously cruel, I refused to waste the time, and steered onward. Then, even as we passed, a far-sounding voice, surely not the voice of a mortal, called from the sinking ship, 'Sail forever, without reaching port, until you repent!'

"Cornelie Van Vechter cried: 'It was Christ upon that wreck, and you have forsaken him, and he has doomed you.' Had she been a man, I would have stricken her down, I was so hardened in heart. But she had perceived the truth; she had divined our punishment. Alas! she, the innocent, as so often happens on earth, was fated to share the reward of the guilty. Since that time we have sailed, we have sailed, we have sailed. No land. Nothing but sea. We cannot anywhere find the blessed land. We find nothing but a vast hell of ocean. O, the hell of illimitable ocean! Time, too, was no more. We have kept record of time, without faith in it. For a while we laughed at our calamity, as we had mocked at our sin. We could not believe that our friends were dead; that the world of our time had passed away; that we were strangers to the human race.

"Another horror! we were fated to witness all wrecks that be upon the sea. Wherever a vessel went down, amid howlings of waves and shrieks of sailors, thither we were borne at the speed of lightning, always in the teeth of gales. No struggling and crying of desperate men on the ocean for near three centuries but what these eyes have seen and these ears heard. From tempest to tempest we have flown, always, always beaten by opposing billows, discovering strange seas only to find new horrors. And amidst all this, my heart has remained so hardened that I would not wish to succor one perishing soul.

"At last, wearied with struggling against the Almighty, crazed to see once more the sweet earth for which Christ died, we repented. Yesternight I called my crew together and confessed my sin and besought the mercy of God. A voice answered me from the abysses of the stars, saying, 'Succor those whom I shall send, and find grace!'

"At dawn this morning I beheld you on your wreck, and I turned aside to save you."

During this relation Cornelie Van Vechter wept so piteously that Mary Anne Glover cried aloud in sympathy. Even the commonplace soul of Phineas Glover was moved to suitable thoughts.

"Wal, Capm, it's a most surprisin' providence," he remarked, with solemnity. "An' the' 's one thing, at the end on 't, that p'r'aps you don't see. It 's consid'able of a come-down for you to pick up an' make so much of two poor critters like us. We 're middlin' sort o' folks, Capen; we ain't lords an' ladies, like what you 've asked about; we 're no great shakes, an' that 's a fact. I begun my seafarin' life as a cabin-boy, an' Mary Anne has shelled her heft in oysters, over an' over. Pickin' *us* up, an' kissin' our hands an' all that, is a kind o' final test of your humility.

"Wal, it 's a most edifyin' narrative," he continued, after a thoughtful pause. "It 's better 'n many a sermon that I 've sot under. I see the moral of it, as plain as a marline-spike in my eye. You want to git to port; you won't help a feller-critter in distress; consequently you don't git to port. Why, our great Republic, the United States of America, — dunno 's you ever heerd of it, — has had some such dealin's. We run alongside them poor niggers: we might 'a' helped 'em an' sent 'em to school an' civilized 'em; but all we did

was to use em in puttin' money into our puss. Consequently we 've had a dreadful long voyage over a sea of troubles, an' hain't got quite into port yit. However, you don't know what I 'm jawin' about; an', besides, I 'm takin' up the time of the company. Gentlemen, go on!"

No one responding, Captain Glover raised his flagon of Manzanilla to his lips, with the words, "Here 's better luck nex' time!"

Thus closed this remarkable breakfast, seldom paralleled, we venture to say, on this planet, however it may be on the others.

Now came an interesting week on the Flying Dutchman. What most struck Captain Glover, as he has repeatedly informed us, was the solemnity and religious aspect of all on board.

"They seemed to be awfully convicted, and yet they seemed to entertain a hope," were his words. "They had a kind o' tender, humble look, mixed with a sort o' trustin' joy. Certinly it was the most interestin' occasion that I ever see or expec' to see. Jest think of the Flyin' Dutchman an' his whole crew gittin' religion together. Father Taylor would 'a' given his head to be aboard o' that ship in such a season."

Our level-headed skipper took a deep interest also in an examination of the far-famed wanderer's cargo. Arendt Van Libergen led the two Glovers through what portion of the hold was accessible, and showed them such treasures of spice, gums, India silks, gold-dust and ornaments, pearls and precious stones, as no Fair-Havener ever gazed upon before.

"Beats the oyster trade, don't it, Mary Anne?" remarked our countryman. "Capen Limburgher, you probably don't realize the value of our American oyster. It 's the head sachem of shell-fish for cookin' pupposes. Every free white native American citizen eats his forty bushels annually. You can estimate by that the importance of the openin' business; an' Fair Haven is the very hub an' centre an' stronghold of it. Nary gal in the village but can knife her sixty quarts daily. Mary Anne here is a splitter at it. It 's made heaps of money for the place. But compared with your trade, compared with dealin' in the gold an' silver an' diamond line, sho! why, Capm Limburgher, you 're one of the merchant princes of the earth. Your ship puts me in mind of Zekiel's description of the galleys of Tyre and Sidon. Model about the same, too, I sh'd reckon."

Except by a profound sigh, Arendt Van Libergen made no response to these flatteries. He pushed aside with his foot a bag of gold-dust, as if he considered it dross indeed, and ensnaring dross.

"S'prisin' how well preserved things be," continued Glover. "Now here 's this alspice, 's fresh 's if 't was picked this year, 'stead of two hundred an' eighty years ago."

"It is a part of our punishment," returned the Flying Dutchman. "Our wealth was forbidden to decay, and yet we were forbidden to use it. We could gaze upon it in all its freshness, and yet we could not land it at our homes. In the midst of it, we have known that it was not ours. Surrounded by the fruit of our desires, we were under a curse of barrenness."

"And here am I, under a cuss, without a red cent," was the natural reply. "Capm, I declare I 'd like to swap cusses with ye."

"Take what pleases you," answered Arendt Van Libergen. "It is now of no value to me."

"Now, really, Capm, don't want to rob ye," protested Phineas Glover. But, bent downward by his poverty and his avaricee, he commenced filling his pockets with gold.

"Catch hold, Mary Anne," he whispered. "Take what 's offered ye, 's a good old text."

But in the girl's soul there was a fine emotion which would not permit her to clutch at the wealth which dazzled her eyes. A profound pity for the woes of these fated wanderers had rapidly risen into love as she had watched from day

to day the noble bearing and mournful beauty of Arendt Van Libergen. Not for all the treasures that were in his galleon would she have grasped for greed in his presence. She stood upright, her lashes gemmed with tears, gazing at this strangely doomed being.

He caught her glance; he gave her one sad, sweet smile in reward for it; then he selected a string of priceless pearls and placed it around her neck. One of her tears wet his hand, and he murmured, "Thanks for pity."

They now went on deck, Captain Glover's numerous pockets cumbrously stuffed with gold-dust and idols, and Mary Anne bearing naught but the string of pure pearls.

Meantime the Flying Dutchman is sailing before a fair wind towards Amsterdam. The curse is lifted; the vessel is not now different from all earthly craft; she no longer flies in the teeth of gales, surrounded forever by billows; she is like other ships in her dependence upon the laws of nature; but she is favored with fortunate breezes and a smooth sea; she seems to know that at last she is bound home.

On a sunlit summer morning — on such a cloudless and dewy morning of grace as forgiven phantom ships are wont to enter port — the Flying Dutchman arrived off a low, green coast, within sight of the masts, roofs, and towers of a great city.

"That 's Amsterdam," confidently declared Captain Glover, who had never before crossed the ocean. "There the old town is, jest as I left it last, an' jest as you left it, I 'll bet a biscuit. There 's the State-House — I s'pose it is — an' all the meetin'-houses, — the 'Piscopal 'n' the Methodis' 'n' the Congregational. Take the word of an old sailor, you 'll find it all right ashore, an' everybody turnin' out to shake hands with ye. See all your friends an' family before night, Miss Van Vechter."

"Will the dead arise to greet us?" sighed Cornelie Van Vechter, when this cheerful prophecy was translated to her.

"Wal now, 'tain't certin they be dead," argued Captain Glover. "There was Joyce Heth, in our country, — Barnum did say an' swear she was a hundred an' thirty-two year old, — an' she nothin' but a nigger, with no chance for proper eatin' an' no medicines to speak of. An' there was old Tom Johnson of Fair Haven. *I* never heerd anybody pretend to deny that he was less 'n two hundred. That 's a positive, solemn fact," declared the cheerful captain, looking a little embarrassed under the lady's mournful gaze.

"Now in your time," he continued, "folks had powerful constitutions, an' necessarily lived to a good old age. Why, it stands to reason you 'll find *some* of 'em all alive an' frisky. An' glad to see ye? Sho!"

"Alas!" murmured the beautiful Hollander, "if they live, they will be broken with years, and they will not know us."

"Let us deceive ourselves with no false hopes," said Arendt Van Libergen. "We are the dead going to the dead."

"Now that ain't my style, Capm Limburgher," protested Glover. "Hope on, hope ever, is my motto. If 't had n't been, I never sh'd 'a' come ashore many a time when I 've gone to the bottom, or fit with white bears for a squattin' right on an iceberg."

A glance, not of disdain, but of devout pity, fell from the rover's eyes, and silenced the babbling skipper.

A Dutch pilot, who now boarded the vessel, was so dumfoundered at its build and the appearance of its crew, that, while he remained upon it, he did not utter one syllable. He stood blanched with fright at the clumsy tiller, and made signs as to the management of the nondescript rigging. Our garrulous countryman sidled up to him, and sought to engage him in conversation. Whether the pilot understood English or not, he made no reply further than to clatter his teeth with terror.

And now, as they approached the wharves, a strange, awful transformation began to steal upon the crew of the Flying Dutchman. The green water of the harbor seemed to commence the dissolution of that charm which

had kept them youthful through nearly three centuries. Phineas Glover, glancing at Arendt Van Libergen, noticed that his chestnut hair was streaked with silver, and that his face, lately so smooth and hale, was seamed with wrinkles. Turning to Cornelia Van Vechter, he saw that she too had lost the freshness of her young beauty, and taken on the tints and bearing of middle age.

"I 've heerd o' folks gittin' gray in a night," muttered the startled skipper; "but this is the first time I ever see it. Tell me now I never steered an iceberg."

Moment by moment this fearful change of youth into age proceeded. Soon Arendt Van Libergen sat feebly down on the gangway steps, a decrepit, snowy-haired old man, with no beauty but a smile of devout resignation. Cornelie Van Vechter, now an ancient matron, clung to the shoulder of her suddenly venerable husband. Gray-headed sailors, their locks momentarily growing whiter, and their bronzed faces paling to the ashy hue of age, slowly and weakly coiled away ropes which seemed to be falling into dust. The change reached the ship; every fathom toward land opened cracks in the bulwarks; the masts began to drop in dry-rotted slivers; the sails lay on the yards in mouldering rags.

Suddenly terrified, Captain Glover seized Mary Anne, rushed with her to the castle-like quarter-deck, and sought refuge behind the trembling pilot. The girl was crying. "O, he must die!" she whispered; "I shall never see him again."

Looking towards Arendt Van Libergen, Glover beheld him, feeble with extreme age, deadly pale and gasping. Beyond him lay Cornelie Van Vechter, Adraien Van Vechter, Dircksen Hybertzen, and all the sailors, all prostrate, all breathing out their little remaining life, yet all with a sweet smile of resignation on their indescribably ancient features.

At this moment the vessel neared the wharf. With a loud scream the Dutch pilot sprang across decaying timbers, leaped the space between the bulwarks and the shore, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the living city. Over the dust of vanishing planks Phineas Glover and his daughter followed, tumbling upon the flagging of the landing-place. They heard the ship touch behind them, with a soft, rustling noise, as of mere mould and fungus. They turned to gaze at her, but she had disappeared. A great dust filled the air; it hid her, as they thought, from their sight; it descended slowly and noiselessly into the green waters; and when it was gone, nothing was left; the Flying Dutchman was no more. But, high above the spot where she had been, sweeping first clearly and then faintly into the heavens, rang a sweet music of many joyous voices, a chant of gratitude and of deliverance.

The Glovers, staring down into the mysteriously whispering wavelets, saw only a cloudy settling of pulverous matter, which each instant grew thinner, and soon was naught. Clear green water, woven through with strands of sunlight, rolled over the last mooring-place of the famous sea-wanderer.

"Wal, that beats square-rigged icebergs," mumbled Captain Glover. "Lord! how full the world is of wonders! yes, and of disappointments! I did expec' to git some kind of commission out of that chap, an' make my fortune. However, I 've got some gold-dust an' idols."

He touched his pockets; they were flat against his ribs. He rammed his hands into them; they contained only a corroded solution. He looked for the chain of pearls; it was still around Mary Anne's neck. The wealth which he had hinted his desire for, and which he had so eagerly clutched at, had vanished. Naught remained but the pure offering of gratitude to pity.

Such is the story of the return of the Flying Dutchman from his long cruise, as related to us by the worthy and reliable Captain Phineas Glover of Fair Haven.

HOW WE GROW IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

THIRTY years ago he who went westward as far as St. Louis — then about the *Ultima Thule* of westward travel to ordinary mortals who were not pioneers or trappers — took ten days or a fortnight for the journey, if he stopped over Sunday, for conscience' sake, at some intervening city, as at Pittsburg, Cincinnati, or Louisville. He made the journey mainly by canal and steamboat, — except a day or two of railroad through Pennsylvania from the starting-point at Philadelphia, — by canal through the valley of the lovely Juniata, and by steamboat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi Rivers. The journey, for these fifteen years past, has been made from New York to Chicago — a place which most people who know anything know something about now, but which, thirty years ago, was nothing to speak of and nowheres to go to — in thirty-six hours. The saving of time marks the progress of the country in everything else, — a progress from a hundred miles a day to thirty miles an hour, from an unsettled wilderness to a region rich, populous, and highly civilized. But it is, nevertheless, a question with one who made the journey then and who makes it now, whether the want of speed had not its compensation. He who goes westward now may know something of his place of destination, if he stays there long enough; but of what intervenes between him and his Eastern home he knows next to nothing, except thirty-six hours of just tolerable discomfort. But he who made the journey twenty-five or thirty years ago glided slowly through a picturesque and charming country, passing, if he were vigorous and wise, many hours on foot on the tow-path of the canal, a mile or two ahead of his boat, or watching from the steamer's deck, as he went more swiftly down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, the ever-changing and ever-beautiful scenery of the river-banks, and making familiar acquaintance on both canal and river, in his many days' travel, with every town and hamlet and wood-yard, and almost with every hut, for hundreds and hundreds of miles. It was, in truth, a pleasant journey, full, if not of adventure, at least of incident. For adventure, one must have gone even a few years earlier on horseback through that wilderness, instead of by canal or stage through a settled country, and on flatboats or in canoes upon the rivers, instead of by steamboats. But of incident there was enough a quarter of a century ago to make a journey westward an event to anybody, and to a youngster a romance. To spring from the canal-boat and walk on briskly ahead while it was detained at a lock, and keep ahead for hours, passing through some dot of a village, stopping for a chat at some lonely log-hut in a clearing, gathering the new and strange flowers by the wayside, coming with fresh surprise, in the windings of the lovely river, upon some enchanting bit of scenery among hills that were almost mountains, snow-capped in the late autumn days, and toning down to the rich verdure of their bases; to be delayed sometimes for half a day by a broken lock, when there was time to ramble about the woods for game or for a shooting-match (for most young travellers carried their guns, and I recall the entire satisfaction I gave to the company by shooting off one of my fingers on one of these pleasant occasions), — all this was to win pleasure and experience, such as must be sought for, in these faster but possibly tamer times, by travel in far more distant regions. Then pleasant relations with your fellow-creatures were quite possible, nor were you compelled to look upon them all as natural enemies, one of whom was sure to take the other half of your car-seat, and whom, before the thirty-

six hours are over, it would give you so much satisfaction to have killed when he gets off at the next station. A score or two of men and women crowded together for a week on a canal-boat, — and generally men and women from the country with sentiments and notions, and not city people without either, — were sure to have some among them worth knowing; and it was so easy for us to get away from each other and from the boat, that there was little danger of boring or of being bored. Constant change and constant variety gave a new zest to every day, and though to be laid away at night on a shelf, three tier deep, was not exactly the most perfect of bedchamber arrangements, it was not much worse than a modern palace car, where the chief improvement is that your shelf is mounted with gorgeous brass or silver-plate, with sides of black-walnut, and hung with worsted damask, instead of being of plain painted pine with calico curtains. The canal-boat shelf was almost as wide, the sheets were quite as clean, the bedding was aired daily, and the ventilation of the boat quite as good as in the elegantly appointed car; so elegance of appointment is really all the difference. A tin bowl full of clean water from the canal, and a common towel for half a dozen, were the provisions for the morning toilet; but the water alongside was in abundance, and one could wash the bowl clean before using it, if willing to incur the odium of being "nasty particular." In the modern "palace car" the passenger has the privilege of a washbowl of china, instead of tin, a little more than a teacupful of water, and the clean corner of a towel if he is at the right end of a cue of half a dozen. True, we submit now to this abridgment of comfort and decency for a day or two only, but in the older time it was quite as tolerable without the gilding, while in the week of easy travelling there was the pleasure of untrammelled movement, the exhilaration of mountain air and active exercise, the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, the association with many people, the seeing of many places, — all the advantages, in short, that could be gained from travel. No doubt it is a disgraceful confession, but to me the pleasures of the old way, with its week of slow motion, quite counterbalance the advantages of the new, with its thirty-six hours from New York to Chicago in a palace car, in which, an enthusiast in progress says, "a king would only be too happy to ride, sup, sleep, and play whist." To watch a well-dressed crowd of passengers for a day or two in a modern car; to speculate whether there is difference enough in the looks of them to show that this one sells shoes and that one dry goods; to exchange a dull word or duller newspaper with your next neighbor, duller than either; to vary the monotony of the ride with a rush into a refreshment-room for food, over which you say grace with a sickening protest, — is such a condensation of blank wearisomeness that one becomes, at length, capable of only one numb sensation, — a longing that the train would increase its speed from thirty miles to a hundred. It was quite another thing to take a steamboat at Pittsburg, twenty-five years ago, for a week's voyage, to find one's self surrounded by people not at all like those one had left at home, and no two after the same pattern, — men of different regions, of different thoughts and characters, and formed by totally different circumstances. In that leisurely voyage, while the traveller learned every town and village, every bluff and reach on the Ohio and Mississippi, there was time for many an interesting study of human nature in a hundred different phases. What is a respectable game of whist in a palace car to watching or playing, if one was so minded, a game of poker in the "social hall" of a steamboat where a professional river gambler sat down, with a pack of marked cards in one pocket and a six-shooter in the other, and challenged the company to a game, quite ready for the chance of killing somebody or being killed before morning? What entertainment is there in

the ever so respectable dealer in shoes or dry goods on a collecting tour, compared to the possibilities in a Western hunter, leaning on his long rifle, with the air of a man ashamed of himself for being caught in civilization and bad company, and who might have sat for the portrait of Leather-Stocking? I recall one of these, — it was more than a quarter of a century ago, remember, — and his like is hardly to be found now except somewhere up toward the sources of the Columbia River. He looked on in silence while a young sportsman just from New York, as nicely and exquisitely appointed in all his habiliments and accoutrements as if he were only out for a stroll down Broadway, explained to a gaping crowd the construction of a beautiful rifle of the newest pattern. "I wonder," said Leather-Stocking, "what a chap like that would do now in such a snap as I got into once on this very river?" We youngsters, to whom Popinjay with his new breech-loader was much less of a marvel than this weather-beaten old man in buckskin hunting-shirt and breeches, about whom we had gathered, asked for an explanation. Our respectful admiration had broken in upon his taciturnity. "I was out a hunting once," he said, in good Westernee which I shall not attempt to imitate, "on this river [the Mississippi], and I came late in the day to a bayou. My way lay down the river, and round that bayou was six or seven miles, while across it was only two or three hundred yards. I did n't want the walk, and I did n't want to be belated, so I determined to try the bayou. There was no water in it; it was all mud, — that kind of slimy, greasy quick-mud that holds on to a man, and slowly sucks him down in spite of all his strength. I knew the danger, but I thought I could manage it. Hunting about I found two planks washed up from some old flat-boat, maybe years before. With these I started out, stepping from one to the other, pulling first one and then the other from behind me and putting it ahead, till I got to about the middle of the bayou. Every step I had taken was more and more difficult. The farther I went the more my planks were sucked down by the devilish mud, till I could stand up no longer, but was obliged first to sit, and then to lie down flat on my stomach, to divide my weight more equally. Hauling myself on to the foremost, I would turn round as on a pivot, grasp the plank behind, haul it alongside, and then shove it ahead of me. Pretty soon I had to help my hands with my teeth, for all the strength of both was needed to raise the planks from the quagmire that sucked them down. At last one of them sunk beyond my reach. Flat on my face on a single plank, in the middle of the bayou, the mud rising around me ready to swallow me up, — I considered. I could n't swim ashore, for I was n't in the water; I could n't wade, for to stand up was to go down like a plummet; to move six inches either way was sure death. No human aid could ever reach me; no human creature might pass that way for months; no house, no road was within miles of me. My only chance for life was another plank. That I must have or lie there till I starved to death, or roll over and make an end of it in the nasty mud. Then I remembered my jackknife. Getting it out of my pocket, I cut under me, lying flat as I was, slowly and patiently upon the plank that long seasoning had made almost as hard as iron, till I cut it in two. Then pulling myself forward on the farther half, I drew the hindmost ahead of me again, and so went on as before. I got out at last; but, stranger, I was the ugliest-looking white man when I crawled ashore that ever you did see!" He patted his long rifle affectionately, and added: "But I never parted with her!"

We don't hear of these little incidents in palace cars on a westward journey nowadays, at least from the actors in them.

The Mississippi then was a frontier river. In St. Louis they pointed out the stake in the court-house yard at

which, two or three years back, a slave had been bound and roasted to death by a slow fire, for some real or imaginary crime, all the town standing by, with the utmost decorum, to witness and approve the punishment. At Alton, about that time, Lovejoy was shot down, and the smallest fuss made about it, for daring to publish an antislavery paper. The man who shot him, as I happened to know, was a young Virginian, a student at law at Alton, and who was himself shot in a bar-room brawl a few years after in New Orleans. In Alton, not a hand was raised to defend or succor Lovejoy save one, and that was the hand of a woman, — a Mrs. Wait from Boston. She kept one of the two small hotels of the village; and when the news spread that Lovejoy was besieged with his press, she begged the men of her house, if they were men, to go to his help. None stirred. Putting on her bonnet and shawl, she rushed to the church and rang an alarm-bell. It was all she could do. The people, indeed, understood the bell, but it only hastened a few more to join the mob which beleaguered the brave printer, and which presently exchanged congratulations over his dead body.

Illinois was good hunting-ground then for Abolitionists and fugitives from slavery, as well as for other game. There was a bustle at the door one night as we sat in the common room of a little wayside tavern in a new settlement of a hundred people, and presently two men, armed to the teeth, walked in with a black man, his hands bound behind his back, between them. He was a brawny fellow, with a bright, intelligent face, who had the wit to run away from Kentucky some months before, and thought he had run far enough when he reached a free State. His master, hearing where he was, had come after him with a friend, and when he was found had only to bid him come back again. Nobody in Illinois then thought it proper to ask any questions of a white man who said that a stray "nigger" was his slave. These men tossed the poor fellow some bits of supper from their table as they would toss them to a dog, and when warmed and filled, the master condescended to explain the circumstances of the case.

This boy, he said, was his nigger, He had found him the night before, and had started that morning on their way back to Kentucky. The roads were heavy, and to get on the faster, they had travelled "tie and go," letting the negro rest himself by mounting one of the horses — the white men were on horseback — occasionally, and riding a short distance. The black was so submissive and cheerful, mounting and dismounting as he was told, and, whether getting ahead or loitering behind, so obedient to call, that they were thrown entirely off their guard. But at last, as they were approaching a piece of "timber," — a creek, generally with bluffs more or less steep, always running through the "timber" of the prairies, — the negro, being a little way ahead, drove his heels into his horse's sides, and lashing him into a run, made for the woods. The whites at once, of course, saw his purpose and started in pursuit. It was a short chase, but a rapid one. When the negro reached the edge of the bluff his master was close behind him. Without an instant's hesitation the slave threw himself from the horse and over the cliff, forty feet high and almost perpendicular, and rolled to the bottom. The other followed as unhesitatingly, for a thousand dollars' worth of "nigger" was worth the risk of a good many bruises, and no decent white man could stand still and see a negro do what he did n't dare. Before the black could rise the white was upon him, and before the fierce struggle between them was over, and at that point when knives had flashed in the eyes of both, the other white was "counted in" in the fight, and the black at length was overcome and bound. There was no more "tie and go" for him that day, but with his hands tied behind him he trudged sullenly along, led captive by a rope at his master's saddle-bow.

"And now, Jim," said his master, as

he finished his story, "are n't you sorry for what you done?"

The prisoner raised his head and looked upon the jury, — four boys fresh from Massachusetts, who had never given a serious thought to slavery till they stood face to face with it here in this man who had only a few hours before had that desperate fight for life and freedom, — he looked upon the jury, and said, "No, massa!"

"What!" screamed the Kentuckian, jumping from his chair, and striding across the room with a threatening gesture; "are n't sorry! You black rascal you; are n't sorry! Why! did n't I always treat you well? Did n't you always have enough to eat and to wear? Was n't I always a good master?"

"Yes, massa."

"And you are n't sorry! A year ago you run away from a good home; and to-day, when I 'm taking you back to it, you tried to escape and I only secured you at the risk of my life. My God! and you are n't sorry!"

"No! massa; and I 'll do it agin if I gits a chance!"

They started on their homeward journey in the morning, the negro secured as before. In the course of the day, however, he contrived to slip out of his bonds and, with better luck than the day before, escaped and eluded recapture. How he contrived it we never learned, but for days afterward we heard of the two Kentuckians in the next town hunting for and cursing the ingratitude and cunning of a runaway "nigger." But they never found him.

To be sure one need n't have gone to Illinois thirty or twenty or even a dozen years ago, to see a slave-hunt. It was only in 1855 that Anthony Burns was led through the streets of Boston, under military escort. Thank God all that is over now!

I do not remember, and I shall not look into the last census — anybody else can who chooses — to see what the population of Illinois was then and what it is now. I know the difference is wonderful. There was n't then a railroad in the State, and he was rather a bold man who thought there ever would be. There were not even many stages. Everybody travelled on horseback, or in long, lumbering wagons in which the farmer carried his wheat to market or an emigrant sought, with his family and all his worldly goods, a new home. Occasionally men froze to death on the prairies when a snow-storm covered up the faint track of wheels that was called a road. To swim a horse across a swollen stream, or to run him over a newly frozen one, lest his weight, in a slow progress, should break through the thin ice; to run a team, "on the lope," down the steep and slippery banks of a creek to be forded when the question was which should first get to the bottom, wagon or horses; to take an empty log-house for a week's shooting on the edge of a bit of "timber," and miles away from any settlement, with a good chance of starving if a great snow-fall cut off your retreat and game was scarce; to stop at night at the farm-house that happened to be in sight, for a supper and a night's lodging, — a farm-house almost always of logs and of one room only, in which, when the whole family and the guests had done supper, the whole family and the guests went to rest, in a bed or two and about the floor, with no more thought of indelicacy than that young lady had, who, in such a house, said to Judge Douglas, foolish enough to indulge in the luxury of taking off his trousers before getting into bed, "A mighty small chance of legs there, stranger"; to pass through the long summer night over the quiet prairies, as lonely and almost as pathless as the sea; to avoid the flies that sometimes rising from the timber would settle in black swarms upon the horses and drive them to frenzy and often to death; to go to a dance at sunset — such bouncing and free-mannered girls! — and stay till sunrise, only wishing that the nights were longer; to meet everywhere a simplicity of manners and of character, such as poets have dreamed of, and with ignorance, especially among Southern emigrants, as refreshing as it

was astounding, as, for example, in the question: "Massachusetts? that, now, is next to Virginny, are n't it?" or "Massachusetts? that 's under a kingly government, is n't it?" — such was travelling to the West and in the West twenty-five or thirty years ago, with everywhere a different civilization from that which one left behind on the seaboard, — a semi-civilization full of a charm of its own, the like of which can hardly be found now, in these days of railroads and newspapers and telegraphs, in all this broad land.

The wonderful story of Chicago has been told more than once in these pages and elsewhere. Within a month a gentleman of that city has celebrated his silver-wedding, who was the fourth white man who ventured to settle outside Fort Dearborn, where now a quarter of a million of people make a municipality, and who travelled alone through the wilderness on horseback to the Wabash to bring up a detachment of United States troops to cut off the Winnebagoes then threatening to destroy the feeble "station." Nor is he the only "first settler" — the Chicago title of nobility — now living in that stately city who knew it when it was a prairie swamp. Gentlemen in search of the marvellous, go to Chicago, but the real marvel, after all, is not there, but outside of it. Hong Kong, in a country where it takes a century to change a fashion, is only about half as old as Chicago, and is almost as large as Chicago was at the same age. Where it stands was a barren hillside five-and-twenty years ago, with hardly one "flowery" fellow-citizen to the square mile. To-day Hong Kong has, probably, somewhere from thirty to forty thousand people, which is more than Chicago had till it passed 1850. What made this sudden growth of a new city in a country where everything was finished before the rest of the world was begun, and where nothing has changed since the time of Moses? Simply the transfer of the trade of Canton: with the trade came the people. Given a cause for the transfer of that ancient commerce from one shop to another in a densely populated country, and there is nothing marvellous in a city springing up in a night. Chicago grew from the same cause, only the process was reversed. In the Chinese city the people followed the trade as certainly as water follows the opening of floodgates; in the Illinois settlement it was trade that followed the people. The real marvel is in the country, not in the town. Had Illinois and Iowa and Wisconsin and Michigan grown only with that comparatively slow growth of the Eastern States for the last two and a half centuries, Chicago would be to-day what she was thirty years ago, — only a promising village, and not a great city. Given the country, and the town had to be. Given the populous back regions, and the port was a necessity. Given the products, and there had to be the mart. The only question was, as the armies of emigrants came marching in and encamping over that broad surface of two or three hundred thousand square miles, whereabouts on that opal sea of Michigan the *entrepôt* was to be? And a shallow, muddy, sluggish creek capable of being made into a harbor settled it in favor of Chicago. The first settlers foresaw the future so plainly that lots in certain parts of the expected city were as high in 1837 as they are to-day. True these men made a mistake of a mile or two, and bought and sold lots at three hundred dollars the front foot in the one place, and acres at five or ten dollars each in another. Whether the new town would stretch a mile or two this way or half a dozen that, they failed to foresee; but they did foresee a great city in the near future as the inevitable consequence of that vast tide of emigration that was flowing so noiselessly but so unceasingly out upon the prairies, and was to cover them with farms and villages, with wheat and corn, with cattle and swine. New England sent the best of her sons and daughters to scatter over the Northwest, — sons who

could endure and work; daughters who could endure and work and bear children, — and in a generation the land was filled with millions of intelligent and thrifty people, and teemed with wealth. Herein is the real marvel. It is not that a town of five thousand people has grown in thirty years to one of two hundred and fifty thousand, but that a region which thirty years ago was sparsely settled with a people poor and ignorant and rude should in that period have attained, with its wonderful growth in population, to a wealth, a power, and an intelligence that was never known in any commonwealth before, save, perhaps, in the State of Massachusetts. Chicago is only the result, a beautiful and remarkable, but still only an inevitable result, of that sudden springing of an empire into existence. One sees that at a glance, and marvels at it; reads the figures, and is bewildered; hears, but hardly credits the stories of the increase in the value of real estate; looks with amazement at the broad avenues, more imposing than almost any other city streets on this Continent, at the miles of cattle-yards, at the stupendous mills and grain-elevators, at the spacious warehouses, at the luxurious dwellings, and is told by the man standing beside him that he remembers when the site of this Chicago was a prairie-swamp, without a habitation save one small log-fort. But, after all, it is a palpable wonder; his eyes see it, and his understanding grasps it; it is all spread out before him as on a map, and he cannot escape from it. But out on the prairie, along the banks of many rivers, great and small, have sprung up many other cities and towns and villages, and farms and factories have gathered and grown millions of people, which the eyes do not see, which the understanding does not comprehend, at a glance, but whose industry and thrift and intelligence have made the Northwest what it is, and compelled Chicago to keep pace with and be its visible exponent and outgrowth.

It were easy enough to tabulate the progress of the West; to show by dates and figures when railroads and telegraphs were begun, and how many miles of iron web have been woven through and over the land; to tell off in bushels the increase in the production of corn and wheat; to number the cattle and the hogs, and the pounds they make of beef and pork to feed a hungry world; to count the schools with their tens of thousands of pupils preparing to be the West of the future; to give the long, proud list of young men who went to the war, and of those who never came back; to estimate assessable property and the taxes paid by each man and woman and child; — all this it were easy to do again, as it has been done so many times already. They are astounding figures, unexampled in the world's history; but I shall not repeat them. No wonder that the South was sure rebellion would be successful, when she counted all that wealth and power of the West on her side. In a contest against such odds, the Northern Atlantic States could only have stipulated that they should be "let alone," and would have been fortunate had that been granted them. But the slave States made two mistakes: they forgot that the Northwest was the child of New England; and they had put off the Rebellion too long by a quarter of a century. Five-and-twenty years ago the outlet of the West to the sea was by the Mississippi, and the threat to shut up that channel was to threaten isolation and poverty. Canals and railroads have moved the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Hudson, and Boston and Portland harbors. Should the Union ever fall to pieces, the dividing boundary will be the Alleghany range or Mason and Dixon's line, as the West chooses. Heaven help the Union if such a question ever arises between the East and the West!

The West can stand alone, and command her allies. It is not only that she has grown with such marvellous rapidity, but that her people are cultivated, intelligent, and ingenious. The first steel plough was made at the

West; the great reaping-machines come from the West; from a grain-elevator, which New York has hardly yet learned the use of, to a watch which New England has been fifty years learning to make; in all the range, from the most stupendous to the most delicate manufactures, the West is beginning to be equally at home. Chicago could not do without the elevator; it came from the necessity of the case, as power-presses grew from the necessities of daily newspapers, and telegraphs from the exigencies of commerce. Watches the West makes, not so much because she needed to make them, but because watches are a good thing to make, and she chooses to do anything that can be done anywhere else. Free trade is not a Western plant, but it has taken deep root there, and will dictate the future policy of the nation. Such a people are not dependent upon other sections; it is other sections that are dependent upon them. "New York," said a Western man who visited it for the first time, "is the Chicago of the East!"

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the men of the West were rough, the women rougher, the children roughest. Now the children — some of them, at least, and all are capable of doing what others have learned to do — make watches! Perhaps a mechanical fact of this sort is as good an illustration as can be found of character and intelligence. Forty miles west of Chicago is the town of Elgin. One who thinks of Illinois as a wide and flat and lonely prairie would get a new idea of it in visiting that region. The Fox River runs through it, — a shallow stream, valuable, no doubt, for its gathered water-power here and there upon its banks, but marked by the passing traveller only for its beauty. Hills crowned with woods, high enough to be seen a dozen miles away; valleys between so rich as to look like English parks; houses, — not log-houses, or, less attractive still, the rude frame-houses of thirty years ago, — but of the better sort, with architectural pretensions and cultivated grounds such as one sees in the immediate neighborhood of Eastern cities; huge barns, and more than one to each house, and, near these, mountains — not stacks, but mountains bigger than either barns or houses — of hay, recalling those miles of stocks-yards at Chicago to which these mountains move in due season; — through all this pleasant landscape, which has nowhere a look of newness or of rudeness, and everywhere the aspect of plenty and of culture, winds the charming Fox, oozing here through meadows, washing there the soft verdure of a hill sloping gently down to the water's edge, now rippling on some tiny reach of beach, and now darkening in the shadow of a wood whose feet it kisses. In such a region a New-Englander might almost forget that he had left his home a thousand miles away. In this valley of the Fox lies Elgin, compact and close, with the smoke from half a dozen factories of different kinds rising above it, the town ravelling out upon the prairie and up the hills into suburban residences and great rich farms, — dairy and stock farms, whose milk and whose meat are condensed and concentrated by the Borden Company in Elgin, to go wherever a ship sails or a white man travels. Now my point is, that the most remarkable evidence of rapid growth to be found anywhere is seen in such a fact as this: that in thirty years a town — taking Elgin merely as a representative case, for it is only one of many — springs up in the wilderness, where thousands are gathered together (and most of them native to the soil) with hands cunning enough and brains subtile enough to establish such handicrafts and manufactures as require the utmost skill in mechanism, and are usually supposed to be possible only in crowded communities where the difficulty of living sharpens men's wits to the last degree. About two years ago the first watch made at Elgin was shown to the dealers in New York as a specimen of what it was proposed to do out upon the prairies of the West. This one watch, coming from where it

did, was looked at with a good deal of curiosity by these dealers, who had not studied very deeply the prairie phenomena; that it was only a typical watch, the forerunner of a new branch of industry, from a region where, hitherto, packing hogs was supposed to be the highest point of skilled labor yet reached, or likely to be, for some time to come, was held to be altogether incredible if not ludicrous. This was in March, 1867. Where that first watch was made they now make one hundred every day, or about three thousand every year; and while the capacity of production is enlarged as fast as possible, the supply is always lagging behind the demand. For the true Western man is proud of, and must have, the Western watch. Nor are these rude and clumsy timepieces, but watches of as fine a finish, of as accurate a movement, of as perfect a mechanism as the ingenuity of man has yet accomplished in this most delicate of all machines. Now — and this seems to me the significant fact — the operatives in this Elgin manufactory are almost all Western men and women, or even boys and girls who were born and reared in the country round about, and who learned here to do what they do so deftly. Of course skilled workmen came from the East, — graduates, probably, all of them of the famous works at Waltham, — to establish and then conduct this Elgin manufacture as superintendents in its many departments. But the enterprise that conceived, the energy that persevered against unusual and unforeseen difficulties, the capital that was never held back for an instant, though fivefold more, it was found, was wanted before the end was attained than was supposed would be necessary, — all these were Western, pure, characteristic Western; and so too are the workpeople of native growth, the farmers' and the villagers' sons and daughters who were prompt to welcome and follow a new calling which it would be useless for those to try who had not skilful hands and clear, quick brains.

One need not be a watchmaker or a machinist to understand that making watches by machinery — a thing done first in this country, and so successfully as to leave foreign-made watches almost out of competition — is, so far, at least, one of the greatest achievements of mechanics. It is easy enough to conceive that all those wheels, in the watch which you, my friend, have in your pocket, were punched out with great accuracy; not so easy to conceive that each one of them was successfully submitted a second time to the same punching process in order that, from all its edges on segment and circumference, there should be cut away exactly two and a half one-thousandths of an inch to make it perfect. Here, indeed, the thing we remark is, not so much the skilful guidance of the workman, as the wonderful accuracy and perfection of workmanship in the machine itself, which, ever so many thousand times a day can, with never a failure, pare off its almost invisible shaving of brass of just so much, — no more, no less; but then it was within those walls that the machine was made. When these wheels pass from this first process to be notched with tiny teeth, fitted with axles, some with minute grooves and shoulders, and all to be done with an exactness so absolute that no microscope can detect an inequality or flaw, then the more direct agency of the hands and eyes of men and women must perfect the work which machinery alone cannot do. The automaton may give the motive-power, but the eye and the hand must guide and use the drills and chisels, so small, sometimes, as to be hardly visible, at the right time and at the right place; and to the complete training of these living workmen to this exquisite workmanship is due the perfection of the final result. One of the wheels, the balance-wheel, which, when begun upon, is a plain brass disk, goes through between seventy and eighty processes before it is fit for its place, — a round rim of brass with an outer rim of steel and a brass diameter, and pierced for about twenty almost invisible screws. The making of these screws,

for this and other parts of the watch, is a thing marvellous to see; or not to see, for these bits of metal which are shown the visitor, though each one is a perfect screw, with thread and head and slot, the unaccustomed eye cannot detect as screws at all. The smallest of them are only two one hundredths of an inch in diameter with a perfect thread in the proportion of two hundred and twenty to the inch; and of these atoms, each a perfect screw, it takes one hundred and forty-four thousand to weigh a pound. Not that this is the most remarkable thing in this delicate manufacturing; I only happen to remember it. Take another illustration: In the upper plate of a watch there are thirty holes into which the various wheels are adjusted. More than twenty of these are exceedingly minute, and must not only be cut out with a drill finer than the finest needle, but they must be at absolutely exact distances from each other. This indispensable accuracy, to insure the perfect movement of the watch, is obtained by machinery, and were it not that one sees in other processes seemingly almost impossible what the human hand and eye, assisted by the microscope, are capable of, one would be disposed to think that nothing but machinery could secure the exactness required for these punctures. And even then our wonder is only transferred from the thing done to the thing doing it. But this delicate machine is run by a young girl, who guides the fine drill from point to point on a steel plate to which the brass plate is fastened, and through which the holes are drilled. Her eye never wavers and her hand never errs, as in a few seconds she guides the implement from point to point to be driven by the motive-power through the plate; and by another young girl this process is repeated, that these punctures may be as accurate in finish as in position; and any unsteadiness of hand or eye in either performance, any deviation even to the thousandth part of an inch, would spoil the work. But such unsteadiness is very rare, while they turn off hundreds of these plates, in which it is impossible to detect the slightest variations, in a day.

I do not remember the number of the departments there are in this factory, nor does it matter; for it is not my purpose to describe the manufacture of a watch, even if it were a reasonably easy thing to do, where a single minute part goes through seventy or eighty processes, before it is brought to that absolute perfection which is aimed at in these Elgin watches. A brief and chance visit of a couple of hours can hardly give insight into the thousand intricate and wonderful ways of such a factory. But the ingenuity in mechanics, which seems unlimited, only excites one's wonder that such things are done here in a country that thirty years ago had hardly begun to be settled, and that the young men and women, children of the soil, are found capable of such work. The statistics of the West are almost bewildering in their magnitude, in the growth of population, the increase in agricultural products, the rapidity with which it is developing into a great manufacturing region, with its wealth of coal and metals and raw material of every kind ready at hand for all that the most sanguine of its people ever dream that it may do. And yet, no doubt, could that most sanguine man be inspired to foretell what the West of five-and-twenty years hence will be and do, his prophecy would be laughed at as the first Elgin watch was received with a doubtful smile, two years ago, in Broadway, when shown as a possible production of the prairies of the West.

But the growth of that inland empire is not the sole nor the most interesting question to be solved there. The dignity of labor is a well-sounding phrase, and many stirring sermons and eloquent lectures have been and will be preached and delivered to prove how good and noble a thing it is. No doubt; but none the less will the native-born lad, with a desire to know more of the world than he can learn in following his father's oxen, with powers

that he feels can be put to better use than in the unskilled toil which the hired Irishman or German, just imported, can do as well as he, or better, — with no ambition to achieve something worthier in fame or fortune than ever so many bushels of wheat to the acre can ever give to him, — none the less will he disregard the sage advice of the venerable humbugs who bid him avoid the cities and go dig, and follow rather the example which these counsellors set him when they also were full of youth and energy, and, with their worldly possessions tied up in a cotton handkerchief, turned their backs upon the innocence and simplicity and dignity of rural life, and sought a wider sphere where men were plentier and busier. It is a fact which no lecturing can change, that the influx of foreign laborers crowds the native population out of the field of mere manual toil, and sets the young men free to seek a livelihood in towns, in new employments, commerce, and the professions, which they hope will prove more lucrative, and believe to be more honorable. The first result of course is to overstock these new paths to preferment, just as the movement among women to seek new employments has made the supply of that species of labor greater than the demand. But it no more follows, in the one case, that the young man should return to the calling out of which Patrick has crowded him, than that, in the other, the young woman should contend for the place in the kitchen from which Bridget has displaced her. There must be some other solution of the problem, if we are to go forward and not backward. And the great Northwest will solve it. No laws are so inexorable as these of political economy, and it will not take long for Young America to learn that all cannot be lawyers and doctors and editors and merchants ; that the skilled workmen and workwomen, in the higher branches of manufactures, may be quite as well educated, quite as intelligent, quite as respectable, and quite as thrifty, — and indeed much more so, — as their brothers and sisters who throng the cities and overcrowd there the paths they seek to walk in. One can hardly look, for example, in the faces of the operatives at the Elgin watch-factory, or note their intelligence and bearing, and learn of the influence which such a body of young men and women exercise in that community, without having his fears dispelled, if he has any, that the American people are likely to forget the true dignity of labor, or that the class emancipated from the grosser forms of toil will not find in due season that there are other employments beside keeping shop or sitting upon an office stool which may gratify a reasonable ambition and lead to respectability and wealth.

A CARPET-BAGGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

I.

CHIEFLY CONCERNS A NEW COAL DEVELOPMENT.

ON the evening of the great Grant and Colfax torchlight display I took my carpet-bag (emblem of enterprise and patriotism) and zigzagged through the thronged and illuminated city in a hack, — running the gauntlet of fifteen or twenty fragmentary processions, but reaching the Worcester Depot at last in safety, feeling very much as if I had been rattled through a kaleidoscope as big as all Boston. To the dazzle of the shifting lights and colors, and the noise of the trumpets and the shouting, I fondly supposed we were bidding a final adieu, when the train started, and we crept quietly into our berths in the dim sleeping-car. But no: at every stopping-place we were awakened (if we chanced to be asleep) by loud drums and brass and shrill-voiced patriotism; all night long, in conservative Connecticut towns, the Boys in Blue were uproarious; and I verily believe that, if we could have run through that night by rail to San Francisco, we should have found one vast Grant and Colfax torchlight procession, extending all the way to the Pacific.

Thursday, Oct. 29th. — A chill, gray morning. Passing through New York City in the hollow belly of a rumbling omnibus, that seems hungry for warm passengers to digest, and very much dissatisfied with two cold ones. Breakfast; after which omnibuses and things in general appear to feel more comfortable in their minds. To the Erie Railroad ferry-boat. Crossing North River. (Ah, what a beautiful day it is! How the waves sparkle and leap, how the white sails of the luggers bulge in the sun, how mistily the calm light lies on the city roofs and the shipping!) Crossing Jersey flats, which will some day be reclaimed by a system of dikes and drainage, and made the most productive portion of the State. (I wish one could hope as much of its political flats, its sour and sedge-overgrown conservatism.) Flitting by fair upland pictures, — here a field of portly corn-stooks and golden pumpkins, there a pasture-land of fading thistles and blackened weeds gone to seed; and farther on a mountain of steep ledges, sparsely bearded with dwarfed pines and cedars, — a drove of cattle placidly feeding on green slopes at its foot. On through butter-suggesting Orange County, and up the picturesque banks of the Delaware, now on the Pennsylvania side, and now again in New York. Then down the Susquehanna, (how much our railroads and canals owe to the rivers for having cut through the mountains and prepared a grade for them!) arriving at Waverley in the dusk of the evening, and there switching off from the Erie track upon the new road to Towanda, which sleepily blinking Pennsylvania borough receives us and our carpet-bags just twenty-four hours after we left Boston.

Friday, 30th. — Sleepily blinking Towanda appears wide-awake enough this morning, and a bright, brisk child of the hills it is. Sweetly its still breath ascends in the frosty autumnal light. It lies in the lap of a lovely valley, on the west bank of the Susquehanna. Mountainous bluffs confront it, mirroring their precipitous, lichen-tinted crags and clinging forests (many-hued in autumn) in the river, which here spreads out in a lake-like expanse above the dam, and tumbles noisily and foamingly down into a wide-sweeping, shallow flood below. Mountains rise behind the town also, with long lines of boundary fence curving like belts over their ample shoulders. The checkered farms — dark squares of ploughed land and

brown pastures and gray stubble-fields, contrasting with the delicate green squares of tender young wheat — clothe their giant forms in true highland plaids. Agriculture has shaven these hills to their very crowns, leaving only here and there a tuft of woods for a scalp-lock.

Last evening I sat with two friends in a private parlor of the Ward House, and talked over with them the plan of my Pennsylvania campaign. I said I wished to see something of the coal and oil, and other interesting features of the State, and placed myself in their experienced hands; and they decided that I should first visit the newly developed coal lands of Sullivan County.

"What is the coal," I asked; — "anthracite or bituminous?"

"Strictly speaking, neither," said M. "The region is interesting, as lying between the anthracite and bituminous coal deposits of the State; and the coal is curious, as partaking of the qualities of both. In texture and cleavage it resembles the bituminous, but there is not a particle of bitumen in it. It is entirely free also from the gases which make the use of anthracite coal in our houses often so disagreeable and injurious."

I said I thought it strange that coal of so remarkable a character had not been heard of in the market.

"Not at all," said he. "It lies in a remote mountainous district, not much frequented hitherto except by trout-fishers and hunters. But a railroad is now building which will connect the mines with the railroad and canal here at Towanda; and by another spring they will be in communication with the markets of the world."

Meanwhile, the fact that these remarkable coal-fields were so little known to the public seemed to render a visit to them all the more desirable. Accordingly, this morning, M. sent a good stout carriage and pair of horses around to the Ward House, for our mutual friend P. and myself; and as soon as the sun was well up over the hilltops we started for the coal mountains.

Leaving the Susquehanna valley a little below Towanda, we took the road running southward to Dushore, along by the wild, rocky bed of a small tributary which ages ago scooped for itself and for civilization a passage through these hills. Of course we found the grade of the new, unfinished coal railroad servilely following in the same beaten track, (it is so much easier always to do that than to be original!) curving with the stream about the mountain bases, and cutting through the woods. The mountains reminded one of Milton's fallen archangel: —

> "Their forms had not yet lost
> All their autumnal brightness, nor appeared
> Less than October ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured."

In the distance, the ruddy and golden leaves lying thick on the ground, or still clinging to the trees, had the effect of sunshine when the sun was under a cloud; and here and there an oak-top burned like fire amongst the evergreens and gray rocks.

Passed Rattlesnake Mountain, — a stupendous, upheaved mass of loosely tumbled ledges, battered, barren, savage, producing little besides huckleberries and rattlesnakes. This ragged, rocky tract M. had lately presented to our mutual friend, and P. had accepted it, not so much for the snakes and the huckleberries, as for the satisfaction of saying he owned a mountain in Pennsylvania. In the berrying season parties come up to this wild region from the towns below, — jolly wagon-loads of women and children and girls and young fellows, starting in the night-time, in order to arrive at the picking grounds by sunrise, and have a whole day of fun and huckleberries before them. I told P. he might yet make a good thing out of this crop, and possibly find a demand for his rattlesnakes, though this last idea was not altogether original with myself. A few years ago there lived in this vicinity an eccentric character, who conceived the brilliant project of sending to market a large and fine assortment of these amiable reptiles, and realizing a profit on them.

They were created and placed here for some good reason, he argued; and why not to sell? Accordingly, his wife smiling upon the enterprise, he commenced forming a collection.

This worthy pair lived alone together in a solitary log-house, favorably situated for the execution of their precious scheme. The ground all around them was fertile in crawling things. The old man procured a dry-goods box and placed it in his garret, — which, by the way, was separated from the lower room of the house only by a flooring of loose boards. It was a box capable of accommodating some two or three hundred snakes, for he meant business: large sales and small profits was his idea. He had a smaller box for field operations. Carrying this between them, and armed with a pair of tongs, the good man and his dame would go out of a morning to the ledges, and perhaps bring in a dozen lusty rattlers to be transferred to the big box in the garret, when they came home to dinner.

In this way they had accumulated near two hundred specimens, when one night a rather unpleasant circumstance occurred. The snake-collector was awakened by his wife, who had been previously awakened by strange and alarming noises. Every minute or two there came a dull, heavy thump on the floor of their sleeping-chamber, which was parlor, kitchen, bedroom, all in one.

"I do believe," said the wife, "them 'ere creeturs have got out of the box, and are droppin' down through the cracks in the garret boards!"

The husband listened with the sensations of a speculator whose stock was falling in an unusually disagreeable manner. Thump! thump! it was raining rattlesnakes; and how to stop the shower? There was great danger in putting a foot out of bed, for the room was dark, and the floor was by this time alive with them. But our dealer in live stock was a man of nerve, and knew his cattle. He told the story very coolly afterwards: "A bite from one of 'em was death, of course. But I did n't think there was much chance o' gittin' bit 'thout I stepped on 'em. So I set my foot down perty softly on the floor till I found a clear space, then I started for the hearth, shovin' my feet along on the floor, and shovin' the creeturs out of my way, gently, ye know, — mighty careful not to hurt 'em, — till I got to the fireplace and raked the coals out of the ashes and lit a lamp. Then we could see 'em, and an interestin' sight they was! Floor a-squirmin' with 'em, and they beginnin' to set their rattles to buzzin', — music, I tell ye! But me and my old woman set to work with the tongs, and in half an hour had 'em all back in the box agin!"

The growing uneasiness of the "creeturs," and the trouble of feeding them, rather precipitated the good man's plans, and a few days after this adventure he might have been seen going down the river on a raft, seated on a box, chalk-marked "*Glas Handl With Cair.*" Not the least astonishing part of the story is, that he actually sold his collection to showmen and speculators, and came home with money in his pocket.

Notwithstanding this brilliant example, P. said he did n't know what use he could make of his rattlesnakes, unless it were to fatten hogs on them. Swine are extremely partial to such food, and it is said to make sweet pork. "A pig in attacking a rattlesnake," said P., "seizes him by the neck, and receives his bite in the fatty protuberance of his chaps with perfect indifference; whereas a bite in any other part would prove as fatal to pigs as to men." He had seen many a pig bitten and many a viper devoured in this way.

I was reminded of a dog I used to know, which nature had endowed with a still more wonderful instinctive faculty for despatching these dangerous creatures. He seemed to consider any common snake as entirely beneath his notice; but let an individual of the species *Crotalus* appear, and his rage and hair were up in an instant. If he came upon one coiled up, in the

snake's favorite attitude of defence, — the beaded tail on one side, vibrating in a sort of mist, singing its menacing song, and the devilish head at the top of the spiral, vigilant, ready to strike, darting its forked lightnings, — then mark the whelp's sagacity: he would put out his nose and bark, to fix the reptile's attention, and then commence walking round him at a safe distance (the rattlesnake's fabulous "jump" consists simply in throwing himself forwards about two thirds of his length), until — the guardian head following his motions — he had succeeded in unwinding the coil, and getting the creature stretched out on the ground; then he would make a sudden dart at his middle, and — well, the dog's master usually advised spectators to stand back a little, at that crisis, if they did n't wish to get hit by flying fragments.

Such fitting talk beguiled the way, until the mountain, which had suggested it, was out of sight. The farms grew rougher and rougher as we advanced, until at last the front wave of civilization was reached, — the primitive clearing, where the forests had within a year or two been cut down and burned in heaps, to make room for a corn-lot or a wheat-field. Huge, half-burnt logs and charred stumps still encumbered the ground. The approach of the new railroad, I was glad to see, had put a stop to this sad business, giving to the standing timber and the hemlock bark a value to-day ten times greater than that of the mere soil on which they grow. The country here is in fact too elevated for general cultivation. It lies some eighteen hundred feet above the sea. The soil is cold and sour, and the seasons short. The road, undulating over the inequalities of hill and hollow, ascends gradually all the way, until at length you come to a fish-shaped ridge (with a dorsal-fin of rail fence), from the summit of which you have a very remarkable prospect, if you only think of it.

This ridge is on the dividing line betwixt the anthracite and bituminous coal regions. Away on the left roll the billowy blue mountains that enclose the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys; on the right rise the wooded hills of the Barclay basin. Here we paused and looked about us, reminding each other of two or three things.

Fancy the form of a mastodon rudely sketched on the map of Pennsylvania, — back to the north, head towards New Jersey, and hind-quarters disappearing in Ohio. The jaws of this figure, lying mostly in two or three counties (the form of the valleys gives them the appearance of opening towards the sea), are the anthracite regions; while the vast body, darkening almost the entire western portion of the State, is composed of bituminous coal. This imaginary sketch shows with sufficient accuracy the relative positions and proportions of the hard and soft coal areas of Pennsylvania; but if the curious reader would carry the comparison still further, let him reflect that within the narrow limits of those fractured jaws is contained nearly all the known anthracite of the world, and then glance at the dim outlines of the almost limitless bituminous fields in other States and in other countries. Confining the estimate to this country, it is safe to say that we have two hundred thousand square miles of bituminous coal-fields, or more than four hundred for every one of anthracite.

On that dividing ridge we were midway on the neck of the imaginary mastodon, interesting vertebræ of which lay at our right and left: at our right, the semi-bituminous fields of the aforementioned Barclay basin; on our left and in front of us, the mountains of soft anthracite which we were then on our way to visit. Along the breast and in the fore-legs of the figure, stretching southward into Maryland, are scattered similar deposits, showing the gradation from hard to soft coal. It would seem as if Nature, after forming here one vast coal-field, had proceeded to *coke* a very small portion of it. Anthracite appears to be simply coal that has been more or less perfectly coked by the earth's

great furnace-fires. Viewed in this light, the Sullivan soft anthracite is a perfect natural coke, from which all the bituminous and volatile matters have been expelled; yet the heat here was not so intense or prolonged as to harden it excessively. The semi-bituminous, which comes next, lay on the borders of Nature's great coke-ovens, and was partially influenced by the process; while the bituminous fields beyond were exempt.

The advanced waves of civilization from the valleys we had left behind us were met by the same tide rising from the valleys before us. Descending into one of these we pounced down suddenly upon a plain, new-looking village, consisting mainly of one straight street thrown almost like a bridge across a stream-intersected glen; an unromantic hamlet in a romantic spot. This used to be Jackson's Hollow, until Mr. Jackson, being postmaster, and a modest man withal, changed the name to Dushore, in honor of an old Frenchman, whose real name — written *Lapetitheure*, or something like it — had been mispronounced and corrupted by his neighbors to that extraordinary degree. Here we made acquaintance with Mr. Jackson, who invited us to dinner, and offered us a change of horses and a guide to the mines, — hospitalities not to be slighted, by any means. As we sat at his table, he told us something of the history of the new coal development. The original discovery was due to one of those so-called accidents which have so often changed the fortunes of men and the course of history. A bee-hunter, having occasion to fell a tree in the woods, noticed that one of the great limbs, ploughing into the ground, threw up what appeared to be black dirt. He reported the circumstance to Mr. Jackson, who, requesting him to keep the fact secret for a while, found time the next day to go trout-fishing, and visited the spot. He decided that the black dirt was the disintegrated coal of an outcrop, and set the man to digging. Going a fishing again the next day, he found that the man had dug through four and a half feet of rotten coal. Neither knew as yet to whom the land belonged; but Mr. Jackson now began to think it worth while to look into that matter. Accordingly, the next time he went a fishing (it was noticed, by the way, that he did n't seem to have his usual luck with the trout in those days), he took with him into the woods a pocket-compass and a map of the country, and satisfied himself that the tract belonged to a well-to-do neighbor. Him, therefore, he called upon, and confided to him the secret of the discovery. The gentleman listened with good-natured incredulity, and was glad enough to sell Mr. Jackson an undivided half of five hundred acres for what was then considered a good price, but would now be deemed a mere song. Mr. Jackson then endeavored to persuade him to unite with him in developing the coal; but the other, laughing, said he did n't believe there was any coal there, and refused even to take the trouble of going to see.

Now there is one thing noticeable about the Sullivan coal-beds. They rest on the usual floor of conglomerate, which underlies all the coal in the country, as an under-crust to the pie; but they have also, what the anthracite deposits have not, an upper-crust of sandstone, somewhat similar. This was seen by men of science, who, mistaking it for the under-crust, declared that there was no coal in that part of the country. Even after the black dirt was turned up, an experienced surveyor, sent to examine it, treated it with small respect, saying it was nothing but slate, — his faith in the general laws of science being stronger with him than the evidence of his own senses. The neighbor, adopting these conclusions, tried to dissuade Jackson from burying his money in any hole in those remote woods; but Jackson replied, in the words of the Western judge: "If this court understand herself, and she think she do, coal is certainly coming out of that mountain," — and set to work, encouraged only by his father, then a very

old man, and his brother, a self-taught, practical geologist, who joined hands with him in the undertaking.

There were at that time (1859) only two coal-stoves in all that part of the country; and the mines were twenty-five miles from the nearest accessible canal-port. To haul the coal in wagons over the rough mountain roads, for any great distance, was of course out of the question. Yet the Jacksons set to work and made an opening in the mountain-side, — the development soon showing that the court had understood herself tolerably well. In 1859, 1860, and 1861 they got out coal for their own use and for such of their neighbors as could be induced to make trial of it. The rotten coal of the outcrop soon gave place to coal of a quality that astonished even the sanguine Mr. Jackson. It was sent for analysis to professional chemists, who pronounced it the purest anthracite known. The inhabitants soon began to use it in preference to wood, even in a region of wood. Blacksmiths who tried it immediately discarded the use of all other kinds of coal, where this could be had, some sending as far as twelve or fifteen miles to haul it to their shops in wagons.

Still people remained incredulous with regard to the amount of coal in the mountains, and its availability for the general market; and it was not until the close of the war that Jackson succeeded in interesting capitalists in his enterprise. He then applied to his friend Mr. M. C. Mercur, the banker and coal capitalist, at Towanda, and at last, under pretence of taking him out on a trout-fishing excursion, got him to go and see the mines. Mercur, cautious, experienced, cool, as soon as he saw the opening, became as enthusiastic on the subject as Jackson himself. To enlist a man of his sagacity and influence in a thing of the kind was to insure its success. A company was speedily formed, the mountains were bored in many different places, regular openings made, and a railroad to Towanda projected, chartered, and begun.

Such is a brief history of the Sullivan coal-mines up to the time of our visit. After dinner, with fresh horses of Jackson's, and Jackson's brother as a guide, we started for the openings, about five miles distant. Climbing the hills southward from Dushore, we crossed the grade of the new railroad, which had worked its way steadily up to that altitude, and was there turning its broad furrow of rocks and soil and tree-roots along the mountain-side. Picturesque to see were the gangs of men and teams at work on jutting points here and there, on the wild slopes; first the pioneers, mowing their gigantic swath through the woods; then the grubbers, clearing the ground of roots; then, where practicable, ploughs and scrapers; and lastly, shovellers and wagons; now and then a dull thunder-peal and a puff of smoke, with perhaps a dirty-looking eruption of stones, indicating spots where the powder-blast was breaking the hill's rocky ribs.

We followed the turnpike (the Susquehanna and Tioga, I think it is called) over the hills, passing the site of old Shinarsville, — a town with a history that might serve to point a moral or adorn a tale. Mr. Shinar, the founder thereof, was one of the contractors who built the turnpike. Receiving a part of his pay in State lands, he resolved to colonize them; and, discovering here a mighty good site for a city, he laid out a fine large town in admirable order, sold house-lots, and commenced building. You could have bought almost any desirable lot of him, except certain wonderfully well situated corner-lots, which he steadfastly refused to part with, in anticipation of an early demand for them, at magnificent prices, for business blocks. You may still see the name of the town set down on old maps of the State, and the place is still called Shinarsville, though not a vestige, not a timber, of the finely planned and partly built *ville* now remains. *Fuit Shinarsville.* I was reminded of a story I used to hear told, in my boyhood, of one Jones who sold to one Brown a piece of land on which he claimed that there was a capital

mill-seat. Brown, on going to take possession, found no water-course within a mile of his purchase. Jones, on being somewhat warmly remonstrated with, on account of the apparent discrepancy between his statement and the fact, answered very coolly: "I said there was a good mill-seat on the property, and there is; but I said nothing about any water; you must find your own water." If Brown, charmed by the inviting seat, had gone on and put up his mill, he would have done very much as Mr. Shinar did. A good site for a town is no better than a capital seat for a mill, without certain natural advantages, or at least the argument of necessity, to justify building upon it. Maybe, however, Mr. Shinar was, like so many originators, only a little in advance of his times, and that, now the coal-mines are opened, his phœnix will rise from its ashes.

Since the company bored the mountains and bought lands, some of the neighboring farmers have been not a little exercised in their minds with regard to the possible existence of coal under their own homesteads. It is, if I recollect rightly, at Shinarsville that the substratum of conglomerate — the dish that holds the coal — first shows its broken edges. The strata thence dip southward, and southward accordingly you must look for the contents of the dish. An old farmer living a little way on the wrong side of this outcrop thought it would be a good thing to find coal under his barren pastures, and set to digging. Some one asked him what he expected to find.

"Wal! if I can't strike coal," answered the old man, "then I 'll dig a well."

Young Jackson told him he was too low for coal. "Think I 'm a fool?" retorted the indignant digger. "Can't any idiot see that I 'm higher here than you be where you 're diggin'?"

Jackson explained that he meant geologically too low, and succeeded in convincing the worthy man that he was actually drilling and blasting in strata some hundreds of feet below the place of the coal-beds, if they had extended so far north.

Another land-owner, a Dutchman, was not so easily persuaded to give up a dream of riches that came to him in the following manner: When the engineers were laying out the railroad, they had occasion to bore several farms hereabouts, to ascertain the nature of the rock to be excavated. This Dutchman annoyed them a good deal with questions, when they came to bore his farm, and made up his mind, from the unsatisfactory answers he received, that they were really boring for coal. One day he went out and found some fragments of soft anthracite scattered about one of the holes; in an ecstasy of delight he gathered them up, and carried them about in his pockets for several days, showing them to everybody, bragging of his immense wealth, and refusing to believe he had been cajoled, even when the fact was avowed by the wag who had set the trap for him baited with coal from the company's mines. I believe he still goes about, fancying himself a millionnaire.

Beyond Shinarsville we entered the primeval forest. To the eye it appears interminable. It is in fact (young Jackson told me) sixteen miles in breadth, and fifty in length from east to west, — a vast, almost unbroken belt of magnificent timber. Towering trunks of hemlock, birch, beech, ash, maple, and other trees, in great variety, and of immense size, rise at stately distances from each other, — undergrowths of the beautiful kalmia, or mountain-laurel, filling with its green embroidery the intervening spaces. Wood-choppers and bark-peelers were at work. The cheerful sound of the axe echoed through the still woods. Cords of hemlock bark were accumulating, here and there, ready to be launched upon the market as soon as the railroad should be completed; and piles of lumber were rising like square towers around a new steam saw-mill.

Following the miners' road, winding among the trees, we came to the prin-

cipal coal opening, in the wooded side of the mountain. A broad platform had been built out at its mouth, composed of the ejected soil and rock and the black dirt of the outcrop. Thirty or forty feet below (on the north side) is the railroad, directly into the cars of which the coal will be shot down inclined spouts, or "chutes,"—no "breaker" being required. Eighty or ninety feet above (on the south side) rises the forest-covered mountain quite steeply. On a level with the platform, the black chasm opens, bridged at its entrance by a couple of picturesque tree-trunks fallen across it, and covered farther on by a perfect roof of beautiful micaceous sandstone, which supports the superincumbent weight of hill and forest.

It was like walking into the mountain through a huge, open barn-door. The entrance is seventeen feet in height, and nearly the same in breadth. The miners were out in the woods, cutting props for the roof; and while one of them was running for his lamps, we examined the outcrop in the sides of the opening. The great coal-seam is twelve feet thick, but its edge is, so to speak, bevelled, the slant corresponding with the slope of the mountain. For a distance of several paces you find nothing, immediately beneath the soil of the surface, except the "black dirt," which grows deeper and deeper, however, as you advance, until at length a sort of rotten coal appears at the bottom of the seam. This hardens gradually as you proceed, but it still has a rusty, demoralized look, and it is so loose that at a stroke from a shovel it falls splashing down into the side trench that drains the mine. It is not until you are well under the sandstone roof that coal of prime quality appears.

The sight here is well calculated to excite the visitor's astonishment and admiration. On each side are perfect perpendicular walls of shining black coal, running parallel to each other, and disappearing in the darkness of the deep cavern. Silver streams of water dripping from the roof, and faintly illumined by the daylight from without, add a delicate beauty to the otherwise sombre scene. The clean white sandstone roof itself also affords a beautiful relief to the prevailing blackness.

The lamps came, and we advanced some two hundred feet farther, between those astonishing walls of coal, to the end of the spacious gallery. We were by this time well prepared to appreciate the pious enthusiasm of a well-known Boston clergyman (since deceased, widely lamented) who paid a visit to these mines last summer. When he found himself in the heart of the mountain, surrounded by this immense body of coal, which he was told extended for miles on every side, he looked about him for some moments in speechless awe and wonder, then reverently took off his hat; theology bowed before geology; and he called out to the miners, in a sudden loud voice that echoed portentously through the long, dim-lighted cavern: "Praise the Lord! get down on your knees, every one of you, and praise the Lord for his wonderful providence!" This summons he delivered with such prophetical power of lungs and spirit, that all the miners except one threw down their tools and knelt with him on the spot. "I thought first I would n't kneel," said the exception; "I never had knelt for any man, and I did n't believe I ever should. But he begun to pray, and I be d—d if my knees did n't begin to give way under me; he put in, and my legs crooked and crooked, till I could n't stand it no longer; by George! he prayed me down."

I thought the power of the preacher must have been somewhat to bring such rude men to their knees. Not uninteresting to contemplate is the picture of the little group bowed in worship there in the hollow mine, lighted only by the small lamps hooked on to the miners' caps, and by the serene eye of day looking in smilingly at the end of the cavern.

Returning, we saw the dripping water from the roof, like an exquisite, thin,

gauzy veil, between us and the outer world, where the great trees looked strangely bright and peaceful, gilded by the warm afternoon sun. We now noted more particularly the drainage of the mine. The coal-bed dips slightly towards the south, that is, in the direction in which the openings are made. If left to take care of itself, the water would naturally follow the same course, and half fill the mine. This difficulty has been obviated, and the usual expensive pumping arrangement dispensed with, by cutting out the underlying rock, down to the level of the lowest part of the bed. The dip is five feet; and consequently the substratum has been removed to a depth of five feet at the entrance. This gives to the opening its imposing height of seventeen feet, between the roof and the floor, — a height which gradually diminishes to twelve feet, or just the thickness of the coal-seam, fifty or sixty yards farther on. Drifts and chambers may now be carried in any direction, and this cut will drain them; while an additional advantage is apparent in the fact that the mules, going out from the depths of the mine with the loaded coal-cars, will merely have to draw them along an extended level instead of up hill.

There are other valuable coal-seams lying under this one; but they will not of course be worked as long as this lasts. And as this is known to underlie a tract of country at least sixteen miles in length by about five in breadth, it may be expected to last a good while.

We afterwards visited two other openings, at each of which, as here, preparations were making to mine coal on a large scale as soon as the railroad should be ready for it. The company (Sullivan and Erie Coal and Railroad Company) talk of a million tons a year. I see no reason why they should not make good their talk; they certainly have every advantage for doing so. The coal works easily, and it is entirely free from slate, with the exception of a single thin layer running midway through the seam. No breaker will be required, and no gang of slate-pickers seated astride the chutes, throwing out the bony and stony pieces as the coal flows down. The thickness of the seam and its nearly horizontal position are immensely in the miners' favor. Lastly, the new railroad to Towanda gives a down-grade to the loaded coal-trains, and an up-grade to the returning empty ones.

What we had now seen, above and below the surface of the ground, was sufficient to give zest to a story which the Jacksons delight to tell, of one of the former owners of these lands. In the winter of 1836 he had been off attending a court session, somewhere over the mountains, and was returning home one moonlight evening in his own sleigh, in company with three friends. I believe they were all lawyers or judges; and they were quite merry, as gentlemen of their profession know very well how to be, on fit occasions. When about midway of the great coal-belt, then undreamt of, the owner of the sleigh and of all that part of the mountain pulled up his horses.

"Gentlemen," said he, standing up in the sleigh, "I wish to commemorate this occasion to you by an act which your children will thank me for, if you don't. I propose to give each of you an entire section of this splendid woodland. The deeds shall be made out to-morrow, if you will gratify me by accepting it."

"What!" cried the merry gentlemen; "land that is n't worth the annual tax on it! You are ashamed to let it be sold for the taxes, and so you take this underhand way of getting rid of it! You shall pay for this insult!"

So saying, the three friends laid hands on the offender, thrust him out of his own sleigh, and compelled him to walk two miles through the snow to the next stopping-place, in jocose revenge for the indignity he had put upon them. This forest is now worth one hundred dollars an acre for its timber and bark, and I don't know how much more for the coal it covers.

Returning to Dushore, we made inquiries with regard to the Sullivan soft

anthracite of persons using it. All testified that it was entirely free from slate, clinkers, and gas. The blacksmiths were especially enthusiastic in its praise. Not a forge was furnished with the usual flue for carrying off the smoke and noxious vapors from the burning coal; for this emits none. One said, with great energy, "I 've burnt all kinds, and I say this is the very bestest coal I ever drawed a bellus on." Another, whose forge-fire was out, kindled a new one for us. In five minutes, by the watch, from the moment when he touched match to the shavings, he had a heat which he said he could "weld anything by." Yet he declared that the coal which ignites so readily can be made to keep afire as long as any other coal. I held my face over the blaze, but could not distinguish the slightest odor from it. We threw water on the burning coal, and still it emitted only a smell of steam.

After these experiments, I became more thoroughly convinced than ever that this new coal development was one of very great importance to the public. A coal of such pure quality,* burning freely, without smoke, odor, or noxious vapor of any kind, is needed for many purposes, but more especially for domestic use; and its introduction is sure to be welcomed by all who value public health and comfort. It would seem, too, that the development of this new coal region should have an influence, favorable to the public, on the price of coal. Yet it is hardly to be hoped that coal will be much cheaper in years to come than it has been for a year or two past. The demand for it increases with every child born in the land, and with every tree cut down; and new developments of the kind will hardly keep pace with that demand. Moreover, as long as State laws continue to create or favor transportation monopolies, the price of coal in our Northern cities will continue to be unreliable and often exorbitant. Visiting subsequently other coal regions, in my carpet-bagging experience, I became satisfied of the fact that it is not the coal companies proper that make the high prices, or that always enjoy the profits resulting from these prices: it is the transportation companies, or the coal *and* transportation companies, which take, certainly, the lion's share of the spoils. Woe unto the unhappy coal company that puts its head into the jaws of one of those monopolies! At Scranton I saw companies delivering their coal to the Delaware and Lackawanna Coal and Railroad Company for $1.60 a ton, when coal was worth seven or eight dollars in New York. They could do no differently, for they were dependent on the railroad for transportation, and the railroad would not transport it for them, but would buy it of them at its own price. As it cost those companies $1.25 to mine and load the coal, and as they paid, besides, from twelve to twenty-two cents a ton royalty to the owners of the coal-lands, where these were not owned by the companies themselves, — total cost, say, $1.45 per ton, — surely no one can say that they had a very large margin of profits left, out of which to pay salaries to officers and dividends to stockholders. This pittance appeared to be merely sufficient to keep them alive. I was told that it was an act of mercy on the part of the railroad to allow them even so much. But as any less would have been simply death to the companies, mercy was here the wisest policy. One does not kill the hen that lays the golden eggs.

Other coal companies were differently, but not always more fortunately, situated. Some complained that they were obliged to continue mining, when coal was cheap, and every ton they shipped cost them more than they received for it; for if they stopped work, the mines would fill with water, and to recommence afterwards would be more expensive than to keep on. They of

* Professor Brush, of Yale College, gives the following analysis of the Sullivan soft anthracite: —

Carbon	89.29
Volatile matter (chiefly water)	5.06
Ash	5.65
	100.00

course endeavor to make up for the loss thus sustained when the season of high prices comes round; but they do not always succeed. Yet the transportation companies seemed to be pretty generally fattening on the profits derived from the coal companies on the one hand and the public on the other.

How this unfortunate state of affairs is to be remedied one is not prepared to say; not through the magnanimity of corporations certainly, nor yet by means of appropriate State legislation, according to present appearances. In Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, one finds the people of any given section divided into adverse political parties. Yet when a local monopoly is to be obtained or sustained, leaders of both parties, who may be at war on other questions, unite on this; one section favors another in return for favors received; legislative "thieves" (men who systematically vote for every measure they are paid for supporting, and oppose all others) are bought up, and the necessary bills passed, without much needless waste of time. The most that can be done at present, therefore, towards regulating the price of coal, must be done by the consumers themselves. There is no good reason why coal should be seven dollars a ton in Boston in August, and twelve in December, as it was last year. Let all those who have storage-room and money to advance lay in their year's supply before September. This will moderate the demand, and benefit all parties concerned, especially the poor purchaser, who has *not* the money to advance, and who can least afford to pay the high prices of which he is inevitably the victim.

Perhaps I should add that coal companies, and even coal and transportation companies, sometimes fail to enrich their stockholders from other causes than those I have mentioned. This may occur through incompetent management; or it may be that the cost of coal-lands, and machinery, and of working poor mines, proves too great for the proceeds; or the stock may have been "watered" to such a degree that even good management and good mines cannot declare dividends on the sums actually paid for it by its present holders.

But to return to our journal.

October 31*st*. — Passed the night at Dushore. Slept (or was supposed to sleep) opposite a ball-room in full blast. N. B. The near noise of dancing-tunes, bouncing floor-boards, and such interesting calls as, "Ladies' chain!" "Cross over!" "Chassez down the middle!" cannot be recommended as highly conducive to slumber.

After breakfast, a gallop in a wild wind up on the mountain-side, to see the railroad grading. Looked particularly among gangs of laborers for a certain gigantic Swede, concerning whom a pleasant little provincial joke has just transpired. Wags announced that he would gratify public curiosity by appearing at ball last night. Ladies, delighted, wait expectantly till twelve o'clock. Then smallest boy in village taken out of bed, silenced by stick of candy, buttoned into big coat, — big hat resting on big coat-collar, — and brought in. Announcement, "The giant has come!" Great rush of ladies to see monster. Real monster meanwhile snoring in his lair, unconscious. Ladies disappointed. So were we; giant having gone into forest for R. R. ties; not tall enough to be seen above tree-tops.

Sunday, *Nov*. 1*st*, *Towanda*. — Rain. Distant mountains shine as if sheathed in bright zinc, where light from breaking clouds strikes on their broad sloping roofs. Snow up there, I suppose.

Monday. — Cold. Snow down here, too, this morning.

Start with M. to visit Barclay semi-bituminous coal-mines. Barclay Brothers, Brewers (London Brewery well known to beer-drinking public generally, and to Austrian butcher Haynau, in particular), invested English gold in American lands here; hence the name. Long, winding train of empty coal-cars; one passenger car attached, filled with miners and miners' wives, returning, after Sunday spent in Towanda; skin-

clad hunters going up into the mountains, to track deer in the new-fallen snow; lumber-men, sawyers, and one or two carpet-baggers.

Wonderfully wild and beautiful scenery. Train passing up a narrow valley, or gorge, between crags plumed with snow-covered pines. On one side a mountain stream rushing down its rocky stairway, now half hid by whitened hemlocks and cedars, and bridged here and there by fallen or lodged and leaning trunks. Here and there a saw-mill.

Arrive at the coal-mountains. Train stops at the foot of an inclined plane, twenty-seven hundred feet long, with a rise in that distance of five hundred feet. "Looks pokerish," remarks a fellow-passenger, casting his eye up the long, dreary, snowy slope, ruled by eight black iron rails and one rope of iron wire. There are two parallel tracks for the ascending and descending cars; and between the rails of each is a narrower separate track for a stout little truck to run on. The wire rope passes through the bolted timbers of the truck, and runs on grooved wheels set all along the centre of the track. There are two ropes, one for each track, and they coil around a pair of huge drums at the summit, so arranged that as one unwinds the other is wound up. This is what is called a "gravity road,"— the loaded cars descending by their own weight and drawing up the empty ones.

"BARCLAY R. R. NOTICE.

"The Inclined Plane on this road is dangerous! and no human vigilance can make it safe for persons to ride over it. The company give fair warning, and those who persist in riding on the cars do so at their own risk and peril."

Observing this solemn notification, duly signed by the superintendent, and posted where it stared everybody in the face, I was surprised to see the passengers, who had come up from Towanda with us, mounting and struggling for places on the empty (and very black and dirty) coal-cars. M. and I followed their example, preferring, like them, to take the risk of a ride, rather than climb the mountain on foot by a circuitous wagon-road. An attendant pulled a rope, that pulled a wire (supported on telegraph-poles), that pulled, I suppose, a bell at the top of the plane. Gazing anxiously up the slope, we presently saw a train of three cars, which looked exceedingly small at that distance, creep out of the car-house, and come sliding down the other track. Immediately as it started the wire rope on our track began to straighten, and the stout little truck came up out of a cave made for it to drop into, bumped against our rear car, and commenced, very ambitiously, propelling us up the plane. Slowly at first; and we had time to adjust ourselves to the changed position of the cars rising on the sudden, steep grade, — one foot in a little more than five. M. and I stood on the cross-beam, on the hinder part of the last car, holding on to the box before us with our hands. Beside us was a man with a babe on his arm; on the fore part of the same car were three women; the other two cars (for we also had a train of three) were equally loaded. Up, up, faster, faster, faster. Suddenly the descending train whizzed past us. Towards the summit we began to slacken speed, men at powerful brakes up there looking out for that, and at last glided smoothly and safely into the car-house. Then we turned and looked down the track. Certainly, as our fellow-passenger had remarked, it was "pokerish." Some day we shall hear of a rope breaking, — fearful accident, — so many persons killed; then nobody will ride for a long time: then, after a while, everybody will ride again, as now.

On the summit, ride on an engine to the mines, still distant a mile or more. Superb scenery; mountain summits all around us, forest-crowned and snow-clad. On our right a precipitous, yawning chasm betwixt us and our nearest neighbor of a mountain. We stop just below where a roaring, dashing torrent tumbles into it, the foam of its waters rivalling in whiteness the surrounding snow.

Arrive at the foot of the chutes, down which the coal is shot into the cars from a level still fifty feet or more above. Notice here two immense black mounds or small mountains, picturesquely creamed over with an imperfect coating of snow. Black caves on their sides, where men are shovelling, show that these are merely piles of coal, some ten or twelve thousand tons in each, the superintendent tells us; "stock coal," as it is called, being mined and heaped here in seasons when coal is cheap, ready to be shipped when prices are higher.

Climb wooden staircase to top of chutes, and walk into Barclay Village; a cluster of wooden houses, a hundred or more, perched on the wild mountain crest, and surrounded by the wilderness. There is another similar village on a neighboring mountain. The two accommodate about three thousand souls, and have their schools, Sunday schools, rival sects, Sunday meetings, shops, and post-offices, like other villages. The inhabitants are all connected in some way with the mining interest, which alone built and alone supports these remote outposts of civilization.

Behind Barclay Village, on the side of the crest, is the coal opening, — a low, square, cribbed passage, out of which the loaded cars come, drawn by mules, and, passing a small weighing-house, where their freight is recorded, discharge their contents down the thundering chutes. An entering train is stopped by the superintendent, who comes bringing big bundles of straw; this is spread out in one of the empty cars for us to sit or lie down upon, and we got in. The word is given, the mule-bells tinkle, the cars start, and we dive into the black passage, lighted only by a lamp in the superintendent's hand, and another on the driver's cap. The roof, which, beyond the cribbed opening, is of slate or sandstone, is in some places so low that we are in danger of hitting our heads against it. After riding about three thousand feet, we alight and explore the mines still farther on foot, visiting the miners at work, each in his separate chamber branching off from the drift.

The mountain here seems completely honeycombed with drifts, chambers, and air-courses, very wonderful to a person visiting a coal-mine for the first time. The railroad track has branches that follow each miner into his chamber as far as he goes. This semi-bituminous coal breaks easily. The miner, getting down perhaps on his side, digs out the bottom of the seam with a pick, then wedges down the rest from the roof. He is assisted by a laborer, who breaks up the large pieces, and loads the cars. These, when filled, are run out to the main track in the drift, and taken away by the mules. The miners here are chiefly Irish and English, and a cheerful-minded, darkness-seeking set of men they appear to be.

Afternoon. — Return to Towanda.

Tuesday. — Election day. All quiet on the Susquehanna. This day the nation utters its voice for Grant and peace.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

TOO gracious to utter in any ear her thoughts, Mrs. Holcombe felt as little gladness as her girls had expressed, when her prophetic eyes beheld all to which the neighborhood was exposed by reason of the return of Father Trost.

But the people whom this son of Thunder had come to serve in the district of Swatara and the regions adjoining were entering, at the very time of her secret discomfiture, on a season of rejoicing. The old warrior had already sounded his trumpet, and the faithful in Zion, rallying thereat, congratulated each other that they had once more a leader.

"Give me a year to work in, and the dry bones shall live," he said, as he strode about among the mountains. "Give me a year to work in," he had said, whatever field he entered; and wherever he went promise and prophecy were made good. He did succeed in kindling a fire, and in compelling a rush. There was always inflammable material to be collected; no lack of combustibles; noise, smoke, and flame appeared as often as he entered fairly on his work. The assurance and the vanity of the man never experienced a rebuke or a rebuff which could seem to him equivalent to a failure. Men like Father Trost never fail.

The year he asked for in Swatara was vouchsafed. He did not spare himself. He was everywhere announcing and denouncing, proscribing and prescribing; physically he seemed incapable of exhaustion. He had all the brain power and all the energy of will in his seventieth year of life that had marked his prime.

The year of himself which he asked for Swatara passed, the prayer for another was renewed, with an expectation amounting almost to certainty that it would be granted. Friend Holcombe likewise had outlived the year, and Delia had outlived it.

It was midsummer again, and Mr. Holcombe sat in the schoolroom, which was also the Mennonite meeting-house, one Saturday afternoon. He was in a thoughtful, prayerful mood; despondent, too. It was not release from labor that he craved, it was strength to labor more abundantly, — the strength of the right arm of the Almighty. But how weak he was; and how great was the need of his people. O for the power of Peter or of Paul, or for even the serpent's wisdom! He was distressed when he thought of the wide field in the midst of which he was placed, and of the neglect which portions of it must suffer because he was only mortal. God knew he did not ask for rest. God, his witness, knew it was not because Father Trost was working so mightily among the people that he was stirred to dissatisfaction: it was not an unholy ambition that fired him; but if— A knock at the door startled him.

Rising from the bench which stood upon the platform, he walked down between the benches and opened the door.

Sometimes an act like this had proved most kindly; the minister had received visitors on Saturdays in that room to whom the opening of the door proved a most difficult and painful proceeding. It was because he was aware of the fact, that he walked to the door and opened it.

Deacon Ent awaited admission. Mr. Holcombe was greatly relieved when his eyes met those of the young man. Here was one who brought no vexed or difficult question for the preacher's solution. August walked in a broad, smooth path, and no stumbling-blocks were to be removed out of his way.

Swatara folk knew that the preacher spent his Saturday afternoons in the school-house, and that any man or woman, or any child, who had need of his counsel would find him there, and nowhere truer sympathy; often the troubled mind or the tempted spirit sought him, — he was always waiting and expecting; but at this hour it was a relief to him, as I have said, to receive his friend and coadjutor, instead of a burdened soul. Even Dr. Detwiler, that tower of strength, would not have received so cordial a welcome as did this brother in the Lord.

The tall and rugged form of Deacon Ent had been thirty years in attaining to its present height. He was a light-haired, blue-eyed model of integrity and vigor. A great stickler for church doctrine and law, having a gift of speech esteemed by some equal to that of the preacher himself, he was regarded by Mr. Holcombe as his right-hand man.

He entered the room, evidently heated by his long walk, for he had come down on foot from the highlands.

"God bless you! I 'm glad to see you," said Mr. Holcombe; and they sat down and talked about the pleasant day, and the probabilities of wind and rain, and the prospects of all growing things. To pass from a survey of the season, and of the crops in general, to the detail of his own farming experiences, to in-door life, and from the interests of many to the interests of one, that one himself, was a process so natural and easy, that its difficulties proved to be not impediments.

Here then this young man stood, as it were, at his own door, and he had but to lift the latch!

His attention became fixed, and then in a moment riveted on the preacher, with that instinct which in a moment of peril lifts the brave spirit above the shrinking body's apprehensions, and sets it to a steady fronting of the danger.

"Mr. Holcombe," said he, with his eyes on that good man, just because he would have preferred to look elsewhere at the moment, "did you ever think, sir, that some of our regulations are perhaps over-strict, and hard for human nature, and hinder, I might say *prevent*, our growing as a body?"

Mr. Holcombe did not answer the deacon at once. It is no exaggeration to say that his soul was shaken within him by the question. Were his foes about to prove of his own household? The work of disintegration must have commenced among the foundation-stones since this strong pillar was shaken! He did not hasten to speak, but when he spoke, said: —

"All laws are difficult to obey, if the spirit of obedience is wanting; and even then," — this kindest of shepherds would manifest the utmost charity consistent with principle, — "even then it is not always easy for the will of the deceitful heart to yield to the persuasions of the mind."

"It 's the heart, sir, that Scripture speaks of mostly. Could n't the heart teach the mind something?" asked the young man, gravely contemplating, as it were, the question he had raised. "Ain't you preaching a good deal lately about the pride of intellect? Maybe it 's that very thing sets us on to think our laws could n't be mended or improved. Ain't it possible that we could 'a' made some mistakes in our regulations? Is n't it setting up of ourselves and seeking to put down others by such severe laws in religion as we would not and could not submit to in state government?"

"What has brought you here to say this?" asked Mr. Holcombe, turning abruptly upon the young man. "I should have expected such doubts of myself as soon. Is it your heart, August, which Scripture says is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things, that has brought you into this strait?"

The suddenness of this question did not appear to disturb the young man as much as did his endeavor to agree with the minister. But he need not range heaven and earth for testimony that was lodged within himself!

"It seems to me, sir, if I understand our laws, that they require too much.

They do not make allowance enough for human nature. How are we ever to grow, if we bind ourselves hand and foot? Father Trost is carrying all before him. We get no converts."

"We must grow from within, as we always have done. We do not expect a Pentecostal gathering-in."

"But why should we shut our doors up in such a way that these new people, who are coming into the country all the time, cannot even hear our invitation?"

"Do I preach with closed doors, and only to my own flock?" asked Mr. Holcombe, more and more surprised and displeased. "Is n't this house filled with people who come from everywhere?"

"That is because they like the minister. *We*, the church, don't get any converts."

The minister walked from the platform down into the aisle, across the room and back, before he answered; his arms were crossed on his breast, his head bent. When he looked up again as he came near the desk, there was a glow of feeling on his noble face. August had said, he must have known, a true thing when he attributed the preacher's successes to his personal popularity; but nothing like vanity was in the preacher's handling of that fact.

"There have been a goodly number converted out of a bad condition into a better," he said. "But you know, though I cannot claim it as done under my teaching altogether, I could have said as much as this two years ago. The people are improving. And they began to improve long before this Methodist revival. Are you jealous of the direction *that* is taking? I am not. A great many influences are at work here beside the preacher's. I am happy to know that I enjoy the confidence of these miners so that they come to consult me in ways which show that they consider me a friend. What would you have me do, August? If I hold by the faith and doctrine of the Council, good. If I wish to renounce these, I suppose there is nothing to hinder. But, thank God! I do not wish to renounce these. The testimony of a lifetime is worth a great deal to me. We are rich in the testimony which would make any Christian peoples' annals rich."

The voice of Mr. Holcombe was not the least efficient of the preacher's aids, — it was the voice of one accustomed to leadership, but of one who chose to lead by love. He had often controlled by his sympathy, when a hard show of power would have failed to command.

It had probably not entered Deacon Ent's mind to defy, or even resist, his superior in office. He had come to confer with him, as he had long been in the habit of conferring on all matters of vital importance, whether of private or of public nature. The confidence which was expressed in this confession of doubt spoke well for Mr. Holcombe, and well for himself. But he was going further; the difficulty he had already experienced in speech did not so much embarrass him as to change his purpose; the thing he had come to say must be thoroughly spoken.

"But, taking everything into consideration," he said, "would n't it be wiser if our people were allowed to marry among other Christian folk, if they had a leading that way? Other denominations have a large liberty in this particular, and they thrive on it. I have been looking into it, and I see it don't stand to reason that we should set up laws like this, and make them authority for all kinds of folks. It seems to me like saying that a man should n't look into his neighbor's fields, but just keep to his own. If he does that, he 'll be likely to turn out a poor farmer."

"Ent," said Mr. Holcombe: there he stopped. He dreaded to ask the question which he must ask; but after a second he looked the young man in the face, stepped nearer to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder; "what has happened to *you?*"

"Nothing that I 'm ashamed to own, sir"; and he returned the minister's serious, anxious, but most friendly gaze with one of perfect candor.

"You must remember when you promised obedience to the laws of our

society, as your father and your grandfather did before you, you did it in the belief that by keeping those laws you could best honor our Lord. You took office in the church knowing what you did. You have not allowed yourself to tamper with those laws?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you know the confession. There is no other liberty allowed to believers under the New Testament dispensation than to marry amongst the 'chosen generation, or the spiritual kindred of Christ, that is, to such and none others as are already previous to their marriage united to the church in heart and soul.' What other union with the church is worth anything, August? They must 'have received the same baptism, belong to the same church, be of the same faith and doctrines, and lead the same course of life.' You know why. A house divided against itself will fall. And if there is any meaning or force in our doctrines, any reason why we should ever have subscribed to them, it must still hold good when we have fallen into 'divers temptations.' Then is the time to test their worth. How often have you yourself said that the faith is worth little for which we are not willing to make sacrifices. Perhaps God will test your sincerity. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

"I know, sir, — I know, — I have considered all that," said the young man; "but it comes to this, sir, for the sake of a set of arbitrary laws must I give up what I hold dearest? That is the simple question. To give up a regulation of men is not to give up Christian truth."

"August, what is it you hold so dear? What are consistency, influence?"

"Reeds in the wind, sir."

"My dear brother — "

"I am trying to find out what my duty is," said Ent; and having gone thus far, Mr. Holcombe's wrath even had been of little moment to him. "Should our custom, which is n't of vital moment, and cannot be proved so, have a feather's weight in deciding a question which concerns the happiness of two persons? I ask you, sir, because I have answered myself. I might have acted on the answer I made, but I knew that my minister trusted me."

"That is like yourself, August," exclaimed Mr. Holcombe, greatly relieved. "In your honesty is your safety. Wait, lad. Let the woman be taught of you and of God. Bring her into the fold, and thus sanctify your life. Be patient. This that you feel is the rashness and heat of youth. Ah, you think I know nothing of what you are passing through! Did I not wait for my wife seven years? I would have waited to this day, because I loved her, because she was the woman ordained for me, the only one, I honestly believe, whom I could love. You can wait. I waited without hope. Discipline yourself into the noblest manhood by self-control. You will never be happy if you leave us; you will injure yourself irreparably if you remain and deceive the brethren. Let your light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in Heaven."

The preacher's voice, though scarcely raised above a whisper, in this appeal would have commanded the attention of a much larger audience than could have gathered in the old meeting-house. August answered: —

"I know how it is, sir! While you speak I hear you and know that you are right. But when I go away I shall hear her voice, not yours."

"If she tempts you, remember what befell another who was tempted by a woman."

"Shame!" exclaimed August, indignantly. "It is not a temptation! It is a man's feeling that he has a right to liberty. She is mine, I tell you."

"Mine own familiar friend! my companion and guide!"

Ent turned away; he could not witness the minister's emotion unmoved. "Friend Holcombe, do not make me wish for death," said he.

"My brother, my son! you have passed through some sore trials, and I never found you too weak to bear them.

It is the pleasure of the Lord that you should endure this test. We are coming on hard times. Some may fall away. Do not, do not fail those who have a right to expect of you the conduct of a strong Christian man!"

"The Lord gave, and he will not take away," returned Ent. Hastily picking up his broad-brimmed straw hat, he folded his linen coat across his breast and pinned it together (nothing so ornamental as a button was allowed on the garments of this straitest of his sect); he seemed about to depart.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mr. Holcombe. "Why may I not see you two together? She will surely not object to come and worship with you here; come to-morrow! I ask it as the pastor of the flock, and as your brother. I thank you for your confidence, August. I should have expected it; but let me have the woman's too. Tell her I deeply desire it."

"You know her already," said August, putting on his hat and looking toward the door.

"Who is she?"

"Father Trost's daughter Mary."

CHAPTER V.

AUGUST ENT had hardly pronounced this name when the door opened, and Dr. Detwiler entered. Such a man's coming must have broken up the conference between the deacon and his minister; but the conference was already at an end.

The deacon turned to the minister, they shook hands, and he went away without speaking further, merely returning the salutation of the doctor by a nod. Friend Holcombe closed the door behind him with a sigh which his jaded look testified came from the heart.

"I came for you in great haste, Friend," said the doctor, that hearty companion of the elements who now stood before him, quick of speech, clear of sight, agile, not too slenderly built for service, even for a country doctor's rough campaigning among the mountains and through the valley land, in winter's storm and summer's heat, transformed beyond recognition since he came, a pale, work-worn student, to find his life in Swatara. "Guildersleeve wants you right away," he continued. "Lightfoot is waiting out there. Take him and be off. I 'll run down and tell your wife, and go home by rail. Give the old fellow room in your shed when you get back, unless I send for him. But probably I 'll not send, for you have ten miles to go, and the road is n't the best. Can you go? You must! I shall tell Delia not to wait tea for you."

"I must go? Of course, then, Guildersleeve wants *me!*"

"It seems a great matter to get you up there, that 's all," said the doctor. "Guildersleeve's days are numbered, but he will last longer than he thinks. He finds it rather harder to repent than he expected, I suppose. I dare say the time will seem long enough to him before you get there."

While the doctor spoke, Mr. Holcombe walked about and closed the windows; when he went towards the door the doctor followed him. There, in the quiet shadows, Lightfoot grazed in peace, unmindful of all he had escaped by being a brute. His master called to him, and at the same time said: "I want you to keep a sharp eye all along the road; the country is perfection itself, — open your eyes wide, — be off!" When the minister was fairly started, Detwiler said: "I assured the old man that you would be up there in a couple of hours; he will count the minutes. I 'll go tell Delia where you are."

Then he went off quite as hurriedly as the deacon had gone. He was eager to leave the preacher alone with nature, to whose tender mercies he knew he might intrust this hard-working man.

It seemed as if Lightfoot's hoofs had no sooner struck on the road which led up among the chestnuts and the pines, to the pine grove through which he must pass on his way to Guildersleeve's, than the shadows which had lain so heavily on the minister's face gave flickering tokens of intention to

depart. There was a change in the flow of the mysterious currents, a lifting up, a loosing, a dispersion of what had threatened to descend and break in mist and rain. Serene grew his brow; the fine head was lifted, the erect figure expanded, the eyes of the man saw, or seemed to see, the clouds and their shadows rolling away. He could now discern. All that Nature could do for Friend Holcombe she had done, or was about to do.

He surrendered himself by degrees to the charming influences at work beyond the troubled sphere of pastoral conscience, suffering though he was under the burden of human sorrows and human guilt when he set out on this errand; bearing the burden with him, as he went, it was now with hope that he continued his way. But, though this glory through which he passed, this ever-renewing glory, rebuked despair, while his eyes noted the broad sunbeams slanting through the woods and the mossy trunks of the old trees, and the wayside pools, he thought with a troubled spirit of August. And yet if it would please the Lord to bring the Methodist's daughter into the Mennonite fold, could it not be to His honor? might it not even be that thus the Head of the church would turn the old man from the speech of a persecutor, to engage in the milder teaching of one who loved the Gospel even better than he loved his sect? As this question crossed Friend Holcombe's mind, he looked upward and smiled; so impossible was it for him to understand a man like Trost, that he found it easy to believe that the thing he hoped was feasible. There was Saul of Tarsus to justify his longing!

He remembered, too, just in this connection, that a very considerable degree of friendship had flourished during the past year between Mary Trost and the young girl who had found a home under his roof, and was to him almost as a daughter.

Edna had indeed sought out Mary, who was nearer her own age than Rosa, and whose much wider experience of life had proved to her great attraction. Her travels and adventures in the far West, her life among the Indians, the actual dangers she had passed through, and the courage thus developed, made her, as a character, and as a teller of strange tales, a delightful companion to the girl, a portion of whose inheritance was a courageous love of adventure. Edna had the spirit that had taken her father to the ends of the earth before he was twenty-one.

While Mr. Holcombe goes on his way, we may consider for a moment this friendship. With the growth of it no one interfered. As Delia perceived in its first stages, it was encouraged by Father Trost. She only tried to keep pace with Mary in sharing the confidences of her daughter. It was quite clear to her that no interference would have been tolerated by Edna, had she attempted any. If there was no roof under which the girl could meet her friend, there was the highway, with the heavens for a roof; all out-doors.

In this vast apartment of nature the girls were promenading one fine afternoon; Mary had been telling adventures as usual, and Edna listening as usual, when the former said: "How long are you going to keep on asking and taking? It is time you gave a little to me. Don't you know it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

"What will you have?" asked Edna. "I would like to give something to somebody."

"I will have — let me see — your history."

Father Trost had dropped a remark about Edna one day that led Mary to promise herself she would some time ask this, as she had now suddenly remembered.

"There is precious little to tell," said Edna, "but such as I have I'll give. Do you remember Annie Gell? No; I dare say you never heard of her either. There was once a girl who lived away off with that old woman. The house was very small, but there was land enough around; they were swallowed up in land. The old woman

had cultivated it some seasons without help of mankind. She was really a good farmer. Do you want to see the house, dear?"

There Edna paused, and, with animated face turned towards her companion, waited an answer. Her ambition, it was evident, was to make an interesting story for that tale-teller to whom she was indebted for many a pleasant hour.

"I want to see the house, and the old woman, and the girl, — everything. The clearer the better," said Mary. And Edna, well pleased, proceeded.

"It was an old brown house, and had no up stairs. There was a door in the middle, and a room on each side. The rooms were a keeping-room and a bedroom and a kitchen. It had a good dry cellar, dry enough to keep the milk in. The woman kept pigs and a cow. But when she wanted her land ploughed or broken in — do you know what I mean?"

"O yes; cultivated, of course."

"I thought you would say so; it is n't what I meant. She cut down a great many trees herself, and after that the land was ploughed, and she planted and sowed, and had good crops almost always. The house had a hop-vine growing over the door; it was a very large old vine, for it ran around both the windows and along the edge of the roof up nearly to the top of the chimney. She and the girl used to gather the hops, — there were bushels sometimes. They sold them and made quite a large sum of money. The windows had white curtains onto them. The door of the house was red. There was a well with a long pole near the house in the front yard. The house stood on the ground, only one step to go up. There was a little grove of pine-trees not far off, and the ground was covered with moss. Do you see the place?"

"As plain as I ever saw anything. Go on."

"The old woman had a hump on her poor back." Edna said this with a feeling, and a resolution, which could not have escaped notice. She mentioned the fact only that her picture might be more pointed in detail. "The hump came from a fall when she was young. I can't tell you what a worker she might have been if that had n't happened. She was a little woman, not near as tall as Mrs. Holcombe. Not as large as you are even, but so different! She wore poor clothes, and kept herself close in everything. She had gray hair, nearly white, and the dearest eyes you ever saw. Her face had a great many wrinkles. She did n't smile very often, but she never frowned on the girl. The girl was a child of her sister's; when the mother died she was taken up to the poor little farm, and the poor old aunty; and at first how dull it was! but she liked it better at last than any other place." The significance with which these last words were spoken made it impossible for Mary to doubt their meaning. But Edna did not dwell upon that point.

"One day when she went into the room with some eggs she had found in the bushes, — for the old speckled hen they were sure had stolen her nest, and she had hunted everywhere for it, and found it at last, — she felt as if she could not stay there, could not breathe, the old aunty looked so awfully. She was sitting by the window, and when she saw the girl she said, 'So you found the nest?' That girl will never forget how the voice sounded. She had to go in then with her basket and show the eggs. 'Sit down,' said aunty, 'for I want to say something particular to you.' Whenever she spoke that way, the poor thing had to obey. So she went and sat down and said, 'What do you want?' Just then there came a bee in at the window, and that seemed to turn her thoughts off from what she had been seeing and hearing. 'We are going to have folks come,' she said; and then she leaned across old aunty, and let the prisoner out.

"'I have been waiting to tell you what the doctor said, and something more'; that came next in a very low voice, but it did n't shake any. 'When was he here?' said the girl, and then

she went nearer to the old woman and smoothed her gray hair and held her hand; — there were only those two, and they loved each other.

"'Not to-day,' said she. 'You remember it was last week, was n't it?' but it was only the day before! 'He told me,' she said, 'that there was n't any use doctoring me any more.' 'He did n't say that!' said the girl, firing up. 'Well, it was near like it. Why, child, I should owe him a pretty bill if he was like other folks. But he is n't, and I 've settled with him; so don't worry about that. He has been kind to me, and he 'll be kind to you.'"

Edna's eyes had been fixed steadily on her listener while she went on, but as if conscious of the pain that must be visible in them she now looked away, but still went on.

"The girl said, 'Don't talk so, aunty; I don't know what has got into you. The doctor talked like a fool; I expect he would n't have said it if I had been by, I can tell you. The roads are getting bad, and it 's out of his way to come here.' You may know how she felt by that; she would n't have said it about the doctor, if she had n't been so desperate. But when the old woman heard her going on that way, she smiled almost. 'You 're mistook there,' said she. 'Michael Detwiler don't grudge going. You must n't talk so, my gal, or what will they think of you down there?'

"When the girl heard her say that, she guessed what she meant, and felt as if she must die. She could n't answer a word. 'You are going to have a new home, and the bestest home that gal ever had. You 'll forget old aunty before those maple leaves turn red. I planted them about the door myself,' she said. Then it was dreadful to hear her say to that poor girl: 'I have n't done right things by you, child, I 'm afeared. Not always. But now you 'll have a better chance than you 've ever had to do right by yourself. Be as good as you know how to be, and there is n't any one living can beat you at that, you dear child.'"

"O, that was sweet to hear," said Mary.

"Yes; but once she said to me, 'You devil!' that was a great while ago. It comes back, — for perhaps I was one. .... Then I — the girl, I mean — asked her, 'Where am I going? — when am I going?'

"'To-morrow, maybe,' said she. 'I may be called for any day now. There 's nobody I dast leave you with on this earth but one, and she 'll be to you more 'n I ever could be. And do it for your mother's sake. The Lord above forgive me where I have come short. You have had a hard, hard time up here with the old woman.' 'No, I have not,' the girl said. 'I have had as good a time as anybody ever had. There could n't be a better. Handed about so from one to the other! I am not going away. I am going to stay here, and keep you with me.' But the old woman said, 'We must go, both of us, you your way and I mine. You are young, and I am old. It ain't for either of us to say we will or we won't. It is going to be managed for us. Your things are all ready. You have only got to put 'em in the blue chest. You must wear your best frock down,' she said. 'You 'll have all the money the old place will bring. I have told the doctor about it. Yes, things come about,' she said, 'if you just give 'em time enough. Neighbor Faulkner 'll get my land that he 's wanted for years. The old house 'll go down. He won't fill the well up, I reckon. I dug that well myself. Never mind; but don't let 'em bury the old woman so deep you 'll never be able to draw up a thought of her. And mind, everything is yourn.'"

The face of Edna had grown pale while she told this tale. "That is about all," she said, after a pause. "Nobody ever heard this story before. The minister's wife had said she would take the girl; and so when all was over, the doctor took her down to live in a house full of people, where she knew she could not suit anybody, though they were all kind to her; it was a long time before

she could make up her mind to stay there; and now she feels all the time that something will happen to take her away. She did go back to the old place once; but it was terrible up there. The hop-vine had grown over the door, and there was only the crickets to make a noise. She had to get in at the window, for the door was fastened. She stayed there all night, but she could not sleep; and if they had n't come for her she would have gone away — somewhere, for the old house was n't home to her any longer. . . . . So now she is staying on; but Mary has come, and she knows all about it; that makes a difference!"

"But I should think," said Mary, "that the girl you have been telling about would almost worship the minister's wife."

"I would not like to have her know all I think," Edna answered; and her answer expressed exactly her feeling, — a want of confidence in Mrs. Holcombe that would command her love.

The next time Father Trost had anything to say about the Holcombes to Mary, she told him Edna's story, and said: "Poor child! she don't feel at home there; she is n't a bit like their people; but I don't see how she can help liking them. I 'm sure there could n't kinder folks be found."

"That 's natur'," answered the old man; "she 's cut on another bias."

And this antagonism he considered a judgment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE business that took Mr. Holcombe to Guildersleeve's was pressing heaviest on his mind as he approached the farm-house that stood at some distance from the high road in a field unshadowed by a solitary tree, — as bare and bleak a place to dwell in as the old man's heart had made for himself and others on the earth.

Old, hoary, and dying, he lay on his bed, past help of any power that he could command. He was waiting with the impatience of a man who had never known what patience was, moment after moment waiting for the arrival of Preacher Holcombe.

For twenty years, ever since Bishop Rose's time, he had lived under ban, indifferent all these years to the sentence of his brethren, able to live without their friendship, and able also to maintain himself without dealings with them. His business relations had been with men of other denominations. But neither his pride, nor the defiance with which he had withstood those who had tried and excommunicated him for his contumacious behavior, nor the spirit of revenge with which he had in personal combat proved his rights, refusing, when the brethren called him before them, to recognize their privilege of interference, and to submit to their reproof, — nothing of all this had tempted him to unite himself with any other religious body. Father Trost had not yet abandoned his hope of numbering the old man among his converts; but it was sufficiently manifest that Guildersleeve was not the stuff of which a convert could be made. The stamp of the Mennonite was as deeply impressed upon him as his own nature. He could live independent of all outside shows, he said; and he had given some evidence that it was possible for a man to become a heathen, and go on from year to year prospering and laying up treasure on earth. Guildersleeve had long been accounted the richest farmer of the district, and so he was a sad stumbling-block in the way of those who had been trained in the belief that the face of Providence was against the ungodly. More than one young man, contemplating the career of Guildersleeve, had found himself doubting whether the old Scripture would admit of modern application, — "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

After a brief illness, it had become evident to this stalwart offender that he could not possibly recover, and now he remembered death and judgment, and began to exhibit those dastardly symptoms which in a moment can destroy the significance of a lifetime. All his

boasted strength, then, was but a weakness! If we could imagine a devil, and a devil repenting, what more pitiable object! He told the doctor he wanted to see Friend Holcombe. At that moment when he made the request all his defences fell. His will once shaken, no more rallying for him. There stood the discovered and ashamed spirit which had intrenched itself in solitude so long!

He had given no hint to his family, when the doctor had gone, that he expected another guest that day. He only lay and waited, and to those outraged women, his mother and his wife, who had been tossed for sleepless days and nights on the rack of his agony, the state of his mind seemed auspicious.

As to the preacher, though so long a resident in Swatara, known far and near for zeal, efficience, and the widest sympathy, it had never been his fortune to come into real contact with Guildersleeve.

During her early widowhood, and indeed for years, until infirmity and broken-heartedness, and her son's direct interference prevented, Mrs. Guildersleeve had held a prominent place in the church. But she had lived too long, she deemed. Ten years ago, when the sad conviction fastened upon the white-haired woman, her son kissed her, and said they were cruel words to hear. But not for that she lingered; she seemed to be only waiting until her prayers should be answered.

Standing by the window at nightfall, she saw Mr. Holcombe approach. He rode down the lane adjoining the field in which the house stood, dismounted, and tied his horse to the cedar post under the willow which she herself planted when a girl; and never was a truer saying, she was wont to think, than that with the willow the planter plants his sorrow.

Friend Holcombe was not a stranger to old Dame Guildersleeve. Now and then at a neighbor's funeral, or in some chance way, she had met him, and in his face she had seen that which gave her confidence in him. Had the doctor sent him here? The face of her son was turned toward the wall; what should she do? Perhaps he slept. Then it would be best that he should waken and see for himself that Mr. Holcombe was there. She dared not even open the door until the preacher knocked, so in bondage was she yet, though the man who had shut her life up in this prison was lying on his bed as helpless as a worm.

It was impossible that she should suspect the real fact that her son was listening all the while with an intentness which nothing could escape, first for the clatter of horse-hoofs on the stones in the lane, then for the sound of the gate swinging on its rusty hinges, then for approaching footsteps. "Come in," he said, in a way that startled the old woman, when the preacher knocked. His voice had n't sounded strong like that in many a day. Would he get up next, and order her out of the room? It would not have surprised her.

What did Moses Guildersleeve want at this time of day? An assurance which no man could give. A witness no pleader could produce. He had wakened to find that upon him an eye was fixed which must have been always observing, that towards him an ear was bent which had heard all! He had been living in frightful intimacy with a power which could crush him in a moment!

But now that Mr. Holcombe was here, it seemed as if he had nothing to say to him. Had it been possible for the minister to have mistaken the meaning of the doctor, he would have supposed that his presence was tolerated merely because the sick man had not force enough to resent it.

He made no allusion to the message Detwiler had brought him, choosing that Guildersleeve should acknowledge that he had sent for him; so he inquired about his sickness, until at last, as if ashamed of his faltering, the old man said: "There 's no use talking about what laid me here on this bed; one can't do the work of ten, and keep on

that way more than seventy year. I 'm a dead man, as I expect Detwiler told you."

"He said you were a very sick man, Mr. Guildersleeve."

A pause followed, broken by, "Did you walk up here?"

"No; the doctor's Lightfoot brought me."

"My Sorrel in the stable is worth a dozen of him. You may have him. I 've made my will, but he 's yours! Sorrel 's for the preacher. Lightfoot 's a pretty fair traveller, but not the creetur Detwiler thinks. What 's the odds, though? Michael is a good fellow; I 've always liked him since he first came into this country."

Anything to delay the moment when something very different from this must be said. In three days he had not spoken as many words; but now, as if angry with himself, he broke out: "I did n't expect you would come! what do you want?"

Mr. Holcombe could easily answer that question. "I want to hear from you, sir, the words I must wish to hear from any man in your case. I want to feel sure that when you quit this comfortable home, which you have made for yourself here, you will go to another, where you will find a love which will go beyond that of a mother."

As if the steady, mild composure of the preacher's voice had soothed him, Guildersleeve answered with a softening voice, "Nothing could go beyond that."

Low as the words were spoken, the old woman sitting by the fireplace heard them, and wistfully turned toward the bed; but he did not call her to him, and she sat still in her place.

Then followed a long, pitiful talk between Fear, that was inquiring a safe path out of life, and Faith, who saw the way so bright and clear. Mr. Holcombe tried to show the old man that an angel of light was waiting to conduct him; but he saw only angry brethren, and the averted faces of old Ahern and Eby, who came into the country with him, and between whom and himself were ties of relationship which he had refused to recognize these many years. It was the preacher's duty to show the sinner that these men would be among the first to welcome him back to the church if he would but return, that they expected him! Guildersleeve doubted this; but there was August Ent, what did *he* say? Would August be glad to have him back, did he expect him? The minister could not doubt it; but might he bring August with him in the morning to see Mr. Guildersleeve? then he could hear with his own ears what the deacon would say. No! no! but there was n't a man, he owned, for whose good opinion he would give so much. If Ent actually expected him back, he 'd go, if he died trying. "Then," said Mr. Holcombe, "shall I tell the brethren tomorrow that it is your wish to return to them, and that, if God spares your life, you will?"

The mother of Guildersleeve at that question knocked the ashes out of her pipe and laid it on the shelf, and waited her son's answer.

"They would n't believe it."

"Not if I tell them! O yes. They will believe it when I tell them you acknowledge that you sinned when you undertook to right yourself by going to law, and resorted to blows when you had been injured; and that if it were possible you would gladly give them all manner of evidence of your penitence."

Guildersleeve hesitated, but nothing short of such confession, he perceived, could now bring him out of the place in which he found himself. At last he said: —

"It 's true. I was wrong. I have been paying for my pride interest and principal. I 've had a dreadful hard row to hoe, Hulcum, I tell you."

"Shall I say it to the brethren or to the congregation? It shall be as you wish." These words covered much ground, and they made an impression.

"It would put them women of mine in everybody's mouth," said he.

Low as he spoke, his mother heard.

"Son, if it 's me you mean, or Ruth, let it be afore them all. It 's for the glory of God."

"A debt," he muttered. "I 've always paid my honest debts, Mr. Hulcum. A man 's a mean cuss that won't pay his debts. But this seems to be outlawed."

"It could not be if you lived forever. Come, brother, show your hope that your Maker has forgiven you, by asking the brethren to forgive you to-morrow. They will do it with joy."

"They 'll say the old bear 's afeared at dying." The man's face took the hue of tawny marble as he spoke. It was the nearest approach to pallor that could be produced upon it.

"Why should you not fear? You are going into the presence of a just God and holy. But if fear is reasonable, so is trust. You reproach yourself about these women; that gives me something to hope by, for they, I know, forgive you."

"Mother, come here."

She came at that call. She had borne the huge sinner on her bosom in his sleek infancy, on her heart in his rough manhood. He took her hand and held it fast in his. At last he pressed it to his lips, and his eyes, which had been closed, opened upon her.

"Will He do like you?" he said.

"What was you thinking when you married Ruth?"

She did well to remind him of those, his best days. He thought of them and did not answer.

"You believed He gave her to you."

"Your memory is a first best one, mother!"

"If I have n't forgotten that, He has n't. If you look to Him now, when you 're low down and far gone, as you did when you was young and nothing could stand afore you, son! He is n't deaf. He does n't grow hard of hearing and old like us."

"Ruth!" he shouted, in a voice that seemed to fill the house; then he turned to Mr. Holcombe, "Tell 'em all, children and all," he said; "they all know Guildersleeve; tell 'em it was devil's pride, and I 've been a devil's angel to the church. The Methodists courted me for that; I knew it, but I never shook hands with 'em on 't. Ruthy—"

While he spoke a woman had entered the room, — a gray-haired, bowed, and wrinkled woman, the kind of creature a man can crush to the dust and no one be the wiser for it, if the knowledge depends on her complaint. Patience and loyalty in their inferior forms were her virtues. She had never expected an hour like this. Out of the lips which had not opened in speech to her for years she never expected to hear words of self-reproach, or pleading for pardon. What words that this dying wretch could say would restore anything like joy to the cowed, frightened thing who had given herself to him to labor in his fields and in his house, to endure privations and hardships, to pass through experiences which the heart can indeed make light of when it discerns love in the eyes of him for whom it endures them!

It seemed now as if she never could have left the corner into which she had crept, and approached near to his bed, had not Mr. Holcombe taken her hand, and in a gentle manner constrained her.

"Don't look at me that way, Ruth," said her husband, in his turn apparently alarmed at her presence. "Are you afeared of me? You did n't look that way once. Mother remembers I was glad when you said you 'd have me..... You can tell by a woman's looks what the matter is. She looks as if I had scared her."

"Don't talk so, Moses. The minister will think you 've gone crazy."

"What 's that to me! You can think of it when I 'm gone. It was n't right, Ruthy; 't was hellish in me to take what I found, and do what I did with it. But the folks are all going to know I owned it at last."

Again he closed his eyes and drew his hand from hers, and again it sought his mother's; he held to the hope that between them at least no separation was possible. Her enduring mother-

love gave him all the hope he had for the dark future towards which he was hurrying.

His wife sat down on the bedside, and waited there till he looked up again, then she smiled and kissed him. She too had forgiven all. Henceforth she would always believe that a sort of craziness had made her husband what he was so many years, but by the mercy of God he had come out of it before he died.

Friend Holcombe might now depart. But would he come again to-morrow? Yes, surely. After he had spoken with the congregation and the brethren? Yes.

He had not passed from the lane to the highway, before he began to think of the argument to faithfulness which he should have to lay before August in this respect and confidence which his conduct had inspired in a man like Guildersleeve. And while he thought of this, lo on the highway August stood before him!

CHAPTER VII.

When Deacon Ent knocked that evening at the door of Father Trost's house, he was in no enviable state of mind.

An hour before, when he met Mr. Holcombe on the road, the minister had stopped to acquaint him with Guildersleeve's words and wish concerning him. The words made an impression. The old man's testimony to the deacon's influence, his Christian influence, his influence as a Mennonite, had an importance which, surely, the future of the living man, as well as his past, must justify.

Instead of proceeding directly to the house of his neighbor, as he had purposed to do when startled by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of Mr. Holcombe, August went back to his own house and walked about in the moonlight, wondering whether he had been hindered from going over to Mr. Trost's house for an hour only that he might meet the minister and receive that message, and be told again that he had the reputation of a saint to sustain before the people. Ought he not then to keep out of the way of temptation? But temptation! That word aroused his indignation, and he arose and looked at the bright moon, and the paler stars, as if he would defy the very heavens to show a better girl than Mary Trost. And she loved him!

If he would only compel himself to look steadily back on what had happened, he could not help seeing that there was a time when he held all this business in his own hands; and whether he would continue to do so was a matter of choice with him. He must remember that the first time he said anything to Mary that would have made Mr. Holcombe open his eyes with wonder could he have overheard it, she had not understood him. He might have retreated then, and no soul would have been the wiser, but, on the contrary, he had gone far out of his usual course and practice, in the hope of kindling in her heart a little spark of interest in himself.

At last love had surprised her, and involuntarily she had confessed it. All this was his own work. And he had promised Mary that he would come to her this evening, knowing that she was alone, for her father was away on his circuit.

But since making that engagement, he had talked with the preacher in the meeting-house, and the preacher had now, as it were, risen out of the ground to talk to him.

The question simply was, whether he would go over to Trost's or not. He went.

He was able to meet and to bear his own responsibilities.

But it is written, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

Twice already, since the moon rose, Mary had gone to the door to look for the deacon. When she had assured herself that no figure walked along the road or across the fields, she still stood there and noticed how all things brightened in the moonlight, and listened to the sounds proceeding at intervals from barn and shed where the living crea-

tures were gathered; and while she stood she sang: —

> "Once on the raging sea I rode,
> The storm was loud, the night was dark,
> The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
> The wind that tossed my foundering bark."

But she did not go far in that hymn. She remembered what had taken her to the door, and resumed the work which she would not drop again, she promised herself, till August came. Nothing, she felt persuaded, would prevent his coming.

When he knocked, she said, "Come in," but without rising from her chair; and when he entered she still sat, quiet, and collected, as if she were not to be disturbed by his coming or his going. Mary was a conspicuously fine-looking girl; it was easy to determine into what kind of flower this pink bud would expand. Besides good looks she had good traits, — candor, good temper, steadfastness. She was what is called "well informed," moreover, for she had been a year at a Wesleyan school, and had made good use of her advantages; her composed face and neat attire made her an attractive beauty to the eyes of August Ent.

In the perfect order and bright aspect of the kitchen in which she sat, in the polish of the oaken floor, the cleanliness of the walls, the orderly array of tin and delft-ware on the shelves, which each had its ornamental border of paper fringe, Ent had come to take a pride similar to that of ownership. Ever since this establishment was set up, he had been filled with admiration by the perfection of housekeeping which was exhibited therein.

Some Dutch blood flowed in his Mary's veins. To the honest Hollanders of a far-off town the faces of her ancestors were familiar. There toiled her sturdy progenitors, scrubbing with Dutch ardor the fences round their dwellings, yea, even the very trunks of trees in whose shadows the honest fathers sat and smoked. They gave their lives to scrubbing-brush and sand, and went down to dust at last abhorring it. Mary's love of cleanliness, however, was not exaggerated into sin or slavery. August knew whose steady oversight ruled here, turning all things to the best account, whose patience and content were constant. But out of the combination of the very qualities he prized he might have perceived the difficulties he must meet in attempting to persuade the girl to accept with him his faith. To her mind it would be but a little thing for August to leave the strait-laced sect to which he belonged for that of which her father was so notable a member. She did not, perhaps, wish to convert the deacon out of his religion into hers, but she had still less intention of being drawn out of her own religious body into his.

The relation between them had not yet assumed the shape in her mind that necessarily one must make a proselyte of the other. She was merely persuaded that she had no call to join herself to a denomination so despised by her people as that in which Deacon Ent had grown up. He must of necessity be a conspicuous member of whatever body he identified himself with, and would it not be a great thing if he would prove himself capable of a more liberal Christianity? Father Trost had been asking the same question.

Among August's thoughts as he came hither had been this, that he would attempt some treatment of the vexed subject this night. It might be that when it was required, he should find himself furnished with an irresistible argument. But when he had entered the kitchen, argument was the last style of conversation he felt desirous to attempt. Still, in the midst of their talk, he did ask Mary if, provided the day were pleasant, she would walk down with him to the meeting-house, and hear Mr. Holcombe preach in the morning. He wanted her to see with her own eyes the impression made by Guildersleeve's confession.

Mary considered, and said that she would; she had never heard Mr. Holcombe preach, and she liked his wife, she liked them all. She heard he did n't put out his doctrines very often, and

hoped he would let 'em alone to-morrow, for if there was anything she disliked it was to have doctrines put at her the minute she went into a congregation where she did n't belong.

"It seems to me," said the deacon, thoughtfully, "it gets clearer and clearer, that there 's one truth that covers all the others, and takes 'em all in. That 's the reason that I wonder more and more at this narrow, persecuting spirit which some good people have. If there was more of the great truth understood, there would n't be so much show of holding by the little ones."

He spoke with a solemnity and tenderness that made an impression on Mary, so that she asked, with utmost deference: "What do you mean by the *great* truth, August? Some will have it 's one thing, and some another."

He answered with a single word. It rolled out of him like a cannon-ball, — "Love."

After a moment's reflection, she responded, "That may be."

When she answered so, and he saw that they were of one mind on the most important point, August seemed to become possessed of a new power of speech; he forgot the church, his influence, his obligations, Mr. Holcombe, Mr. Guildersleeve. "Let all other questions go," he exclaimed. "I did n't come here to talk about doctrines. It was thinking of you that brought me. I never shall rest, Mary, till I see you in my own house. That is your place. Would n't our house be equal to any meeting-house in the land? Would n't we be worth a good price to each other?"

He himself broke the silence which followed his question: "Did n't you promise, Mary, that nothing should stand between us?"

"Yes, August, but — "

"Yes is yes!" said he, impetuously, taking up her hesitating speech.

"Yes is yes," she answered in a lower voice, but now not hesitating, equal to the demand of the moment.

"Give me your hand, then, for a token."

She gave it to him, and it did not tremble in his strong grasp. "I would like to see the thing, the man, or the church that could separate us," he said, with a short, triumphant laugh. Then he arose and lifted the little table, covered so neatly with its white cloth, and furnished so prettily with the candles of Mary's own making, in their bright brass candlesticks. "That shall be done with whatever interferes," he said, moving it one side. "It shall be put out of the way as so much rubbish; Mary agrees to that?"

Beyond imagination he had spoken, — inconsequential, impotent seemed all argument that would oppose him. He was to be governed by no authority except the authority of the love he had declared. He did not seem to notice even that Mary did not answer his last question; it was in fact hardly a question, but rather an assertion of fact; and indeed, he did read agreement in her face. Looking around he saw Trost's Bible lying on a shelf. He arose and brought it to the table. "We cannot see the end," he said; "we don't know how it will be brought about; but if we belong to each other, nothing shall interfere between us, — we know that. We don't bind ourselves by oaths as some might. I could live a long time on your promise, Mary, but this word of God is precious to us; lay your hand on the book, and let us promise before God to be true to each other."

Mary shrunk back a moment, as though this were some unholy rite he was proposing; but she could not withstand the appeal of his solemn, yet glowing face; she came forward and laid her hand upon the book; he closed his own broad palms over it, and bowed his head as if in silent benediction, and then aloud called on God to witness that he gave himself to love, protect, and serve her.

He had but ceased speaking, when Father Trost opened the door, and advanced into the room. "Well, well, young people," said he, not unpleasantly, "are you holding Quaker meeting?"

OUR INEBRIATES, CLASSIFIED AND CLARIFIED.

BY AN INMATE OF THE NEW YORK STATE ASYLUM.

I HAVE the honor to be a part of the object of a grand experiment in Social Science, — an experiment to restore to the status of prudent and faithful householders and worthy citizens, productive and honorable, a most interesting class of men, in whose fate is presented the impressive spectacle of powers, often noble, paralyzed, and affections and impulses, often pure and generous, perverted, by a prostrate weakness within and a potent and subtle enemy without.

In thus coming to the rescue of a Soul, fallen unarmed and wounded in the thick of its basest foes, at once real and intangible, let us hope that the State brings to the charge not merely the resources of Science, and the results of experience, but the patience of a genuine philanthropy, the magnetism of an active and concentred sympathy, the kind devices of a practised tact, apt to seize the salient points and master the peculiar puzzle of each individual case; and most, and first, and last of all, the special blessing of God.

For myself, I have the good fortune to be free from the necessity of reproducing materials already well mixed and kneaded, — of displaying old theories in lights neither new nor strong, — of demonstrating self-evident propositions by the aid of familiar illustrations, — of dressing a weary, despairing enthusiasm, fagged out with vain appeals on the one hand, and vainer protests on the other, in the faded artificial flowers of a sentimental rhetoric. Therefore I shall venture to get away from theories and analyses, and well-meant social conundrums, and come home to the "business and the bosoms" of the State's anxious, patient clients, — parents and wives and children and friends, — between whom and these inebriates she stands in trust, with a plain and unreserved, and I hope a cheering, view of the interior aspects of this House: *the Inebriate at Home*, from the moment when we welcome the coming guest, prostrated in body and soul, to that in which we bid God-speed to his parting, — set up again in his own self-respect, and fortified with a recovered will; and I shall endeavor to show how all this can be done — *is* done here — by the aid of no machinery more complicated than that with which the Creator has provided us from the beginning, in the kindly impulses and grateful aspirations of our own hearts, all ticking in tune together.

To appreciate justly the clarifying processes through which this muddled and disordered trouble must pass, on his way to physical and moral reconstruction, it will be necessary to classify the demoralized community of which he is a member: first, by those well-recognized phenomena which are, in some cases, the painful fate of inheritance, in others the pernicious fruit of circumstance, — in the one instance, a question of temperament, congenital taint, inoculation, propensity; in the other, of accident, adverse fortune, the conspiracy of temptation with opportunity, resulting in a dominant vicious self-indulgence, and that prolonged abuse which revenges itself in the establishment of organic disease, — the former appealing to the sympathy and the concern of the moralist and social reformer, the latter demanding the relief of Medicine or the restraints of Law. And of these two classes it is hard to decide which is the more numerous, since experience and philosophic observation are forced to conclude that the drunkard is quite as often "born" as "made"; "the child is father of the man" as commonly as

the man is of the child; and on this point it may be affirmed, with more of dreadful certainty than figurative extravagance, that *many a baby is born drunk.*

Again, we have that simplest and most positive, as it is also the most familiar, of such classifications, — the Periodical and the Constant Inebriate: a natural division, as it were, and most easy to define, because that by which the man himself falls into line and "dresses" for inspection. Whatever of complexity or confusion we may encounter in our efforts to fix his place in the ranks of any other division, we are sure of his position here; he is either (to borrow Mr. Parton's definition) one who drinks a certain enormous quantity with daily regularity, or one who consumes an uncertain enormous quantity at irregular intervals.

Between these two classes and those other two, which we have already distinguished by their characteristics of Congenital Taint or Acquired Habit, there seems to be an appreciable, though not an invariable, connection and dependence: we are apt to find the periodical debauch inherited and the steady "soak" acquired. And just as a constitutional diathesis is more difficult of scientific control than an accidental disorder, so the inherited propensity is more treacherous, rebellious, and obstinate than the acquired appetite. In the latter the depths of ruin and wretchedness, out of which the cry for help comes up, have often been reached by gradual steps of descent, which may be, and not rarely are, retraced, by an ascent as gradual, into heights of security and happiness; but in the former there is the mad, defiant plunge, again and again, into the abyss, even from the top and crowning height of rescue; it is the very convulsion of fate and of despair, the moral epilepsy of generations.

And these two kindred classifications, which are essentially physiological, naturally lead us to yet another, which is as positively moral, — that which, in dealing with those who fly in their extremity to the haven and the help of such an asylum as this, thoughtfully separates them by their diverse moods and spiritual conditions into the audaciously Confident, the timidly Hopeful, and the profoundly Despondent. And this is, after all, the difference most essential to be perused and watched by all who would direct the groping steps of these benighted and bewildered wanderers from the right way, along the path that leads to refuge and rest. For whether for the Inherited Propensity or the Acquired Habit, the occasional debauch or the continual saturation, the counsel is clear, and the remedy single and simple, — Total Abstinence, first, last, and all the time. But how the advice will be received, or the remedy applied, must depend absolutely on the place which the probationary occupies in this classification: the whole study becomes narrowed down to a question of mood and temper; and to know how much to promise for your patient you will have first to ascertain how much or how little he *promises* for himself. The conductors of this experiment would, indeed, have reason to congratulate themselves if, in their pursuit of this subtile and perplexing theory, their researches had been rewarded, in every branch of it, with results as positive and as valuable as those which they discover at this point, which may be termed the Psychology of Drunkenness, — conclusions which help them at once to a rational and methodical course of treatment; for here they find a clear and invariable truth, guiding and cheering them by its own light, — that a humble, timid, self-mistrustful hopefulness is a condition eminently favorable, an audacious confidence to be promptly and firmly rebuked, and a morbid despondency to be secretly feared and cunningly combated. And here, too, we discern, with lively satisfaction and encouragement, the salutary working of that co-operative social plan which constitutes the all of *system* that we claim, and whereby each patient is made the skilful though unconscious physician (unconsciously to himself as to his fel-

low) of another's cure; for the dangerous confidence is rebuked and subdued by contact with the more dangerous despondency; the despondency is cheered by the contemplation of a hope so strong; and both are tempered to a rational and healthy sense of their true situation by the safe humility and cheerful vigilance of that inspiring earnestness of purpose which is the condition most to be desired. And so it happens that to all of these alike comes that common consent of wish and hope in which the seeds of an abiding reformation can alone strike root, to bear precious fruit at last. All are thrown together into a sort of moral hopper, as it were, and submitted to a process of mutual attrition, as marble polishes marble, and diamond grinds diamond, until all have received a surface which reflects the light of heaven.

If, in his capacity of director of this experiment in philanthropy, Dr. Day were asked, What is your "system"? he would have to answer only this: "To coax patiently into life again the moribund conscience and will of each individual *protégé* and ward of ours, and then endow him with power to complete his own cure, by making him an eager, potent agent, with experience and opportunity, in the cure of others. It is the system of a common motive, applied with means in common, to the attainment of a common end."

Thus far, a sufficiently cheering prospect has invited us and led us on. But just here it terminates in a class, happily by far the least in numbers, that we can but contemplate with wonder and chagrin, presenting, as it does, a spectacle of dreary discomfiture and hopelessness, — the hopelessness of stupidity, conjoined with moral insensibility, and the very conceit of selfishness. These are they whom no pride on the one hand, nor shame or alarm on the other, can inspire with a manly self-assertion, — with that longing and reaching after better things which is the last hold of a prostrate character upon its nobler recollections. Incapable of intelligent fear or an honorable blush, deadly cruel to themselves and others in their egotism, and exulting in ingratitude and deceit, they submit to no argument but coercion, break through all safeguards save bolts and bars, and betray the most honorable trust for a sip of their darling sin. Too base to receive an ennobling aspiration, too lazy to conceive an obligation of duty, too vain for the lessons of experience, too cowardly for the tasks of fortitude, too stupid for any use on earth, they are the glory of the rum-hole and the shame of the asylum — whither they suffer themselves to be dragged to escape the just alternative of a jail. They are its nuisances so long as they remain, and its failures when they leave, — the argument of its enemies, the confession of its friends. But their case presents this consoling anomaly, that the very condition which renders them presently incorrigible is precisely that which affords the only ground of hope, — I mean their youth. And if yet more conclusive proof and clearer illustration of the harmonious machinery of our household were demanded of us, we should have but to point to the sympathy, the patience, the invariable good-humor extended to this incorrigible and disturbing little squad by their more earnest and honorable fellows, to whom they are usually a provocation and a grievance, and who often suffer by their fault, in the curtailment of privileges which they have abused, and the imposition of measures of discipline which their rebellious folly has demanded.

To support the philosophy, and point the moral, of these remarks, I will venture to introduce two or three individual inebriates, who shall serve as types and representatives of their respective classes; and, having received them at the door, we will follow them as they pass, in their sojourn with us, through the moral tonics of those social processes I have endeavored to portray, and take leave of them as they pass out, reconstructed and reanimated, to resume in society the places of honor and usefulness to which they were by nature appointed, and in their families

those sacred duties of love which are the glory and the grace of every true life. All save the barren class last described, which must be grafted and absorbed among the worthier kinds, before it can produce any fruit save that which is bitter and noxious.

As the Regular and the Periodical Inebriate leave behind them their distinctive characteristics when they enter our doors, it will be no part of our purpose to typify in this connection the respective classes to which they belong. Whatever of diversity may appear in their interchange of experiences and hopes, they become identical under the rule of Total Abstinence which is applied to their cure.

In a quaint little poem by that scientific wit, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, we are told that one of the things "We all think" is, —

> "Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,
> Some common ailment of the race,
> Though doctors think the matter plain, —
> That ours is a 'peculiar case.'
>
> "That when, like babes with fingers burned,
> We count one bitter maxim more,
> Our lesson all the world has learned,
> And men are wiser than before."

This is a form of morbid egotism to which the Inebriate, fresh — or, for an apter adjective, foul — from a debauch, with nerves unstrung, remorses keen and cruel, and sensibilities excruciated, is peculiarly prone; and parents, wives, and friends notably partake of his delusion. "Ah, sir, this is an exceptional case! It is impossible that you can ever have known its parallel. No ordinary measures of tact and kindness can reach it. We have studied it with all the patience and anxiety that pain and trouble can prompt; and all we can make of it at last is, a subtile, almost supernatural, mystery of contradictions and confusions, defying diagnosis, and resenting treatment."

And all that is true of many of the most hopeful subjects, and will continue to be true just so long as the man is allowed, or allows himself, to go at large, from bar to bar, from bottle to bottle, — and no longer; for all the "peculiarity" of the "case," all its subtilty and supernatural mystery, all its contradictions and confusions, are simply *Rum*. Drive that out, and Reason, rejoicing, returns and claims her place. The house of the Man's Soul has been swept and garnished, and it has become a simple question of responsibility on his part, and common sense on the part of his family and friends, whether she shall permanently fix her abode there, or be ejected to make room again for his old devil, bringing seven others with him. Meantime it has been our province to apply to his temper the touchstone of sympathy and tact. We have waited patiently to know him, and we have not had to wait long. In the freedom of a new phase of social intercourse, which presents *confession* as its central interest and attraction, he has no appearances to keep up, no disguises to cling to, no covert motive to conceal. Emancipated from the hypocrisies of a fictitious respectability, the expediences of business, and the polite lies of caste, his weakness and his strength come out frankly, hand in hand, to meet us, and the Man confesses or asserts himself.

But all this while the first of our representative inebriates — the type of one of the three great classes — has been waiting to be introduced. He is of the order of merchants, and his caste-marks are as plain upon him as if he were a Hindoo; what the French term a "man of affairs," — dealer on an imposing scale, banker or broker, speculator, contractor, director of a joint-stock company; in other words, that sum of all shrewdness, foresight, *sang-froid*, and self-possession, oddly, even contradictorily, combined with the enthusiasm and eagerness which are his *esprit de corps*, — the American business-man, of the most generous type. Among his wares or his books cool and unsympathetic even to hard selfishness, wary and keen, sometimes to unscrupulousness, — among the decanters and the cigars he is the freest and heartiest of good-fellows, large-hearted, open-handed, robust in his convivialities, and yet never quite losing sight of the

main chance, — the inspiring vanity of his conscious smartness steadily holding his imprudence in check. In fact, it is the ardor of his calling, more than all other causes, which has brought him here. He was born to be sober and self-possessed; but in an unguarded hour he invoked the services of those most seductive of salesmen and *commissionnaires*, Champagne and Cognac, and they have become the head of the house; and every night, when the safe is locked, he hands over to them his prudence and his self-respect.

Even as he enters here, you can perceive that he brings with him the keen wariness of his calling, — that habit of self-indorsement, that assurance of credit at sight, which are the confident credentials of the man who knows a thing or two. Even fresh as he is from a high-priced debauch, he recognizes the *business* part of "this little arrangement," and goes about settling the preliminaries with the same rigor of system that he would apply to a question of "time" or "discount." With the aspects of philanthropy, moral responsibility, animal weakness, and spiritual strength, which present themselves on the surface of the transaction, he does not fash himself. Those may be all very well in their way, but, being sentimental, they are not in his line. Business is business; and this is business. It don't *pay* to get drunk, even to make "a big thing" now and then; so he has concluded to resign that department of "our operations" to heads that have trained for it, and are safe to keep themselves "level" under any pressure of convivial steam. The influence of this direction of thought and habit of life is apparent in the deliberation with which he has cooled himself off, and "shaped himself up," before coming here. His appearance at present is that of a rather florid gentleman of eminent respectability, nice to a fault in his attire, and exact to formality in his propositions. He is especially particular as to terms, accommodations, and privileges; and impresses upon us, with an air of polite superiority, that he has nothing to learn on those points. Regarded as a man, everything about him is prepossessing; regarded as a patient, he is interesting and even amusing. The history of his case can be clearly read beforehand: as in certain weak novels, it is easy to guess, from the moment the hero is introduced, how the story will end. He will depart gallantly and gayly from the institution, again and again, only to return more and more chapfallen; until at last, dead beat by repeated defeats, and warned by the arguments of timidity addressed to him by others, — arguments more wisely grounded than his own, — his irrepressible common-sense gets the ascendency, and he acknowledges that Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty, and Total Abstinence the only stock that pays. In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to say that he stands for the class of Confident Inebriates, under favorable conditions.

In retiring to find his social level among the diversified elements which enter into the composition of our complex household, the Confident man makes way for a sadder and more perplexing type, — the profoundly Despondent.

This calls for no elaborate preliminary description. The wreck of a thriving farmer perhaps, or a broken-down gentleman, — an amiable person, of strong home attachments and hereditary ways, who can experience real trouble from the mislaying of his slippers, and miss a familiar arm-chair, or pine for the loss of his spectacles, as sadly as you or I for the clasp of a friendly hand or the light of a loving eye, — a man whose life has run in grooves too smooth, whose pluck has been impaired by too much *accustomedness*, to whom the least change in his familiar places and faces has been a convulsion, a sort of moral First of May to his domestic conservatism. As in his prosperity he was social to excess, so in his adversity he is morbidly solitary, — a man without elasticity or spring, no india-rubber or spiral wire among his moral materials.

His countenance expresses something which is weaker than resignation and nobler than indifference. His self-respect has retreated into self-commiseration, but not deserted in cowardly self-abandonment. His soul is true to its post, though ready to lie down there and die; and all that is left of his courage is "the forlorn hope."

His attire is respectably threadbare and genteelly unfashionable; his form ten, even fifteen years older than himself; his gait that of one who is led, and he has been led hither, by mother, sister, or wife; his glance feeble and inquiring, seeking a resting-place or a friend; his voice timid and deprecatory; his trembling hands feeling wearily for a leaning-place or a chair: he does not wait for an invitation to be seated. Take care how you look at him hard, or he will faint; and take care how you try to cheer him, or he will swear. He is profoundly hypochondriac, and plainly resents a favorable prognosis. He dislikes to speak of his condition; but if you can extract an opinion from him, you will find that he lays all his trouble to his liver, or his kidneys, or his lungs. As for his drinking, that 's simply his "necessity," — to remove it you must strike at the root of the matter; and in this he 's more than half right. He does not believe in the doctors, — they have never understood his case. He does not believe he can ever stop drinking, and is sure he should die if he did; would rather not drink, of course, but always feels better when he does. Does not believe in the Asylum, — came here merely to please his friends; as to reforming drunkards, that 's all humbug; but thinks it must be a good place to rest in, and if you have no objection would like to lie down now.

For this case there is but one plan of treatment which promises happy results: Quarter him near to, or even in the same room with, the Confident Man. They will begin by regarding each other as crazy, and be mutually diverted and interested; and whilst amiably engaged in the interchangeable exercise of patronizing and proselyting, will unconsciously receive, the one his checking, the other his encouraging impression, promoting in both a permanent cure. Relieve the Despondent Inebriate of his hypochondria, and he can be intrusted with the keeping of himself more safely than his self-reliant friend; but the process is tedious and uncertain. Both cases are approaching a satisfactory conclusion when Despondency can beat Confidence in the bowling-alley, or "try his wind" on the parallel bars.

We dismiss this weakest but most respectable of our representative inebriates to admit one who is plainly the strongest, and (as to his present condition) the least respectable, — the last of our tpyes, and pre-eminently a *periodical* madman.

Lawyer, journalist, author, physician, clergyman perhaps, his professional status is plain at a glance: a man of more or less sedentary habit, spasmodic labor, and resources usually irregular, fallacious, and inadequate, — excruciating concentration to-day, numb collapse to-morrow, — an eternal torture of oscillation between exaltation and prostration, leaden cares and golden dreams, the cravings of a prince and the gratifications of a beggar, triumphs of the brain and defeats of the heart.

Such men fall far and hard. This one has fallen from the rapture of a rainbow to the remorse of a sewer; but, all battered and bedraggled as he is, he has brought down with him a glory-colored remnant of the bow of hope and promise that broke his fall. The light that led him astray was light from heaven, and the ray that glimmers still in the dreary fen of his self-abandonment, growing ever brighter and brighter, as it is fed by love and duty and courage, will lead him back again to the native daylight of his mind. Then nobler inspirations will incite him; like Antæus, renovated by the touch of his mother Earth, he will derive new forces even from his fall; and, though he has gone into the contest naked, he shall come out of it arrayed in the white

armor of self-conquest. He came hither alone, and shorn of his strength; he shall go forth clothed on, and in his right mind, amid the acclamations of his friends.

Of the thousands of spoiled and miserable lives, with all their broken promise and defeated purpose, their abused attributes and incorrigible offence, which these three most tolerable subjects fairly represent, our virtuous friends, who disapprove of the cakes and ale of this wicked world, are accustomed to say "they are their own worst enemies"; and, having said that, they are supposed to have left us nothing to desire, nothing to resent. Like Artemus Ward, when he took leave of his unconsciously erratic mother, they charge us to "Be virtuous, and you 'll be happy!" and, like her, we gaze after their retreating forms with mingled mute emotions of admiration and awe, — admiration for the impudence, and awe for the stupidity.

Of such is the affectionate inanity which first tosses a trembling inebriate from post to pillar of Insane Asylums, — a maddening medley of cages for the Maniacal, and Retreats for the Imbecile, and Domiciles for the Idiotic, — where he is expected to apply himself to the delectable and wholesome contemplation of strait-jackets and muffs, bran dolls and jumping-Jacks, screaming delirium and gibbering vacuity; and of such is the affectionate impudence which then despairs of him and devotes him to perdition, because he has just brains enough left to fly from madness to rum. Of such is the tender and pious mercy which forgives the poor devil just seventy times seven by the multiplication-table, and then presents its little bill. Of such is the heroic "Conscience" which is forever cutting off this offending arm, and plucking out that offending eye, and casting them away. Of such is that sagacious pharisaism of the family, which consigns the poor prodigal heart, that has nothing left but its remnant of imperishable love, to the isolation of a Refuge such as this; and then, maintaining a savage silence, keeps it for weeks on the red-hot gridiron of a longing suspense, in one protracted nightmare and horror of devilish fancies and fears.

We all know that Drunkenness is a sore offence, a stench in the nostrils of Respectability; and the State has done wisely to bottle it here, and apply to it a clarifying process of moral Chloride of Lime. But what is to be done with the Virtue which is too dull, and the Hypocrisy which is too mean, to reflect credit upon Sobriety?

For myself, who write this, an Inebriate at this Asylum, — Congenital, Periodical, anxiously Hopeful, — drinking for three days with the thirst of the throat-parched damned, abstaining for three months with the shuddering horror of a fanatical yogee, I believe that neither God nor the Devil is responsible for my being here; but just that intangible torment known at the Cooper Institute as *nervous fluid*, quadruply distilled through generations of virtuous abuse and unconscious self-indulgence, and then injected into the quivering cords of a new-born man-child, forty-three years ago.

I believe that class of prompt and potent stimulants to which, with a kind of brutal nomenclature, we apply the common term *Rum*, to be among the dearest blessings the All-pitying Healer has conferred upon his sinning and suffering creatures.

I believe I should be the healthier, wealthier, wiser, and more useful, for a homely, hospitable, cheering "toddy" three times a day. And I protest, with a thousand pangs of mind and body, against the pre-natal fiat which has forbidden me, on pain of ruin and death, to taste one. "By the same fate I have inherited the need and the prohibition."

DOORSTEP ACQUAINTANCE.

VAGABONDS the world would no doubt call many of my doorstep acquaintance, and I do not attempt to defend them altogether against the world, which paints but black and white and in general terms. Yet I would fain veil what is only half-truth under another name, for I know that the service of their Gay Science is not one of such disgraceful ease as we associate with ideas of vagrancy, though I must own that they lead the life they do because they love it. They always protest that nothing but their ignorance of our tongue prevents them from practising some mechanical trade. "What work could be harder," they ask, "than carrying this organ about all day?" but while I answer with honesty that nothing can be more irksome, I feel that they only pretend a disgust with it, and that they really like organ-grinding if for no other reason than that they are the children of the summer, and it takes them into the beloved open weather. One of my friends, at least, who in the warmer months is to all appearance a blithesome troubadour, living

"A merry life in sun and shade,"

is a coal-heaver in winter; and though this more honorable and useful occupation is doubtless open to him the whole year round, yet he does not devote himself to it, but prefers with the expanding spring to lay aside his grimy basket, and, shouldering his organ, to quit the dismal wharves and carts and cellars, and to wander forth into the suburbs, with his lazy, soft-eyed boy at his heels, who does nothing with his tambourine but take up a collection, and who, meeting me the other day in a chance passage of Ferry Street, knew me, and gave me so much of his father's personal history.

It was winter even there in Ferry Street, in which so many Italians live that one might think to find it under a softer sky and in a gentler air, and which I had always figured in a wide unlikeness to all other streets in Boston, — with houses stuccoed outside, and with gratings at their ground-floor windows; with mouldering archways between the buildings, and at the corners feeble lamps glimmering before pictures of the Madonna; with weather-beaten shutters flapping overhead, and many balconies from which hung the linen swathings of young infants, and love-making maidens furtively lured the velvet-jacketed, leisurely youth below; — a place haunted by windy voices of blessing and cursing, with the perpetual clack of wooden-heeled shoes upon the stones, and what perfume from the blossom of vines and almond-trees, mingling with less delicate smells, the travelled reader pleases to imagine. I do not say that I found Ferry Street actually different from this vision in most respects; but as for the vines and almond-trees, they were not in bloom at the moment of my encounter with the little tambourine-boy. As we stood and talked, the snow fell as heavily and thickly around us as elsewhere in Boston. With a vague pain, — the envy of a race toward another born to a happier clime, — I heard from him that his whole family was going back to Italy in a month. The father had at last got together money enough, and the mother, who had long been an invalid, must be taken home; and, so far as I know, the population of Ferry Street exists but in the hope of a return, soon or late, to the native or the ancestral land.

More than one of my doorstep acquaintance, in fact, seemed to have no other stock in trade than this fond desire, and to thrive with it in our sympathetic community. It is scarcely possible but the reader has met the widow of Giovanni Cascamatto, a Vesuvian lunatic who has long set fire to

their home on the slopes of the volcano, and perished in the flames. She was our first Italian acquaintance in Charlesbridge, presenting herself with a little subscription-book which she sent in for inspection, with a printed certificate to the facts of her history signed with the somewhat conventionally Saxon names of William Tompkins and John Johnson. These gentlemen set forth, in terms vaguer than can be reproduced, that her object in coming to America was to get money to go back to Italy; and the whole document had so fictitious an air that it made us doubt even the nationality of the bearer; but we were put to shame by the decent joy she manifested in an Italian salutation. There was no longer a question of imposture in anybody's mind; we gladly paid tribute to her poetic fiction, and she thanked us with a tranquil courtesy that placed the obligation where it belonged. As she turned to go with many good wishes, we pressed her to have some dinner, but she answered with a compliment insurpassably flattering, She had just dined — in another palace. The truth is, there is not a single palace on Benicia Street, and our little box of pine and paper would hardly have passed for a palace on the stage, where these things are often contrived with great simplicity; but as we had made a little Italy together, she touched it with the exquisite politeness of her race, and it became for the instant a lordly mansion, standing on the Chiaja, or the Via Nuovissima, or the Canalazzo.

I say this woman seemed glad to be greeted in Italian, but not, so far as I could see, surprised; and altogether the most amazing thing about my doorstep acquaintance of her nation is, that they are never surprised to be spoken to in their own tongue, or, if they are, never show it. A chestnut-roaster, who has sold me twice the chestnuts the same money would have bought of him in English, has not otherwise recognized the fact that Tuscan is not the dialect of Charlesbridge, and the mortifying nonchalance with which the advance has always been received has long since persuaded me that to the grinder at the gate it is not remarkable that a man should open the door of his wooden house on Benicia Street, and welcome him in his native language. After the first shock of this indifference is past, it is not to be questioned but it flatters with an illusion, which a stare of amazement would forbid, reducing the encounter to a vulgar reality at once, and I could almost believe it in those wily and amiable folk to intend the sweeter effect of their unconcern, which tacitly implies that there is no other tongue in the world but Italian, and which makes all the earth and air Italian for the time. Nothing else could have been the purpose of that image-dealer whom I saw on a summer's day lying at the foot of one of our meeting-houses, and doing his best to make it a cathedral, and really giving a sentiment of mediæval art to the noble sculptures of the façade which the carpenters had just nailed up, freshly painted and newly repaired. This poet was stretched upon his back, eating, in that convenient posture, his dinner out of an earthen pot, plucking the viand from it, whatever it was, with his thumb and forefinger, and dropping it piecemeal into his mouth. When the passer asked him "Where are you from?" he held a morsel in air long enough to answer "Da Lucca, signore," and then let it fall into his throat, and sank deeper into a revery in which that crude accent even must have sounded like a gossip's or a kinsman's voice, but never otherwise moved muscle, nor looked to see who passed or lingered. There could have been little else in his circumstances to remind him of home, and if he was really in the sort of day-dream attributed to him, he was wise not to look about him. I have not myself been in Lucca, but I conceive that its piazza is not like our square, with a pump and horse-trough in the midst, but that it has probably a fountain and statuary, though not possibly so magnificent an elm towering above the bronze or marble groups as spreads its boughs of benison over

our pump and the horse-car switchman, loitering near it to set the switch for the arriving cars, or lift the brimming buckets to the smoking nostrils of the horses, while out from the stable comes clanging and banging with a fresh team that famous African who has turned white, or, if he is off duty, one of his brethren who has not yet begun to turn. Figure, besides, an expressman watering his horse at the trough, a provision-cart backed up against the curb in front of one of the stores, various people looking from the car-office windows, and a conductor appearing at the door long enough to call out, "Ready for Boston!" — and you have a scene of such gayety as Lucca could never have witnessed in her piazza at high noon on a summer's day. Even our Campo Santo, if the Lucchese had cared to look round the corner of the meeting-house at its moss-grown headstones, could have had little to remind him of home, though it has antiquity and a proper quaintness. But not for him, not for them of his clime and faith, is the pathos of those simple memorial slates with their winged skulls, changing upon many later stones, as if by the softening of creeds and customs, to cherubs' heads, — not for him is the pang I feel because of those who died, in our country's youth, exiles or exiles' children, heirs of the wilderness and toil and hardship. Could they rise from their restful beds, and look on this wandering Italian with his plaster statuettes of Apollo, and Canovan dancers and deities, they would hold his wares little better than Romish saints and idolatries, and would scarcely have the sentimental interest in him felt by the modern citizen of Charlesbridge; but I think that even they must have respected that Lombard scissors-grinder who used to come to us, and put an edge to all the cutlery in the house.

He has since gone back to Milan, whence he came eighteen years ago, and whither he has returned, — as he told me one acute day in the fall, when all the winter hinted itself, and the painted leaves shuddered earthward in the grove across the way, — to enjoy a little climate before he died (*per goder un po' di clima prima di morire*). Our climate was the only thing he had against us; in every other respect he was a New-Englander, even to the early stages of consumption. He told me the story of his whole life, and of how in his adventurous youth he had left Milan and sojourned some years in Naples, vainly seeking his fortune there. Afterwards he went to Greece, and set up his ancestral business of green-grocer in Athens, faring there no better, but rather worse than in Naples, because of the deeper wickedness of the Athenians, who cheated him right and left, and whose laws gave him no redress. The Neapolitans were bad enough, he said, making a wry face, but the Greeks! — and he spat the Greeks out on the grass. At last, after much misfortune in Europe, he bethought him of coming to America, and he had never regretted it, but for the climate. You spent a good deal here, — nearly all you earned, — but then a poor man was a man, and the people were honest. It was wonderful to him that they all knew how to read and write, and he viewed with inexpressible scorn those Irish who came to this country, and were so little sensible of the benefits it conferred upon them. Boston he believed the best city in America, and "Tell me," said he, "is there such a thing anywhere else in the world as that Public Library?" He, a poor man, and almost unknown, had taken books from it to his own room, and was master to do so whenever he liked. He had thus been enabled to read Botta's history of the United States, an enormous compliment both to the country and the work which I doubt ever to have been paid before; and he knew more about Washington than I did, and desired to know more than I could tell him of the financial question among us. So we came to national politics, and then to European affairs. "It appears that Garibaldi will not go to Rome this year," remarks my scissors-grinder, who is very red in his sympa-

thies. "The Emperor forbids! Well, patience! And that blessed Pope, what does he want, that Pope? He will be king and priest both, he will wear two pairs of shoes at once!" I must confess that no other of my doorstep acquaintance had so clear an idea as this one of the difference between things here and at home. To the minds of most we seemed divided here as there into rich and poor, — *signori*, *persone civili* and *povera gente*, — and their thoughts about us did not go beyond a speculation as to our individual willingness or ability to pay for organ-grinding. But this Lombard was worthy of his adopted country, and I forgive him the frank expression of a doubt that one day occurred to him, when offered a glass of Italian wine. He held it daintily between him and the sun for a smiling moment, and then said, as if our wine must needs be as ungenuine as our Italian, — was perhaps some expression from the surrounding currant-bushes, harsh as that from the Northern tongues which could never give his language the true life and tonic charm, — "But I suppose this wine is not made of grapes, signor?" Yet he was a very courteous old man, elaborate in greeting and leave-taking, and with a quicker sense than usual. It was accounted delicacy in him, that, when he had bidden us a final adieu, he should never come near us again, though the date of his departure was postponed some weeks, and we heard him tinkling down the street, and stopping at the neighbors' houses. He was a keen-faced, thoughtful-looking man; and he wore a blouse of blue cotton, from the pocket of which always dangled the leaves of some wild salad culled from our wasteful vacant lots or prodigal waysides.

Altogether different in character was that Triestine, who came one evening to be helped home at the close of a very disastrous career in Mexico. He was a person of innumerable bows, and fluttered his bright-colored compliments about, till it appeared that never before had such amiable people been asked charity by such a worthy and generous sufferer. In Trieste he had been a journalist, and it was evident enough from his speech that he was of a good education. He was vain of his Italian accent, which was peculiarly good for his heterogeneously peopled native city, and he made a show of that marvellous facility of the Triestines in languages, by taking me down French books, Spanish books, German books, and reading from them all with the properest accent. Yet with this boyish pride and self-satisfaction there was mixed a tone of harsh and worldly cynicism, a belief in fortune as the sole providence. As nearly as I could make out, he was a Johnson man in American politics; upon the Mexican question he was independent, disdaining French and Mexicans alike. He was with the former from the first, and had continued in the service of Maximilian after their withdrawal, till the execution of that prince made Mexico no place for adventurous merit. He was now going back to his native country, an ungrateful land enough, which had ill treated him long ago, but to which he nevertheless returned in a perfect gayety of temper. What a light-hearted rogue he was, — with such merry eyes, and such a pleasant smile shaping his neatly trimmed beard and mustache. After he had supped, and he stood with us at the door taking leave, something happened to be said of Italian songs, whereupon this blithe exile, whom the compassion of strangers was enabling to go home after many years of unprofitable toil and danger to a country that had loved him not, fell to carolling a Venetian barcarole, and went sweetly away in its cadence. I bore him company as far as the gate of another Italian-speaking signor, and was there bidden adieu with great effusion, so that I forgot till he had left me to charge him not to be in fear of the house-dog, which barked but did not bite. In calling this after him I had the misfortune to blunder in my verb. A man of another nation, — perhaps another man of his nation would — would have cared rather for

what I said than how I said it, but he, as if too zealous for the honor of his beautiful language to endure a hurt to it even in that moment of grief, lifting his hat, and bowing for the last time, responded with a "Morde, non morsica, signore!" and passed in under the pines, and next day to Italy.

There is a little old Genoese lady comes to sell us pins, needles, thread, tape, and the like *roba*, whom I regard as leading quite an ideal life in some respects. Her traffic is limited to a certain number of families who speak more or less Italian, and her days, so far as they are concerned, must be passed in an atmosphere of sympathy and kindliness. The truth is, we Northern and New World folk cannot help but cast a little romance about whoever comes to us from Italy, whether we have actually known the beauty and charm of that land or not. Then this old lady is in herself a very gentle and lovable kind of person, with a tender mother-face, which is also the face of a child. A smile plays always upon her wrinkled visage, and her quick and restless eyes are full of friendliness. There is never much stuff in her basket, however, and it is something of a mystery how she manages to live from it. None but an Italian could, I am sure, and her experience must test the full virtue of the national genius for cheap salads and much-extenuated soup-meat. I do not know whether it is native in her, or whether it is a grace acquired from long dealing with those kindly hearted customers of hers in Charlesbridge, but she is of a most munificent spirit, and returns every smallest benefit with some present from her basket. She makes me ashamed of things I have written about the sordidness of her race, but I shall vainly seek to atone for them by open-handedness to her. She will give favor for favor; she will not even count the money she receives; our bargaining is a contest of the courtliest civilities, ending in many an "Adieu!" "To meet again!" "Remain well!" and "Finally!" not surpassed if rivalled in any Italian street. In her ineffectual way she brings us news of her different customers, breaking up their stout Saxon names into tinkling polysyllables which suggest them only to the practised sense, and is perfectly patient and contented if we mistake one for another. She loves them all, but she pities them as living in a terrible climate; and doubtless in her heart she purposes one day to go back to Italy, there to die. In the mean time she is very cheerful; she, too, has had her troubles, — what troubles I do not remember, but those that come by sickness and by death, and that really seem no sorrows until they come to us, — yet she never complains. It is hard to make a living, and the house-rent alone is six dollars a month; but still one lives and does not fare so ill either. As it does not seem to be in her to dislike any one, it must be out of a harmless guile, felt to be comforting to servant-ridden householders, that she always speaks of "those Irish," her neighbors, with a bated breath, a shaken head, a hand lifted to the cheek, and an averted countenance.

Swarthiest of the organ-grinding tribe is he who peers up at my window out of infinitessimal black eyes, perceives me, louts low, and for form's sake grinds me out a tune before he begins to talk. As we parley together, say it is eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and a sober tranquillity reigns upon the dust and nodding weeds of Benicia Street. At that hour the organ-grinder and I are the only persons of our sex in the whole suburban population, all other husbands and fathers having eaten their breakfasts at seven o'clock and stood up in the early horse-cars to Boston, whence they will return, with aching backs and quivering calves, half-pendant by leathern straps from the roofs of the same luxurious conveyances, in the evening. The Italian might go and grind his organ upon the front stoop of any one of a hundred French-roof houses around, and there would be no arm within strong enough to thrust him thence; but he is a gentleman in his

way, and, as he prettily explains, he never stops to play except where the window smiles on him, — a frowning lattice he will pass in silence. I behold in him a disappointed man, — a man broken in health and of a liver baked by long sojourn in a tropical clime. In large and dim outline, made all the dimmer by his dialect, he sketches me the story of his life; how in his youth he ran away from the Milanese for love of a girl in France, who, dying, left him with so little purpose in the world that, after working at his trade of plasterer for some years in Lyons, he listened to a certain gentleman going out upon government service to a French colony in South America. This gentleman wanted a man-servant, and he said to my organ-grinder, "Go with me and I make your fortune." So he, who cared not whither he went, went, and found himself in the tropics. It was a hard life he led there, and of the wages that had seemed so great in France, he paid nearly half to his laundress alone, being forced to be neat in his master's house. The service was not so irksome in-doors, but it was the hunting beasts in the forest all day that broke his patience at last.

"Beasts in the forest?" I ask, forgetful of the familiar sense of *bestie*, and figuring cougars at least by the word.

"Yes, those little beasts for the naturalists, — flies, bugs, beetles, — heaven knows what."

"But this brought you money?"

"It brought my master money, but me aches and pains as many as you will, and at last the fever. When that was burnt out, I made up my mind to ask for more pay, and, not getting it, to quit that service. I think the signor would have given it, — but the signora! So I left, empty as I came, and was cook on a vessel to New York."

This was the black and white of the man's story. I lose the color and atmosphere which his manner as well as his words bestowed upon it. He told it in a cheerful, impersonal kind of way as the romance of a poor devil which had interested him, and might possibly amuse me, leaving out no touch of character in his portrait of the fat, selfish master, — yielding enough, however, but for his grasping wife, who, with all her avarice and greed, he yet confessed to be very handsome. By the wave of a hand he housed them in a tropic residence, dim, cool, close shut, kept by servants in white linen moving with mute slippered feet over stone floors; and by another gesture he indicated the fierce thorny growths of the forest in which he hunted those vivid insects, — the luxuriant savannahs, the gigantic ferns and palms, the hush and shining desolation, the presence of the invisible fever and death. There was a touch, too, of inexpressible sadness in his half-ignorant mention of the exiles at Cayenne, who were forbidden the wide ocean of escape about them by those swift gunboats keeping their coasts and swooping down upon every craft that left the shore. He himself had seen one such capture, and he made me see it, and the mortal despair of the fugitives, standing upright in their boat with the idle oars in their unconscious hands, while the corvette swept toward them.

For all his misfortunes, he was not cast down. He had that lightness of temper which seems proper to most northern Italians, whereas those from the south are usually dark-mooded, sad-faced men. Nothing surpasses for unstudied misanthropy of expression the visages of different Neapolitan harpers who have visited us; but they have some right to their dejected countenances as being of a yet half-civilized stock, and as real artists and men of genius. Nearly all wandering violinists, as well as harpers, are of their race, and they are of every age from that of mere children to men in their prime. They are very rarely old, as many of the organ-grinders are; they are not so handsome as the Italians of the north, though they have invariably fine eyes. They arrive in twos and threes; the violinist briefly tunes his fiddle, and the harper unslings his instrument, and, with faces of profound gloom, they go

through their repertory, — pieces from the great composers, airs from the opera, not unmingled with such efforts of Anglo-Saxon genius as Champagne Charley and Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines, which, like the language of Shakespeare and Milton, hold us and our English cousins in tender bonds of mutual affection. Beyond the fact that they come "dal Basilicat'," or "dal Principat'," one gets very little out of these Neapolitans, though I dare say they are not so surly at heart as they look. Money does not brighten them to the eye, but yet it touches them, and they are good in playing or leaving off to him that pays. Long time two of them stood between the gateway firs on a pleasant summer's afternoon, and twanged and scraped their harmonious strings, till all the idle boys of the neighborhood gathered about them, listening with a grave and still delight. It was a most serious company: the Neapolitans, with their cloudy brows rapt in their music; and the Yankee children with their impassive faces warily guarding against the faintest expression of enjoyment; and when at last the minstrels played a brisk measure, and the music began to work in the blood of the boys, and one of them shuffling his reluctant feet upon the gravel, broke into a sudden and resistless dance, — the spectacle became too sad for contemplation. The boy danced only from the hips down; no muscle of his face gave the levity countenance, nor did any of his comrades: they beheld him with a silent fascination, but none was infected by the solemn indecorum; and when the legs and music ceased their play together, no comment was made, and the dancer turned unheated away. A chance passer asked for what he called the Gearybaldeye Hymn, but the Neapolitans apparently did not know what this was.

My doorstep acquaintance were not all of one race; now and then an alien to the common Italian tribe appeared, — an Irish soldier, on his way to Salem, and willing to show me more of his mutilation than I cared to buy the sight of for twenty-five cents; and more rarely yet an American, also formerly of the army, but with something besides his wretchedness to sell. On the hottest day of last summer such a one rang the bell, and was discovered on the threshold wiping with his poor sole hand the sweat that stood upon his forehead. There was still enough of the independent citizen in his maimed and emaciated person to inspire him with deliberation and a show of that indifference with which we Americans like to encounter each other; but his voice was rather faint when he asked if I supposed we wanted any starch to-day.

"Yes, certainly," answered what heart there was within, taking note wilfully, but I hope not wantonly, what an absurdly limp figure he was for a pedler of starch, — "certainly from you, brave fellow"; and the package being taken from his basket, the man turned to go away so very wearily that a cheap philanthropy protested: "For shame! ask him to sit down in-doors and drink a glass of water."

"No," answered the poor fellow, when this indignant voice had been obeyed, and he had been taken at a disadvantage, and as it were surprised into the confession, "my family had n't any breakfast this morning, and I 've got to hurry back to them."

"Have n't *you* had any breakfast?"

"Well, I wa' n't rightly hungry when I left the house."

"Here, now," popped in the virtue before named, "is an opportunity to discharge the debt we all owe to the brave fellows who gave us back our country. Make it beer."

So it was made beer and bread and cold meat, and, after a little pressing, the honest soul consented to the refreshment. He sat down in a cool doorway, and began to eat and to tell of the fight before Vicksburg. And if you have never seen a one-armed soldier making a meal, I can assure you the sight is a pathetic one, and is rendered none the cheerfuller by his memories of the fights that mutilated him. This man had no very susceptible audience, but before

he was carried off the field, shot through the body, and in the arm and foot, he had sold every package of starch in his basket. I am ashamed to say this now, for I suspect that a man with one arm, who went about under that broiling sun of last July, peddling starch, was very probably an impostor. He computed a good day's profits at seventy-five cents, and when asked if that was not very little for the support of a sick wife and three children, he answered with a quaint effort at impressiveness, and with a trick, as I imagined, from the manner of the regimental chaplain, "You 've done your duty, my friend, and more 'n your duty. If every one did their duty like that, we should get along." So he took leave, and shambled out into the furnace-heat, the sun beating upon his pale face, and his linen coat hugging him close, but with his basket lighter, and I hope his heart also. At any rate, this was the sentiment which cheap philanthropy offered in self-gratulation, as he passed out of sight: "There! you are quits with those maimed soldiers at last, and you have a country which you have paid for with cold victuals as they with blood."

We have been a good deal visited by one disbanded volunteer, not to the naked eye maimed, nor apparently suffering from any lingering illness, yet who bears, as he tells me, a secret disabling wound in his side from a spent shell, and who is certainly a prey to the most acute form of shiftlessness. I do not recall with exactness just the date of our acquaintance, but it was one of those pleasant August afternoons when a dinner eaten in peace fills the digester with a millennial tenderness for the race too rarely felt in the nineteenth century. At such a moment it is a more natural action to loosen than to tighten the purse-strings, and when a very neatly dressed young man presented himself at the gate, and, in a note of indescribable plaintiveness, asked if I had any little job for him to do that he might pay for a night's lodging, I looked about the small domain with a vague longing to find some part of it in disrepair, and experienced a moment's absurd relief when he hinted that he would be willing to accept fifty cents in pledge of future service. Yet this was not the right principle; some work, real or apparent, must be done for the money, and the veteran was told that he might weed the strawberry bed, though, as matters then stood, it was clean enough for a strawberry bed that never bore anything. The veteran was neatly dressed, as I have said: his coat, which was good, was buttoned to the throat for reasons that shall be sacred against curiosity, and he had on a perfectly clean paper collar; he was a handsome young fellow, with regular features, and a solicitously kept imperial and mustache; his hair, when he lifted his hat, appeared elegantly oiled and brushed. I did not hope from this figure that the work done would be worth the money paid, and, as nearly as I can compute, the weeds he took from that bed cost me a cent apiece, to say nothing of a cup of tea given him in grace at the end of his labors.

My acquaintance was, as the reader will be glad to learn, a native American, though it is to be regretted, for the sake of facts which his case went far to establish, that he was not a New-Englander by birth. The most that could be claimed was, that he came to Boston from Delaware when very young, and that there on that brine-washed granite he had grown as perfect a flower of helplessness and indolence, as fine a fruit of maturing civilization, as ever expanded or ripened in Latin lands. He lived, not only a protest in flesh and blood against the tendency of democracy to exclude mere beauty from our system, but a refutation of those Old World observers, who deny to our vulgar and bustling communities the refining and elevating grace of Repose. There was something very curious and original in his character, from which the sentiment of shame was absent, but which was not lacking in the fine instincts of personal cleanliness, of dress, of style. There was nothing of the rowdy in him; he was gentle as an

Italian noble in his manners: what other traits they may have had in common, I do not know; perhaps an amiable habit of illusion. He was always going to bring me his discharge papers, but he never did, though he came often and had many a pleasant night's sleep at my cost. If sometimes he did a little work, he spent great part of the time contracted to me in the kitchen, where it was understood, quite upon his own agency, that his wages included board. At other times, he called for money too late in the evening to work it out that day, and it has happened that a new second girl, deceived by his genteel appearance in the uncertain light, has shown him into the parlor, where I have found him to his and my own great amusement, as the gentleman who wanted to see me. Nothing else seemed to raise his ordinarily dejected spirits so much. We all know how pleasant it is to laugh at people behind their backs; but this veteran afforded me at a very low rate the luxury of a fellow-being whom one might laugh at to his face as much as one liked.

Yet with all his shamelessness, his pensiveness, his elegance, I felt that somehow our national triumph was not complete in him, — that there were yet more finished forms of self-abasement in the Old World, — till one day I looked out of the window and saw at a little distance my veteran digging a cellar for an Irishman. I own that the spectacle gave me a shock of pleasure, and that I ran down to have a nearer view of what human eyes have seldom if ever beheld, — an American, pure blood, handling the pick, the shovel, and the wheelbarrow, while an Irishman directed his labors. Upon inspection, it appeared that none of the trees grew with their roots in the air, in recognition of this great reversal of the natural law; all the French-roof houses stood right side up. The phenomenon may become more common in future, unless the American race accomplishes its destiny of dying out before the more populatory foreigner, but as yet it graced the veteran with an exquisite and signal distinction. He, however, seemed to feel unpleasantly the anomaly of his case, and opened the conversation by saying that he should not work at that job tomorrow, it hurt his side; and went on to complain of the inhumanity of Americans to Americans. "Why," said he, "they 'd rather give out their jobs to a nigger than to one of their own kind. I was beatin' carpets for a gentleman on the Avenue, and the first thing I know he give most of 'em to a nigger. I beat seven of 'em in one day, and got two dollars; and the nigger beat 'em by the piece, and he got a dollar an' a half apiece. My luck!"

Here the Irishman glanced at his hireling, and the rueful veteran hastened to pile up another wheelbarrow with earth. If ever we come to reverse positions generally with our Irish brethren, there is no doubt but they will get more work out of us than we do from them at present.

It was shortly after this that the veteran offered to do second girl's work in my house if I would take him. The place was not vacant; and as the summer was now drawing to a close, and I feared to be left with him on my hands for the winter, it seemed well to speak to him upon the subject of economy. The next time he called, I had not about me the exact sum for a night's lodging, — fifty cents, namely, — and asked him if he thought a dollar would do. He smiled sadly, as if he did not like jesting upon such a very serious subject, but said he allowed to work it out, and took it.

"Now, I hope you won't think I am interfering with your affairs," said his benefactor, "but I really think you are a very poor financier. According to your own account, you have been going on from year to year for a long time, trusting to luck for a night's lodging. Sometimes I suppose you have to sleep out of doors."

"No, never!" answered the veteran, with something like scorn. "I *never* sleep out doors. I would n't do it."

"Well, at any rate, some one has to pay for your lodging. Don't you think

you 'd come cheaper to your friends if, instead of going to a hotel every night, you 'd take a room somewhere, and pay for it by the month?"

"I 've thought of that. If I could get a good bed I 'd try it awhile anyhow. You see the hotels have raised. I used to get a lodgin' and a nice breakfast for a half a dollar, but now it is as much as you can do to get a lodgin' for the money, and it 's just as dear in the Port as it is in the city. I 've tried hotels pretty much everywhere, and one 's about as bad as another."

If he had been a travelled Englishman writing a book, he could not have spoken of hotels with greater disdain.

"You see, the trouble with me is, I ain't got any relations around here. Now," he added, with the life and eagerness of an inspiration, "if I had a mother and sisters livin' down at the Port, say, I would n't go hunting about for these mean little jobs everywheres. I 'd just lay round home, and wait till something come up big. What I want is a home."

At the instigation of a malignant spirit I asked the homeless orphan, "Why don't you get married, then?"

He gave me another smile, sadder, fainter, sweeter than before, and said: "When would you like to see me again, so I could work out this dollar?"

A sudden and unreasonable disgust for the character which had given me so much entertainment succeeded to my past delight. I felt, moreover, that I had bought the right to use some frankness with the veteran, and I said to him: "Do you know now, I should n't care if I *never* saw you again?"

I can only conjecture that he took the confidence in good part, for he did not appear again after that.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD — OPEN.

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

I.

"THIS is Faneuil Hall — open," said Mr. Webster on a memorable occasion in his life. This is the Pacific Railroad — open; and a more memorable event is it for our national life. I often think, with a private chuckle, of the many delightful surprises in store for those of us who go out over it now into our new and unknown West, before the tribe of guide-book makers, newspaper letter-writers, journal-keepers, and photographers have "done it to death" with pen and collodion. Europe long ago became only a familiar panorama, with the ohs and ahs and apt sentimentalism all written in at the proper places, like the "cheers" and "laughter" of a faithfully reported speech.

But thanks to the toughness of day and night stage travel for a continuous three weeks; thanks to the greed for gold and the high prices of food, leaving no time for those who have gone into this wide new land to look at its scenery, or to study its phenomena, or at least to write about them; thanks, indeed, to the Indians, of whom all sentimental travellers have a holy horror; thanks, finally, to the rapidity with which the railroad has been built, — we have here a world of nature, fresh and tempting for the explorer. The field is too broad, also, the variety of experiences to be had too great, the forms and freaks of nature too strange and too numerous, the whole revelation too unique and too astonishing, to be readily catalogued and put into flexible covers for one's overcoat-pocket. So the pleasure of original discovery — delicious victual for our vanity — may

not unfairly be enjoyed by those who travel within the next year or two by the Pacific Railroad, and are wise enough and have leisure enough to deploy liberally to the right and left at salient points along its track.

Near two thirds of all the land of the United States lies beyond the Mississippi; not counting in the outlying purchase of Alaska, which will doubtless prove a very good thing when we have found out what to do with it. The Pacific Railroad fairly bisects this vast area east and west, as the Rocky Mountains — the backbone and dividing line of the continent — do north and south; the two cutting it up into huge quarters, each of which would overlay all Europe this side of Russia, and flap lustily in the wind all around the edges. It will take us long to learn what there is on and in it; how long, indeed, to subjugate it to use and the ministries of civilization! But with one railroad of two thousand miles built across it in four years, and two others to follow within the present generation, our strides in its conquest are at least on equal scale with its majesty and its mysteries.

Skipping the Mississippi Valley as more or less familiar country to us all, and taking up the New West on the other side of the Missouri, where the Pacific Railroad proper begins, there are four great natural divisions in the country hence to the Pacific. First the Plains, that grandest of all glacial deposits according to Agassiz, five hundred miles wide and one thousand miles long, stretching from river to mountains, from Britain to Mexico; a magnificent earth-ocean, rolling up in beautiful green billows along the shores of the continental streams and continental mountains that border it, but calming down in the vast centre as if the divine voice had here again uttered its "Peace, be still." The ocean does not give deeper sense of illimitable space; never such feeling of endless repose, as inspires the traveller amid this unchanging boundlessness. We used to call it The Great American Desert; it is really the great natural pasture-ground of the nation; and the Platte will yet prove the northern Nile. The antelope, the buffalo, and the wolf are already disappearing before the horse, the ox, and the sheep, and these, for so far as the waters of the Platte may be spread, — and volume and fall offer wide promise for that, — will give way in time to fields of corn and wheat.

Next the Mountains, — five hundred miles width of mountains, staying the continent at its centre, and feeding the great waters that fertilize two thirds its area, and keep the two oceans alive. The Cordilleras of South America, the Rocky Mountains of North America, are here broken up into a dozen subranges, with vast elevated plains lying among and between; their crests broken down and wasted away for a pathway for the iron track across the continent. This section is full of natural wonder and beauty, of scientific variety and marvel; in its centre, holding the divide of the continent, lies a great barren basin, without living streams, and almost without living springs, — a desert, indeed, which the trains should always manage to pass over in the night; and beyond is the picturesque descent into Salt Lake valley, past majestic ruins of majestic mountains, under towering walls of granite, along banks of snow and beds of flowers, through narrow canyons with frowning sides, down streams whose waters lead the locomotive a losing race, and turn the train from one novelty to another, from one wonder to a greater, — altogether, perhaps, the most interesting and exciting portion of the whole continental ride.

Now a third stretch of five hundred miles through Utah and Nevada, whose united territory takes in little more than the vast interior basin, which, more properly than any other region in our extended territory, merits the name of the American Desert. The Colorado and its tributaries drain much of its eastern and all its southeastern portions; and some of the shorter branch-

es of the Snake or Columbia cross its northern border; but, with these exceptions, all the waters within its six hundred by three hundred miles' area rise and flow and waste within itself. They contribute nothing to the common stock of the ocean. Salt Lake is its chief sheet of water, — fifty by one hundred miles in extent, — and is bountifully fed from the western slopes of the Rocky Mountain ranges, but has no visible outlet. The Humboldt River, lying east and west along its upper line, and marking the track of the railroad for some three hundred miles, though fed from various ranges of mountains, that cut the basin every dozen or twenty miles north and south, yet finally weakens and wastes itself in a huge sink within a hundred miles of the California line. So with the fresh streams that pour down on the western border from the Sierra Nevadas; and those of feebler flow from the winter snows of the interior mountain ranges, — all, so soon as they reach the valleys, begin to be rapidly absorbed by the dry air and the drier elements of the soil, and sooner or later absolutely die away. Yet, where and while they do exist, there are strips of fertile land that yield most abundantly in grass and grain and vegetables; and where, as in the Salt Lake valley on the east, and in the Carson on the west, the mountain streams can be divided and spread about in fertilizing ditches, agriculture wins its greatest triumphs.

As a whole, this is a barren and uninteresting country for the general traveller; sodas and salts and sulphurs taint the waters and the soils; the dust, wherever disturbed, is as searching and poisonous as it is delicate and impalpable; the rare grass is not green, but a sickly yellow or a faint gray; trees and shrubs huddle like starved and frightened sheep into little nooks among the hills, — stunted and peevish in growth and character, with no others near, and often none visible within the horizon's stretch of ten or twenty miles; no flower dreams of life in such uncongeniality; wastes of volcanic rocks lie along and around rivers that might otherwise be tempted to bless the country they pass through; beds of furious torrents slash the hillsides and mar the valleys; while fields of alkali look in the distance like refreshing banks of snow, and taunt approach with the suffocating reality. Some of the valleys seem indeed to realize the character of the fabled Death's Valley of southern Nevada, within which no vegetable life ever creeps, out of which no human life ever goes; and yet, within this grand area of distance and desert, two States have risen and are prosperous, — one planted by the fanaticism of a religion, and the other by the fanaticism for gold and silver. To these are we indebted for our path across the continent; and in these the traveller finds refreshment for his finer senses in the purity of the air, and the beauty of the rounded hills that, with the winds for architect, present such forms, unbroken by rock or trees, as are a constant exhilaration to the eye.

The final division of the journey begins with the eastern foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and carries us over these, through twice-welcome forests of unaccustomed height and variety; by broad lakes of rare purity and beauty; along rocky precipices unscaled until the engineer for the railroad planted his level on the walls, and the Chinaman followed with his subduing pick; down by fathomless gorges; through long delaying foot-hills, — wasted with the miner's ruthless touch, or green with the vineyards that promise to heal the wounds of nature; out by the muddy Sacramento, and its broad alluvials, golden brown with the summer's decay; over long stretches of the tule marshes; under the shadows of Mount Diablo; finally across the wide inland bay to the sand hills which the Pacific has thrown up as a barrier to its own restless ambition, and over which San Francisco roughly but rapidly creeps into her position as the second great city of America.

This is but a two hundred miles' ride, and should be made from sun to

sun, for it takes the traveller through lands already famed in our history, and introduces him to that region of wonderful wealth, of contradictory and comprehensive nature, of strange scientific revelations, of fascinations unequalled, of repulsions undisputed, — California, the seat of a new empire, the promised creator of a new race. And here the traveller's experiences have but just begun; his curiosity is brought only to its edge. Let us go back and look around, and see where he should linger, on what it should feed itself.

II.

Humboldt, in one of his solemn sentences, prescribes three requisites for travel in new regions: 1. Serenity of mind; 2. Passionate love for some class of scientific labor; 3. A pure feeling for the enjoyment which Nature, in her freedom, is ready to impart. These are all very desirable; at least one is indispensable; but my companions may swap off the other two for a well-filled purse and a good set of flannels. We may be as serene and scientific and sentimental as the old German traveller himself; but without these other possessions, we cannot go far or be very comfortable.

Then we must be liberal as to time, too; the average American can see Europe in thirty days, I know; but this is a bigger job. True, with that limit, he can be carried from Boston to San Francisco in ten days, — allowing for a night or two in bed, and one or two failures to connect at that, — and back in the same time, and have a third ten days to look about him in the mountains, in Utah and in 'Friscoe; and this is better than nothing, of course; but still, comparing what he thinks he knows with what he really does, before and after such a trip, he will be immensely more ignorant when he returns than he was at starting. I cannot tolerate the idea of less than sixty days; and we shall find three months devoted to the journey the busiest and best spent in our lives. That is as little time as any one proposing really to see our interior and Pacific States should allow himself to take for the purpose. So make a ninety-day note for your expenses, — well, say five hundred dollars a month, — the average Atlantic reader will hardly get off with less, — and leave a good indorser for any little contingency of delay, such as a pressing invitation to visit a "friendly" Indian village, or a long call from those persuasive gentlemen of the interior basin, "the road agents." We may as well count railroad travel at five cents a mile, and stage at twenty cents, and board and lodging, whether with Pullman or at the hotels, at five dollars a day. Extras and contingencies will absorb all these allowances have to spare, — if they have any.

Prejudices against sleeping-cars must be conquered at the start. They are a necessity of our long American travel. There are often no inviting or even tolerable places for stopping over night, and, besides, we cannot afford to lose the time, when so much of beauty and interest lies beyond. But the Pullman saloon, sleeping and restaurant cars of the West, — as yet unknown in the Atlantic States, — make railroad travelling a different thing from what it is in the close, cramped, ill-ventilated, dirty box-cars of common experience. They introduce a comfort, even a luxury, into life on the rail, that European travel has not yet attained to. For the Pacific Railroad excursions these cars will be offered to private parties on special charter; that is, one or two dozen people may club together, and hire one for their home by day and night as they ride through to the Pacific coast, and back, stopping over with them wherever they choose on the route. By day, they are open, roomy, broad-seated cars; by night, they offer equally comfortable beds, with clean linen and thick blankets; with as good toilet accommodations as space will allow, and a servant at command constantly. Those with a kitchen furnish a meal to order, equal to that of a first-class restaurant, and with neat and

fresh table appointments. But the eating-stations on the whole route already average respectably; some of them are most excellent; and all will soon be at least good. The modern American mind, especially that of the Western type, gives intelligent thought to the food question; and one of the surprises before us is the excellent victual they will give us on the Pacific coast.

The Pullman cars go along with all through trains, and the independent traveller can make such use of them, day or night, as he chooses to pay for. Those for sleeping only are attached to the trains as night approaches, and dropped in the morning, while the traveller resumes his place in the regular cars of the road. But travellers who can afford the extra expense will choose either to share in a special charter of one for the round trip, or engage a particular seat and berth in a regular one for so far as they may be going without stopping. To understand their advantages, and learn how best to make use of them, is a part of the education of the traveller in New America. Their introduction and development and popular use mark an era in the history of railroad travel; and place America at the head of nations in its convenience and comfort.

Though Pullman promises to back one of these cars to order up at our very doors in Boston or New York, we shall naturally take up our grand journey at Chicago. This is just one third the way across the continent, and the beginning of the New West, whose spirit is nowhere else so proudly rampant, in whose growth no other city is so intimately concerned. The pulse of the Pacific beats with electric sympathy on the southern shore of Lake Michigan; and if Chicago does not hear every blow of the pick in the depths of the gold-mines of Colorado and Montana, she at least has made sure to furnish the pick, and to have a claim on the gold it brings to light.

One now, two next month, three in the fall, and another year four roads invite us across Illinois and Iowa to the junction of the Pacific road proper on the Missouri River. This five-hundred-mile ride is through the best of the rich prairie country of the Mississippi Valley. If it is stranger to us, it will arouse our enthusiasm by its wide-reaching openness, the evidences of its fertility, and the signs of its civilization and prosperity; if we have been introduced before, we shall even the more wonder at the rapidity of its growth and the wealth of its accumulating harvests. It is quite worth while to stop a day either on the Mississippi River at Clinton or Davenport or Burlington, or at some such town as Geneva or Dixon in Illinois, or Grinnell or Des Moines in Iowa, and see more closely than the cars permit the character and culture of this most interesting region and its population. Last year, before the Pacific Railroad was open, it was the New West; now it is the Old; but it will always be the garden and granary of the continent. It is our new New England; here the Yankee has broadened and softened; and what he can do, what he has done, with a richer soil, a broader area, a larger hope, and a surer realization, is worth the scrutiny of every American and every student of America. Those who would understand the sources of American wealth, and the courses of American politics and religion, must understand Illinois and Iowa. New England is, indeed, dwarfed in the larger life of the mellower regions of the Republic, — it may be the taunt of her enemies that hers is a departed sceptre is substantially true; but she has a resurrection here, and her sons and daughters have come to a new glory in these prairies, heavenly by comparison with her sterile hillsides. Stop and see if you recognize them in their new robes.

Council Bluffs, the depot of the gathering lines of the East, and Omaha, opposite, the starting-point of the grand continental line, challenge attention for the striking diversity and yet striking similarity of their locations on the bottoms and bluffs of the Missouri River, as well as for the wonderful rapidity of

their growth and their large future promise. Four railroads come in already from the East at Council Bluffs; very soon the number will be doubled; and with these and the swift and strong Missouri rolling between, and carrying steamboats two thousand miles north to the very line of British America and the Rocky Mountains, and two thousand miles south to the Gulf of Mexico, the two towns are surely to be one of the largest centres of traffic and travel on the continent.

We shall not need to stop for the next five hundred miles. The first hundred and fifty are a repetition of the Iowa we have left behind, — rich rolling prairies, already broken by plough, or smoothed with the track of the mower, — beyond, the grand Plains proper, cut by the Platte, with wood-houses and water-spouts every twelve or fifteen miles, and workshops and eating-houses every seventy-five or one hundred; the road straight as an arrow across the whole region, and apparently as level as the floor, though actually rising steadily at the rate of ten feet to the mile for the entire five hundred miles; — there is enough of the journey to satisfy curiosity and exhaust novelty; there is none too much to absorb the grand impressions of vastness, and majesty of area, and take in the glory of sunset and sunrise along the unending horizon. The Plains introduce us, also, to that dry, pure atmosphere — that cloudless sky and far-reaching vision — which is the great and growing charm of the whole region from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Moving westward from New England, there is a constantly increasing dryness of atmosphere, with a broadening sweep and power for the eye; but, after getting fairly outside Eastern influences upon the Plains, it takes on a positive character, and the traveller feels it as a beauty, as an exhilaration, an inspiration to every sense. It surrounds him with a new world; it fills him with a new spirit; and it gives delight and loveliness to experiences and forms, that would never have pleased under different skies and in a denser atmosphere. The nights become cold also. Glaring as may have been the day's sun, and searching its heat, the evening brings refreshing coolness, and the night need of blankets. This phenomenon, too, will attend him through all the new countries he is now entering upon.

At Cheyenne the Plains end and the Mountains begin, — in the eye of faith and the figures of railroad subsidies. The hills at least come into sight; and though the track goes forward through an open country, the shadows of the great Rocky Mountain belt fall faintly around us. Cheyenne wondered and waited long, but finally determined to be a town. Colorado makes its connection here with the continental road; it is as high up — near six thousand feet above the sea level — as that road will care to have the winter quarters of its supplies and machinery; it is far enough away to be out of the shadow of Omaha; and Denver lies one hundred miles to the south, and is off the main route. So the town has several thousand settled population, and is steadily growing. Here I make a personal point of our switching off. We must see Denver, the real Rocky Mountains, which the railroad cheats us of, — their grand snow peaks and their wonderful wide parks, the scene and the source of the central life of the continent, before we shall talk with the Mormons, hear the sigh of the Sierra Nevada pines, or listen to the roll of the Pacific waters.

III.

Though Colorado lies below the line of our first Pacific Railroad, and above the second, — which I take it will be the Southern, — she cannot be refused a first place among their revelations. Because of her mountains, which turn the tracks north and south, she allures the lovers of the grand and the picturesque in scenery; because of her mines of gold and silver, she seduces the greedy for gain; because of the agricultural resources of her plains and her

valleys, she will have steady growth, permanent prosperity, and moral rectitude, — for these are the gifts of a recompensing soil; because of her many and various mineral springs, soda, sulphur, and iron, and of her wonderfully clear, dry, and pure atmosphere, she will be the resort of the health-seeking. Within her borders, the great continental mountains display their most magnificent proportions, the great continental rivers spring from melting snows, the plains invite the farmer and the husbandman, and the best population, between the Missouri River and California, has organized itself into a State. Fifty thousand people here have more than become self-supporting; they are already wealth-producing; and social order and its institutions of education and religion are established. The main Pacific Railroad wisely hastens to connect itself with them by a branch from Cheyenne to Denver; and St. Louis "builded better than she knew" after all, when, in the apparent spirit of a blind rivalry, she pushed her Eastern Division Pacific Road straight towards their centre. Failing to go through the mountains, this road will yet find recompense in furnishing the most direct communication between Colorado and the East, and in throwing out branches from its terminus here, through the best agricultural sections of Colorado, to the main continental lines, above and below.

If the branch track is not laid to Denver when we leave Cheyenne, so much the better. The stage ride of this one hundred miles is an experience that I welcome the stranger to. It is the best representation of that sort of travel which the rapid progress of our railway system has left us. Fine Concord coaches, six sleek and gay horses in every team, changed each ten miles, good meals on the way, the road itself generally smooth and hard over the open rolling prairie, the sky clear, the air an inspiration, the open ocean of the plains on one side, the long and high mountain battlements shadowing us on the other, — altogether this is as fine a bit of out-door life by day as will come within the range of all our summer's journey. By night, for the ride occupies the night as well, there are other incidents which I forbear to mention in detail; but if my companions served in the war, or have tended sick and cross babies through a winter's night, when they had the tooth-ache themselves, I am sure they will survive it.

We shall like Denver, spread out upon the rising plain, with the Platte River flowing through and around it, with broad streets and fine blocks of stores, and a panoramic mountain view before it, such as rises before no other town in all the circle of modern travel. For one hundred miles, buttressed on the north by Long's Peak and on the south by Pike's Peak, each 14,000 feet high, its line of majestic rock and snow peaks stretches before the eye, ever a surprise by its variety, ever a beauty by its form and color, ever an inspiration in its grandeur. The Alps from Berne do not compare with the Rocky Mountains from Denver; in nearness, in variety, in clearness of atmosphere, in grand sweep of distance, in majestic uplifting of height, these are vastly the superior. Any man with a susceptibility to God's presence in nature must find it very easy to be good in Denver. Certainly, to watch these mountains, through the changes of light and cloud of a summer's day and evening, is a joyful experience worth coming from a long distance to Denver to share.

The mining centres of Colorado are up among its mountains, twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five miles from Denver, which is but the political and business capital, and thus facilities exist for travel into the regions whither we would go for knowledge and enjoyment of nature. Ten hours of staging take us through Central City, the chief gold-mining centre, at a height of seven thousand feet above the sea, with a population of several thousands, on to Georgetown, two thousand feet higher, the centre of the silver production, with nearly three thousand inhabitants. The way

is full of mountain and valley scenery of freshest interest and startling beauty. At Idaho and Fall River, little villages in the South Clear Creek valley, on the route, are accommodations for summer visitors, with cold and warm soda springs at the former place, furnishing most luxurious bathing. And at Georgetown, with larger and better hotels, we are in the very heart of the highest and finest mountain life of the State.

Gray's Peaks, the highest explored summits of Colorado (14,500 feet), and named for the distinguished Cambridge botanist, lie just beyond and above the town, and the excursion to and from their tops may easily be made in a day with guide and horses from Georgetown. The working of mines up as high as twelve thousand feet has secured a wagon-road two thirds the way, and a trail for horses goes to either of the two summits of the mountain. The view from either, of a clear morning, is the most commanding and impressive, I truly believe, within the range of all ordinary American or European travel. Nothing in the Alps takes you so high, reaches so wide. There we overlook a petty province; here the broad American Continent spreads itself around us as a centre, and stretches out its illimitable lengths before the eye. The rain-drops falling on one coat-sleeve flow off to the Pacific; on the other, to the Atlantic; we are at the very apex, the absolute physical centre of the North American Continent; the scene assures the thought, and is worthy of the fact. Fold on fold of snow-slashed and rock-ribbed mountains lie all around, — west, east, north, and south; they riot in luxuriant multiplicity; for this is the fastness, the gathering and distributing point of the grand continental range; while away to the east lies the gray-green sea of the Plains, and distributed among the snow folds of the mountains are miniature copies of the same, which look like patches of prairie amid the continent of mountains, yet are, in fact, great Central Parks, from ten to thirty miles wide and forty to seventy miles long. North, Middle, South, and San Luis Parks, — they lie along through the whole line of Central Colorado, — great elevated basins or plains, directly under the highest mountains, — soft and smooth ways upon the very backbone of the continent. Some lie on the Atlantic side, others on the Pacific side of the divide; and their height above the sea level ranges from seven thousand to ten thousand feet. In Europe or in New England this height in this latitude would be perpetual barrenness, if not perpetual ice and snow; but here in Western America, grains and vegetables are successfully cultivated and cattle graze the year round at seven thousand feet, while between that and ten thousand feet there is rich summer pasturage and often great crops of natural grass are cured for hay.

These great fertile areas among the high mountains of Colorado — this wedding of majestic hill and majestic plain, of summer and winter, of fecund life and barren rock — present abundant attractions for a full summer's travel. For the lover of the grand and the novel in nature, or the weary seeking rest from toil and excitement, our country offers nothing so richly recompensing as a summer among the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. The dryness of the climate inviting to out-door life, is favorable to lung difficulties, though the very thin air of the higher regions must be avoided by those whose lungs are quite weak. Asthma and bronchitis flee before the breath of this dry, pure atmosphere, and it operates as an exhilarating nerve tonic to all. Denver and St. Louis are about in the same latitude, and their thermometers have nearly the same range, though Denver is nearly six thousand feet higher. Its noons are probably warmer, and its nights are certainly cooler, the year round; but the dryer and lighter air, ever in motion from plain and mountain, makes its summer heats always tolerable. Denver is exposed to snow from October to May, but it rarely stays long; sleighing is as much of a novelty as at Wash-

ington or Philadelphia, and its winters are more like a dry, clear New England November than any other season of the East. The valleys and parks of the mountains are similar in climatic character, allowing for the difference of three or four thousand feet in elevation. The principal snows are in early spring, and the rains in late spring and early summer. Midwinter and midsummer are uniformly dry and clear. When clouds and storms do come, they are always brief. The sun soon shines through them to warm and clear the sky.

The saddle and the camp are the true conditions of extended travel or a summer's life in Colorado. A party of four, well mounted on mules or Western ponies, with a guide and servant, and two pack-mules for tents and blankets and food, can gain such experience of rare nature, such gift of health, such endowment of pleasure, in leisurely travel over its mountains and among its parks, lingering by the side of their beautiful lakes and their abundant streams fat with trout, basking in its sunshine, hunting in its woods, and bathing in its mineral springs, as nowhere else that I know of in all America. This is surely destined to be "the correct thing to do," for the pleasure and health seekers of the future America.

Over in Middle Park, two days' horseback ride from Georgetown, are the famous Hot Sulphur Springs, — a douche-bath and a sitz-bath united, such as only experience of their wondrous tonic can appreciate. The water is of the temperature of 110° Fahrenheit, — as hot as human flesh can bear, — and pours over a ledge of rock ten feet high into a pool below with a stream of four to six inches in diameter. When wagon-roads are made to the spot, as they soon will be, invalids will flock to these springs in July and August from the whole country. Already they are a favorite local resort, despite the hard climb over the mountains into the valley where they lie.

The South Park is the most attractive and most frequented of these elevated areas; and a good wagon-road from Denver, branching out within the Park to all its various sections, and taverns and mining villages strung freely along one and through the other, invite the traveller to its easy enjoyment. Mount Lincoln, the great parent mountain of the parent range, stands at the northwestern angle of the Park, and may be ascended without too severe labor from the village of Montgomery. It is of the same height as the loftiest of Gray's Peaks, and commands a like view. The connoisseurs in mountain views in Colorado dispute as to which summit offers the wider and grander prospect. Either view is grand enough, and one or other should be enjoyed by every visitor to Colorado. Our ascent of Lincoln was made amid contending torrents of rain, snow, hail, and sunshine; and though the views we obtained were not so complete and satisfactory as those from Gray, the experience was perhaps the grander, because of its variety, and the terrible impressiveness of a storm on the mountain-tops, opening and closing long glimpses of ghastly worlds of rocks and snow below and all around us.

The upper mountains of Colorado — at 11,000 and 12,000 feet — hold numerous pools and lakes, and not infrequent waterfalls; a party, that made the ascent of Long's Peak for the first time last season, report nearly forty lakes in view at once; but the parks and lower ranges offer them but rarely. A day's ride, in saddle or wagon, out of South Park over into the valley of the Upper Arkansas, where various new beauties of scenery await the explorer, will carry us into the presence of the Twin Lakes, as beautifully lying sheets of water as mountains ever guarded or sun shone on. They are of kindred character with the Cumberland lakes of England, the Swiss and Italian lakes, and those of Tahoe and Donner in the California Sierra Nevada, which are among the sweet revelations of the Pacific Railroad. The Twin Lakes will be one of the specialties when the world goes to Colorado for its summer vacations.

The tree life of the Rocky Mountains

is meagre; pines and firs and aspens (or cottonwood) make up its catalogue; nor are these so abundant or so rich in size or beauty as to challenge special attention. They grow in greatest luxuriance at elevations of from eight to eleven thousand feet, and the timber line does not cease till nearly twelve thousand feet is reached. A silver-fir or spruce is the one charm among the trees. But the flora is more varied and more beautiful; Dr. Parry reports one hundred and forty-one different species in these higher mountains, eighty-four of which are peculiar to them; and I can report that nowhere else have I gathered such wealth, in glory of color and perfection and numbers, of fringed gentians, harebells, painter's brush, buttercups, larkspurs, child sunflowers, dandelions, and columbines, as on these eight and ten thousand feet high hillsides, or in little nooks of grass and grove still higher. Blue and yellow are the dominant colors; but the reds flame out in the painter's brush and the kernel of the sunflowers, like beacons of light amid darkness. With much lacking in details of beauty and interest, that are found in the country life of New England and the Middle States, as in California, Colorado more than redeems herself by the charm of her atmosphere and the magnificent majesty of her mountains and her plains. These are her title to supremacy, — her claim to be to America what Switzerland is to Europe.

But I cannot hope my Pacific Railroad travellers will give more than seven or ten days to Colorado, — an appetizer for a future summer's feast, — and I rely on the patriotic and thrifty citizens of Denver and Georgetown to perfect some arrangements, by which, in that time, they may get a fair glimpse of its grand and rare specialties of mountain ranges and enfolded parks, and a share in the enjoyment they offer. A ride up through the mountains by Boulder Creek or South Clear Creek valleys, on to the head of the latter above Empire or at Georgetown; the ascent of Gray or Lincoln; and a peep into and a cut across the South Park, with two or three nights in camp, and a half-day's trout-fishing, — these I consider essential; and under good guidance they may all be had within the time mentioned. Ascending Gray's Peaks from Georgetown, I should recommend going down on the other side, and a night's camp on the Snake River; thence to the junction of the Snake, the Blue, and Ten Mile Creek; up the Blue to Breckinridge; over the Breckinridge Pass into South Park at Hamilton or Fairplay; and thence, if there is not time for Lincoln or the Arkansas Lakes, across the Park and out to Denver by Turkey Creek Canyon and the Plains. All this could be put into seven days from Denver, though ten would be better; but through lack of a wagon-road from Georgetown over to Snake River, it would have to be done in part or altogether in the saddle. Hotels could be reached for all but one or two nights; but these may be made, with fortunate camping-ground, choice companions, and plenty of blankets and firewood, the most memorable and happy of the whole week.

With such experience as this, we go back to the railroad at Cheyenne, with a new sense of the greatness of America, with a curious doubting wonder as to what can lie beyond, and with appetites that we shall probably have to go to Ford's to satisfy, while waiting for our train for Salt Lake City.

A RIDE WITH A MAD HORSE IN A FREIGHT-CAR.

SHOULD the reader ever visit the south inlet of Racquette Lake, — one of the loveliest bits of water in the Adirondack wilderness, — at the lower end of the pool below the falls, on the left-hand side going up, he will see the charred remnants of a camp-fire. It was there that the following story was first told, — told, too, so graphically, with such vividness, that I found little difficulty, when writing it out from memmory two months later, in recalling the exact words of the narrator in almost every instance.

It was in the month of July, 1868, that John and I, having located our permanent camp on Constable's Point, were lying off and on, as sailors say, about the lake, pushing our explorations on all sides out of sheer love of novelty and abhorrence of idleness. We were returning, late one afternoon of a hot, sultry day, from a trip to Shedd Lake, — a lonely, out-of-the-way spot which few sportsmen have ever visited, — and had reached the falls on South Inlet just after sunset. As we were getting short of venison, we decided to lie by awhile and float down the river on our way to camp, in hope of meeting a deer. To this end we had gone ashore at this point, and, kindling a small fire, were waiting for denser darkness. We had barely started the blaze, when the tap of a carelessly handled paddle against the side of a boat warned us that we should soon have company, and in a moment two boats glided around the curve below, and were headed directly toward our bivouac. The boats contained two gentlemen and their guides. We gave them a cordial, hunter-like greeting, and, lighting our pipes, were soon engaged in cheerful conversation, spiced with story-telling. It might have been some twenty minutes or more, when another boat, smaller than you ordinarily see even on those waters, containing only the paddler, came noiselessly around the bend below, and stood revealed in the reflection of the firelight. I chanced to be sitting in such a position as to command a full view of the curve in the river, or I should not have known of any approach, for the boat was so sharp and light, and he who urged it along so skilled at the paddle, that not a ripple, no, nor the sound of a drop of water falling from blade or shaft, betrayed the paddler's presence. If there is anything over which I become enthusiastic, it is such a boat and such paddling. To see a boat of bark or cedar move through the water noiselessly as a shadow drifts across a meadow, no jar or creak above, no gurgling of displaced water below, no whirling and rippling wake astern, is something bordering so nearly on the weird and ghostly, that custom can never make it seem other than marvellous to me. Thus, as I sat half reclining, and saw that little shell come floating airily out of the darkness into the projection of the firelight, as a feather might come blown by the night-wind, I thought I had never seen a prettier or more fairy-like sight. None of the party save myself were so seated as to look down stream, and I wondered which of the three guides would first discover the presence of the approaching boat. Straight on it came. Light as a piece of finest cork it sat upon and glided over the surface of the river; no dip and roll, no drip of falling water as the paddle-shaft gently rose and sank. The paddler, whoever he might be, knew his art thoroughly. He sat erect and motionless. The turn of the wrists, and the easy elevation of his arms as he feathered his paddle, were the only movements visible. But for these the gazer might deem him a statue carved from the material of the boat, a mere inanimate part of it. I have boated

much in bark canoe and cedar shell alike, and John and I have stolen on many a camp that never knew our coming or our going, with paddles which touched the water as snow-flakes touch the earth; and well I knew, as I sat gazing at this man, that not one boatman, red man or white, in a hundred could handle a paddle like that. The quick ear of John, when the stranger was within thirty feet of the landing, detected the lightest possible touch of a lily-pad against the side of the boat as it just grazed it glancing by, and his "hist" and sudden motion toward the river drew the attention of the whole surprised group thither. The boat glided to the sand so gently as barely to disturb a grain, and the paddler, noiseless in all his movements, stepped ashore and entered our circle.

"Well, stranger," said John, "I don't know how long your fingers have polished a paddle-shaft, but it is n't every man who can push a boat up ten rods of open water within twenty feet of my back without my knowing it."

The stranger laughed pleasantly, and, without making any direct reply, lighted his pipe and joined in the conversation. He was tall in stature, wiry, and bronzed. An ugly cicatrice stretched on the left side of his face from temple almost down to chin. His eyes were dark gray, frank, and genial. I concluded at once that he was a gentleman, and had seen service. Before he joined us, we had been whiling away the time by story-telling, and John was at the very crisis of an adventure with a panther, when his quick ear detected the stranger's approach. Explaining this to him, I told John to resume his story, which he did. Thus half an hour passed quickly, all of us relating some "experience." At last I proposed that Mr. Roberts — for so we will call him — should entertain us; "and," continued I, "if I am right in my surmise that you have seen service and been under fire, give us some adventure or incident which may have befallen you during the war." He complied, and then and there, gentle reader, I heard from his lips the story which, for the entertainment of friends, I afterward wrote out. It left a deep impression upon all who heard it around our camp-fire under the pines that night; and from the mind of one I know has never been erased the impression made by the story which I have named

A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight-Car.

"Well," said the stranger, as he loosened his belt and stretched himself in an easy, recumbent position, "it is not more than fair that I should throw something into the stock of common entertainment; but the story I am to tell you is a sad one, and I fear will not add to the pleasure of the evening. As you desire it, however, and it comes in the line of the request that I would narrate some personal episode of the war, I will tell it, and trust the impression will not be altogether unpleasant.

"It was at the battle of Malvern Hill, — a battle where the carnage was more frightful, as it seems to me, than in any this side of the Alleghanies during the whole war, — that my story must begin. I was then serving as Major in the —th Massachusetts Regiment, — the old —th as we used to call it, — and a bloody time the boys had of it too. About 2 P. M. we had been sent out to skirmish along the edge of the wood in which, as our generals suspected, the Rebs lay massing for a charge across the slope, upon the crest of which our army was posted. We had barely entered the underbrush when we met the heavy formations of Magruder in the very act of charging. Of course, our thin line of skirmishers was no impediment to those onrushing masses. They were on us and over us before we could get out of the way. I do not think that half of those running, screaming masses of men ever knew that they had passed over the remnants of as plucky a regiment as ever came out of the old Bay State. But many of the boys had good reason to remember

that afternoon at the base of Malvern Hill, and I among the number; for when the last line of Rebs had passed over me, I was left amid the bushes with the breath nearly trampled out of me, and an ugly bayonet-gash through my thigh; and mighty little consolation was it for me at that moment to see the fellow who run me through lying stark dead at my side, with a bullet-hole in his head, his shock of coarse black hair matted with blood, and his stony eyes looking into mine. Well, I bandaged up my limb the best I might, and started to crawl away, for our batteries had opened, and the grape and canister that came hurtling down the slope passed but a few feet over my head. It was slow and painful work, as you can imagine, but at last, by dint of perseverance, I had dragged myself away to the left of the direct range of the batteries, and, creeping to the verge of the wood, looked off over the green slope. I understood by the crash and roar of the guns, the yells and cheers of the men, and that hoarse murmur which those who have been in battle know, but which I cannot describe in words, that there was hot work going on out there; but never have I seen, no, not in that three days' desperate *mêlée* at the Wilderness, nor at that terrific repulse we had at Cold Harbor, such absolute slaughter as I saw that afternoon on the green slope of Malvern Hill. The guns of the entire army were massed on the crest, and thirty thousand of our infantry lay, musket in hand, in front. For eight hundred yards the hill sank in easy declension to the wood, and across this smooth expanse the Rebs must charge to reach our lines. It was nothing short of downright insanity to order men to charge that hill; and so his generals told Lee, but he would not listen to reason that day, and so he sent regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, and division after division, to certain death. Talk about Grant's disregard of human life, his effort at Cold Harbor — and I ought to know, for I got a minie in my shoulder that day — was hopeful and easy work to what Lee laid on Hill's and Magruder's divisions at Malvern. It was at the close of the second charge, when the yelling mass reeled back from before the blaze of those sixty guns and thirty thousand rifles, even as they began to break and fly backward toward the woods, that I saw from the spot where I lay a riderless horse break out of the confused and flying mass, and, with mane and tail erect and spreading nostril, come dashing obliquely down the slope. Over fallen steeds and heaps of the dead she leaped with a motion as airy as that of the flying fox when, fresh and unjaded, he leads away from the hounds, whose sudden cry has broken him off from hunting mice amid the bogs of the meadow. So this riderless horse came vaulting along. Now from my earliest boyhood I have had what horsemen call a 'weakness' for horses. Only give me a colt of wild, irregular temper and fierce blood to tame, and I am perfectly happy. Never did lash of mine, singing with cruel sound through the air, fall on such a colt's soft hide. Never did yell or kick send his hot blood from heart to head deluging his sensitive brain with fiery currents, driving him to frenzy or blinding him with fear; but touches, soft and gentle as a woman's, caressing words, and oats given from the open palm, and unfailing kindness, were the means I used to 'subjugate' him. Sweet subjugation, both to him who subdues and to him who yields! The wild, unmannerly, and unmanageable colt, the fear of horsemen the country round, finding in you, not an enemy but a friend, receiving his daily food from you, and all those little 'nothings' which go as far with a horse as a woman, to win and retain affection, grows to look upon you as his protector and friend, and testifies in countless ways his fondness for you. So when I saw this horse, with action so free and motion so graceful, amid that storm of bullets, my heart involuntarily went out to her, and my feelings rose higher and higher at every leap she took from amid the whirlwind of fire and lead. And as she plunged at last over a little

hillock out of range and came careering toward me as only a riderless horse might come, her head flung wildly from side to side, her nostrils widely spread, her flank and shoulders flecked with foam, her eye dilating, I forgot my wound and all the wild roar of battle, and, lifting myself involuntarily to a sitting posture as she swept grandly by, gave her a ringing cheer.

"Perhaps in the sound of a human voice of happy mood amid the awful din she recognized a resemblance to the voice of him whose blood moistened her shoulders and was even yet dripping from saddle and housings. Be that as it may, no sooner had my voice sounded than she flung her head with a proud upward movement into the air, swerved sharply to the left, neighed as she might to a master at morning from her stall, and came trotting directly up to where I lay, and, pausing, looked down upon me as it were in compassion. I spoke again, and stretched out my hand caressingly. She pricked her ears, took a step forward and lowered her nose until it came in contact with my palm. Never did I fondle anything more tenderly, never did I see an animal which seemed to so court and appreciate human tenderness as that beautiful mare. I say 'beautiful.' No other word might describe her. Never will her image fade from my memory while memory lasts.

"In weight she might have turned, when well conditioned, nine hundred and fifty pounds. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair indescribably rich and elegant. Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her plush-like coat as they ran their white, jewelled fingers through her silken hair. Her body was round in the barrel, and perfectly symmetrical. She was wide in the haunches, without projection of the hip-bones, upon which the shorter ribs seemed to lap. High in the withers as she was, the line of her back and neck perfectly curved, while her deep, oblique shoulders and long thick fore-arm, ridgy with swelling sinews, suggesting the perfection of stride and power. Her knees across the pan were wide, the cannon-bone below them short and thin; the pasterns long and sloping; her hoofs round, dark, shiny, and well set on. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin, as a thoroughbred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen. Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature, hard, devoid of fat, and well cut up under the chops. Her nostrils were full, very full, and thin almost as parchment. The eyes, from which tears might fall or fire flash, were well brought out, soft as a gazelle's, almost human in their intelligence, while over the small bony head, over neck and shoulders, yea, over the whole body and clean down to the hoofs, the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue-paper against which the warm blood pressed, and which it might at any moment burst asunder. 'A perfect animal,' I said to myself, as I lay looking her over, — 'an animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunshine, so cheerful and so swift she seems; an animal which a man would present as his choicest gift to the woman he loved, and yet one which that woman, wife or lady-love, would give him to ride when honor and life depended on bottom and speed.'

"All that afternoon the beautiful mare stood over me, while away to the right of us the hoarse tide of battle flowed and ebbed. What charm, what delusion of memory, held her there? Was my face to her as the face of her dead master, sleeping a sleep from which not even the wildest roar of battle, no, nor her cheerful neigh at morning, would ever wake him? Or is there in animals some instinct, answering to our intuition, only more potent, which tells them whom to trust and whom to avoid? I know not, and yet some such sense they may have, they

must have; or else why should this mare so fearlessly attach herself to me? By what process of reason or instinct I know not, but there she chose me for her master; for when some of my men at dusk came searching, and found me, and, laying me on a stretcher, started toward our lines, the mare, uncompelled, of her own free will, followed at my side; and all through that stormy night of wind and rain, as my men struggled along through the mud and mire toward Harrison's Landing, the mare followed, and ever after, until she died, was with me, and was mine, and I, so far as man might be, was hers. I named her Gulnare.

"As quickly as my wound permitted, I was transported to Washington, whither I took the mare with me. Her fondness for me grew daily, and soon became so marked as to cause universal comment. I had her boarded while in Washington at the corner of — Street and —— Avenue. The groom had instructions to lead her around to the window against which was my bed, at the hospital, twice every day, so that by opening the sash I might reach out my hand and pet her. But the second day, no sooner had she reached the street, than she broke suddenly from the groom and dashed away at full speed. I was lying, bolstered up in bed, reading, when I heard the rush of flying feet, and in an instant, with a loud, joyful neigh, she checked herself in front of my window. And when the nurse lifted the sash, the beautiful creature thrust her head through the aperture, and rubbed her nose against my shoulder like a dog. I am not ashamed to say that I put both my arms around her neck, and, burying my face in her silken mane, kissed her again and again. Wounded, weak, and away from home, with only strangers to wait upon me, and scant service at that, the affection of this lovely creature for me, so tender and touching, seemed almost human, and my heart went out to her beyond any power of expression, as to the only being, of all the thousands around me, who thought of me and loved me. Shortly after her appearance at my window, the groom, who had divined where he should find her, came into the yard. But she would not allow him to come near her, much less touch her. If he tried to approach she would lash out at him with her heels most spitefully, and then, laying back her ears and opening her mouth savagely, would make a short dash at him, and, as the terrified African disappeared around the corner of the hospital, she would wheel, and, with a face bright as a happy child's, come trotting to the window for me to pet her. I shouted to the groom to go back to the stable, for I had no doubt but that she would return to her stall when I closed the window. Rejoiced at the permission, he departed. After some thirty minutes, the last ten of which she was standing with her slim, delicate head in my lap, while I braided her foretop and combed out her silken mane, I lifted her head, and, patting her softly on either cheek, told her that she must 'go.' I gently pushed her head out of the window and closed it, and then, holding up my hand, with the palm turned toward her, charged her, making the appropriate motion, to 'go away right straight back to her stable.' For a moment she stood looking steadily at me, with an indescribable expression of hesitation and surprise in her clear, liquid eyes, and then, turning lingeringly, walked slowly out of the yard.

"Twice a day for nearly a month, while I lay in the hospital, did Gulnare visit me. At the appointed hour the groom would slip her headstall, and, without a word of command, she would dart out of the stable, and, with her long, leopard-like lope, go sweeping down the street and come dashing into the hospital yard, checking herself with the same glad neigh at my window; nor did she ever once fail, at the closing of the sash, to return directly to her stall. The groom informed me that every morning and evening, when the hour of her visit drew near, she would begin to chafe and worry, and, by pawing and pulling at the halter, advertise him that it was time for her to be released.

"But of all exhibitions of happiness, either by beast or man, hers was the most positive on that afternoon when, racing into the yard, she found me leaning on a crutch outside the hospital building. The whole corps of nurses came to the doors, and all the poor fellows that could move themselves, — for Gulnare had become an universal favorite, and the boys looked for her daily visits nearly, if not quite, as ardently as I did, — crawled to the windows to see her. What gladness was expressed in every movement! She would come prancing toward me, head and tail erect, and, pausing, rub her head against my shoulder, while I patted her glossy neck; then suddenly, with a sidewise spring, she would break away, and with her long tail elevated until her magnificent brush, fine and silken as the golden hair of a blonde, fell in a great spray on either flank, and her head curved to its proudest arch, pace around me with that high action and springing step peculiar to the thoroughbred. Then like a flash, dropping her brush and laying back her ears and stretching her nose straight out, she would speed away with that quick, nervous, low-lying action which marks the rush of racers, when side by side and nose to nose lapping each other, with the roar of cheers on either hand and along the seats above them, they come straining up the home stretch. Returning from one of these arrowy flights, she would come curvetting back, now pacing sidewise as on parade, now dashing her hind feet high into the air, and anon vaulting up and springing through the air, with legs well under her, as if in the act of taking a five-barred gate, and finally would approach and stand happy in her reward, — my caress.

"The war, at last, was over. Gulnare and I were in at the death with Sheridan at the Five Forks. Together we had shared the pageant at Richmond and Washington, and never had I seen her in better spirits than on that day at the capital. It was a sight indeed, to see her as she came down Pennsylvania Avenue. If the triumphant procession had been all in her honor and mine, she could not have moved with greater grace and pride. With dilating eye and tremulous ear, ceaselessly champing her bit, her heated blood bringing out the magnificent lacework of veins over her entire body, now and then pausing, and with a snort gathering herself back upon her haunches as for a mighty leap, while she shook the froth from her bits, she moved with a high, prancing step down the magnificent street, the admired of all beholders. Cheer after cheer was given, huzza after huzza rang out over her head from roofs and balcony, bouquet after bouquet was launched by fair and enthusiastic admirers before her; and yet, amid the crash and swell of music, the cheering and tumult, so gentle and manageable was she, that, though I could feel her frame creep and tremble under me as she moved through that whirlwind of excitement, no check or curb was needed, and the bridle-lines — the same she wore when she came to me at Malvern Hill — lay unlifted on the pommel of the saddle. Never before had I seen her so grandly herself. Never before had the fire and energy, the grace and gentleness, of her blood so revealed themselves. This was the day and the event she needed. And all the royalty of her ancestral breed, — a race of equine kings, — flowing as without taint or cross from him that was the pride and wealth of the whole tribe of desert rangers, expressed itself in her. I need not say that I shared her mood. I sympathized in her every step. I entered into all her royal humors. I patted her neck and spoke loving and cheerful words to her. I called her my beauty, my pride, my pet. And did she not understand me? Every word! Else why that listening ear turned back to catch my softest whisper; why the responsive quiver through the frame, and the low, happy neigh? 'Well,' I exclaimed, as I leaped from her back at the close of the review, — alas! that words spoken in lightest mood should portend so much! — 'well, Gulnare

if you should die, your life has had its triumph. The nation itself, through its admiring capital, has paid tribute to your beauty, and death can never rob you of your fame.' And I patted her moist neck and foam-flecked shoulders, while the grooms were busy with head and loins.

"That night our brigade made its bivouac just over Long Bridge, almost on the identical spot where four years before I had camped my company of three months' volunteers. With what experiences of march and battle were those four years filled! For three of these years Gulnare had been my constant companion. With me she had shared my tent, and not rarely my rations, for in appetite she was truly human, and my steward always counted her as one of our 'mess.' Twice had she been wounded, — once at Fredericksburg, through the thigh; and once at Cold Harbor, where a piece of shell tore away a part of her scalp. So completely did it stun her, that for some moments I thought her dead, but to my great joy she shortly recovered her senses. I had the wound carefully dressed by our brigade surgeon, from whose care she came in a month with the edges of the wound so nicely united that the eye could with difficulty detect the scar. This night, as usual, she lay at my side, her head almost touching mine. Never before, unless when on a raid and in face of the enemy, had I seen her so uneasy. Her movements during the night compelled wakefulness on my part. The sky was cloudless, and in the dim light I lay and watched her. Now she would stretch herself at full length, and rub her head on the ground. Then she would start up, and, sitting on her haunches, like a dog, lift one fore leg and paw her neck and ears. Anon she would rise to her feet and shake herself, walk off a few rods, return and lie down again by my side. I did not know what to make of it, unless the excitement of the day had been too much for her sensitive nerves. I spoke to her kindly and petted her. In response she would rub her nose against me, and lick my hand with her tongue — a peculiar habit of hers — like a dog. As I was passing my hand over her head, I discovered that it was hot, and the thought of the old wound flashed into my mind, with a momentary fear that something might be wrong about her brain, but after thinking it over I dismissed it as incredible. Still I was alarmed. I knew that something was amiss, and I rejoiced at the thought that I should soon be at home where she could have quiet, and, if need be, the best of nursing. At length the morning dawned, and the mare and I took our last meal together on Southern soil, — the last we ever took together. The brigade was formed in line for the last time, and as I rode down the front to review the boys, she moved with all her old battle grace and power. Only now and then, by a shake of the head, was I reminded of her actions during the night. I said a few words of farewell to the men whom I had led so often to battle, with whom I had shared perils not a few, and by whom, as I had reason to think, I was loved, and then gave, with a voice slightly unsteady, the last order they would ever receive from me: 'Brigade, Attention, Ready to break ranks, *Break Ranks*.' The order was obeyed. But ere they scattered, moved by a common impulse, they gave first three cheers for me, and then, with the same heartiness and even more power, three cheers for Gulnare. And she, standing there, looking with her bright, cheerful countenance full at the men, pawing with her fore feet, alternately, the ground, seemed to understand the compliment; for no sooner had the cheering died away than she arched her neck to its proudest curve, lifted her thin, delicate head into the air, and gave a short, joyful neigh.

"My arrangements for transporting her had been made by a friend the day before. A large, roomy car had been secured, its floor strewn with bright, clean straw, a bucket and a bag of oats provided, and everything done for her comfort. The car was to be attached to the through express, in con-

sideration of fifty dollars extra, which I gladly paid, because of the greater rapidity with which it enabled me to make my journey. As the brigade broke up into groups, I glanced at my watch and saw that I had barely time to reach the cars before they started. I shook the reins upon her neck, and with a plunge, startled at the energy of my signal, away she flew. What a stride she had! What an elastic spring! She touched and left the earth as if her limbs were of spiral wire. When I reached the car my friend was standing in front of it, the gang-plank was ready, I leaped from the saddle and, running up the plank into the car, whistled to her; and she, timid and hesitating, yet unwilling to be separated from me, crept slowly and cautiously up the steep incline and stood beside me. Inside I found a complete suit of flannel clothes with a blanket and, better than all, a lunch-basket. My friend explained that he had bought the clothes as he came down to the depot, thinking, as he said, 'that they would be much better than your regimentals,' and suggested that I doff the one and don the other. To this I assented the more readily as I reflected that I would have to pass one night at least in the car, with no better bed than the straw under my feet. I had barely time to undress before the cars were coupled and started. I tossed the clothes to my friend with the injunction to pack them in my trunk and express them on to me, and waved him my adieu. I arrayed myself in the nice, cool flannel and looked around. The thoughtfulness of my friend had anticipated every want. An old cane-seated chair stood in one corner. The lunch-basket was large and well supplied. Amid the oats I found a dozen oranges, some bananas, and a package of real Havana cigars. How I called down blessings on his thoughtful head as I took the chair and, lighting one of the fine-flavored *figaros*, gazed out on the fields past which we were gliding, yet wet with morning dew. As I sat dreamily admiring the beauty before me, Gulnare came and, resting her head upon my shoulder, seemed to share my mood. As I stroked her fine-haired, satin-like nose, recollection quickened and memories of our companionship in perils thronged into my mind. I rode again that midnight ride to Knoxville, when Burnside lay intrenched, desperately holding his own, waiting for news from Chattanooga of which I was the bearer, chosen by Grant himself because of the reputation of my mare. What riding that was! We started, ten riders of us in all, each with the same message. I parted company the first hour out with all save one, an iron-gray stallion of Messenger blood. Jack Murdock rode him, who learned his horsemanship from buffalo and Indian hunting on the Plains, — not a bad school to graduate from. Ten miles out of Knoxville the gray, his flanks dripping with blood, plunged up abreast of the mare's shoulders and fell dead; and Gulnare and I passed through the lines alone. *I had ridden the terrible race without whip or spur.* With what scenes of blood and flight she would ever be associated! And then I thought of home, unvisited for four long years, — that home I left a stripling, but to which I was returning a bronzed and brawny man. I thought of mother and Bob, — how they would admire her! — of old Ben, the family groom, and of that one who shall be nameless, whose picture I had so often shown to Gulnare as the likeness of her future mistress; — had they not all heard of her, my beautiful mare, she who came to me from the smoke and whirlwind, my battle-gift? How they would pat her soft, smooth sides, and tie her mane with ribbons, and feed her with all sweet things from open and caressing palm! And then I thought of one who might come after her to bear her name and repeat at least some portion of her beauty, — a horse honored and renowned the country through, because of the transmission of the mother's fame.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon a change came over Gulnare. I had fallen asleep upon the straw, and she had come and awakened me with a touch

of her nose. The moment I started up I saw that something was the matter. Her eyes were dull and heavy. Never before had I seen the light go out of them. The rocking of the car as it went jumping and vibrating along seemed to irritate her. She began to rub her head against the side of the car. Touching it, I found that the skin over the brain was hot as fire. Her breathing grew rapidly louder and louder. Each breath was drawn with a kind of gasping effort. The lids with their silken fringe drooped wearily over the lustreless eyes. The head sank lower and lower, until the nose almost touched the floor. The ears, naturally so lively and erect, hung limp and widely apart. The body was cold and senseless. A pinch elicited no motion. Even my voice was at last unheeded. To word and touch there came, for the first time in all our intercourse, no response. I knew as the symptoms spread what was the matter. The signs bore all one way. She was in the first stages of phrenitis, or inflammation of the brain. In other words, *my beautiful mare was going mad.*

"I was well versed in the anatomy of the horse. Loving horses from my very childhood, there was little in veterinary practice with which I was not familiar. Instinctively, as soon as the symptoms had developed themselves, and I saw under what frightful disorder Gulnare was laboring, I put my hand into my pocket for my knife, in order to open a a vein. *There was no knife there.* Friends, I have met with many surprises. More than once in battle and scout have I been nigh death; but never did my blood desert my veins and settle so around the heart, never did such a sickening sensation possess me, as when, standing in that car with my beautiful mare before me marked with those horrible symptoms, I made that discovery. My knife, my sword, my pistols even, were with my suit in the care of my friend, two hundred miles away. Hastily, and with trembling fingers, I searched my clothes, the lunch-basket, my linen; not even a pin could I find. I shoved open the sliding door, and swung my hat and shouted, hoping to attract some brakeman's attention. The train was thundering along at full speed, and none saw or heard me. I knew her stupor would not last long. A slight quivering of the lip, an occasional spasm running through the frame, told me too plainly that the stage of frenzy would soon begin. 'My God,' I exclaimed in despair, as I shut the door and turned toward her, 'must I see you die, Gulnare, when the opening of a vein would save you? Have you borne me, my pet, through all these years of peril, the icy chill of winter, the heat and torment of summer, and all the thronging dangers of a hundred bloody battles, only to die torn by fierce agonies, when so near a peaceful home?'

"But little time was given me to mourn. My life was soon to be in peril, and I must summon up the utmost power of eye and limb to escape the violence of my frenzied mare. Did you ever see a mad horse when his madness is on him? Take your stand with me in that car, and you shall see what suffering a dumb creature can endure before it dies. In no malady does a horse suffer more than in phrenitis, or inflammation of the brain. Possibly in severe cases of colic, probably in rabies in its fiercest form, the pain is equally intense. These three are the most agonizing of all the diseases to which the noblest of animals is exposed. Had my pistols been with me, I should then and there, with whatever strength Heaven granted, have taken my companion's life, that she might be spared the suffering which was so soon to rack and wring her sensitive frame. A horse laboring under an attack of phrenitis is as violent as a horse can be. He is not ferocious as is one in a fit of rabies. He may kill his master, but he does it without design. There is in him no desire of mischief for its own sake, no cruel cunning, no stratagem and malice. A rabid horse is conscious in every act and motion. He recognizes the man he destroys. There

is in him an insane *desire* to *kill*. Not so with the phrenetic horse. He is unconscious in his violence. He sees and recognizes no one. There is no method or purpose in his madness. He kills without knowing it.

"I knew what was coming. I could not jump out, that would be certain death. I must abide in the car, and take my chance of life. The car was fortunately high, long, and roomy. I took my position in front of my horse, watchful, and ready to spring. Suddenly her lids, which had been closed, came open with a snap, as if an electric shock had passed through her, and the eyes, wild in their brightness, stared directly at me. And what eyes they were! The membrane grew red and redder until it was of the color of blood, standing out in frightful contrast with the transparency of the cornea. The pupil gradually dilated until it seemed about to burst out of the socket. The nostrils, which had been sunken and motionless, quivered, swelled, and glowed. The respiration became short, quick, and gasping. The limp and drooping ears stiffened and stood erect, pricked sharply forward, as if to catch the slightest sound. Spasms, as the car swerved and vibrated, ran along her frame. More horrid than all, the lips slowly contracted, and the white, sharp-edged teeth stood uncovered, giving an indescribable look of ferocity to the partially opened mouth. The car suddenly reeled as it dashed around a curve, swaying her almost off her feet, and, as a contortion shook her, she recovered herself, and, rearing upward as high as the car permitted, plunged directly at me. I was expecting the movement, and dodged. Then followed exhibitions of pain which I pray God I may never see again. Time and again did she dash herself upon the floor, and roll over and over, lashing out with her feet in all directions. Pausing a moment, she would stretch her body to its extreme length, and, lying upon her side, pound the floor with her head as if it were a maul. Then like a flash she would leap to her feet, and whirl round and round until from very giddiness she would stagger and fall. She would lay hold of the straw with her teeth, and shake it as a dog shakes a struggling woodchuck; then dashing it from her mouth, she would seize hold of her own sides, and rend herself. Springing up, she would rush against the end of the car, falling all in a heap from the violence of the concussion. For some fifteen minutes without intermission the frenzy lasted. I was nearly exhausted. My efforts to avoid her mad rushes, the terrible tension of my nervous system produced by the spectacle of such exquisite and prolonged suffering, were weakening me beyond what I should have thought it possible an hour before for anything to weaken me. In fact, I felt my strength leaving me. A terror such as I had never yet felt was taking possession of my mind. I sickened at the sight before me, and at the thought of agonies yet to come. 'My God,' I exclaimed, 'must I be killed by my own horse in this miserable car!' Even as I spoke the end came. The mare raised herself until her shoulders touched the roof, then dashed her body upon the floor with a violence which threatened the stout frame beneath her. I leaned, panting and exhausted, against the side of the car. Gulnare did not stir. She lay motionless, her breath coming and going in lessening respirations. I tottered toward her, and, as I stood above her, my ear detected a low gurgling sound. I cannot describe the feeling that followed. Joy and grief contended within me. I knew the meaning of that sound. Gulnare, in her frenzied violence, had broken a blood-vessel, and was bleeding internally. Pain and life were passing away together. I knelt down by her side. I laid my head upon her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Her body moved a little beneath me. I crawled forward, and lifted her beautiful head into my lap. O, for one more sign of recognition before she died! I smoothed the tangled masses of her mane. I wiped, with a fragment of my coat, torn in the struggle, the blood

which oozed from her nostril. I called her by name. My desire was granted. In a moment Gulnare opened her eyes. The redness of frenzy had passed out of them. She saw and recognized me. I spoke again. Her eye lighted a moment with the old and intelligent look of love. Her ear moved. Her nostril quivered slightly as she strove to neigh. The effort was in vain. Her love was greater than her strength. She moved her head a little, as if she would be nearer me, looked once more with her clear eyes into my face, breathed a long breath, straightened her shapely limbs, and died. And there, holding the head of my dead mare in my lap, while the great warm tears fell one after another down my cheeks, I sat until the sun went down, the shadows darkened in the car, and night drew her mantle, colored like my grief, over the world."

TO-DAY.

AH, real Thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay.
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet
Remind me of the buds you wear;
Let the bird's quiet show how sweet
The far-off singing made the air;
And let your dew through frost look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.
Go: for the bitter word may be
A music — in the vanished voice;
And on the dead face I may see
How bright its frown has been to me.

Then in the haunted grass I 'll sit,
Half tearful in your withered place,
And watch your lovely shadow flit
Across To-morrow's sunny face,
And vex her with your perfect grace.

So, real Thing of bloom and breath,
I weary of you while you stay;
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

NOTE.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly: —

Sir, — In the Atlantic Monthly for February of the present year, in a paper entitled "The New Education," I find some statements relating to the Lawrence Scientific School which require correction. I have the best authority for saying that it is not true that "the assistants in the Museum of Zoölogy help to swell the number of students enrolled upon the Catalogue." Students of Zoölogy are sometimes also assistants to Professor Agassiz, and their names appear on the Catalogue of right as students. It has *not* been the practice — for the last five years at least — to admit students to the Chemical Department without requiring any previous knowledge of chemistry. On the contrary, no person has been admitted without a knowledge of that science sufficiently thorough to enable him to begin the prescribed laboratory course, and many students have been rejected for want of such preparation. The examinations in mathematics for admission to the Department of Engineering are notoriously rigid. With respect to the "elasticity" of the rule regarding the age of admission, it will be sufficient to state that, of eighty-seven students who have entered the Chemical Department during the past five years, — or, more precisely, from August 15, 1863, to February 10, 1869, — but eight were under eighteen years of age, and all but one of these were in their eighteenth year. In the Department of Engineering one hundred and twenty students have entered during the same interval of time, of whom fifteen were not eighteen years of age. It is *not* true that the degree of Bachelor of Science may be conferred upon a young man who has studied nothing but chemistry or nothing but engineering. An examination in the French and German languages must be passed before graduation in the Chemical Department, and in the French language before graduation in Engineering. More than this is not necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Berlin. With respect to the alleged "narrowness" of the range of study, it may be answered that all special studies are liable to the same charge. The range of study in the Medical, Law, and Divinity Schools is also narrow, because special. So far as my observation goes, the students who apply for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School are, as a class, better educated than the average law or medical student. In the greater number of cases, students in the Chemical Department pursue also the study of mineralogy, and attend various lectures in the University and undergraduate courses. Perhaps a single statement as to the results of the system adopted at the Lawrence Scientific School will prove the best answer to hostile criticism. Since the foundation of the school, fifty-eight persons, who have for a longer or shorter time pursued their studies in it, have obtained professorships in colleges, or held professorships while students. To this number must be added fifteen assistants virtually, though not nominally, professors. Finally, of the thirteen professors in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the interest of which the paper on the New Education appears to have been written, nine are graduates of the Lawrence Scientific School.

WOLCOTT GIBBS,
Rumford Professor in Harvard University.

Cambridge, Feb. 19, 1869.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of Service afloat during the War between the States. By ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the late Confederate States Navy. Baltimore: Kelby, Piet, & Co.

AN ingenious nobleman of La Mancha, whom a low mercenary scribbler of his time attempted to turn into ridicule, had a gift of beholding the encounter of Christian knights and Paynim giants in very ordinary fisticuffs or no fisticuffs at all; and in his mind the opposing forces of life simplified themselves into chivalry and its adversaries. This gave the nobleman the greatest comfort while he lived; and if Admiral Semmes, instead of Cervantes, had had the writing of his history, we should no doubt have been led to believe it was his supreme satisfaction in death. Admiral Semmes we are sure will go down to the grave in a persuasion similar to that of the nobleman of La Mancha; and we suspect that he keeps an epitaph written to the effect that in junketing from port to port, and to and fro about the high seas, burning merchantmen and taking chronometers, he was a Cavalier fighting the Puritans. The idea possesses him throughout the book; the Cavalier and the Puritan cannot live in peace, he tells us; Captain Maury in his treason was a Southern gentleman, and not a Puritan; the Puritan is at last in the city of the Cavalier when the Federal army enters Richmond; Jefferson Davis was "the Cavalier endowed by nature with the instincts and refinements of the gentleman," and his foes "were of the race of the Roundheads, to whom all such instincts and refinements were offensive." In fine, "the New England Puritan, so far as we may judge him by the traits which have been developed in him during and since the war, ... with all his pretensions to learning, and amid all the appliances of civilization by which he has surrounded himself, is still the same old Plymouth Rock man that his ancestor was, three centuries ago. He is the same gloomy, saturnine fanatic; he has the same impatience of other men's opinions, and he is the same vindictive tyrant that he was when he expelled Roger Williams from his dominions."

This is pretty, it is even flattering, but we fear it is not like; for, without indulging a vain regret, we are persuaded that if the Puritan still lived, our author would scarcely have survived to produce the present history; and upon the same ground we must express a doubt whether Admiral Semmes's adversaries were in any considerable number Saracens or Vandals. We say this without fear of shattering his illusion, which is a fine bit of poetry in itself, and lends its own charm to his pages. An air of romance, caught from Captain Marryat's elegant novels, mingles with his pleasant fallacy, and we have a book often as gallant in sentiment, as patrician and haughty in tone, as a young girl could desire, and as beauteous in diction as an old girl would have made it. The Admiral is a friend to the apostrophic form of narration, and uses it with an effect which can be appreciated only by those who have tried the apostrophe, and learnt from a sad experience how hard it is to manage. "Alas! poor Louisiana," he sighs, in sailing away from her coasts, "once the seat of wealth and of a gay and refined hospitality, thy manorial residences are deserted and in decay, or have been levelled by the torch of the incendiary; thy fruitful fields that were cultivated by the contented laborer, who whistled his merriment to his lazy plough, have been given to the jungle; thy fair daughters have been insulted by the coarse and rude Vandal; and even thy liberties have been given in charge of thy freedmen; and all this because thou wouldst thyself be free!" In a style like this, which is cavalier, and gentlemanly, and everything that is high-toned, we see what a blow letters received in the overthrow of the Confederacy. The South has not only a lost cause, but a lost literature to lament; for when Admiral Semmes and his generation have passed away, who will have the daring to present such a picture as that of the fruitful fields cultivated by the lazy plough of the contented laborer, or of a State deprived of her liberties when struggling to be free, and given over to the power of her freedmen? Nothing can compensate for the suppression of this heroic strain, or notes like these in which he hails a famous Spanish city:—

"'Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea!'
as Byron calls thee, thou art indeed lovely! with thy white Moresque-looking houses, and gayly curtained balconies, thy church domes which carry us back in architecture a thousand years, and thy harbor thronged with shipping. Once the Gades of the Phœnician, now the Cadiz of the nineteenth century, thou art perhaps the only living city that canst run thy record so far back into the past."

It is hard to believe that a city thus handsomely saluted, whose history even is turned into apostrophe, could have it in her to become the scene of so much vexation to Admiral Semmes as Cadiz did. But at Cadiz he was subjected to every annoyance: the authorities were vulgar fellows, trembling for the loss of Yankee trade and favor; and here, as elsewhere, throughout the dominions of warm, romantic Spain, they treated Admiral Semmes with as little courtesy as possible. Here also continued that unchivalrousness with which the American consuls invariably acted towards him. Unchivalrousness may be said to be the chief quality of the consular mind, and it was the more pity Admiral Semmes should have to do with such people, because he was by nature unfitted to bear unchivalrousness in anybody, much less an enemy. To avoid it he always kept out of the way of our coarse naval force with the Sumter; and it *was* hard that he should have to encounter it in our consuls. At St. Anne's, Curaçoa, the consul prevented him from entering port for some time, and "gave him a foretaste of the trouble which Federal consuls were to make for him in the future"; at Parimaribo, a negro who sold the Sumter coal behaved himself much better than the consul who tried to prevent him, and who finally stole away the Admiral's black cabin-boy and presently enslaved him; (and the author "takes great pleasure in contrasting the coal-dealer's conduct with that of the consul, who appears at a disadvantage every way, for the deluded cabin-boy, escaping to Europe, returns home to "die miserably of the cholera, in some of the negro suburbs of Washington," and bequeaths to the author the fact that the consul at Parimaribo had a mulatto wife and held slaves;) the machinations of the consul at Gibraltar prevented him from getting coal there, and obliged him to lay up and sell the Sumter; the consuls everywhere "descended to bribery, trickery, and fraud, and to all the other arts of petty intrigue, so unworthy an honorable enemy"; and at Tangiers the consul even imprisoned his paymaster, and the English consul would not advise the Morocco government to release him, and the other foreign consuls "behaved no better"; at the Cape of Good Hope the low consular person pestered the Alabama with all manner of unchivalrous annoyances as long as she remained in port. In a word, Admiral Semmes gives the best report of the consular force everywhere, and his book is high testimony to the efficiency and zeal of a body of men selected at random from the people, poorly paid, snubbed by the local authorities, and acting half the time in the dark with very limited functions. What may we not expect of the consular system when it is served by a well-trained force, salaried at least above the starvation points, as Mr. Jenckes's bill proposes?

In testifying to the activity of the American consuls, our author bears witness to the fact, which we are likely to forget, that he was the object of English and French courtesies wherever they could be unofficially shown. He is always dining and wining with colonial governors and naval commanders; and where he appears in the ports of those friendly powers, he has little less than an ovation from the citizens. Perhaps these experiences grow vaster as well as brighter in his remembrance; they seem somewhat incredible to us now; but it is certain that we piped for much dancing and gayety, and are still to be paid by England for our piping. The history of the Alabama's cruise is suggestive, if not pleasant reading, at a moment when we are tempted to compromise that little score,

"Across the walnuts and the wine."

Otherwise, we could not allow that Admiral Semmes had written a very useful book, though a big one, and covering the whole period from the beginning of the war till the author's arrest in 1866. Of course, being the man he is, he travels even beyond these comprehensive limits at times, and he introduces the story of his adventures with a discussion of the nature of the compact between the States, and the question whether secession was treason. You turn at first with some curiosity to see what mind a man writes from who pursues in the temper of a knight-errant a career of freebooting unmolested by the slightest danger; but you soon weary of arson and burglary on the seas, described, every case, in as high a strain as

if it involved a perilous combat and victory. When he first fired upon an American vessel, he felt a mingled joy and sadness. "The stars and stripes seemed now to look abashed in the presence of the new banner of the South, pretty much as a burglar might be supposed to look who had been caught in the act of breaking into a gentleman's house; but then the burglar was my relative and had erst been my friend, — how could I fail to feel some pity for him along with the indignation which his crime had excited?" It was in this pathetic humor that Admiral Semmes did us a great deal of damage. It was his business, of course, to destroy our whale-ships and merchantmen, but it is not important to know that he nearly always felt a reluctance to do so, which he could overcome only by reflecting that our soldiers were at the same moment desolating Southern fields and burning Southern homes. Neither is it essential to an understanding of history that he should combat the newspaper attacks upon him in these pages; but he has really very little to tell that is not already known about the Sumter and the Alabama, and a man must fill eight hundred pages with something.

The Admiral develops himself as a type of intellect with which we have been made well acquainted by the Southern press and the Southern stump, and suggests anew the doubt we have often felt whether the Southerner was not created with some important mental difference from other men. No human being, we think, except one who had his nature entirely inverted by the effort to believe right such a wrong as slavery, could argue from such premises to such conclusions as Admiral Semmes does, or, after eight hundred pages narrating the destruction of defenceless merchantmen, could have what we may call the brazen-faced innocence to complain of the unchivalrousness of the Kearsarge for fighting in chain armor against his wooden vessel.

In regard to that famous action itself he does not add much to our information. His account of the fight is contained in the despatch sent two days afterwards from Southampton to Flag-Officer Barron at Paris, and is followed by extended discussion of the question whether he and the others of the Alabama's crew picked up by the Deerhound were properly prisoners of war. This gives him occasion to be very severe upon Mr. Adams, Mr. Seward, and the American people, and nothing but his unsparing severity upon all other points prevents one from feeling it here with peculiar keenness. As it is, the reader has become so hardened in his unchivalrousness and lowness generally, that he is disposed to smile at the Admiral's heat; and he quite forgives him for getting away. The truth is, our people have not a gift for the disposal of prisoners of state: of all the eminent traitors who fell into our hands at the end of the war, not one has been a source of honor or profit to us. Admiral Semmes is himself an evidence of our national incapacity to deal with offenders. If he had fallen into our power when the Alabama went down, we should have threatened him horribly, and should have furnished him with rations for a considerably longer period than, as it happened, we did.

We will own that we do not feel called on to alarm ourselves much at our author's menaces of another rebellion as an effect of bringing the Puritan and Cavalier elements into too intimate relations under a strong central government. At the same time we think it a pity that the Southern mind should be still further abused by the influence of such books as his. Accounting always for a certain literary vulgarity, the history of the Sumter and Alabama has passages of description and adventure which will attract young readers especially, and it is impossible not to contemplate with sadness the prospect that it may teach many heirs of desolation and misery to cherish themselves as the "gentle" blood of the land in the idle and truculent patricianism of their fathers, instead of learning enterprise and thrift.

We of the North can have no reasonable objection to Admiral Semmes's hating us; he did us a great deal of harm, and we crushed him; but we could conceive of his writing — or rather of some one else's writing — a book upon the episode of the war he has treated, which would be a valued addition to our literature. There is a fine completeness in the passage of history enacted which fits it for graphic and effective treatment. Calmness and clearness of narration would have been quite consistent with the utmost bitterness towards us; Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles could have been used with sufficient cruelty, and yet not been so fatiguingly pursued; the newspapers might have been safely left alone. Obviously, however, Admiral Semmes had no

idea of such a performance as this, and his book, so far as literature is concerned, must pass to the hands of boys. As far as politics are concerned now or hereafter, we cannot believe that the question of the Roundheads and Cavaliers will be brought prominently forward by it.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by MRS. HALE. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
The Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and Friends. Edited by MRS. HALE. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"THE last pleasure that fell in my way," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her sister, "was Madame Sévigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper." After more than a hundred years, we suppose most people find Lady Mary's self-satisfaction a just, if not a modest one, and are glad that the Countess of Mar and her other friends kept her letters. They form her autobiography, and never was woman's story as maiden, wife, and mother more charmingly written. Rarely, moreover, has any character been more worthy the portrayal of so brilliant an historian. Mrs. Hale, indeed, laments her want of religious feeling; but this is an indefinite regret which need not greatly trouble anybody till it is determined what religious feeling may be. She was not given, certainly, to devout expression, but she seems at least to have been a very stanch Protestant, and if the reader will turn to the letter to the Countess of Bute, written from Louvere, October 20, 1752, he will see enough to prove that Lady Mary had thought earnestly and clearly as well as read deeply upon the subject of her religious faith.

But if the editor is not very definite or perfectly fair in regard to Lady Mary, she makes up the deficiency to Madame de Sévigné, whom she praises for religious feeling, and who seems from her own testimony to have had chiefly a pretty piety, which led her to read books of devotion and moral discourses at the proper season, and left her free at other times to write scandal to her invalid daughter. We doubt if Mrs. Hale is quite a safe guide in commending the didactic qualities of a lady who in one breath could tell her daughter that M. de la Rouchefoucault said he would be in love with her if he were twenty years younger, and in the next cry with a sprightly air: "After all, we pity you in not having the word of God preached in a suitable manner. . . . . How can one love God if one never hears him properly spoken of?" Madame de Sévigné was a tender and loving mother; but the way in which she speaks of her son's relations with certain "little actresses," is but a worldly way, and that of a Mother of the Period at the best; and her efforts to amuse him and win him away from low company by listening and laughing while he read Rabelais, were not such as to reinforce "every good, just, and noble sentiment" with which she had endeavored to inspire him. She had very probably an "exquisite tenderness of heart," but it is not so much in the tone of a tender-hearted woman as of a sprightly chronicler, willing to turn any event to witty account, that she speaks of the execution of a famous poisoner: "At length it is all over; La Brinvillier's in the air; after her execution, her poor little body was thrown into a large fire and her ashes dispersed by the wind, so that whenever we breathe we shall inhale some small particles of her, and, by the communication of the minute spirits, we may all be infected with the desire of poisoning, to our no small surprise." Madame de Sévigné's "delicate refinement" is not to be found in the gossip of the dissolute court which she recounts, and it must be in the spirit of her time, and not from her own taste, that she repeats such coarse sayings as that of the prince, who "informed the ladies at Chantilly that their transparencies would be a thousand times more beautiful if they would wear them next their skin." Though herself without reproach, she has scarcely a comment upon the profligacy of the society in which she lives, and only a formal sympathy for the truth of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the king's cousin, when Louis withdraws his permission for her marriage with the Duc de Lauzun. Madame de Sévigné speaks of this passage of guiltless and unhappy love, sole in the annals of that shameless reign, "as a fine dream, a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially talking or reasoning eternally." The princess, she says in another place, with a neat self-possession which suggests how little comfort could have been got

from her, "behaves to me as to a person that sympathizes with her in her distress; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank."

"How many readers and admirers has Madame de Sévigné," says Lady Montagu, "who only gives us, in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions? Sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of a nurse, always tittle-tattle; yet so well gilt over with airy expressions and a flowing style." This is a little unjust, but it is not so unjust and not so ill-advised as Mrs. Hale's high-flown compliments, and prescription of Madame de Sévigné's life and letters as models for the imitation of young ladies. Her letters are to be read for entertainment and instruction by persons of mature judgment. They are a delightful chronicle of the court gossip, when written from Paris, and a bit dull when written from the author's retirement in Brittany; but they always afford a curious study of character and manners. For this reason, or as a kind of sub-history, they are greatly to be valued; but there is so wide a gulf between the interests and conditions of Madame de Sévigné's time and our own, that we think Mrs. Hale very extraordinary indeed, when she says a life like ours "so vulgarizing alike to the mind and to the style, finds its best antidote in the letters of Madame de Sévigné"; and one might well doubt if she had made a faithful study of her author, when she adds that "the tumult of the outer world is faintly heard" in those echoes of fashion and intrigue.

Madame de Sévigné was, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a brilliant and cultivated woman, better than the society in which she lived, but vividly reflecting its spirit in thought and expression; but she had not so open or so liberal a mind as the Englishwoman; she had not such wide and varied experience; and her letters are infinitely less instructive and amusing. Neither is to be proposed as a model in everything, we think; but of the two, by all means let Lady Mary form the young-lady mind. In the mean time, those who are not young ladies, or whose minds are formed, will join us in gratitude to the publishers, who give us in this pleasing form selections from authors who can delight so much.

Historic Progress and American Democracy. An Address delivered before the New York Historical Society at their Sixty-Fourth Anniversary, December 16, 1868. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

THERE is always something invigorating and inspiring in the tone of Mr. Motley's philosophy, and here he utters only a little more directly and explicitly what is to be gathered from any of his histories; he affirms the sufficiency of man to the civil needs and duties of men, and teaches that the hope of the world lies in the Americanization of the world, enforcing all with a fervid faith in democracy, and a patriotism enlightened and confirmed by studies that have made the past of Europe part of his own experience. He warns us that grand destinies are accomplished only with worthy and willing means, but he believes in us, and his tone is exultant. "I have never remarked," he says, "that the nations by whom our tendency to boastfulness is sometimes rebuked, are absolutely overwhelmed with bashfulness themselves, or ready to sink into the earth with shame when alluding to their own advantages or achievements. . . . . It is sometimes as well to appreciate as to despise in national self-contemplation. And certainly we are never likely to pine for want of sharp criticism on this or the other side of the water; for if ever nation survived perpetual vivisection, especially during the last half-dozen years, and grew fat and strong upon it, that nation is America. Not a quivering muscle, not a thrilling nerve, even in moments of tension and agony, but has been laid bare before the world, and serenely lectured upon by the learned doctors of Privilege; but when the long sigh of relief has been drawn from the spectators at the demonstrated death of Democracy, behold the monster on its feet again, and very much more alive than ever."

The close alliance which existed in the nature of things between Privilege in Europe and the late proslavery Oligarchy in this country, is a part of his subject which Mr. Motley touches with a scornful lightness and brightness very agreeable to those loving neither; and he ends his passing notice of the war and its immediate effects, in words which the South might take to heart as the clearest and briefest expression of the truth of the whole matter: "Let its 'bruised arms be hung up for mon-

uments,' along with the trophies of the triumphant North; for the valor, the endurance and self-sacrifice were equal on both sides, and the defeated party was vanquished because neither pride of color nor immortal hate can successfully struggle against the inexorable law of Freedom and Progress."

It is a like fatality which has brought about the friendship of the Hungarians and the Germans at last under the Austrian empire, and has carried liberal principles into the stronghold of European despotism. The pages of Mr. Motley's address devoted to the consideration of the great change thus wrought in the polity of Austria have peculiar interest from the fact that he here speaks from his personal knowledge of events. These were indeed more worthy his study than any other recent occurrences in European affairs, and the reader will turn from it with the best conception of the great things which have been peacefully done for the popular cause where so few years since there was no popular cause. The English revolution, still in process of bloodless accomplishment, is noticed as only less remarkable than that of Austria, and even more important and significant to us as the more direct result of the triumph of democracy here, for, "after all," says Mr. Motley, "the English household suffrage bill is the fruit of the Appomattox apple-tree," and to that potent growth is due the reforms effected in the British Parliament, which was but a little while ago merely "the best club in London, exclusive, full of distinguished and eloquent gentlemen; delightfully situated on the Thames, with charming terraces and bay-windows on the river; an excellent library, within five minutes' walk of all the public offices, and with the privilege of governing a splendid empire into the bargain."

Mr. Motley, more than any other historian, has made the people his hero, and it is the heroical humanity of the past and future that he celebrates in his recognition of our present success and greatness. American democracy, in his view, is not more admirable as chief among the results of progress than as the prime agency of further advance; it is always with some deeper sense, with a warmer homage to man than to country, that he is patriotic. To add that he has handled his theme here with eloquence as little as possible like the eloquence it commonly evokes, that he has treated it with force and clearness and every charm of his picturesque style, — this is only saying that he wrote the present address

Western Windows, and other Poems. By JOHN JAMES PIATT. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

WHOEVER loves refined sentiment and subtle expression, with so much originality in thought and treatment as rarely appears in young poets of this time, will enjoy Mr. Piatt's poems, which are here collected from several previous volumes. We have spoken of them before, and we can now only testify our pleasure in recurring to them. One is always sensible of singular freshness and purity in them, — some novel grace of diction, some touch of tender feeling or airy fantasy. It is not too much to say — though it is saying a good deal — that it is worth while to read all the poems in the book; they all represent real poetic impulses, and have a pensive and delicate charm which is entirely their own.

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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XV.

Across the Bay.

THE children, as has been said, were all devoted to Malbone, which was, in a certain degree, to his credit. But it is a mistake to call children good judges of character, except in one direction, namely, their own. They understand it, up to the level of their own stature; they know who loves them, but not who loves virtue. Many a sinner has a great affection for children, and no child will ever detect the sins of such a friend; because, toward them, the sins do not exist.

The children, therefore, all loved Philip, and yet they turned with delight, when out-door pleasures were in hand, to the strong and adroit Harry. Philip inclined to the daintier exercises, fencing, billiards, riding; but Harry's vigorous physique enjoyed hard work. He taught all the household to swim, for instance. Little Jenny, aged five, a sturdy, deep-chested little thing, seemed as amphibious as himself. She could already swim alone, but she liked to keep close to him, as all young animals do to their elders in the water, not seeming to need actual support, but stronger for the contact. Her favorite position, however, was on his back, where she triumphantly clung, grasping his bathing-dress with one hand, swinging herself to and fro, dipping her head beneath the water, singing and shouting, easily shifting her position when he wished to vary his, and floating by him like a little fish, when he was tired of supporting her. It was pretty to see the child in her one little crimson garment, her face flushed with delight, her fair hair glistening from the water, and the waves rippling and dancing round her buoyant form. As Harry swam farther and farther out, his head was hidden from view by her little person, and she might have passed for a red sea-bird rocking on the gentle waves. It was one of the regular delights of the household to see them bathe.

Kate came in to Aunt Jane's room, one August morning, to say that they were going to the water-side. How differently people may enter a room! Hope always came in as the summer breeze comes, quiet, strong, soft, fra-

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grant, resistless. Emilia never seemed to come in at all; you looked up, and she had somehow drifted where she stood, pleading, evasive, lovely. This was especially the case where one person was awaiting her alone; with two she was more fearless, with a dozen she was buoyant, and with a hundred she forgot herself utterly and was a spirit of irresistible delight.

But Kate entered any room, whether nursery or kitchen, as if it were the private boudoir of a princess and she the favorite maid of honor. Thus it was she came that morning to Aunt Jane.

"We are going down to see the bathers, dear," said Kate. "Shall you miss me?"

"I miss you every minute," said her aunt, decisively. "But I shall do very well. I have delightful times here by myself. What a ridiculous man it was who said that it was impossible to imagine a woman's laughing at her own comic fancies. I sit and laugh at my own nonsense very often."

"It is a shame to waste it," said Kate.

"It is a blessing that any of it is disposed of while you are not here," said Aunt Jane. "You have quite enough of it."

"We never have enough," said Kate. "And we never can make you repeat any of yesterday's."

"Of course not," said Aunt Jane. "Nonsense must have the dew on it, or it is good for nothing."

"So you are really happiest alone?"

"Not so happy as when you are with me, — you or Hope. I like to have Hope with me now; she does me good. Really, I do not care for anybody else. Sometimes I think if I could always have four or five young kittens by me, in a champagne-basket, with a nurse to watch them, I should be happier. But perhaps not; they would grow up so fast!"

"Then I will leave you alone without compunction," said Kate.

"I am not alone," said Aunt Jane; "I have my man in the boat to watch through the window. What a singular being he is! I think he spends hours in that boat, and what he does I can't conceive. There it is, quietly anchored, and there is he in it. I never saw anybody but myself who could get up so much industry out of nothing. He has all his housework there, a broom and a duster, and I dare say he has a cooking-stove and a gridiron. He sits a little while, then he stoops down, then he goes to the other end. Sometimes he goes ashore in that absurd little tub, with a stick that he twirls at one end."

"That is called sculling," interrupted Kate.

"Sculling! I suppose he runs for a baked potato. Then he goes back. He is Robinson Crusoe on an island that never keeps still a single instant. It is all he has, and he never looks away, and never wants anything more. So I have him to watch. Think of living so near a beaver or a water-rat with clothes on! Good by. Leave the door ajar, it is so warm."

And Kate went down to the landing. It was near the "baptismal shore," where every Sunday the young people used to watch the immersions; they liked to see the crowd of spectators, the eager friends, the dripping convert, the serene young minister, the old men and girls who burst forth in song as the new disciple rose from the waves. It was the weekly festival of that region, and the sunshine and the water made it gladdening, not gloomy. Every other day in the week the children of the fishermen waded waist-deep in the water, and played at baptism.

Near this shore stood the family bathing-house; and the girls came down to sit in its shadow and watch the swimming. It was late in August, and on the first of September Emilia was to be married.

Nothing looked cool, that day, but the bay and those who were going into it. Out came Hope from the bathing-house, in a new bathing-dress of dark blue, which was evidently what the others had come forth to behold.

"Hope, what an impostor you are!" cried Kate, instantly. "You declined

all my proffers of aid in cutting that dress, and now see how it fits you! You never looked so beautifully in your life. There is not such another bathing-dress in Oldport, nor such a figure to wear it."

And she put both her arms round that supple, stately waist, that might have belonged to a Greek goddess, or to some queen in the Nibelungen Lied.

The party watched the swimmers as they struck out over the clear expanse. It was high noon; the fishing-boats were all off, but a few pleasure-boats swung different ways at their moorings, in the perfect calm. The white light-house stood reflected opposite, at the end of its long pier; a few vessels lay at anchor, with their sails up to dry, but with that deserted look which coasters in port are wont to wear. A few fishes dimpled the still surface, and as the three swam out farther and farther, their merry voices still sounded close at hand. Suddenly they all clapped their hands and called; then pointed forward to the light-house, across the narrow harbor.

"They are going to swim across," said Kate. "What creatures they are! Hope and little Jenny have always begged for it, and now Harry thinks it is so still a day they can safely venture. It is more than half a mile. See! he has called that boy in a boat, and he will keep near them. They have swum farther than that along the shore."

So the others went away with no fears.

Hope said afterwards that she never swam with such delight as on that day. The water seemed to be peculiarly thin and clear, she said, as well as still, and to retain its usual buoyancy without its density. It gave a delicious sense of freedom; she seemed to swim in air, and felt singularly secure. For the first time she felt what she had always wished to experience, — that swimming was as natural as walking, and might be indefinitely prolonged. Her strength seemed limitless, she struck out more and more strongly; she splashed and played with little Jenny, when the child began to grow weary of the long motion. A fisherman's boy in a boat rowed slowly along by their side.

Nine tenths of the distance had been accomplished, when the little girl grew quite impatient, and Hope bade Harry swim on before her, and land his charge. Light and buoyant as the child was, her tightened clasp had begun to tell on him.

"It tires you, Hal, to bear that weight so long, and you know I have nothing to carry. You must see that I am not in the least tired, only a little dazzled by the sun. Here, Charley, give me your hat, and then row on with Mr. Harry." She put on the boy's torn straw hat, and they yielded to her wish. People almost always yielded to Hope's wishes when she expressed them, — it was so very seldom.

Somehow the remaining distance seemed very great, as Hope saw them glide away, leaving her in the water alone, her feet unsupported by any firm element, the bright and pitiless sky arching far above her, and her head burning with more heat than she had liked to own. She was conscious of her full strength, and swam more vigorously than ever; but her head was hot and her ears rang, and she felt chilly vibrations passing up and down her sides, that were like, she fancied, the innumerable fringing oars of the little jelly-fishes she had so often watched. Her body felt almost unnaturally strong, and she took powerful strokes; but it seemed as if her heart went out into them and left a vacant cavity within. More and more her life seemed boiling up into her head; queer fancies came to her, as, for instance, that she was an inverted thermometer with the mercury all ascending into a bulb at the top. She shook her head and the fancy cleared away, and then others came.

She began to grow seriously anxious, but the distance was diminishing; Harry was almost at the steps with the child, and the boy had rowed his skiff round the breakwater out of sight; a

young fisherman leaned over the railing with his back to her, watching the lobster-catchers on the other side. She was almost in; it was only a slight dizziness, yet she could not see the light-house. Concentrating all her efforts, she shut her eyes and swam on, her arms still unaccountably vigorous, though the rest of her body seemed losing itself in languor. The sound in her ear had grown to a roar, as of many mill-wheels. It seemed a long distance that she thus swam with her eyes closed. Then she half opened her eyes, and the breakwater seemed all in motion, with tier above tier of eager faces looking down on her. In an instant there was a sharp splash close beside her, and she felt herself grasped and drawn downwards, with a whirl of something just above her, and then all consciousness went out as suddenly as when ether brings at last to a patient, after the roaring and the tumult in his brain, its blessed foretaste of the deliciousness of death.

When Hope came again to consciousness, she found herself approaching her own pier in a sail-boat, with several very wet gentlemen around her, and little Jenny nestled close to her, crying as profusely as if her pretty scarlet bathing-dress were being wrung out through her eyes. Hope asked no questions, and hardly felt the impulse to inquire what had happened. The truth was, that in the temporary dizziness produced by her prolonged swim, she had found herself in the track of a steamboat that was passing the pier, unobserved by her brother. A young man, leaping from the deck, had caught her in his arms, and had dived with her below the paddle-wheels, just as they came upon her. It was a daring act, but nothing else could have saved her. When they came to the surface, they had been picked up by Aunt Jane's Robinson Crusoe, who had at last unmoored his pilot-boat and was rounding the light-house for the outer harbor.

She and the child were soon landed, and given over to the ladies. Due attention was paid to her young rescuer, whose dripping garments seemed for the moment as glorious as a blood-stained flag. He seemed a simple, frank young fellow of French or German origin, but speaking English remarkably well; he was not high-bred, by any means, but had apparently the culture of an average German of the middle class. Harry fancied that he had seen him before, and at last traced back the impression of his features to the ball for the French officers. It turned out, on inquiry, that he had a brother in the service, and on board the corvette; but he himself was a commercial agent, now in America with a view to business, though he had made several voyages as mate of a vessel, and would not object to some such berth as that. He promised to return and receive the thanks of the family, read with interest the name on Harry's card, seemed about to ask a question, but forbore, and took his leave amid the general confusion, without even giving his address. When sought next day, he was not to be found, and to the children he at once became as much a creature of romance as the sea-serpent or the Flying Dutchman.

Even Hope's strong constitution felt the shock of this adventure. She was confined to her room for a week or two, but begged that there might be no postponement of the wedding, which, therefore, took place without her. Her illness gave excuse for a privacy that was welcome to all but the bridesmaids, and suited Malbone best of all.

XVI.

On the Stairs.

August drew towards its close, and guests departed from the neighborhood.

"What a short little thing summer is," meditated Aunt Jane, "and butterflies are caterpillars most of the time, after all. How quiet it seems. The wrens whisper in their box above the window, and there has not been a blast from the peacock for a week. He seems

ashamed of the summer shortness of his tail. He keeps glancing at it over his shoulder to see if it is not looking better than yesterday, while the staring eyes of the old tail are in the bushes all about."

"Poor, dear little thing!" said coaxing Katie. "Is she tired of autumn, before it is begun?"

"I am never tired of anything," said Aunt Jane, "except my maid Ruth, and I should not be tired of her, if it had pleased Heaven to endow her with sufficient strength of mind to sew on a button. Life is very rich to me. There is always something new in every season; though to be sure I cannot think what novelty there is just now, except a choice variety of spiders. There is a theory that spiders kill flies. But I never miss a fly, and there does not seem to be any natural scourge divinely appointed to kill spiders, except Ruth. Even she does it so feebly, that I see them come back and hang on their webs and make faces at her. I suppose they are faces; I do not understand their anatomy, but it must be a very unpleasant one."

"You are not quite satisfied with life, to-day, dear," said Kate; "I fear your book did not end to your satisfaction."

"It did end, though," said the lady, "and that is something. What is there in life so difficult as to stop a book? If I wrote one, it would be as long as ten 'Sir Charles Grandisons,' and then I never should end it, because I should die. And there would be nobody left to read it, because each reader would have been dead long before."

"But the book amused you!" interrupted Kate. "I know it did."

"It was so absurd that I laughed till I cried; and it makes no difference whether you cry laughing or cry crying, it is equally bad when your glasses come off. Never mind. Whom did you see on the avenue?"

"O, we saw Philip on horseback. He rides so beautifully; he seems one with his horse."

"I am glad of it," interposed her aunt. "The riders are generally so inferior to them."

"We saw Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, too. Emilia stopped and asked after you, and sent you her love, auntie."

"Love!" cried Aunt Jane. "She always does that. She has sent me love enough to rear a whole family on, — more than I ever felt for anybody in all my days. But she does not really love any one."

"I hope she will love her husband," said Kate, rather seriously.

"Mark my words, Kate!" said her aunt. "Nothing but unhappiness will ever come of that marriage. How can two people be happy who have absolutely nothing in common?"

"But no two people have exactly the same tastes," said Kate, "except Harry and myself. It is not expected. It would be absurd for two people to be divorced because the one preferred white bread and the other brown."

"They would be divorced very soon," said Aunt Jane, "for the one who ate brown bread would not live long."

"But it is possible that he might live, auntie, in spite of your prediction. And perhaps people may be happy, even if you and I do not see how."

"Nobody ever thinks I see anything," said Aunt Jane, in some dejection. "You think I am nothing in the world, but a sort of old oyster, making amusement for people, and having no more to do with real life than oysters have."

"No, dearest!" cried Kate. "You have a great deal to do with all our lives. You are a dear, old, insidious sapper-and-miner, looking at first very inoffensive, and then working your way into our affections and spoiling us with coaxing. How you behave about children, for instance!"

"How?" said the other, meekly. "As well as I can."

"But you pretend that you dislike them."

"But I do dislike them. How can anybody help it? Hear them swearing at this moment, boys of five, paddling in the water there! Talk about the murder of the innocents! There are so

few innocents to be murdered! If I only had a gun and could shoot!"

"You may not like those particular boys," said Kate, "but you like good, well-behaved children very much."

"It takes so many people to take care of them! People drive by here, with carriages so large that two of the largest horses can hardly draw them, and all full of those little beings. They have a sort of roof, too, and seem to expect to be out in all weathers."

"If you had a family of children, perhaps you would find such a travelling menagerie very convenient," said Kate.

"If I had such a family," said her aunt, "I would have a separate governess and guardian for each, very moral persons. They should come when each child was two, and stay till it was twenty. The children should all live apart, so as not to quarrel, and should meet once or twice a day and bow to each other. I think that each should learn a different language, so as not to converse, and then, perhaps, they would not get each other into mischief."

"I am sure, auntie," said Kate, "you have missed our small nephews and nieces ever since their visit ended. How still the house has been!"

"I do not know," was the answer. "I hear a great many noises about the house. Somebody comes in late at night. Perhaps it is Philip; but he comes very softly in, wipes his feet very gently, like a clean thief, and goes up stairs."

"O auntie!" said Kate, "you know you have got over all such fancies."

"They are not fancies," said Aunt Jane. "Things do happen in houses! Did I not look under the bed for a thief during fifteen years, and find one at last? Why should I not be allowed to hear something now?"

"But, dear Aunt Jane," said Kate, "you never told me this before."

"No," said she. "I was beginning to tell you the other day, but Ruth was just bringing in my handkerchiefs, and she had used so much bluing they looked as if they had been washed in heaven, so that it was too outrageous, and I forgot everything else."

"But do you really hear anything?"

"Yes," said her aunt. "Ruth declares she hears noises in those closets that I had nailed up, you know; but that is nothing; of course she does. Rats. What I hear at night is the creaking of stairs, when I know that nobody ought to be stirring. If you observe, you will hear it too. At least, I should think you would, only that somehow the universe always seems to stop, when it is necessary to prove that I am foolish."

The girls had no especial engagement that evening, and so got into a great frolic on the stairway over Aunt Jane's solicitudes. They convinced themselves that they heard all sorts of things, — footfalls on successive steps, the creak of a plank, the brushing of an arm against a wall, the jar of some suspended object that was stirred in passing. Once they heard some light object fall on the floor, and roll from step to step; and yet they themselves stood on the stairway, and nothing passed. Then for some time there was silence, but they would have persisted in their observations, had not Philip come in from Mrs. Meredith's in the midst of it, so that the whole thing turned into a great frolic, and they sat on the stairs and told ghost-stories half the night.

XVII.

Discovery.

The next evening Kate and Philip went to a ball. As Hope was passing through the hall late in the evening, she heard a sudden sharp cry somewhere in the upper regions, that sounded, she thought, like a woman's voice. She stopped to hear, but there was silence. It seemed to come from the direction of Malbone's room, which was in the third story. Again came the cry, more gently, ending in a sort of sobbing monologue. Gliding rapidly up stairs in the dark, she paused at

Philip's deserted room, but the door was locked, and there was profound stillness. She then descended, and, pausing at the great landing, heard other steps descending also. Retreating to the end of the hall, she hastily lighted a candle, when the steps ceased. With her accustomed nerve, wishing to explore the thing thoroughly, she put out the light and kept still. As she expected, the footsteps presently recommenced, descending stealthily, but drawing no nearer, and seeming rather like sounds from an adjoining house, heard through a party-wall. This was impossible, as the house stood alone. Flushed with excitement, she relighted the hall candles, and, taking one of them, searched the whole entry and stairway, going down even to the large old-fashioned cellar.

Looking about her in this unfamiliar region, her eye fell on a door that seemed to open into the wall; she had noticed a similar door on the story above, — one of the closet doors that had been nailed up by Aunt Jane's order. As she looked, however, a chill breath blew in from another direction extinguishing her lamp; this air came from the outer door of the cellar, and she had just time to withdraw into a corner before a man's steps approached, passing close by her.

Even Hope's strong nerves had begun to yield, and a cold shudder went through her. Not daring to move, she pressed herself against the wall, and her heart seemed to stop as the unseen stranger passed. Instead of his ascending where she had come down, as she had expected, she heard him grope his way toward the door she had seen in the wall. There he seemed to find a stairway, and when his steps were thus turned from her, she was seized by a sudden impulse and followed him, groping her way as she could. She remembered that the girls had talked of secret stairways in that house, though she had no conception whither they could lead, unless to some of the shut-up closets.

She steadily followed, treading cautiously upon each creaking step. The stairway was very narrow, and formed a regular spiral as in a turret. The darkness and the curving motion confused her brain, and it was impossible to tell how high in the house she was, except when once she put her hand upon what was evidently a door, and moreover saw through its cracks the lamp she had left burning in the upper hall. This glimpse of reality reassured her. She had begun to discover where she was. The doors which Aunt Jane had closed gave access, not to mere closets, but to a spiral stairway, which evidently went from top to bottom of the house, and was known to some one else beside herself.

Relieved of that slight shudder at the supernatural which sometimes affects the healthiest nerves, Hope paused to consider. To alarm the neighborhood was her first thought. A slight murmuring from above dispelled it; she must first reconnoitre a few steps farther. As she ascended a little way, a gleam shone upon her, and down the damp stairway came a fragrant odor, as from some perfumed chamber. Then a door was shut and reopened. Eager beyond expression, she followed on. Another step, and she stood at the door of Malbone's apartment.

The room was brilliant with light; the doors and windows were heavily draped. Fruit and flowers and wine were on the table. On the sofa lay Emilia in a gay ball-dress, sunk in one of her motionless trances, while Malbone, pale with terror, was deluging her brows with the water he had just brought from the well below.

Hope stopped a moment and leaned against the door, as her eyes met Malbone's. Then she made her way to a chair, and leaning on the back of it, which she fingered convulsively, looked with bewildered eyes and compressed lips from the one to the other. Malbone tried to speak, but failed; tried again, and brought forth only a whisper that broke into clearer speech as the words went on. "No use to explain," he said. "Lambert is in New York. Mrs.

Meredith is expecting her — to-night — after the ball. What can we do?"

Hope covered her face as he spoke; she could bear anything better than to have him say "we," as if no gulf had opened between them. She sank slowly on her knees behind her chair, keeping it as a sort of screen between herself and these two people, — the counterfeits, they seemed, of her lover and her sister. If the roof in falling to crush them had crushed her also, she could scarcely have seemed more rigid or more powerless. It passed, and the next moment she was on her feet again, capable of action.

"She must be taken," she said very clearly, but in a lower tone than usual, "to my chamber." Then pointing to the candles, she said, more huskily, "We must not be seen. Put them out." Every syllable seemed to exhaust her. But as Philip obeyed her words, he saw her move suddenly and stand by Emilia's side.

She put out both arms as if to lift the young girl, and carry her away.

"You cannot," said Philip, putting her gently aside, while she shrank from his touch. Then he took Emilia in his arms and bore her to the door, Hope preceding.

Motioning him to pause a moment, she turned the lock softly, and looked out into the dark entry. All was still. She went out, and he followed with his motionless burden. They walked stealthily, like guilty things, yet every slight motion seemed to ring in their ears. It was chilly, and Hope shivered. Through the great open window on the stairway a white fog peered in at them, and the distant fog-whistle came faintly through; it seemed as if the very atmosphere were condensing about them, to isolate the house in which such deeds were done. The clock struck twelve, and it seemed as if it struck a thousand.

When they reached Hope's door, she turned and put out her arms for Emilia, as for a child. Every expression had now gone from Hope's face but a sort of stony calmness, which put her infinitely farther from Malbone than had the momentary struggle. As he gave the girlish form into arms that shook and trembled beneath its weight, he caught a glimpse in the pier-glass of their two white faces, and then, looking down, saw the rose-tints yet lingering on Emilia's cheek. She, the source of all this woe, looked the only representative of innocence between two guilty things.

How white and pure and maidenly looked Hope's little room; such a home of peace, he thought, till its door suddenly opened to admit all this passion and despair! There was a great sheaf of cardinal flowers on the table, and their petals were drooping, as if reluctant to look on him. Scheffer's Christus Consolator was upon the walls, and the benign figure seemed to spread wider its arms of mercy, to take in a few sad hearts more.

Hope bore Emilia into the light and purity and warmth, while Malbone was shut out into the darkness and the chill. The only two things to which he clung on earth, the two women between whom his unsteady heart had vibrated, and both whose lives had been tortured by its vacillation, went away from his sight together, the one victim bearing the other victim in her arms. Never any more while he lived would either of them be his again; and had Dante known it for his last glimpse of things immortal when the two lovers floated away from him in their sad embrace, he would have had no such sense of utter banishment as had Malbone then.

XVIII.

Hope's Vigil.

Had Emilia chosen out of life's whole armory of weapons the means of disarming Hope, she could have found nothing so effectual as nature had supplied in her unconsciousness. Helplessness conquers. There was a quality in Emilia which would have always produced something very like antagonism in Hope, had she not been her sister. Had the ungoverned girl now been able to utter one word of reproach,

had her eyes flashed one look of defiance, had her hand made one triumphant or angry gesture, perhaps all Hope's outraged womanhood would have coldly nerved itself against her. But it was another thing to see those soft eyes closed, those delicate hands powerless, those pleading lips sealed; to see her extended in graceful helplessness, while all the concentrated drama of passion and despair revolved around her unheeded, as around Cordelia dead. In what realms was that child's mind seeking comfort; through what thin air of dreams did that restless heart beat its pinions; in what other sphere did that untamed nature wander, while shame and sorrow waited for its awakening in this?

Hope knelt upon the floor, still too much strained and bewildered for tears or even prayer, a little way from Emilia. Once having laid down the unconscious form, it seemed for a moment as if she could no more touch it again than she could lay her hand amid flames. A gap of miles, of centuries, of solar systems, seemed to separate these two young girls, alone within the same chamber, with the same stern secret to keep, and so near that the hem of their garments almost touched each other on the soft carpet. Hope felt a terrible hardness closing over her heart. What right had this cruel creature, with her fatal witcheries, to come between two persons who might have been so wholly happy? What sorrow would be saved, what shame, perhaps, be averted, should those sweet beguiling eyes never open, and that perfidious voice never deceive any more! Why tend the life of one who would leave the whole world happier, purer, freer, if she were dead?

In a tumult of thought, Hope went and sat half unconsciously by the window. There was nothing to be seen except the steady beacon of the lighthouse, and a pale green glimmer, like an earthly star, from an anchored vessel. The night wind came softly in, soothing her with a touch like a mother's, in its grateful coolness. The air seemed full of half-vibrations, subnoises, that crowded it as completely as do the insect sounds of midsummer; yet she could only distinguish the ripple beneath her feet, and the rote on the distant beach, and the busy wash of waters against every shore and islet of the bay. The mist was thick around her, but she knew that above it hung the sleepless stars, and the fancy came over her that perhaps the whole vast interval, from ocean up to sky, might be densely filled with the disembodied souls of her departed human kindred, waiting to see how she would endure that path of grief in which their steps had gone before. "It may be from this influence," she vaguely mused within herself, "that the ocean derives its endless song of sorrow. Perhaps we shall know its meaning when we understand that of the stars, and of our own sad lives."

She rose again and went to the bedside. It all seemed like a dream, and she was able to look at Emilia's existence and at her own and at all else, as if it were a great way off; as we watch the stars and know that no speculations of ours can reach those who there live or die untouched. Here beside her lay one who was dead, yet living, as to her bodily condition, and whose life would henceforth be but emptiness or despair. This young creature had been sent into the world so fresh, so beautiful, so richly gifted; everything about her physical organization was so delicate and lovely; she had seemed like heliotrope, like a tuberose in her purity and her passion, (who was it who said, "No heart is pure that is not passionate"?) and here was the end! Nothing external could have placed her where she was, no violence, no outrage, no evil of another's doing, could have reached her real life without her own consent; and now what kind of existence, what career, what possibility of happiness remained? Why could not God in his mercy take her, and give her to his holiest angels for schooling, ere it was yet too late?

Hope went and sat by the window once more. Her thoughts still clung

heavily around one thought, as the white fog clung round the house. Where should she see any light? What opening for extrication, unless, indeed, Emilia should die? There could be no harm in that thought, for she knew that it was impossible, and that the swoon would not last much longer. Who could devise anything? No one. There was nothing. Almost always in perplexities there is some thread by resolutely holding to which one escapes at last. Here there was none. There could probably be no concealment, certainly no explanation. In a few days John Lambert would return, and then the storm must break. He was probably a stern, jealous man, whose very dulness, once aroused, would be more formidable than if he had shown keener perceptions.

Still her thoughts did not dwell on Philip. He was simply a part of that dull mass of pain that beset her, and made her feel, as she had felt when drowning, that her heart had left her breast and gone to sustain her will. She felt now, as then, the capacity to act with more than her accustomed resolution, though all that was within her seemed boiling up into her brain. As for Philip, all seemed a mere negation; there was a vacuum where his place had been. At most the thought of him came to her as some strange, vague thrill of added torture, penetrating her heart and then passing; just as ever and anon there came the sound of the fog-whistle on Brenton's Reef, miles away, piercing the dull air with its shrill and desolate wail, then dying into silence.

What a hopeless cloud lay upon them all forever, — upon Kate, upon Harry, upon their whole house! Then there was John Lambert; how could they keep it from him? how could they tell him? Who could predict what he would say? Would he take the worst and coarsest view of his young wife's mad action, or the mildest? Would he be strong or weak; and what course would be weakness, and what strength, in a position so strange? Would he put Emilia from him, send her out in the world desolate, her soul stained but by one wrong passion, yet with her reputation blighted as if there were no good in her? Could he be asked to shield and protect her, or what would become of her? She was legally a wife, and could only be separated from him through convicted shame.

Then, if separated, she could only marry Philip. Hope nerved herself to think of that, and found it less effort than she expected. There seemed a numbness on that side, instead of pain. But granting that he loved her ever so deeply, was he a man to surrender his life and his ease and his fair name in a hopeless effort to remove the ban that the world would place on Emilia? She knew he would not; knew that even the simple-hearted and straightforward Harry would be far more capable of such heroism than the sentimental Malbone. Here the pang suddenly struck her; she was not so numb, after all!

As the leaves beside the window drooped motionless in the dank air, so her mind drooped into a settled depression. She pitied herself, — that lowest ebb of melancholy self-consciousness. She went back to Emilia, and, seating herself, studied every line of the girl's face, the soft texture of her hair, the veining of her eyelids. They were so lovely, she felt a sort of physical impulse to kiss them, as if they belonged to some utter stranger, whom she might be nursing in a hospital. Emilia looked as innocent as when Hope had tended her in the cradle. What is there, Hope thought, in sleep, in trance, and in death, that removes all harsh or disturbing impressions, and leaves only the most delicate and purest traits? Does the mind wander, and does an angel keep its place? Or is there really no sin but in thought, and are our sleeping thoughts incapable of sin? Perhaps even when we dream of doing wrong, the dream comes in a shape so lovely and misleading that we never recognize it for evil, and it makes no stain. Are our lives ever so pure as our dreams?

This thought somehow smote across her conscience, always so strong, and stirred it into a kind of spasm of introspection. "How selfish have I, too, been!" she thought. "I saw only what I wished to see, did only what I preferred. Loving Philip" (for the sudden self-reproach left her free to think of him), "I could not see that I was separating him from one whom he might perhaps have truly loved. If he made me blind, may he not easily have bewildered her, and have been himself bewildered? How I tried to force myself upon him, too! Ungenerous, unwomanly! What am I, that I should judge another?"

She threw herself on her knees at the bedside.

Still Emilia slept, but now she stirred her head in the slightest possible way, so that a single tress of silken hair slipped from its companions, and lay across her face. It was a faint sign that the trance was waning; the slight pressure disturbed her nerves, and her lips trembled once or twice, as if to relieve themselves of the soft annoyance. Hope watched her in a vague, distant way, took note of the minutest motion, yet as if some vast weight hung upon her own limbs and made all interference impossible. Still there was a fascination of sympathy in dwelling on that atom of discomfort; that tiny suffering, which she alone could remove. The very vastness of this tragedy that hung about the house made it an inexpressible relief to her to turn and concentrate her thoughts for a moment on this slight distress, so easily ended.

Strange, by what slender threads our lives are knitted to each other! Here was one who had taken Hope's whole existence in her hands, crushed it, and thrown it away. Hope had soberly said to herself, just before, that death would be better than life for her young sister. Yet now it moved her beyond endurance to see that fair form troubled, even while unconscious, by a feather's weight of pain; and all the lifelong habit of tenderness resumed in a moment its sway.

She approached her fingers to the offending tress, very slowly, half withholding them at the very last, as if the touch would burn her. She was almost surprised that it did not. She looked to see if it did not hurt Emilia. But it now seemed as if the slumbering girl enjoyed the caressing contact of the smooth fingers, and turned her head, almost imperceptibly, to meet them. This was more than Hope could bear. It was as if that slight motion were a puncture to relieve her overburdened heart; a thousand thoughts swept over her, — of their father, of her sister's childhood, of her years of absent expectation; she thought how young the girl was, how fascinating, how passionate, how tempted; all this swept across her in a great wave of nervous reaction, and when Emilia returned to consciousness, she was lying in her sister's arms, her face bathed in Hope's tears.

THE CLOTHES MANIA.

THAT Alpine hat which broke out upon us with so much violence last September, and which, I am told, has not yet spent its force in the interior States, is a good illustration of the way in which a fashion originates, "takes," spreads, rages, declines, dies away in the distance, and is lost to view, until it pleases our sovereign lords, the fashion-makers, to spring it upon mankind again. The son of a New York hatter, late in the year 1867, while making the tour of Europe, found himself at Naples, where he noticed a pretty green

hat that was much in vogue, called the Alpine hat. It was steeple-crowned, with wide brim, and a broad black ribbon round the crown which was further decorated by a feather. It differed from the familiar Tyrolese hat, which we often see at the opera upon the heads of picturesque banditti, chiefly in having the brim turned up, instead of down, and in having a deep, regular dent or cleft in the top of the crown, such as all soft hats have when they are first unpacked. The young hatter, though on pleasure bent, had a mind attentive to business, and he sent one of these hats home to his father, who placed it in his store for the amusement of his customers. It was as though he had said: "See what things those absurd foreigners wear! Yes, sir, they actually wear that kind of thing in Naples; out of doors, and in broad daylight! Just fancy a man wearing a green hat with a feather in it, in the streets!"

For three months or more this hat, so pretty at Naples, so ridiculous in New York, was exhibited in the hat store in Broadway without exciting in the breast of any man a desire to possess it. The realistic drama was then in fashion. Managers advertised their new effects as patented; dramatists sought the twofold protection of the Patent Office and the copyright law, and would not permit the hero of another man's play to incur any but an original peril. The hats worn upon the stage being thus as real as the real water of the stage fountain, and the real donkey of the stage cart, this romantic hat was not in request for the drama. Indeed, it remains unsold at the present moment, and may still be inspected by the curious. But one day it occurred to the philosophic mind of the hatter who owned it, that, apart from its green color and its feather, the fundamental ideas of this hat were good, and were also in harmony with the tastes of the American people. He thought he saw in it a taking compromise between the orthodox respectability of the stiff and glossy cylinder, and the too careless lowering loaferism of soft felt. He thought he could Americanize the Naples hat in such a way as to combine the safety of the stovepipe with the grace that is latent in the slouch. Then he said, "Make me a dozen hats of that pattern, but black and without a feather." In due time, the hats were placed in the store for sale. The hit they made was immediate and most decided. Every one who saw them was delighted with them, and they were all sold in a few hours. It is a long time since hatters have offered the public so pleasing a union of the becoming, the comfortable, and the convenient. And about this time arrived in New York the gallant band of English cricketers, wearing hats somewhat similar; and these gentlemen, performing daily in the presence of a great multitude, gave an impetus to the fashion. In a short time, the originator was selling a hundred Alpine hats a day, and all the other hatters were in full cry after them. In a few weeks, one half the better dressed men in New York were happy in the consciousness of having their heads more becomingly covered than they ever were before; and the other half secretly craved the same happiness, but were prevented from indulging their desire by the noble dread of wearing a hat that "everybody" wore.

In this little story of the Alpine hat is contained, as I have said, all the principles that control the rise, spread, and extinction of fashions. But in order to present the subject properly, we must go back of the Alpine hat, and see by what steps we arrived at the state of mind and taste which caused so many of us to adopt it so eagerly. And this is a subject which goes down to the depths of human nature. As the topmost leaves of the tallest tree draw their nourishment from the far distant and unseen root, and take their form, color, and texture from the tree's constitution and circumstances; as there is a natural necessity that the leaves of the willow shall be long and the leaves of the holly shall shine; so the feathers in ladies' bonnets and the

shape of men's hats, and all the seeming caprices of fashion, are controlled by law, originate in the nature of things, and are influenced by the controlling events of history. I do not know why walking-sticks are seldom carried at present in our streets, where, three years ago it was common to carry them; but if any one had a month in which to find out, he could find out; and very likely his investigation would carry him up among the great events and men of the age. He might have to write to Count Bismarck about it; the national debt may have something to do with it. The shade of care that comes over the countenances of a community when times are hard, and which our faces have worn for the last three years, since our burden began to settle down heavily upon us (the flush-money of the war being all spent, and the fictitious prosperity of war having been succeeded by its proper reaction), may explain it; for a walking-stick is the natural accompaniment of a mind at ease. It is when we go forth to stroll among the girls in the Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon, that we take a cane with us; not when we are going down town to collect or borrow money. But I leave this interesting branch of the subject to future investigators, and return to my hats, merely reporting, for the information of those investigators, that, during the whole of the year 1868, the walking-stick trade was exceedingly dull, and that in 1864 and 1865 it was very brisk indeed.

Among the pictures in the gallery of the New York Historical Society, there is one representing the interior of the Park Theatre, on an evening in 1822, during the performance of the elder Matthews. Every face in the audience is a portrait, the object of the artist being to assemble upon one canvas portraits of all the leading persons then moving in the society and business of New York. Often as I go into this interesting gallery, I never fail to take a look, in passing, at the round-faced, burly fathers of the present kings of commerce and finance. What a contrast, their amplitude of countenance and form, their good-humored torpidity of intellect, their consummate, solid respectability, with the sharper-featured, more slender, slightly intellectualized "operators" of the present time; connoisseurs in tandems, pictures, books, operas! As the persons in that distinguished audience are in full dress, the picture serves as an historical fashion-plate. The greater number of those stout gentlemen wear the most voluminous white neckcloths, which seem to have been wound round and round their necks, completely filling up the space between the coat and the countenance. Others have on those high stiff stocks which many of us remember, — things of buckram covered with black silk, satin, or velvet, fastened behind with a buckle that was not always invisible. From out the depths of the stocks, stiff and sharp-cornered collars thrust themselves toward heaven. The coat-collars of these solid gentlemen are several inches high, and only less stiff than a pine board. A few of the spectators, who are standing at the back of the pit, have their hats on, and those hats are immense; they are structures, regularly built, bell-crowned, and covered with the beaver skins which Mr. Astor brought from the far-distant haunts of his trappers. Most of the ladies wear bonnets, which also are vast, wide-spreading, and lofty, apparently of construction scarcely less massive than the beavers of their husbands.

Stiff and cumbrous as the clothes in this picture seem to us, they are light and easy compared with the cocked hats, the padded coats, stiffened with buckram, the wigs, the overflowing ruffles, the knee-breeches and great buckles, from which victorious democracy, in Jefferson's early day, delivered the fathers of these fathers who sit so solemnly enjoying Charles Matthews the elder. Old men used to be about New York who remembered when the young dandies of the Democratic party, in 1801, — the year of Mr. Jefferson's inauguration, — first dared to show themselves in Broadway without wig or

pigtail. It was thought to be an innovation scarcely decent for a young man to go about the streets exhibiting his own hair; and many men surrendered the pigtail only with life. When Mr. Jefferson discarded his short breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, and concealed his well-formed legs in pantaloons, the Federalists were prone to regard it as the trick of a demagogue to secure the favor of the mob. A *gentleman* in trousers and short hair! But what better could be expected of a Democrat and an atheist?

After the revolutionary ferment, which in Europe ended in defeat under Napoleon, and here in peaceful victory under Jefferson, there was a reaction toward the opinions which are called conservative, and this reaction expressed itself in stiffness and uniformity of dress. People forty years of age can remember the high stock, the cruel shirt-collar, the ruthless coat-collar, the prodigious bonnet, and the general setness and severity of costume which prevailed among us, before Channing, Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, Beecher, and the New York Tribune had begun the emancipation of the American understanding from the tight-fitting armor of opinions in which it was once confined. The primness and stiffness of the ladies who used to walk past the Astor House when it was the one grand hotel of the city, and when the fashionable walk was between the Battery and St. Paul's Church, can only be realized by those who remember their leg-of-mutton sleeves bulged out with buckram, and their lace handkerchiefs carried in their hands before them in a ludicrously precise and uniform way. The dress of the men was only less formal, cumbrous, and unyielding. Over all hung heavily the large black beaver hat; which maintained its supremacy so long because it harmonized with the stiffness and angularity of the rest of the attire.

It required three great historical events merely to circumscribe the dominion of the stove-pipe hat. First, the Mexican War revealed to a large number of American citizens the unsuspected truth, that the head of man could be covered becomingly without resorting to the stiff beaver. A good many officers and soldiers brought home from Mexico the wide-brimmed, steeple-crowned, flexible hat worn by Spaniards and Spanish creoles; but the large and sweeping picturesqueness of that tropical production was felt to be incongruous with the square-shouldered, tight-fitting garments worn by the busy and punctual men of American cities. Few had the courage to face a staring population, and most of those spacious hats were hung on pegs as mementos of warlike adventure. Then occurred the discovery of gold in California, and the wonderful rush across the Plains, around Cape Horn, and over the Isthmus, which compelled thousands of people to discard from their attire everything that was not pliable. The Mexican soft hat, modified to suit the American taste, became part of the uniform of the gold-seeking multitude, and was frequently seen in the streets of the Atlantic cities. But neither the war with Mexico, nor the discovery of California gold, nor both these important events together, sufficed to make the soft hat fashionable. Something more was needed. Europe had to be convulsed, and half a dozen ancient thrones shaken, before the scene became possible which gave a rival to the stiff cylinder.

The Mexican War began in 1846. Captain Sutter's men discovered the glittering particles of gold in the California mill race, in 1848. On a certain day in December, 1851 (the soft hat manufacture being then in full activity), the most picturesque human figure which recent America has had the pleasure of beholding flashed upon two hundred thousand of us as we stood packed in Broadway, between the Battery and Union Square, — two miles and two thirds of excited people, every creature of whom desired in his secret soul to be a pleasing object of contemplation to his friends and the

public. We saw the hero of the hour but for half a minute each, as he passed, standing in his barouche, his pale and handsome face set off so strikingly by that graceful hat, with the large black feather wound about it. What a beautiful object he was! The mere beauty of the man and his costume was such as to excite in every susceptible beholder a thrill of delight. I can see him now, the splendid Magyar, the magnificent, marvellous, histrionic Kossuth!

It was done! The stove-pipe had a rival; the feather, of course, was a thing to which we could not lift our souls. It has pleased Heaven so to constitute these northern climes, and the races inhabiting them, that a male of our species, who wears a feather in his hat of his own free will, must be either more or less than man. We could not attain to the feather; but the KOSSUTH HAT, adapted to the American taste, immediately appeared, and from that day to this, the stiff cylinder has never been able to reign over us with its former absolute sway.

An unpopular article of attire is the hat stigmatized as the stove-pipe. It is generally reviled as the acme of inconvenience and ugliness. It binds the head, and reddens the skin; it is heavy, large, inflexible, expensive, easily injured, difficult to restore, and very much in the way on a journey, in a crowd, or at a public meeting. No one pretends to admire or defend it. And yet there is something in the breast of the respectable citizen which prompts him, upon the whole, to prefer it; and, consequently, that hat, to this hour, is worn by about one half of the men in cities and large towns. There is, besides, a tendency in men, after indulging in soft infidelities for a while, to return to this unyielding head-covering. If between the sublime and the ridiculous there is a whole step, there is only a finger's breadth between the becoming and the absurd; and a staid citizen, when he ventures upon a soft hat, is not *quite* sure on which side of that dividing finger he is. But the stiff hat is a fixed quantity; he feels safe in it; and he is content not to be picturesque so long as he is sure not to be ridiculous. In itself, the hard hat is unpleasing and irrational, but it harmonizes with the angularity and stiffness which solid men still affect in the rest of their attire. Hence in Boston and Philadelphia, it is more frequently seen than in New York. The time has been in those two cities when the credit of a young man would have suffered if he had walked to his business in any other kind of hat than one of that polished and unyielding description which was once associated in the public mind with punctuality in meeting pecuniary obligations. If his hat was flexible, what guaranty had the public for the rigidity of his principles?

The Alpine hat took half our heads by storm, because it held out to us the alluring prospect of being *safely* picturesque. The dent in the crown was regular; the brim was somewhat broad, but it was not allowed to flap about of its own free will; and that wide black ribbon round the crown gave richness and dignity to the whole. In truth, the soft hat was arranged in its most becoming form, and then *fixed* in that form by block and stiffening. Such was its success in reconciling discordant conditions, that I saw the president of one bank and the cashier of another going down town wearing the Alpine hat, at a time when it was in high favor with the easy-going gentlemen of the press. Every one must feel that this savors of the millennium; the Alpine hat, indeed, expresses clearly the spiritual condition of the age, that half-fledged freedom of the soul, that longing to be free, without quite daring to launch away from the native twig, which is characteristic of so many at present.

In most of our large libraries there are collections of costume-books sufficient to show how immediately a change of opinion reveals itself in costume; and many modern historians have recorded the fact. Henri Martin, in his History of France, frequently pauses to note the connection between changes of spiritual condition and changes in

the general style of dress. "In order to judge of a community," he says in one place (Martin, XII. 124), "it almost suffices to see its costume, that faithful interpreter of the bodily habits, which reflects always those of the spirit." Handling masses of illustrated works, and living near galleries of old pictures, he observed that both the morals and the minds of his countrymen have been faithfully reflected in the clothes they preferred. Under Francis I., French fashions were elegant and voluptuous; at the immoral court of Henry III., they were extravagant and monstrous; in the time of Henry IV., they had a military cast; under glorious Richelieu, the costumes assumed "a nobleness, a severe and picturesque amplitude, a style at once graceful and distinguished, never equalled in modern Europe." Fashions in that age, as in every age, originated in the country where there was most money and most leisure to spend upon dress, which then was Holland. Venice once gave the law to fashionable Europe, then Spain, then Holland, then France. While Louis XIV. was a gay and gorgeous personage, the costumes of his court were gay and gorgeous, but when he had been scared into a kind of repentance, and settled down with Madame de Maintenon into the steady-going married man, and no one could hope for royal favor who did not attend mass once a day, costumes became heavy, ugly, awkward, a monstrous blending of the courtly and the puritanic. Then, when the Regent brought pleasure into fashion once more, instantly the cumbrous extravagances of the old court were abandoned, and dress became simpler, costlier, and more elegant. As the Revolution approached, democratic ideas were fashionable in chateaus and grand drawing-rooms. All costume and all decoration became simpler and less expensive. English modes were introduced, the splendid carriages with panels painted by artists of repute, and heavy with elaborate decoration, all disappeared, and Paris was sombre with chariots, dark-colored and devoid of ornamentation, in the London style. Later, meanness and shabbiness of attire were the height of the mode in Paris, where republicans of ancient lineage and renown strove to express in this way their newly felt brotherhood to the less fortunate of mankind. Under Napoleon, all fashions for men had something in them of a military character, Napoleon reserving to himself the striking simplicity of a field uniform.

We have all observed, I suppose, what Mr. Herbert Spencer mentions in one of his essays, that the character of a political meeting can be inferred from the dress of those who attend it. "At a chartist demonstration," he tells us, "a lecture on socialism, or a *soirée* of the friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. . . . . Bare necks, shirt-collars à la Byron, wonderfully shaggy great-coats, numerous oddities in form and color, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. . . . . And when the gathering breaks up, the varieties of head-gear, the number of caps, and the abundance of felt hats, suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded, the black cylinders which tyrannize over us would soon be deposed." These remarks apply as well to New York as to London. They perfectly describe the motley assemblies which used to crowd the old Tabernacle in Broadway, when Theodore Parker lectured to all that was most advanced and enlightened, as well as to much that was eccentric and affected, in the city. On the other hand, how uniform and precise the dress of the men who issue in dark clouds about 12.15 on Sundays, from churches where all endeavor to think alike, and engage an able man, at great expense, to assist them in so doing! In those Theodore Parker days, members of the press sported various peculiarities of costume; especially men connected with the journal supposed to be most at variance with public opinion. Since that time, ex-

tremes of opinion have drawn nearer together, and we now observe that the public-spirited and exemplary workingmen of the New York press, Bohemians of the new school, only discard so much of the conventional in costume and demeanor as is inconvenient and irrational. Compared with people of twenty years ago, we are all radicals, and our clothes show it. The eccentrics of the old Tabernacle platform have generally chosen to conform to the fashions of a public with which they are no longer much at variance; and the public, less trammelled than formerly by orthodoxies in politics and theology, dress more easily, comfortably, and variously.

Certainly, men do. If any one thinks ladies do not, I would like to show him a set of fashion-plates of 1820 to 1830, now lying before me. *Paniers*, do you say? Paniers first came in, I believe, about six months after the marriage of Louis XV., which occurred in 1725. They have been in fashion several times since, but they have never been so light, so modest, so harmless, so little worn, and so generally ridiculed as now. We can at least boast that they are not now regarded as an affair of state, disturbing the peace of courts, and calling for the interference of a prime minister. That gossiping Paris lawyer, Barbier, in his diary for 1728, has a curious passage relating to the paniers then worn at the French court, a passage which may console some readers whom the sight of a panier causes to despair of the human race.

"One would not believe," says Barbier, "that the Cardinal [Fleury, prime minister] has been embarrassed with regard to the paniers which women wear under their petticoats to render them large and spreading. They are of such a size, that when the ladies sit down, the whalebones are pushed out and make such an astonishing spread that they have been obliged to have arm-chairs made on purpose. Only three women can get into a box at the theatre without crowding. The fashion has gone to such an extravagance, as extreme fashions always do, that when the princesses are seated on each side of the queen, their petticoats, which rise as they seat themselves, hide the queen's petticoat. That seemed improper, but it was difficult to devise a remedy. By dint of pondering (*à force de rêver*) the Cardinal has decided that there shall always be an empty chair on each side of the queen, which will prevent the inconvenience; and the pretext is, that those two chairs are reserved for Mesdames de France, her daughters" (twins, two years old).

Thus the wise old priest, who governed France for so many years, arranged this great affair. It soon appeared, however, that the princesses did not like *their* petticoats concealed by the paniers of adjacent duchesses, and the Cardinal was obliged to grant them a vacant stool on each side. This offended the duchesses, who desired the same privilege. But Cardinal Fleury, like Dickens's immortal London barber, had to draw the line *somewhere*, and he drew it so as to exclude the duchesses, which led to a bitter war of pamphlets and epigrams, in the course of which one pamphlet was publicly burned by the executioner (Barbier, II. 37 and 41). Much as we may regret to see young loveliness disfiguring itself with these things in the Fifth Avenue, we can find comfort in the reflection that Mr. Seward has not been obliged to interfere, nor has the public hangman earned the smallest fee in consequence of the revived fashion.

Fashion is a necessity of human nature; because, while we all desire to be pleasingly attired, not one in ten thousand of us is able to invent any article of dress or decoration that shall be truly becoming. Nothing is more universal than the wish to be well-looking; and the feeling is so strong that a person had almost better not be born at all than be born two feet too tall or too short, or with any other very marked personal peculiarity that cannot be concealed. Byron's morbidness with regard to his lameness was not an unusual case. Turn loose, in a large

school of rougn boys or girls, a child who has a squint eye, or a humpback, or a red patch on its face, or who is extremely fat or lean, or tall or short, or whose clothes are very different from those worn by the rest, or who has some unconquerable peculiarity of speech or manner, and that child will suffer an acute misery of which no one can form an idea who has never experienced it. Nor is this a peculiarity of childhood. What would induce a respectable citizen of Boston to walk down Washington Street in top-boots, or wearing a hat of 1830? Where is the woman strong-minded enough to calmly endure the stony stare of an omnibus full of female critics who have spied out something awry or antique in her costume? It is a tremendous ordeal. We are so constituted that we like to be like one another; and so general is this desire, that one of the signs of madness is an inclination to oddity in personal adornment. It is hard for us to believe in the soundness of a person's judgment who turns his collar down when every one else turns it up, or who lets his hair grow very long when the rest of mankind have theirs cropped. It is only in these advanced days, and in these two or three most advanced nations, that there is any real liberty of choice whether we shall go bearded or shorn, and whether we shall take evening sustenance in a coat with a tail behind, or in one with a tail all around it. Indeed, there are circles even in metropolitan London, Paris, and New York, where a person, otherwise unexceptionable, would be grossly undervalued if he should presume to present himself in any other than the regulation coat.

Many suppose that it is only the circles dependent upon Paris for their personal decoration, which are subject to these rigors. Not so. Nothing delivers from the tyranny of fashion but real elevation and independence of character; and, accordingly, the most abject slaves of fashion are to be found among the barbarous races and classes. Mr. Oscanyan tells us, that in the harems of the East, where Paris fashions are unknown, the changes in the shape of the ladies' dresses, and in the mode of adorning their persons, are as frequent as with us; and, although those changes are often so trifling that a foreigner would not notice them, a lady who cannot follow the new mode is as miserable as a New York servant-girl would have been a year or two ago without a hoop-skirt. We read in Marco Polo that it was so with the ladies of the harem countries, six hundred years ago. "A peculiar fashion of dress," he records of one of those countries, "prevails among the women of the superior class, who wear below their waists, in the manner of drawers, a kind of garment in the making of which they employ, according to their means, a hundred, eighty, or sixty ells of fine cotton cloth; which also they gather or plait, in order to increase the apparent size of their hips; those being accounted the most handsome who are most bulky in that part." Paniers again! And when the captains who sailed under Prince Henry the Navigator, first landed upon the Western coast of Africa, years before Columbus commanded a ship, they discovered that the unclad beauties of Guinea were devoured by the same passion to be in the mode. "That woman among them," writes an old translator of the valiant and talkative Cadamosto, "who has the largest breasts, has the glory of being considered the most handsome. For this purpose, each female, ambitious of this prerogative, when they attain their seventeenth or eighteenth year submit themselves to the operation of having their breasts tied around with strings, and so closely drawn, that they almost sever them from the body, and by means of daily efforts of stretching and dilation, give them at length such an extension as to hang down to the navel. No greater bliss can arrive to their sex than success in this attempt." *

And a traveller of to-day tells us that he carried with him a bountiful

* Narrative of First Voyage of Cadamosto to Coast of Africa, 1455.

supply of the prettiest and costliest colored beads into the interior of Africa, hoping thereby to conciliate a powerful tribe and purchase their good offices; but when he arrived among them, he found, to his dismay, that the fashion in beads had changed, and that his were not in vogue. Colored beads were out, white beads were in. Not a negro of them, nor a negress, would look at his beautiful assortment of brilliant-hued beads, the choicest product of Birmingham; but the rage was for a certain kind of very cheap and common white beads, which the traders had introduced. Give me a week in the Astor Library, and I will furnish an octavo volume of facts like these, showing that the desire to be in the mode is universal, and that this desire is strongest in the weakest of our species.

The root of it all is, the deep and poignant shame which we experience from physical defects, — a feeling most necessary and salutary. Every man wishes to be of the proper number of inches round the chest, and every woman wishes to be beautiful in form and feature. There is not a fashion now prevalent in the world, and probably never has been one, which did not originate in the desire on the part of some one to display a physical excellence, or conceal a physical defect. Nature abhors bodily insufficiency. For five years past, men have stood aghast at the fantastic tricks which ladies have played before high Heaven with their own and other people's hair, as well as with that of horses and other innocent creatures. This wondrous hair system, which has prevailed throughout Christendom, all originated in the fact that the hair of a certain conspicuous woman became, by incessant dressings, very thin. Those shoes, too, which have the heel near the middle of the foot, and destroy the harmony of every movement, owe their currency to a foolish and groundless superstition, that a small foot is a sign of superior lineage. Some lady whose position required her to wear fine clothes in the gaze of many of her fellow-mortals had a large foot, which her obliging shoemaker strove to diminish by putting the heel an inch or two nearer the toe than it ought to have been. The trick seemed to answer the purpose, and from that time every lady in six nations, not exceptionally firm and sensible, has gone rocking on a pivot. Constantly, for the last three hundred years, ladies have been preached at for wearing their dresses too low; but such is the passion of human beings for displaying physical excellence, that just as often as the conspicuous lady of the age is well formed the fashion returns, and women indulge their desire to appear as lovely as nature made them.

In every community of which we have any knowledge, there is that one conspicuous person or class whom the rest admire, envy, and imitate. But this elect few, who alone have much time or means to expend upon the decoration of the body, are ever striving to be as *distinguished* in appearance as they suppose themselves to be in reality; and thus there is always going on a game of cross-purposes between the few and the many. The young men of New York who give their whole mind, such as it is, to the adornment and display of their persons, were glad enough to wear Alpine hats while only their own circle had them; but the moment those hats began to be generally worn, the dandies gave theirs away, and fell back upon styles which had some little peculiarity. The Astrakhan cap, high, and without a visor, gave solace to some, and caused the lobby of the French Opera to assume an Alaskian aspect, as though the Russians on their way home had stopped a few nights in New York to see the new piece. If the dandies succeed in adopting a kind of hat that pleases the public, more and more of the Alpines are laid aside, until they finally disappear beyond the Alleghanies, and spread themselves over the Valley of the Mississippi. Thus it is with all fashions. They are invented by taste or suggested by accident; they are adopted by the few who live but to dress; they are taken up

by the public who have only time to ask what is worn; they are then abandoned by the ornamental class, and successively by the classes who are uneasy if they do not resemble them; and, at last, they are only seen on the persons of the multitude, who buy clothes with the intention of wearing them out, and who execute that intention.

Several causes have conspired of late years to stimulate our natural and commendable love of personal decoration, until most of us expend too much money upon it, and many are possessed by a kind of mania for changing and multiplying their garments, and for having them made of materials needlessly expensive.

Eighteen years ago, the President of the Republic of France betrayed the country which had trusted him, stole its liberties in the night, laid robber hands upon its treasury, dishonored its noblest citizens by carting them to jail in prison vans, murdered in cold blood several hundreds of innocent men and women in the streets of Paris, and transported hundreds more to a hot unhealthy region of the tropics. This was the Andersonville of usurpation. It transcended all that had ever been done in that kind, — joining to the extreme of dastardly meanness the extreme of audacious cruelty, and being totally devoid of palliation or excuse, except that invented by the head liar of the gang who perpetrated it. The man in whose name the deed was done appears to have furnished nothing but the lies; the audacity, and what little courage was shown, being supplied by others. Mr. Kinglake's chapter upon this usurpation (Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. I. Ch. XIV) strikingly confirmed by some American narratives to which that author had not access, exhausts the subject, and avenges the human race, which is deeply injured whenever man's faith in man is lessened by the deliberate betrayal of a solemnly accepted trust. Mr. Kinglake, I say, has avenged our outraged race; for which, I trust, we are all duly grateful to him. Nothing remains but for France to bring the perfidious wretch to trial for the special wrong done to *her*, and execute upon him the penalty to which he may be condemned.

As usual in such cases, a woman was found willing to share the bed and booty of the successful robber. She was young, beautiful, well formed, and of just such a mind as to submit joyfully to spend half the day in trying on articles of wearing apparel, and the other half in displaying them to a concourse of people. It became, too, and remains an important part of her duty to amuse, dazzle, and debase the women of France, by wearing a rapid succession of the most gorgeous, novel, bewildering costumes, the mere description of which has developed a branch of literature, employs many able writers, and mainly supports fifty periodicals. Here is a vain, beautiful woman, living in the gaze of nations, who has the plunder of a rich kingdom with which to buy her clothes, and the taste of a continent to devise them for her; for to Paris the *élite* of all tailors, dress-makers, milliners, and hair-dressers go from every capital in Europe. Whatever there is in France of truly noble and patriotic — and there are as many noble and patriotic persons in France as in any country — avoids the vicinity of this woman; while around her naturally gather the thoughtless and the interested. The women in this circle imitate her as closely as women can whose husbands have not stolen the treasures of a nation; all except one, it is said, and she is the real queen of fashion.

Both these leading women have certain physical defects which they wish to conceal, as well as certain unusual charms, of which they intend the most shall be made. One is beautiful and tall. The other is ugly and short, but graceful, vivacious, and interesting. The hair of one of them growing scanty behind, all women felt the necessity of carrying a pound of horsehair under their own, and swelled out in the region of the back hair to an extent that now seems incredible. If the parting of the

hair widens, and begins to resemble baldness, then frizzing comes in, which covers up the deficiency. A few gray hairs bring powder into fashion. Other insufficiencies send paniers on their way round the world. For these women, and especially the one who figures in the centre of the group, occupy that conspicuous place to which for two centuries past more female eyes have been admiringly directed than to any other; and there reside near them a band of writers who live by chronicling every new device of decoration that appears upon their persons. So able, liberal, and sensible a journal as the Pall Mall Gazette finds it necessary to station an industrious member of its staff within sight of these people, for the sole purpose of telling the best women in England what clothes the worst women in France wear. I should suppose, from looking over the periodicals which publish fashion news, that there must be in Paris as many as a hundred writers who derive the whole or part of their income from describing the dresses worn in the ancient palaces temporarily occupied by the usurper and his dependants; and many of these writers do their work so well, that their letters are a most potent stimulator of the passion for dress which is so easily kindled in the minds of the ignorant and immature.

This poor woman, who is the immediate cause of the mischief, is, we are told, an anxious and unhappy being, as well she may be. She struggles to conciliate. A forced, fixed smile is ever upon her face, when that face is seen by others. In her growing anxiety, she naturally redoubles her efforts to dazzle and beguile the people in whose sight she dwells, and on whose money she dresses. When the Hour comes, I hope she will be mercifully judged, for she has already expiated the venial sin of yielding to a temptation which only a very superior woman — one really honest and thorough-bred — could have resisted. It is probable that she now regards the wearing of those tremendous costumes merely as her contribution towards housekeeping; as though she said to her husband, "*You* keep down the men by muzzling the press and flattering the army, and I 'll fool the women by wearing the most stunning costumes that ever struck envy to the female heart."

Then the marriage laws of France, and the universal custom of demanding a dowry with a wife, have necessitated other arrangements than marriage between the sexes; have called into existence a large class of women who are well named the *demi-monde*, — a something between respectable married women and those who are wholly out of the pale of respectability. I presume this class is not more numerous in proportion to the rest of the population now than they were when the loyal Barbier, indignant at the epigrams launched at Louis XV. when he established his first mistress at court, exclaimed: "Every one else keeps a mistress; why should n't the king have one?" The demi-monde may not be proportionally more numerous than in the year 1735, but they have, as a class, a hundred times more money to spend. Empty head, vacant time, full purse, — these are the main constituents of the people subject to the clothes mania. Since the discovery of gold in California in 1848, I suppose more people have undergone a complete change of circumstances than ever before in so short a space of time. From that heavily laden marquis in England, who toils at the management of an estate yielding an income of three thousand pounds sterling a day, to the rag-pickers of the streets, we all have more money to spend than we used to have; and one of the things we are surest to do, when we have some superfluous cash, is to go to Paris and buy pleasure with it, — pleasure being a chief product of that capital. Of course, there must be a prodigious number of semi and wholly unfortunate women there who have heaps of gold, and nothing to do but to copy or burlesque the showy women of the Tuileries.

Heavens! What a carnival of folly

they are holding, — those women of the palace and of the demi-monde! That is, if we may believe our assiduous friends, the reporters of fashions. The most curious and amusing feature of it is, the great number of things that are now regulated by fashion. I read in one fashion-letter that American young ladies were greatly in vogue in Paris until last year; but during the present season it has not been *fashionable* to have them at balls and parties, because it has been discovered that, under elegant and most costly costumes, some of them concealed an ignorance surpassing that of a servant-girl. I read in another of these epistles, that such is the rage for light hair, that ladies whose hair is not of the fashionable hue tie it up into the smallest possible space, and wholly cover it with light curls, frizzles, and powder. Another informs us that the costumes of the Conspicuous Woman of France, which are sometimes changed four times a day, and the most expensive of which are never worn more than twice, vary in *sentiment* with the occasion; so that when she attends a council of ministers, so called, she wears a dress of "a grave, reflecting tone, on which hues of steel-gray meet rays of studious brown, the *ensemble* being burnished armor." Two years ago, we are further assured, it was fashionable to be seen making caps and dresses for some poor woman's baby; but babies are past, and now no lady of fashion does anything with needles less elegant than "Venetian *guipure* or netting," whatever that may be. Mourning dresses and mourning customs, it seems, also vary, and we are favored with minute descriptions of the styles worn at Père-la-Chaise on the day when custom enjoins that graves shall be visited. Coffins, we are told, are *again* covered with black cloth "puffed like upholstery."

Indeed, if the reader will take the trouble to look over a few of the fashion-letters from Paris, he will discover that fashion now prescribes not only every article of dress and personal decoration, but that there is scarcely anything which it does not regulate. In the course of a week or two I have gathered paragraphs telling me what cards I must use for every occasion on which cards can be supposed to come into play; how I must be buried, if I wish to have the thing done as it should be; what styles of tombstone are now in fashion; what color my horses would have to be, if I had any; whether the wheels and the body of my carriage must contrast or match; what medicines, and school of medicine, and practitioners of medicine, it is fashionable to employ, as well as what diseases are now in vogue. I am notified, also, that in England, at present, the fashionable *religion* is Ritualism. Strangest of all, I am seriously assured by the *Moniteur de la Mode* itself, that it is now the height of fashion, not to follow the fashion, but to go to the studio of your *artiste* in clothes, and demand of her a creation, — a costume wholly original. "There is no woman of fashion who does not ask *des confections faites exclusivement pour elle.* As soon as a thing has been seen, she wishes it no longer." This calls to mind the advice which the author of Pelham gave to the London dandy of thirty years ago, which was, that if he saw his most favorite, most costly, most stunning waistcoat copied by another man, he should instantly give his own away to his valet. No other course was open to a man of true *ton.*

The solemnity with which these things are stated is sometimes extremely ludicrous. The force of the comic can no further go than in a paragraph printed last winter in a New York paper, which notified the public that a family was in affliction from a cause both novel and distressing. An elegant bridal veil of "real point lace" had been ordered in Paris for a young lady who was to be married the next day. It had not arrived, and "the family of the bride were very much *concerned,* fearing that white *tulle* would have to be substituted." Carlyle should have had this for "Sartor Resartus." "Concerned" is good.

The truth is, that the two conspicuous persons in France are in a position which is both false and precarious. Being essentially histrionic persons, they employ histrionic arts, one of which is, rapid and frequent changes of costume. One of these people plays emperor, and the other plays empress; and they have set all the fools in Christendom dressing for parts. "A remarkable toilet," says a fashion-letter, "is a hunting-robe, to be worn by a belle, who looks on while the hunters mount in their saddles, but does not follow them."

The cost of all this is beyond arithmetic to compute. Never before were the treasures of a frugal and laborious people, such as the French are, wasted so wantonly. No mistress of Louis XIV., no titled harlot of the Regency, not Pompadour, not Dubarry, ever squandered the money of the French with such reckless profusion as the woman now occupying the apartments in which they dwelt. "The cream of novelty," says a late letter from Paris, "is a garland so contrived that, as the heat of the dancing-room becomes greater, the petals composing this garland open gradually, then fall into the hair, disclosing a diamond or a ruby in each." Another: "A new fashion is, to have buttons and jewelry of the same shade as the ribbon sashes; thus a maize taffeta is worn with amethyst, and coral jewelry with coral-colored ribbons." Another: "The ladies at Compiègne dress four times a day, and vie with one another in magnificence." "The Empress's toilets are all ravishing. On Sunday, at mass, she wore a blue satin trained dress, trimmed with Russian sable, with a polonaise of the same, likewise trimmed with sable, and a bonnet of iris velvet with aigrette." This was a simple church dress. One of the evening costumes was "an apricot silk, puffed all round the bottom with apricot tulle; flounces worked with silver, fuchsia pattern, and trimmed with Venetian fringe of white silk. Over this an immense train of white satin, softened by apricot tulle, worked with silver fuchsias and fringe round the borders."

In this style do women of a certain mind dress when they have the plunder of a great kingdom at command. The Princess Metternich, when she came to spend a few days at Compiègne, felt it necessary to bring with her twenty-six trunks full of clothes; and we read of a French bride who had sixty thousand francs' worth of handkerchiefs as one item of her outfit. In a word, the surplus money which ought to be educating France is at present chiefly wasted in disfiguring a few thousand Frenchwomen.

The time was when the ladies who led society in France had other claims to the homage of men than the clothes they wore. The time *was*, do I say? The time *is*. The women who dress with this shameless disregard of morality and taste are, in no proper sense, leaders of the society of the country upon which they have fastened. They are not the successors of those amiable, intelligent ladies to whom Martin refers, when he says: "The ancients created conversation between men. Conversation between the two sexes, the true and complete conversation, was born in France; and this is not one of the least of our titles to the esteem of mankind, little as we think of it now, when we have departed so far from our former elegance of manners" (Martin, XII. 424). Nor are these dull, ignorant people worthy to be ranked with the Frenchwomen of whom Sydney Smith wrote: "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient *régime* a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." There can be no pleasant little suppers with persons dressed in the manner just described. No conversation is possible with a woman who has five hundred thousand francs' worth of satin, lace, and jewels on her mind. These women are in fact purely histrionic persons, actresses, with whom a few words may be exchanged as they stand

dressed to "go on"; but their minds are so preoccupied with their parts, their audience, and their trains, that conversation is out of the question. Happily, the play will end erelong, and then they will slink out of the stage door and go home, carrying their toggery with them.

It is sometimes spoken of as a shame to the ladies of America, England, and Christendom generally, that they should have stooped to imitate the women temporarily conspicuous in betrayed and plundered France. Perhaps, many centuries hence, mankind will have advanced so far in moral feeling and genuine civilization, that a wrong done to any portion of the race will be keenly felt by every other portion, and a face unjustly slapped in Australia will make cheeks tingle in Greenland. At present, however, this is not the case, and most of us bear the sorrows of others with fortitude. Ladies do not generally read the newspapers; do not as yet consciously share in the public life of the race; do not even generally *know* how the person whose garments they copy got her insatiable little hand into the treasury of saving, industrious France; do not see the transparent artifices by which the French are amused and flattered, while they are held down and plundered; do not recognize in the bewildering costumes of the Conspicuous Woman a means of corrupting one sex and enslaving the other.

Ladies do not think of politics when they go to Stewart's to buy a new dress, and are much less concerned to know what is fashionable in France than what is "going to be worn" by the influential ladies of their own circle. Each country has its professional fashion-makers, who adapt French patterns to that country's climate, circumstances, and taste, and it is with these that ladies have to do. Not one lady in a million, who has ceased to part her hair, or who hides the symmetry of her form in a panier, sees any connection between those acts and the politics of Europe. Let us not presume to censure the fairer part of creation. A woman with a full purse and an empty head *must* dress, or do worse; and, being totally unable to devise costumes herself, she *must* follow the fashions invented by people who have less money and more brains than herself.

These fashion-makers have become in some capitals, especially in New York, a numerous and very capable class; and they, too, have been powerful stimulators of the clothes mania. I may say, indeed, that a sort of conspiracy exists between the makers and the originators of clothes, the grand object of which is to compel people to buy new garments before their old ones are worn out. I say *compel*, not merely tempt them to do so by the invention of new and pleasing styles (though that, too, is done), but *force* young and susceptible people to cast aside garments not half worn out, by making them prematurely old-fashioned.

I can best explain how this is done by recurring to an article already mentioned, the stove-pipe hat, which being still worn by about one half the men in the United States, is what is styled "a leading article." The great question which the chief hatters of this nation revolve in their ingenious minds is this: How can we make men dissatisfied with the hats they have, and fly to others which they see the dandies wear? As many changes can be made in a hat as can be rung on those abominable "nine bells" of the arithmetics. A hat has a crown and a brim. That crown can be high, low, straight, steeple, or bell-shaped; and that brim can be narrow, wide, curling, straight, turned down or turned up. The whole structure can be large or it can be small. Of all the shapes which this kind of hat can assume, the one most popular, the one hardest to change, is the very one which happens to be most in vogue at this writing (February, 1869), namely, a moderate-sized bell, with a rather wide, curling brim. No shape is becoming to so many persons as this; and hence, though the straight crowns and steeple crowns seldom run more than two years,

the bell, once well established, can seldom be made to seem absurd in less than seven years. Now, the trick of the hatters, as of all other fashion-makers, male and female, is this: first, to push or develop the reigning fashion, as rapidly as possible, to an extreme which savors of the ridiculous; and then, as rapidly as possible, to recede from that extreme to an opposite one. At present the tendency is to make hats larger, more bell-like, and with a brim of more pronounced curl. But the impulse in that direction is nearly exhausted, and the newest hats begin to look absurdly large, too bellish, and curling. The moment is at hand when a movement, more or less violent, will take place in the opposite direction. If the hatters dared, they would dart at once to a minute and natty steeple crown; but the public, in that case, would shy, and keep on wearing the bells. The next extreme, whatever it may be, will not be reached under two years, and it will be approached by such numerous and gradual changes, that most of our hats will be considerably worn before we begin to be ashamed of them. Our tyrants will beware of going too fast with us; for, after all, we can be masters if we will. We have to be deluded with the name and forms of freedom, while many of us are in reality the unresisting slaves of five men who keep Broadway hat-stores.

The recent tight trousers illustrate the same device. They grew tighter, and tighter, and tighter, until it was perilous to go abroad, and many of our young fellows looked like Master Shallow in his young days, when, as Falstaff informs us, he resembled "a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife." The moment a ridiculous extreme of tightness had been well established, our lords, the tailors, kindly shook out a reef, and relieved us. But the tight trousers, which they had compelled us to buy, hang on their pegs unworn, or adorn the store fronts of Chatham Street. Among the ladies, the present rage is to load every article of visible attire with ornament. "We know," says the editress of our chief fashion-paper, "of a costume lately made, on which eighteen women spent two days in making the trimming." If the *modistes* are true to their principles, they will push this fashion of excessive ornamentation until it becomes utterly monstrous; and *then*, when every wardrobe is bursting with absurdity, they will turn as short a corner as they dare, and rush to an opposite extreme of simplicity. The object of all these tailors and dressmakers is, to make us loathe our clothes while they are still as good as new. But they could not work their will upon us without the co-operation of the small class in all our cities who live only to dress, and whose one cry is, "Give us something new to wear." These *start* a fashion and give it a chance to "take." And as fortune is ever apt to favor the brave, it sometimes happens that accident aids the bold innovator who suddenly cuts off our coat tails, or takes in our trousers until we cannot pick up a lady's handkerchief. All garments look well upon a fine form; and there *are* legs which are more admirable the more distinctly they are revealed. Let but a perfectly formed man of some note wear tights and a bob-tail a few times in the view of the public, and every dandy is impatient until he has converted himself into a forked radish.

And yet our fashion-makers, though they have stimulated the clothes mania, are probably the very persons who will do most to cure it. Such, at least, was my impression the other day, after going over the largest fashion-making establishment in the world. America, which is destined to try all the experiments and solve all the problems, seems to have it in charge also to teach the Northern races how to dress. When an American takes hold of a thing, he is pretty sure to give it plenty of air. He is the great Advertiser. He instinctively aims at the million, knowing well that there is little else in America but million, and knowing also that he who draws permanent tribute from the

million must devise something truly serviceable. We have in New York four establishments whose sole or chief business is to invent fashions, sell fashion-plates, paper patterns, and printed directions for cutting garments. The one which I visited employs sixty persons, and is about to occupy the whole of a large building, of which the rent is fifteen thousand dollars a year. The stranger is shown into one "studio," where a "corps of artists," men, sit assiduous, drawing upon stone the fashion prints for men's clothes, to which the chief tailors of the city have contributed each one suit. There I saw the coats, waistcoats, trousers, hats, neck-ties, and boots which were to be in fashion five months later; for, as the fashion-plate is sent to subscribers in February, it has to be drawn some weeks before; and the ingenious authors of it have to project their minds into the future, and infer what men can be made to buy in June, from what they fancy in December. Sometimes they hit it, sometimes they miss; the public may jump at a new device, or let it alone; for, after all, the public can be led only by being led in the way in which it is inclined to go. He is the great fashion-maker who knows best how to interpret the unconscious tendency of the public taste.

In another room of this building is another "corps of artists," women, who contrive new fashions for the ladies, sold in the form of paper patterns, with directions for cutting attached. Now the great hits achieved in this "studio," the patterns which sell most and longest, are such as combine with elegance the greatest number of utilities. The *staple* patterns are those which can be made easily, look well in cheap material, and harmonize with many other garments. I was expected to be surprised at the information, (but I was not,) that the person in New York who has shown the greatest fertility in inventing these universal and lasting patterns is "a girl from the woods of Maine," who never saw fashionable costume till she was a grown woman, and now earns sixteen hundred dollars a year by the inventive talent which she was accidentally discovered to possess. This establishment publishes an illustrated catalogue, which contains pictures and descriptions of more than a thousand garments of ladies and children's wear, patterns of any of which, with full directions for cutting, are sold for a few cents. There appears to be a great economy of brains and labor here, — three men and four women inventing the clothes for a great part of a populous country. These "artists" are becoming independent of Paris. They take all the Paris fashion-periodicals, read the fashion-letters from that city, adopt any device that seems to them suitable to America; but they never think of introducing a fashion merely *because* it has found favor with the temporary occupants of French palaces, or the demi-wives of the transient millionnaires of the Paris Bourse.

It is a curious thing, too, that the magazines and weekly papers published by or for the fashion-makers are as a class remarkable for good sense and healthy feeling. If they fill the souls of some ladies with visions of costume impossible to a slender purse, they have excellent editorials showing how wrong it is to sacrifice the substantial interests of a family to the false decoration of one or two members of it. They give alluring pictures of baby's lace dresses, — $150 to $400 at Stewart's, — but they tell mothers that it is highly ridiculous to provide such costly bibs for the absorption of sour milk. One of these papers — and it is a paper of most excellent tone, full of capital advice and just satire — has a circulation of sixty thousand copies, and it is, therefore, compelled to give its chief attention to the promulgation of really useful patterns. It follows the law which is converting the fashion-manufactories from stimulators into correctors of mania. The universal and prompt dissemination of every new device makes it impossible for any woman to gain *distinction* by novel changes of attire; and we already see, at grand

parties, that a few ladies of entirely assured position avoid in their dress everything that savors of the startling, and usually forbear the use of those very costly fabrics which they alone *can* wear without starving or stinting more important interests. Such ladies, of course, never exhibit anything conspicuous or costly in the street, and some of them even go to an extreme in the disregard of appearances out of doors. Of late, a few have gone further, and denied themselves the pleasure — to them alone an innocent pleasure — of wearing satin, velvet, and much lace.

Goethe says that folly can seldom be cured by denying to it all indulgence, and recommends that, in some cases, it should be nauseated by "intoxicating draughts." In this way, also, the fashion-papers may be of service, aided as they are by the fearful excesses in which some of the clothes maniacs indulge. There were "receptions" given last winter in New York, which were, in the most literal meaning of the word, *nothing* but exhibitions of wearing-apparel. No lady had any other object than to display her own costume, and to scrutinize that of others; nor when she afterwards discoursed of the entertainment, had she anything to communicate except descriptions of dresses such as we read in letters from Paris. Indeed, the mere magnitude of the dresses was such in January and February, that every lady had as much on her mind in making her way about, as the pilot of one of those magnificent Bristol steamboats has on his, when, at 5.15 P.M., the stately craft moves majestically among the numberless ferry-boats and sailing vessels of the East River. A moment's inattention, and smash! the cabin is stove in. One glance at a friend who may be two or three dresses off, and rip! away go the gathers. In time, let us hope, such experiences as these may prove to be the nauseating draughts which Goethe recommends.

Men's dress is now nearly perfect. It is cheap, durable, convenient, various; and it may be elegant and becoming in a high degree. By devoting to the subject thirty minutes per annum, — fifteen in May and fifteen in September, — a man may provide himself with all the clothes which can contribute either to the comfort or the adornment of his person. A dress suit will last through ten seasons of pretty frequent parties, and still be presentable; nor does it need any great firmness or good sense to enable a man to smile at the devices of tailors and fashion-makers, and stick to his clothes till they are worn out. As a rule, men in the United States do not dress well enough. A million of us ought to dress every evening for dinner, who do not, merely because we are not civilized enough. Our dirty streets and crammed public vehicles discourage dressing, and we indulge the delusion that we have not time or strength to dress after the labor of the day is done, though many mechanics do it who work ten hours a day, and travel an hour and a half besides.

With ladies, it is otherwise. Many of them have entirely run to clothes, as cucumbers run to seed. Men begin to maintain the Mahometan doctrine, that women have no souls. In former times, it was only the few thousand ladies connected with courts and aristocracies, who were subject to this kind of mania. But, at present, few women wholly escape it. In remote villages you will see foolish virgins in three or four different costumes on the same Sunday, and in cities you will find the wives of plain, laborious men squandering more money on a child's dress than would maintain three sons in college.

We have all become so used to witnessing this entire devotion to dress, that when, by chance, we observe indications of intellectual or unimpaired physical life in a lady who has grown up under present influences, we are startled.

Twice in my life, I have fallen in love at first sight. The first time was in a bookstore in Boston, in the street

named after the Father of his country. I was fresh from New York, where my afternoon walk is usually up the Fifth Avenue, a street in which the Mahometan doctrine just mentioned does not always seem so very irrational. This first love of mine was a girl of about seventeen, with a lovely bloom on her cheeks, and she wore a dress of blue something (not silk) with white spots in it. It was when I found out what that sweet girl had come to the store to buy that I gave way to the weakness alluded to above. She was lovely in herself, but, great heavens! she was there buying a GAZETTEER! Here was a young lady, aged seventeen, who took interest enough in the world she inhabited to desire a catalogue of its contents! Amazing! Long she hesitated, anxious to choose the best. Shall it be Lippincott? Shall it be Harper? She made up her mind at last, paid for the book, and completed her conquest by carrying it home herself. I never saw her more; I know not her name; but I love her still, and often have a distracting vision of her when I see "those others," in the Avenue which is numbered Five. It is only because I am not Dr. Holmes or Mr. Lowell, that I have not written out my Lines to a Young Lady in a Blue-Spotted Dress (not Silk) whom I saw buying a Gazetteer in a Boston Bookstore.

The other time was on the long piazza of a seaside hotel, also in New England. *She* was a married lady, a mother, and a writer of charming verse and prose. It had been her singular good fortune to be reared on that rockbound coast in such a way that her growth was never checked by excessive school, nor her freedom of movement hampered by irrational dress, or by false ideas of propriety. Her father being a landlord, a fisherman, a light-house keeper, and a man of sense and information, she had plenty of boats, rocks, fishing-tackle, and suggestive conversation; and so grew up absolutely free from every one of the pernicious restraints of a defective civilization. At the same time her mind was duly nourished with honest knowledge, and kept totally free from all the contracting superstitions. I never spoke to her. I should not know her face to-day, if I saw it. But what instantaneously captivated my affections was the wondrous beauty of her *step!* Just to watch the glorious harmony, the perfect *concert*, of her movements, — was rapture. It is *this* darling of my memory in her coarse blue Dio Lewis boat-dress, that I think of when I see those gorgeous ladies carrying down the steps of a fashionable house an immense armful of clothes which they have been exhibiting at a reception.

BRAHMANISM:

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST RESEARCHES.

IT is more than forty years since the writer of this article, then a boy, was one day searching among the heavy works of a learned library in the country, to find some entertaining reading for a summer afternoon. It was a library rich in theology, in Greek and Latin classics, in French and Spanish literature, but contained little to amuse a child. Led by some happy fortune, in turning over a pile of the "Monthly Anthology," his eye was attracted by the title of a play, "Sácontala,* or the Fatal Ring; an Indian Drama, translated from the original Sanskrit and Pracrit. Calcutta, 1789," and reprinted in the "Anthology" in successive numbers. Gathering them together, the boy took them into a great

* Now usually written Sákoontalá, or Sákuntalá.

chestnut-tree, amid whose limbs he had constructed a study, and there, in the warm, fragrant shade, read, hour after hour, this bewitching story. The tale was suited to the day and the scene, — filled with images of tender girls and religious sages, who lived amid a tropical abundance of flowers and fruits; so blending the beauty of nature with the charm of love. Nature becomes in it alive, and is interpenetrated with human sentiments. Sákuntalá loves the flowers as sisters; the Késara-tree beckons to her with its waving blossoms, and clings to her in affection as she bends over it. The jasmine, the wife of the mango-tree, embraces her lord, who leans down to protect his blooming bride, "the moonlight of the grove." The holy hermits defend the timid fawn from the hunters, and the birds, grown tame in their peaceful solitudes, look tranquilly on the intruder. The demons occasionally disturb the sacrificial rites, but, like well-educated demons, retire at once, as soon as the protecting Raja enters the sacred grove. All breathes of love, gentle and generous sentiment, and quiet joys in the bosom of a luxuriant and beautiful summer land. Thus, in this poem, written a hundred years before Christ, we find that romantic view of nature, unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and first appearing in our own time in such writers as Rousseau, Goethe, and Byron.

He who translated this poem into a European language, and communicated it to modern readers, was Sir William Jones, one of the few first-class scholars whom the world has produced. In him was joined a marvellous gift of language, with a love for truth and beauty, which detected by an infallible instinct what was worth knowing, in the mighty maze of Oriental literature. He had also the rare good fortune of being the first to discover this domain of literature in Asia, unknown to the West till he came to reveal it. The vast realm of Hindoo, Chinese, and Persian genius was as much a new continent to Europe, when discovered by Sir William Jones, as America was when made known by Columbus. Its riches had been accumulating during thousands of years, waiting till the fortunate man should arrive, destined to reveal to our age the barbaric pearl and gold of the gorgeous East, — the true wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Sir William Jones came well equipped for his task. Some men are born philologians, loving *words* for their own sake, — men to whom the devious paths of language are open highways, who, as Lord Bacon says, "have come forth from the second general curse, which was the confusion of tongues, by the art of grammar." Sir William Jones was one of these, perhaps the greatest of them. A paper in his own handwriting tells us that he knew critically eight languages, — English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit; less perfectly eight others, — Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish; and was moderately familiar with twelve more, — Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. There have been, perhaps, other scholars, who have known as many tongues as this. But usually they are crushed by their own accumulations, and we never hear of their accomplishing anything. Sir William Jones was not one of these, "deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself." Language was his instrument, but knowledge his aim. So, when he had mastered Sanskrit and other Oriental languages, he rendered into English not only Sákuntalá, but a far more important work, "The Laws of Manu"; "almost the only work in Sanskrit," says Max Müller, "the early date of which, assigned to it by Sir William Jones from the first, has not been assailed." He also translated from the Sanskrit the fables of Hitopadesa, extracts from the Vedas, and shorter pieces. He formed a society in Calcutta for the study of Oriental literature, was its first president, and contributed numerous essays, all valuable, to its periodical, the "Asiatic

Researches." He wrote a grammar of the Persian language, and translated from Persian into French the history of Nadir Shah. From the Arabic he also translated many pieces, and among them the Seven Poems suspended in the temple at Mecca, which, in their subjects and style, seem an Arabic anticipation of Walt Whitman. He wrote in Latin a Book of Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in English several works on the Mohammedan and Civil Law, with a translation of the Greek Orations of Isæus. As a lawyer, a judge, a student of natural history, his ardor of study was equally apparent. He presented to the Royal Society in London a large collection of valuable Oriental manuscripts, and left a long list of studies in Sanskrit to be pursued by those who should come after him. His generous nature showed itself in his opposition to slavery and the slave-trade, and his open sympathy with the American Revolution. His correspondence was large, including such names as those of Benjamin Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Monboddo, Gibbon, Warren Hastings, Dr. Price, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Parr. Such a man ought to be remembered, especially by all who take an interest in the studies to which he has opened the way, for he was one who had a right to speak of himself, as he has spoken in these lines: —

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth.
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow."

Since the days of Sir William Jones, immense progress has been made in the study of Sanskrit literature, especially within the last thirty or forty years, from the time when the Schlegels led the way in this department. Now, professors of Sanskrit are to be found in all the great European universities, and in this country we have at least one Sanskrit scholar of the very highest order, Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale. The system of Brahmanism, which a short time since could only be known to Western readers by means of the writings of Colebrooke, Wilkins, Wilson, and a few others, has now been made accessible by the works of Lassen, Max Müller, Burnouf, Muir, Pictet, Bopp, Weber, Windischmann, Vivien de Saint-Martin, and a multitude of eminent writers in France, England, and Germany.*

But, notwithstanding these many helps, Brahmanism remains a difficult study. Its source is not in a man, but in a caste. It is not the religion of a Confucius, a Zoroaster, a Mohammed, but the religion of the Brahmans. We call it Brahmanism, and it can be traced to no individual as its founder or restorer. There is no personality about it.† It is a vast world of ideas, but wanting the unity which is given by the life of a man, its embodiment and representative.

But what a system! How large, how difficult to understand! So vast, so complicated, so full of contradictions, so various and changeable, that its very immensity is our refuge! We say, It is impossible to do justice to such a system; therefore do not demand it of us.

India has been a land of mystery from the earliest times. From the most ancient days we hear of India, as the most populous nation of the world, full of barbaric wealth and a strange wisdom. It has attracted conquerors, and has been overrun by the armies of Semiramis, Darius, Alexander; by Mahmud, and Tamerlane, and Nadir

* To avoid multiplying foot-notes, we refer here to the chief sources on which we rely in this article. *C. Lassen*, Indische Alterthumskunde; *Max Müller*, History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature (and other works); *J. Muir*, Sanskrit Texts; *Pictet*, Les Origines Indo-Européennes; *Sir William Jones*, Works, 13 vols.; *Vivien de Saint-Martin*, Etude, &c., and articles in the Revue Germanique; *Monier Williams*, Sákoontalá (a new translation), the Rámayána, and the Mahá Bhárata; *Horace Hayman Wilson*, works (containing the Vischnu Purana, &c.); *Burnouf*, Essai sur le Vêda, Le Bhagavata Purana; *Stephenson*, the Sanhita of the Sama Veda; *Ampère*, La Science en Orient; *Bunsen*, Gott in der Geschichte; *Shea* and *Troyer:* The Dabistan; *Hardwick*, Christ and other Masters; *J. Talboys Wheeler*, History of India from the Earliest Times.

† "The soul knows no persons." — *Emerson.*

Shah; by Lord Clive and the Duke of Wellington. These conquerors, from the Assyrian Queen to the British Mercantile Company, have overrun and plundered India, but have left it the same unintelligible, unchangeable, and marvellous country as before. It is the same land now which the soldiers of Alexander described, — the land of grotto-temples dug out of solid porphyry; of one of the most ancient Pagan religions of the world; of social distinctions fixed and permanent as the earth itself; of the sacred Ganges; of the idols of Juggernaut, with its bloody worship; the land of elephants and tigers; of fields of rice and groves of palm; of treasuries filled with chests of gold, heaps of pearl, diamonds, and incense. But above all, it is the land of unintelligible systems of belief, of puzzling incongruities, and irreconcilable contradictions.

The Hindoos have sacred books of great antiquity, and a rich literature extending back twenty or thirty centuries; yet no history, no chronology, no annals. They have a philosophy as acute and profound and spiritual as any in the world, which is yet harmoniously associated with the coarsest superstition. With a belief so abstract that it almost escapes the grasp of the most speculative intellect, is joined the notion that sin can be atoned for by bathing in the Ganges or repeating a text of the Veda. With an ideal pantheism resembling that of Hegel, is united the opinion that Brahma and Siva can be driven from the throne of the universe by any one who will sacrifice a sufficient number of wild horses. To abstract one's self from matter, to renounce all the gratifications of the senses, to macerate the body, is thought the true road to felicity; and nowhere in the world are luxury and licentiousness and the gratification of the appetites carried so far. Every civil right and privilege of ruler and subject is fixed in a code of laws and a body of jurisprudence older far than the Christian era, and the object of universal reverence; but the application of these laws rests (says Rhode) on the arbitrary decisions of the priests, and their execution on the will of the sovereign. The constitution of India is therefore like a house without a foundation and without a roof. It is a principle of Hindoo religion not to kill a worm, not even to tread on a blade of grass, for fear of injuring life; but the torments, cruelties, and bloodshed inflicted by Indian tyrants would shock a Nero or a Borgia. Half the best informed writers on India will tell you that the Brahmanical religion is pure monotheism; the other half as confidently assert that they worship a million gods. Some teach us that the Hindoos are spiritualists and pantheists; others that their idolatry is more gross than that of any living people.

Is there any way of reconciling these inconsistencies? If we cannot find such an explanation, there is at least one central point where we may place ourselves; one elevated position, from which this mighty maze will not seem wholly without a plan. In India the whole tendency of thought is ideal, the whole religion a pure spiritualism. An ultra, one-sided idealism is the central tendency of the Hindoo mind. The God of Brahmanism is an intelligence, absorbed in the rest of profound contemplation. The good man of the Vedas is he who withdraws from an evil world into abstract thought.

Nothing else explains the Hindoo character as this does. An eminently religious people, it is their one-sided spiritualism, their extreme idealism, which gives rise to all their incongruities. They have no history and no authentic chronology, for history belongs to this world, and chronology belongs to time. But this world and time are to them wholly uninteresting; God and eternity are all in all. They torture themselves with self-inflicted torments; for the body is the great enemy of the soul's salvation, and they must beat it down by ascetic mortifications. But asceticism, here as everywhere else, tends to self-indulgence, since one extreme produces another. In one part of India, therefore, devotees are swing-

ing on hooks in honor of Siva, hanging themselves by the feet, head downwards, over a fire, rolling on a bed of prickly thorns, jumping on a couch filled with sharp knives, boring holes in their tongues, and sticking their bodies full of pins and needles, or perhaps holding the arms over the head till they stiffen in that position. Meantime in other places whole regions are given over to sensual indulgences, and companies of abandoned women are connected with different temples and consecrate their gains to the support of their worship.

As one-sided spiritualism will manifest itself in morals in the two forms of austerity and sensuality, so in religion it shows itself in the opposite direction of an ideal pantheism and a gross idolatry. Spiritualism first fills the world full of God, and this is a true and Christian view of things. But it takes another step, which is to deny all real existence to the world, and so runs into a false pantheism. It first says, truly, "There is nothing *without* God." It next says, falsely, "There is nothing *but* God." This second step was taken in India by means of the doctrine of *Maya*, or *Illusion*. *Maya* means the delusive shows which spirit assumes. For there is nothing but spirit; which neither creates nor is created, neither acts nor suffers, which cannot change, and into which all souls are absorbed when they free themselves by meditation from the belief that they suffer or are happy, that they can experience either pleasure or pain. The next step is to polytheism. For if God neither creates nor destroys, but only seems to create and destroy, these *appearances* are not united together as being the acts of one Being, but are separate, independent phenomena. When you remove personality from the conception of God, as you do in removing will, you remove unity. Now if creation be an illusion, and there be no creation, still the *appearance* of creation is a fact. But as there is no substance but spirit, this *appearance* must have its cause in spirit, that is, is a *divine* appearance, is God. So destruction, in the same way, is an appearance of God, and reproduction is an appearance of God, and every other appearance in nature is a manifestation of God. But the unity of will and person being taken away, we have not one God, but a multitude of gods, — or polytheism.

Having begun this career of thought, no course was possible for the human mind to pursue but this. An ultra spiritualism must become pantheism, and pantheism must go on to polytheism. In India this is not a theory, but a history. We find, side by side, a spiritualism which denies the existence of anything but motionless spirit or Brahm, and a polytheism which believes and worships Brahma the Creator, Siva the Destroyer, Vischnu the Preserver, Indra the God of the Heavens, the Lactis or energies of the gods, Krishna the Hindoo Apollo, Doorga, and a host of others, innumerable as the changes and appearances of things.

But such a system as this must necessarily lead also to idolatry. There is in the human mind a tendency to worship, and men must worship something. But they believe in one Being, the absolute Spirit, the supreme and only God, — Para Brahm; *him* they cannot worship, for he is literally an unknown God. He has no qualities, no attributes, no activity. He is neither the object of hope, fear, love, nor aversion. Since there is nothing in the universe but spirit and illusive appearances, and they cannot worship spirit because it is absolutely unknown, they must worship these appearances, which are at any rate *divine* appearances, and which do possess some traits, qualities, character, *are* objects of hope and fear. But they cannot worship them as appearances, they must worship them as persons. But if they have an inward personality or soul, they become real beings, and also beings independent of Brahm, whose appearances they are. They must therefore have an outward personality; in other words, a body, a shape, emblematical and character-

istic; that is to say, they become idols.

Accordingly, idol worship is universal in India. The most horrible and grotesque images are carved in the stone of the grottos, stand in rude, block-like statues in the temple, or are coarsely painted on the walls. Figures of men with heads of elephants, or of other animals, or with six or seven human heads, sometimes growing in a pyramid, one out of the other, sometimes with six hands coming from one shoulder, — grisly and uncouth monsters, like nothing in nature, yet too grotesque for symbols, — such are the objects of the Hindoo worship.

We have seen how hopeless the task has appeared of getting any definite light on Hindoo chronology or history. To the ancient Egyptians, events were so important that the most trivial incidents of daily life were written on stone, and the imperishable records of the land, covering the tombs and obelisks, have patiently waited during long centuries, till their decipherer should come to read them. To the Hindoos, on the other hand, all events were equally unimportant. The most unhistoric people on earth, they cared more for the minutiæ of grammar, or the subtilties of metaphysics, than for the whole of their past. The only date which has emerged from this vague antiquity is that of Chandragupta, a contemporary of Alexander, and called by the Greek historians Sandracottus. He became king B. C. 315, and as, at his accession, Buddha had been dead (by Hindoo statement) one hundred and sixty-two years, Buddha may have died B. C. 477. We can thus import a single date from Greek history into that of India. This is the whole.

But, all at once, light dawns on us from an unexpected quarter. While we can learn nothing concerning the history of India from its literature, and nothing from its inscriptions or carved temples, *language* comes to our aid. The fugitive and airy sounds, which seem so fleeting and so changeable, prove to be more durable monuments than brass or granite. The study of the Sanskrit language has told us a long story concerning the origin of the Hindoos. It has rectified the ethnology of Blumenbach, has taught us who were the ancestors of the nations of Europe, and has given us the information that one great family, the Indo-European, has done most of the work of the world. It shows us that this family consists of seven races, — the Hindoos, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, who all emigrated to the south from the original ancestral home; and the Kelts, the Teutons, and Slavi, who entered Europe on the northern side of the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. This has been accomplished by the new science of Comparative Philology. A comparison of languages has made it too plain to be questioned, that these seven races were originally one; that they must have emigrated from a region of Central Asia, at the east of the Caspian, and northwest of India; that they were originally a pastoral race, and gradually changed their habits as they descended from those great plains into the valleys of the Indus and the Euphrates. In these seven linguistic families, the roots of the most common names are the same; the grammatical constructions are also the same; so that no scholar, who has attended to the subject, can doubt that the seven languages are all daughters of one common mother-tongue.

Pursuing the subject still further, it has been found possible to conjecture with no little confidence what was the condition of family life in this great race of Central Asia, before its dispersion. The original stock has received the name Aryan. This designation occurs in Manu (II. 22), who says: "As far as the eastern and western oceans, between the two mountains, lies the land which the wise have named Arya-vesta, or *inhabited by honorable men.*" The people of Iran receive this same appellation in the Zend-Avesta, with the same meaning of *honorable.* Herodotus testifies that the Medes were formerly called Ἄριοι (He-

rod. VII. 61). Strabo mentions that, in the time of Alexander, the whole region about the Indus was called *Ariana*. In modern times, the word *Iran* for Persia, and *Erin* for Ireland, are possible reminiscences of the original family appellation.

The Aryans, long before the age of the Vedas or the Zend-Avesta, were living as a pastoral people on the great plains east of the Caspian Sea. What their condition was at that epoch is deduced by the following method: If it is found that the name of any fact is the same in two or more of the seven tribal languages of this stock, it is evident that the name was given to it before they separated. For there is no reason to suppose that two nations living wide apart would have independently selected the same word for the same object. For example, since we find that *house* is in Sanskrit, *Dama* and *Dam;* in Zend, *Demana;* in Greek, Δόμος; in Latin, *Domus;* in Irish, *Dahm;* in Slavonic, *Domu*, — from which root comes also our English word *Domestic*, — we may be pretty sure that the original Aryans lived in houses. When we learn that *boat* was in Sanskrit, *Nau* or *nauka;* in Persian, *Naw, nawah;* in Greek, Ναῦς; in Latin, *Navis;* in Old Irish, *Noi* or *Nai;* in Old German, *Nawa* or *Nawi;* and in Polish, *Nawa*, we cannot doubt that they knew something of what we call in English *Nautical* affairs, or Navigation. But as the words designating masts, sails, yards, &c., differ wholly from each other in all these linguistic families, it is reasonable to infer that the Aryans, before their dispersion, went only in boats, with oars, on the rivers of their land, the Oxus and Jaxartes, and did not sail anywhere on the sea.

Pursuing this method, we see that we can ask almost any question concerning the condition of the Aryans, and obtain an answer by means of Comparative Philology.

Were they a pastoral people? The very word *pastoral* gives us the answer. For *Pa* in Sanskrit means to watch, to guard, as men guard cattle, — from which a whole company of words has come in all the Aryan languages.

The results of this method of inquiry, so far as given by Pictet, are these. Some 3000 years B. C.,* the Aryans, as yet undivided into Hindoos, Persians, Kelts, Latins, Greeks, Teutons, and Slavi, were living in Central Asia, in a region of which Bactriana was their centre. Here they must have remained long enough to have developed their admirable language, the mother-tongue of those which we know. They were essentially a pastoral, but not a nomad people, having fixed homes. They had oxen, horses, sheep, goats, hogs, and domestic fowls. Herds of cows fed in pastures, each the property of a community, and each with a cluster of stables in the centre. The daughters† of the house were the dairy-maids, the food was chiefly the products of the dairy and the flesh of the cattle. The cow was, however, the most important animal, and gave its name to many plants, and even to the clouds and stars, in which men saw heavenly herds passing over the firmament above them.

But the Aryans were not an exclusively pastoral people; they certainly had barley, and perhaps other cereals, before their dispersion. They possessed the plough, the mill for grinding grain; they had hatchet,‡ hammer, augur. The Aryans were acquainted with several metals, among which were gold, silver, copper, tin. They knew how to spin and weave to some extent; they were acquainted with pottery. How their houses were built we do not know, but they contained doors, windows, and fireplaces. They had cloaks or mantles, they boiled and roasted meat, and

* All Indian dates older than 300 B. C. are uncertain. The reasons for this one are given carefully and in full by Pictet.

† Our English word *daughter*, together with the Greek θυγάτηρ, the Zend *dughdar*, the Persian *dochtar*, &c., corresponds with the Sanskrit *duhitar*, which means both daughter and milkmaid.

‡ *Hatchet*, in Sanskrit *takshani*, in Zend *tasha*, Persian *tash*, Greek τόχος, Irish *tuagh*, Old German *deksa*, Polish *tasak*, Russian *tesaku*. And what is remarkable, the root *tak* appears in the name of the hatchet in the languages of the South-Sea-Islanders and the North American Indians.

certainly used soup. They had lances, swords, the bow and arrow, shields, but not armor. They had family life, some simple laws, games, the dance, and wind instruments. They had the decimal numeration, and their year was of three hundred and sixty days. They worshipped the heaven, earth, sun, fire, water, wind; but there are also plain traces of an earlier monotheism, from which this nature-worship proceeded.

So far Comparative Philology takes us, and the next step forward brings us to the Vedas, the oldest works in the Hindoo literature, but at least 1000 or 1500 years more recent than the times we have been describing. The Aryans have separated, and the Hindoos are now in India. It is eleven centuries before the time of Alexander. They occupy the region between the Punjaub and the Ganges, and here was accomplished the transition of the Aryans from warlike shepherds into agriculturalists and builders of cities.

The last hymns of the Vedas were written (says St. Martin) when they arrived from the Indus at the Ganges, and were building their oldest city, at the confluence of that river with the Jumna. Their complexion was then white, and they call the race whom they conquered, and who afterward were made *Soudras*, or lowest caste, blacks.* The chief gods of the Vedic age were Indra, Varuna, Agni, Savitri, Soma. The first was the god of the Firmament, the second of the Waters, the third of Fire,† the fourth of the Sun, and the fifth of the Moon. Yama was the god of death. All the powers of nature were personified in turn, — as earth, food, wine, months, seasons, day, night, and dawn. Among all these divinities, Indra and Agni were the chief.‡ But behind this incipient polytheism lurks the original monotheism, — for each of these gods, in turn, becomes the Supreme Being. The universal Deity seems to become apparent, first in one form of nature and then in another. Such is the opinion of Colebrooke, who says that "the ancient Hindoo religion recognizes but one God, not yet sufficiently discriminating the creature from the Creator." And Max Müller says: "The hymns celebrate Varuna, Indra, Agni, &c., and each in turn is called supreme. The whole mythology is fluent. The powers of nature become moral beings."

Max Müller adds: "It would be easy to find, in the numerous hymns of the Veda, passages in which almost every single god is represented as supreme and absolute. Agni is called 'Ruler of the Universe'; Indra is celebrated as the Strongest god, and in one hymn it is said, 'Indra is stronger than all.' It is said of Soma that 'he conquers every one.'"

But clearer traces of monotheism are to be found in the Vedas. In one hymn of the Rig-Veda it is said: "They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; then he is the well-winged heavenly Garutmat; that which is One, the wise call it many ways; they call it Agni, Yama, Matarisvan." In one hymn the doctrine of creation is declared in language of wonderful force, it being said of the period previous to all existence: "Nothing that is was then; *even what is not* did not exist then. There was no death, therefore there was nothing immortal. The One breathed, breathless. Darkness was as of ocean without light."

We subjoin one hymn from the oldest Veda, in which the unity of God seems very clearly expressed.

RIG-VEDA, X. 121.

"In the beginning there arose the Source of golden light. He was the only born Lord of all that is. He established the earth, and this sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who gives life. He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immor-

* The Rig-Veda distinguishes the Aryans from the Dasyus. Mr. Muir quotes a multitude of texts in which Indra is called upon to protect the former, and slay the latter.

† Agni, whence Ignis, in Latin.

‡ See Talboys Wheeler.

tality, whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who through his power is the only king of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims, with the distant river. He whose these regions are, as it were his two arms. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm. He through whom heaven was stablished; nay, the highest heaven. He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling inwardly. He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose he who is the only life of the bright gods. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; *he who is God above all gods.* Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"May he not destroy us, — he the creator of the earth, — or he, the righteous, who created heaven; he who also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifices?" *

Long after the age of the elder Vedas, Brahmanism begins. Its text-book is the Laws of Manu. As yet Vishnu and Siva are not known. The former is named once, the latter not at all. The writer only knows three Vedas. The Atharva-Veda is later. But as Siva is mentioned in the oldest Buddhist writings, it follows that the laws of Manu are older than these. In the time of Manu the Aryans are still living in the valley of the Ganges. The Caste system is now in full operation, and the authority of the Brahman is raised to its highest point. The Indus and Punjaub are not mentioned; all this is forgotten. This work could not be later than B. C. 700, or earlier than B. C. 1200. It was probably written about B. C. 900 or B. C. 1000. In this view agree Wilson, Lassen, Max Müller, and Saint-Martin. The Supreme Deity is now Brahma, and sacrifice is still the act by which one comes into relation with heaven. Widow-burning is not mentioned in Manu; but it appears in the *Mahabharata*, one of the great epics, which is later.

The pure nature-religion of India now begins to appear as a pantheistic philosophy, which is thus described by Bunsen and others.

Brahma, in his highest form as Para-Brahm, stands for the Absolute Being. The following extract from the Sama Veda (after Haug's translation) expresses this: "The generation of Brahma was before all ages, unfolding himself evermore in a beautiful glory; everything which is highest and everything which is deepest belongs to him. Being and Not-Being are unveiled through Brahma."

The following passage is from a Upanischad, translated by Windischmann: —

"How can any one teach concerning Brahma? he is neither the known nor the unknown. That which cannot be expressed by words, but through which all expression comes, this I know to be Brahma. That which cannot be thought by the mind, but by which all thinking comes, this I know is Brahma. That which cannot be seen by the eye, but by which the eye sees, is Brahma. If thou thinkest that thou canst know it, then in truth thou knowest it very little. To whom it is un-

* M. Vivien de Saint-Martin has determined more precisely than it has been done before the primitive country of the Aryans, and the route followed by them in penetrating into India. They descended through Cabul to the Punjaub, having previously reached Cabul from the region between the Jaxartes and the Oxus.

known, he knows it; but to whom it is known, he knows it not."

This also is from Windischmann, from the Kathaka Upanischad: "One cannot attain to it through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. It is only reached by him who says, 'It is! It is!' He perceives it in its essence. Its essence appears when one perceives it as it is."

The old German expression *Istigkeit*, according to Bunsen, corresponds to this. This also is the name of Jehovah as given to Moses from the burning bush: "And God said unto Moses, I AM THE I AM. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." The idea is that God alone really exists, and that the root of all being is in him. This is expressed in another Upanischad: "He WHO EXISTS is the root of all creatures; he WHO EXISTS is their foundation, and in him they rest."

In the Vedanta philosophy this speculative pantheism is carried yet further. Thus speaks Sankara, the chief teacher of the Vedanta philosophy ("Colebrooke's Essays"): "I am the great Brahma, eternal, pure, free, one, constant, happy, existing without end. He who ceases to contemplate other things, who retires into solitude, annihilates his desires, and subjects his passions, he understands that Spirit is the One and the Eternal. The wise man annihilates all sensible things in spiritual things, and contemplates that one Spirit who resembles pure space. Brahma is without size, quality, character, or division."

According to this philosophy (says Bunsen) the world is the Not-Being. It is, says Sankara, "appearance without Being; it is like the deception of a dream." "The soul itself," he adds, "has no actual being."

There is an essay on Vedantism in a book published in Calcutta, 1854, by a young Hindoo, Shoshee Chunder Dutt, which describes the creation as proceeding from Maya, in this way: "Dissatisfied with his own solitude, Brahma feels a desire to create worlds, and then the volition ceases so far as he is concerned, and he sinks again into his apathetic happiness, while the desire, thus willed into existence, assumes an active character. It becomes Maya, and by this was the universe created, without exertion on the part of Brahma. This passing wish of Brahma carried, however, no reality with it. And the creation proceeding from it is only an illusion. There is only one absolute Unity really existing, and existing without plurality. But he is like one asleep. Krishna, in the Gita, says: 'These works (the universe) confine not me, for I am like one who sitteth aloof uninterested in them all.' The universe is therefore all illusion, holding a position between something and nothing. It is real as an illusion, but unreal as being. It is not true, because it has no essence; but not false, because its existence, even as illusion, is from God. The Vedanta declares: 'From the highest state of Brahma to the lowest condition of a straw, all things are delusion.'" Chunder Dutt, however, contradicts Bunsen's assertion that the soul also is an illusion according to the Vedanta. "The soul," he says, "is not subject to birth or death, but is in its substance, from Brahma himself." The truth seems to be that the Vedanta regards the individuation of the soul as from Maya and illusive, but the substance of the soul is from Brahma, and destined to be absorbed into him. As the body of man is to be resolved into its material elements, so the soul of man is to be resolved into Brahma. This substance of the soul is neither born nor dies, nor is it a thing of which it can be said, "It was, is, or shall be." In the Gita, Krishna tells Arjun that he and the other princes of the world "never were not."

The Vedantist philosopher, however, though he considers all souls as emanations from God, does not believe that all of them will return into God at death. Those only who have obtained a knowledge of God are rewarded by absorption, but the rest continue to migrate from body to body so long as

they remain unqualified for the same. "The knower of God becomes God." This union with the Deity is the total loss of personal identity, and is the attainment of the highest bliss, in which are no grades and from which is no return. This absorption comes not from good works or penances, for these confine the soul and do not liberate it. "The confinement of fetters is the same whether the chain be of gold or iron." "The knowledge which realizes that everything is Brahm, alone liberates the soul. It annuls the effect both of our virtues and vices. We traverse thereby both merit and demerit, the heart's knot is broken, all doubts are split, and all our works perish. Only by perfect abstraction, not merely from the senses, but also from the thinking intellect and by remaining in the knowing intellect, does the devotee become identified with Brahm. He then remains as pure glass when the shadow has left it. He lives destitute of passions and affections. He lives sinless; for, as water wets not the leaf of the lotus, so sin touches not him who knows God." He stands in no further need of virtue, for "of what use can be a winnowing fan when the sweet southern wind is blowing." His meditations are of this sort: "I am Brahm, I am life. I am everlasting, perfect, self-existent, undivided, joyful."

If therefore, according to this system, knowledge alone unites the soul to God, the question comes, Of what use then are acts of virtue, penances, sacrifices, worship? The answer is, that they effect a happy transmigration from the lower forms of bodily life to higher ones. They do not accomplish the great end, which is absorption and escape from Maya, but they prepare the way for it by causing one to be born in a higher condition.

Thus all Hindoo religion seemed to have settled into a vast spiritual pantheism. But from this, at one epoch, emerged another system, that of the Trismurti, or Divine Triad; the Indian Trinity of *Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva*. This Triad expresses the unity of Creation, Destruction, and Restoration. A foundation for this already existed in a Vedic saying, that the highest being exists in three states, that of creation, continuance, and destruction.

Neither of these three supreme deities of Brahmanism held any high rank in the Vedas. Siva (Civa) does not appear at all in the Veda, nor, according to Lassen, is Brahma mentioned in the Vedic hymns, but first in a Upanischad. Vischnu is spoken of in the Rig-Veda, but always as one of the names for the sun. He is the Sun-God. His three steps are sunrise, noon, and sunset. He is mentioned as one of the sons of Aditi; he is called "the wide-stepping," "measurer of the world," "the strong," "the deliverer," "renewer of life," "who sets in motion the revolutions of time," "a protector," "preserving the highest heaven." Evidently he begins his career in this mythology as the sun.

Brahma, at first a word meaning prayer and devotion, becomes in the laws of Manu the primal God, first-born of the creation, from the self-existent being, in the form of a golden egg. He became the creator of all things by the power of prayer. In the struggle for ascendency which took place between the priests and the warriors, Brahma naturally became the deity of the former. But, meantime, the worship of Vischnu had been extending itself in one region, and that of Siva in another. Then took place those mysterious wars between the kings of the Solar and Lunar races, of which the great epics contain all that we know. And at the close of these wars, a compromise was apparently accepted, by which Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva were united in one supreme God, as creator, preserver, and destroyer, all in one.

The oldest and most striking account of creation is in the eleventh chapter of the Rig-Veda. Colebrooke, Max Müller, Muir, and Goldstücker, all give a translation of this remarkable hymn and speak of it with admiration. We take that of Colebrooke, modified by that of Muir: —

"Then there was no entity nor nonentity; no world, no sky, nor aught above it; nothing anywhere, involving or involved; nor water deep and dangerous. Death was not, and therefore no immortality, nor distinction of day or night. But THAT (or The One) breathed calmly alone with Nature, her who is sustained within him. Other than Him, nothing existed [which] since [has been]. Darkness there was; [for] this universe was enveloped with darkness, and was undistinguishable waters; but that mass, which was covered by the husk, was [at length] produced by the power of contemplation. First desire was formed in his mind; and that became the original productive seed; which the wise, recognizing it by the intellect in their hearts, distinguish, as the bond of nonentity with entity.

"Did the luminous ray of these [creative acts] expand in the middle, or above, or below? That productive energy became providence [or sentient souls], and matter [or the elements]; Nature, who is sustained within, was inferior; and he who sustains was above.

"Who knows exactly, and who shall in this world declare, whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world: then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it upholds [itself] or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, — he knows, or does not know."

We have no doubt that the Hindoo Triad came from the effort of the Brahmans to resist the tendency to polytheism, and it may for a time have succeeded. Images of the Trismurti, or three-faced God, are frequent in India, and this is still the object of Brahmanical worship. But beside this practical motive, the tendency of thought is always toward a triad of law, force, or elemental substance, as the best explanation of the universe. Hence there have been Triads in so many religions: in Egypt, of *Osiris* the Creator, *Typhon* the Destroyer, and *Horus* the Preserver; in Persia, of *Ormuzd* the Creator, *Ahriman* the Destroyer, and *Mithra* the Restorer; in Buddhism of *Buddha* the Divine Man, *Dharmma* the Word, and *Sangha* the Communion of Saints. Simple monotheism does not long satisfy the speculative intellect, because, though it accounts for the harmonies of creation, it leaves its discords unexplained. But a dualism of opposing forces is found still more unsatisfactory, for the world does not appear as such a scene of utter warfare and discord as this. So the mind comes to accept a Triad, in which the unities of life and growth proceed from one element, the antagonisms from a second, and the higher harmonies of reconciled oppositions from a third. Hence, in Brahmanism came the Triad of Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva.*

But one of the most curious features of this system, which must not be left wholly unexplained, is the doctrine of *Avatars*, or Incarnations, of Vischnu. There are ten of these Avatars, — nine have passed, and one is to come. The object of Vischnu is, each time, to save the gods from destruction impending over them in consequence of the immense power acquired by some king, giant, or demon, by superior acts of austerity and piety. For here, as elsewhere, extreme spiritualism is often divorced from morality; and so these extremely pious, spiritual, and self-denying giants are the most cruel and tyrannical monsters, who must be destroyed at all hazards. Vischnu, by force or fraud, overcomes them all.

His first *Avatar* is of the Fish, as related in the Mahabharata. The object was to recover the Vedas, which had been stolen by a demon from Brahma when asleep. In consequence of this loss, the human race became corrupt, and were destroyed by a deluge, except a pious prince and seven holy men who were saved in a ship. Vischnu, as a large fish, drew the ship safely on the

* Even in the grammatical forms of the Sanskrit verb, this threefold tendency of thought is indicated. It has an active, passive, and middle voice (like that of the cognate Greek), and the reflex action of its middle voice corresponds to the Restorer or Preserver.

water, killed the demon, and recovered the Vedas. The second Avatar was in a *Turtle*, to make the drink of immortality. The third was in a *Boar*, the fourth in a *Man-Lion*, the fifth in the *Dwarf* who deceived *Bali*, who had become so powerful by austerities as to conquer the gods and take possession of Heaven. In the eighth Avatar he appears as Krishna, and in the ninth as Buddha.

This system of Avatars is so peculiar, and so deeply rooted in the system, that it would seem to indicate some law of Hindoo thought. Perhaps some explanation may be reached thus: —

We observe that, —

1. Vischnu does not mediate between *Brahma* and *Siva*, but between the deities, and the lower races of men or demons.

2. The danger arises from a certain fate or necessity which is superior both to gods and men. There are laws which enable a man to get away from the power of Brahma and Siva.

3. But what is fate or necessity but *nature*, and the nature of things, the laws of the outward world of active existences? It is not till essence becomes existence, till spirit passes into action, that it becomes subject to law.

4. The danger then is from the world of nature. The gods are pure spirit, and spirit is everything. But now and then nature *seems to be something*, it will not be ignored or lost in God. Personality, activity, or human nature rebel against the pantheistic idealism, the abstract spiritualism of this system.

5. To conquer body, Vischnu or spirit enters into body, again and again. Spirit must appear as body to destroy Nature. For thus is shown that spirit cannot be excluded from anything, — that it can descend into the lowest forms of life, and work *in* law as well as above law.

But all the efforts of Brahmanism could not arrest the natural development of the system. It passed on into polytheism and idolatry. The worship of India for many centuries has been divided into a multitude of sects. While the majority of the Brahmans still profess to recognize the equal divinity of Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva, the mass of the people worship Krishna, Rama, the Lingam, and many other gods and idols. There are Hindoo atheists who revile the Vedas; there are the *Kabirs*, who are a sort of Hindoo Quakers, and oppose all worship; the *Ramanujas*, an ancient sect of Vischnu worshippers; the *Ramavats*, living in monasteries; the *Panthis*, who oppose all austerities; the *Maharajas*, whose religion consists with great licentiousness. Most of these are worshippers of Vischnu or of Siva, for Brahma worship has wholly disappeared.

Few Hindoos now read the Vedas. The Puranas and the two great epics constitute their sacred books. These epics are the Rámáyana, and the Mahá-Bhárata. The first contains about fifty thousand lines, and is held in great veneration by the Hindoos. It describes the youth of Ramá, who is an incarnation of Vischnu, his banishment and residence in Central India, and his war with the giants and demons of the South, to recover his wife, Sita. It probably is founded on some real war between the early Aryan invaders of Hindostan, and the indigenous inhabitants.

The Mahá-Bhárata, which is probably of later date, contains about *two hundred and twenty thousand* lines, and is divided into eighteen books, each of which would make a large volume. It is supposed to have been collected by Vyusa, who also collected the Vedas and Puranas. These legends are very old, and seem to refer to the early history of India. There appear to have been two Aryan dynasties in ancient India; the Solar and Lunar. Rama belonged to the first, and Bhárata to the second. Pandu, a descendant of the last, has five brave sons, who are the heroes of this book. One of them, Arjuna, is especially distinguished. One of the episodes is the famous Bhagavat-gita. Another is called the Brahman's Lament. An-

other describes the deluge, showing the tradition of a flood existing in India many centuries before Christ. Another gives the story of Savitri and Satyavan. These episodes occupy three fourths of the poem, and from them are derived most of the legends of the Puranas. A supplement, which is itself a longer poem than the Iliad and Odyssey combined (which together contain about thirty thousand lines), is the source of the modern worship of Krishna. The whole poem represents the multilateral character of Hinduism. It indicates a higher degree of civilization than that of the Homeric poems, and describes a vast variety of fruits and flowers existing under culture. The characters are much nobler and purer than those of Homer. The pictures of domestic and social life are very touching; children are dutiful to their parents, parents careful of their children; wives are loyal and obedient, yet independent in their opinions; and peace reigns in the domestic circle.

Having thus attempted, in the brief space we can here use, to give an account of Brahmanism, we close by showing its special relation as a system of thought to Christianity.

Brahmanism teaches the truth of the reality of spirit, and that spirit is infinite, absolute, perfect, one; that it is the substance underlying all existence. Brahmanism glows through and through with this spirituality. Its literature, no less than its theology, teaches it. It is in the dramas of Calidasa, as well as in the sublime strains of the Bhagavat-gita. Something divine is present in all nature and all life, —

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air."

Now, with this Christianity is in fullest agreement. We have such passages in the Scripture as these: "God is a Spirit"; "God is love; whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him"; "In him we live, and move, and have our being"; "He is above all, and through all, and in us all." But beside these texts, which strike the key-note of the music which was to come after, there are divine strains of spiritualism, of God all in all, which come through a long chain of teachers of the Church, sounding on in the Confessions of Augustine, the prayers of Thomas Aquinas, Anselm, Bonaventura, St. Bernard, through the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages, and develop themselves at last in what is called romantic art and romantic song. A Gothic cathedral like Antwerp or Strasburg, — what is it but a striving upward of the soul to lose itself in God? A symphony of Beethoven, — what is it but the same unbounded longing and striving toward the Infinite and Eternal? The poetry of Wordsworth, of Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Byron, Victor Hugo, Manzoni, all partake of the same element. It is opposed to classic art and classic poetry in this, that instead of limits, it seeks the unlimited; that is, it believes in spirit, which alone is the unlimited; the *in*finite, that which *is*, not that which appears; the *essence* of things, not their *ex*istence or outwardness.

Thus Christianity meets and accepts the truth of Brahmanism. But how does it *fulfil* Brahmanism? The deficiencies of Brahmanism are these, — that holding to eternity, it omits time, and so loses history. It therefore is incapable of progress, for progress takes place in time. Believing in spirit, or infinite unlimited substance, it loses person, or definite substance, whether infinite or finite. The Christian God is the infinite, definite substance, self-limited or defined by his essential nature. He is good and not bad, righteous and not the opposite, perfect love, not perfect self-love. Christianity, therefore, gives us God as a person, and man also as a person, and so makes it possible to consider the universe as order, kosmos, method, beauty, and providence. For, unless we can conceive the Infinite Substance as definite, and not undefined; that is, as a person with positive characters; there is no difference between good and bad,

right and wrong, to-day and to-morrow, this and that, but all is one immense chaos of indefinite spirit. The moment that creation begins, that the Spirit of the Lord moves on the face of the waters, and says, "Let there be light," and so divides light from darkness, God becomes a person, and man can also be a person. Things then become "separate and divisible" which before were "huddled and lumped."

Christianity, therefore, fulfils *Brahmanism* by adding to eternity time, to the infinite the finite, to God as spirit God as nature and providence. God in himself is the unlimited, unknown, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; hidden, not by darkness, but by light. But God, as turned toward us in nature and providence, is the infinite definite substance, that is, having certain defined characters, though these have no bounds as regards extent. This last view of God Christianity shares with other religions, which differ from Brahmanism in the opposite direction. For example, the religion of Greece and of the Greek philosophers never loses the definite God, however high it may soar. While Brahmanism, seeing eternity and Infinity, loses time and the finite, the Greek religion, dwelling in time, often loses the eternal and the spiritual. Christianity is the mediator, able to mediate, not by standing between both, but by standing beside both. It can lead the Hindoos to an Infinite Friend, a perfect Father, a Divine Providence, and so make the possibility for them of a new progress, and give to that ancient and highly endowed race another chance in history. What they want is evidently moral power, for they have all intellectual ability. The effeminate quality which has made them slaves of tyrants during two thousand years will be taken out of them, and a virile strength substituted, when they come to see God as law and love, — perfect law and perfect love, — and to see that communion with him comes, not from absorption, contemplation, and inaction, but from active obedience, moral growth, and personal development. For Christianity certainly teaches that we unite ourselves with God, not by sinking and losing our personality in him, but by developing it, so that it may be able to serve and love him.

THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

LOOKING at the Government Chart of Lake Erie, one sees the outlines of a long, narrow island, stretching along the shore of Canada West, opposite the point where Loudon District pushes its low, wooded wedge into the lake. This is Long Point Island, known and dreaded by the navigators of the inland sea which batters its yielding shores, and tosses into fantastic shapes its sand-heaps. The eastern end is some twenty miles from the Canada shore, while on the west it is only separated from the main-land by a narrow strait known as "The Cut." It is a sandy, desolate region, broken by small ponds, with dreary tracts of fen-land, its ridges covered with a low growth of pine, oak, beech, and birch, in the midst of which, in its season, the dogwood puts out its white blossoms. Wild grapes trail over the sand-dunes and festoon the dwarf trees. Here and there are almost impenetrable swamps, thick-set with white cedars, intertwisted and contorted by the lake winds, and broken by the weight of snow and ice in winter. Swans and wild geese paddle in the shallow, reedy bayous; raccoons and even deer traverse the sparsely wooded ridges. The shores of its creeks and fens are tenanted by

minks and musk rats. The tall tower of a light-house rises at the eastern extremity of the island, the keeper of which is now its solitary inhabitant.

Fourteen years ago, another individual shared the proprietorship of Long Point. This was John Becker, who dwelt on the south side of the island, near its westerly termination, in a miserable board shanty nestled between naked sand-hills. He managed to make a poor living by trapping and spearing muskrats, the skins of which he sold to such boatmen and small-craft skippers as chanced to land on his forlorn territory. His wife, a large, mild-eyed, patient, young woman of some twenty-six years, kept her hut and children as tidy as circumstances admitted, assisted her husband in preparing the skins, and sometimes accompanied him on his trapping excursions.

On that lonely coast, seldom visited in summer, and wholly cut off from human communication in winter, they might have lived and died with as little recognition from the world as the minks and wild-fowl with whom they were tenants in common, but for a circumstance which called into exercise unsuspected qualities of generous courage and heroic self-sacrifice.

The dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the Schooner Conductor, owned by John McLeod of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of a morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light-keeper, at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at day-light on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on that dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighborhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the southwesterly trend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow-creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable.

She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire, and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair, which had prompted them to let go their hold, and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray, — a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound, and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals — for even her strong voice could not reach them — to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this, she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advantage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are!" With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach, when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by her fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.

It so chanced, however, that a gentleman from Buffalo, E. P. Dorr, who had, in his early days, commanded a vessel on the lake, found himself, shortly after, at a small port on the Canada shore, not far from Long Point Island. Here he met an old shipmate, Captain Davis, whose vessel had gone ashore at a more favorable point, and who related to him the circumstances of the wreck of the Conductor. Struck by the account, Captain Dorr procured a sleigh and drove across the frozen bay to the shanty of Abigail Becker. He found her with her six children, all thinly clad and barefooted in the bitter cold. She stood there six feet or more of substantial womanhood, — not in her stockings, for she had none, — a veritable daughter of Anak, broad-bosomed, large-limbed, with great, patient blue eyes, whose very smile had a certain pathos, as if one saw in it her hard and weary life-experience. She might have passed for an amiable giantess, or one of those much developed maids of honor, who tossed Gulliver from hand to hand in the court of Brobdingnag. The thing that most surprised her visitor was the childlike simplicity of the woman, her utter unconsciousness of deserving anything for an action that seemed to her merely a matter of course. When he expressed his admiration with all the warmth of a generous nature, she only opened her wide blue eyes still wider with astonishment.

"Well, I don't know," she said, slowly, as if pondering the matter for the first time, — "I don't know as I did more 'n I 'd ought to, nor more 'n I 'd do again."

Before Captain Dorr left, he took the measure of her own and her children's feet, and on his return to Buffalo sent her a box containing shoes, stockings, and such other comfortable articles of clothing as they most needed. He published a brief account of his visit to the heroine of Long Point, which attracted the attention of some members of the Provincial Parliament, and through their exertions a grant of one hundred acres of land, on the Canada shore, near Port Rowan, was made to her. Soon after she was invited to Buffalo, where she naturally excited much interest. A generous contribution of one thousand dollars, to stock her farm, was made by the merchants, ship-owners and masters of the city, and she returned to her family, a grateful, and, in her own view, a rich woman.

When the story of her adventure reached New York, the Life-Saving Benevolent Association sent her a gold medal with an appropriate inscription, and a request that she would send back a receipt in her own name. As she did not know how to write, Captain Dorr hit upon the expedient of having her photograph taken with the medal in her hand, and sent that in lieu of her autograph.

In a recent letter dictated at Walsingham, where Abigail Becker now lives, — a widow, cultivating with her own hands her little farm in the wilderness, — she speaks gratefully of the past and hopefully of the future. She mentions a message received from Captain Hackett, who she feared had almost forgotten her, that he was about to make her a visit, adding with a touch of shrewdness: "After his second shipwreck last summer, I think likely that I must have recurred very fresh to him."

The strong lake winds now blow unchecked over the sand-hills where once stood the board shanty of Abigail Becker. But the summer tourist of the great lakes, who remembers her story, will not fail to give her a place in his imagination with Perry's battle-line, and the Indian heroines of Cooper and Longfellow. Through her the desolate island of Long Point is richly dowered with the interest which a brave and generous action gives to its locality.

THE PURITAN LOVERS.

DRAWN out, like lingering bees, to share
The last, sweet summer weather,
Beneath the reddening maples walked
Two Puritans together —

A youth and maiden, heeding not
The woods which round them brightened,
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
And coarse their garb and simple;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time; they dwelt with Care;
And Fear was oft a comer;
A sober April ushered in
The Pilgrim's toilful summer.

And stern their creed; they tarried here
Mere desert-land sojourners:
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
Their week-day robes was clinging;
Their mirth was but the golden bells
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,
Like weeds with dew-drops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
The gravest, something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
'Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold
A day of prayer and fasting";
And then he stopped, and bent to pick
A white life-everlasting —

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves;
He gave it to her, sighing;
A mute confession was his glance,
Her blush a mute replying.

"Mehetabel!" (at last he spoke),
"My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul; you know my wish;
O, grant me its fulfilling!"
She answered low, "If Heaven smiles,
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart,
This quaint New-England beauty!
Faith was the guardian of her life;
Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,
Her brown eyes earthward casting,
And held with trembling hand the while
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth,—
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
He left her at her father's door,
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
And Heaven seemed bright above her;
And when she shyly spoke his name,
Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch,
With head-board high and olden,
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
In bloom and breath undying,
A few life-everlasting flowers,
Her lover's gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green!
O Cupid's blushing roses!
Not on your classic flowers alone
The sacred light reposes;

Though gentler care may shield your buds
From north-winds rude and blasting,
As dear to Love, those few, pale flowers
Of white life-everlasting.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Friend Holcombe went home he found a light burning, and his wife waiting for him. She had been looking over one of those books which Edna read so much of late, — a volume Edward Rolfe had given Bishop Rose; the margins were covered with commentary on the text, and the text was William Shakespeare's. When she heard her husband in the porch, she rose and carried the volume to a shelf near the door, and then, as if she had forgotten her purpose, brought it back again. She had not forgotten; she wanted to talk about Edna with Friend, and learn his opinion of the book, and whether it was quite well to allow the girl large liberty among those plays. But when he came, looking so weary, she hastily put the volume aside.

"You must be very hungry, and how tired you are! I have tea waiting; come take something, dear, before you drop asleep."

"I shall have to get rid of what I have on my mind by sharing it with you, before I can sleep," said he, following her to the table.

"How did you find Mr. Guildersleeve? The doctor told me where you had gone." So easily, after all, the question came to her lips! Ever since the doctor left her, Delia had been thinking that question over, fearing it would be difficult to ask how the sick man was. But indeed it was to her a great matter that Guildersleeve should have sent in his extremity to her husband, — a great matter to her, because the fact would redound to the honor of the church when known. And then, his repentance, how significant!

"He is really dying, Delia, and quite broken down and penitent. I am to present his contrition to-morrow to the brethren, and ask them to receive him back."

"O Friend, is it possible!"

"It is a marvel, — if we forget that with God all things are possible."

"But you did expect it. You said, 'Moses Guildersleeve is n't dead yet!' when you heard that Father Trost had been to see him."

"There 's something that weighs heavier than that on my mind, Delia. Deacon Ent loves Mary Trost." And now he had unburdened himself, had told her all.

Delia looked at her husband as if she could not comprehend what he had said.

"It is true," he said, with a heavy sigh. "He came and told me of it himself."

"Did he do that? Thank God!"

"August was the last person I ought to have expected such a thing of, and I did not expect it; but I am sure, Delia, I am sure," he said, repeating the words he had spoken that afternoon to the young man, "with the temptation there will also be provided a way of escape."

"O, do you think so? But he told you, — that seems a hopeful sign; but, Friend, this is terrible."

So terrible did it evidently seem to his wife, that when Friend heard her voice and saw her face, he regretted that he had cast this heavy burden anywhere except upon the Lord.

"Yes," he said, unconsciously expressing more hope than he actually felt, "I am sure that with this temptation a way of escape will open."

"There is one way," said Delia; "just one, Friend, only one."

"What is it?" he asked with a brightening face and almost eager voice. It was not the first time that Delia had opened a door of deliverance for a tempted and tortured soul.

"Let him go with Mary. Advise him to go. Advise him, Friend!"

"Why, Delia! O no, I hope the Lord will show a better way than that."

"The Lord will show a way!" she

said, with strange vehemence. "Hailstones and coals of fire are from the Lord, as well as sunshine and dew. Do not trust that he will wait for the Lord's showing, for he will not."

"Dear wife, I think you do not quite understand August."

"I think I do. The very fact that our restrictions are what they are convinces me, that he will not succeed in persuading the girl that it is best for her to break her old grandfather's heart by joining us. If I had August Ent to advise, I should say, 'Go and marry her,' before everybody. I would tell him so to-morrow. It is not so much to lose a member of the church, even when it 's August Ent, but we have always thought it a great thing to save a soul. We shall be ruined through Christian men, and in the name of the Lord, Friend Holcombe."

Mr. Holcombe was silent. He repented that he had spoken to his wife on this subject. She seemed not to notice his silence further than to make use of it.

"He will never give her up. You know how obstinate he is about other things, — he 'll not change his nature in this business. You must advise him to leave us, and to marry her."

Then said Friend: "I think better of August than that, Delia. I think, as you say, that he will not change his nature. He would be very little better than a thief and a liar, if he could deceive us, and keep up a show of membership when he had proved himself no true son of the church. No, no, he is sorely tempted, but he is an honorable, upright man, — a character to be trusted with the honor of the church, in a worse strait even than that he is in. Dear wife, let us pray for him."

But while he prayed, Delia was repeating to herself those words he had used, — they pierced her heart, — a "liar," a "thief," "honorable," "upright," "a character to be trusted with the honor of the church." "It is so," she said, "I am all this, — a liar, a thief, trusted with the honor of the church, and, Judas-like, betraying it. O Lord God!"

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEWHERE in the foregoing pages mention has been made of Mr. Christopher Boyd. The name was of consequence in Swatara and in the world, and the person bearing it worthy of consideration. From Boyd's house you might see the sun set beyond the low line of hills more than thirty miles away. The proprietor seemed to *live* nearer to the sunrise than any of his men; he had he could n't tell how many hours of sunlight more than the people in the valley. It might do for miners and tradesmen to live down there; but a workman of a different sort from these, a working-man for whom life at the utmost would be short, must get the longest days out of Nature that she would give.

Perhaps he said that because he had never lived on a mountain-top until he came to Swatara; perhaps he would never have built that gray stone cottage on the rocky west edge of old Blue, had not the foundations been already laid there, and the walls half built, and trees well cleared from the level when he came. Perhaps Mr. Boyd was indebted to Edward Rolfe considerably more even than he deemed.

It was poor Rolfe, who perished untimely, that purposed to live on the mountain-top; and Boyd was in his place. How goes the Scripture? "One man soweth and another reapeth." We cannot say, however, if we speak with precision, that Mr. Boyd's sickle was in Mr. Rolfe's field. The work of the two men differed as they themselves did. But we can say truly, no Rolfe in Swatara no Boyd, and no Boyd no Swatara — for us. Swatara for Swatara's self however, in spite of world, flesh, and devil; and thirty miles of hill and valley between the top of old Blue and sunset, though in the wilderness were no man. Mr. Boyd was heard to talk sometimes about that prospect. When he first became a settler he had artists up there early in the spring, late in the fall, and in the midsummer heat, to see what could be

done with that great arc of red, blue, green, and purple, and the miles and miles of gold and silver mist; for it was not in his nature to let riches run to waste. There was one among these, who came year after year, and not because he found a princely patron in the gray stone house. He had conceived such a love for the region, and such an admiration of Mr. Boyd, that he made the yearly pilgrimage, and always took away with him some of the "strength of the hills," which he transferred to canvas for exhibition walls.

Mr. Boyd sat on his piazza, smoking, on that evening of the week so momentous in the church history of Swatara. While he smoked he looked over the latest report on the market, which had just been brought to him from the Emerald Station; for he had his daily paper, though he seemed to be out of the world. He was thus occupied when Mr. Elsden came. Mr. Boyd was not very well pleased when he saw this gentleman approaching; yet knowing that the superintendent was of all men not the one to volunteer a visit, unless there were reason good, he rose and stepped forward to receive him. If this gray-haired man, who, under the most abject circumstances, must have made clear his right to be treated as a gentleman, could not be received with cordiality, that lack must be made up by more civility than could have been demanded by any mere business agent. If Boyd was Boyd, still more indisputably Elsden was Elsden.

The superintendent took the chair placed for him, and then the proprietor expected to be informed in regard to the occasion of this visit. Mr. Eldsen had no time to waste, of course.

It was about the patent to be secured for some important simplification of machinery devised by one of the workmen, John Edgar. Mr. Elsden wanted Mr. Boyd's opinion. That was easily given.

"Secure it, by all means."

"Then I shall take the necessary measures?"

"Certainly; yes. At once."

"Edgar is making himself very useful, Mr. Boyd. I think if his wages were increased, we should have the benefit."

"Do you think so? He has thirty dollars a month, has n't he? We raised once. Make it forty, if he really deserves it. I suppose we should all like to be paid for doing our best."

Was that all Mr. Elsden wanted? It was hardly what he wanted at all, if the fact must be known; though he did want to use John Edgar, and saw that the way it could be done most easily was by conferring a favor upon him. But the thing Mr. Elsden had come at this time expressly to accomplish was the destruction of Hook; in other words, he wished to convince Mr. Boyd that there was no use in going on any longer, as they had been going on now three months, throwing money into Hook Mountain and getting nothing back but labor and vexation. Twice already the superintendent had attempted to show the proprietor that the search was useless, as it had been fruitless, that there was n't any coal there worth mining: Mr. Boyd had conceived a confidence in Hook which it seemed impossible to destroy; so he had insisted that the work should go on, and the work had gone on. He looked a little impatient when Mr. Elsden now touched on the subject again, but the superintendent continued to dwell upon it in spite of that, and ended by making out so clear a case against old Hook, that Mr. Boyd became at last convinced. "Very well," he said, "we leave Hook. Where shall we begin next?"

Mr. Elsden had determined that the question should be asked, and, now that it was asked, had his answer ready; his advice was to begin at once on that abandoned mine under Chestnut Ridge, there was every indication of a great harvest there. It had been deserted by former proprietors, as he had found, because of inadequate machinery; there was no such want existing now; they were prepared to work any ground, however stubborn or difficult. Boyd knew that very well; he had spent a

fortune in machinery already. If Mr. Elsden was prepared to promise success, it was n't any particular field he insisted upon working; only he wanted a crop.

When he had said that, Mr. Boyd arose and walked across the piazza. He had hardly patience to think on this subject as long as they had been talking about it. "I forgot to mention to you," he said, returning to his chair, "I am expecting my brother to-night. He is coming to live with me."

Now this information surprised Mr. Elsden, for it was the first intimation given by Mr. Boyd to Swatara that he had brother or kin in the world.

Considering the nature of the information, and the manner in which it was communicated, Mr. Elsden received it with remarkable self-possession. A man who lives in one idea, and exerts himself in furtherance of a solitary object, finds it at least difficult to sympathize with the interests and operations of another sphere. If his life is a selfish one, he will not be able to speak the natural language of the affections with the purity and grace of one whose mother tongue it is. Old Guildersleeve would doubtless find it a hard matter, when he should presently attempt the speech of Gabriel.

Mr. Elsden was not prepared to smile in the face of Christopher Boyd, as Dr. Detwiler would have done, with cordial congratulation that his solitary life was to have some variation. He had neither the heart nor, at that instant, the will. For a moment his eyes were averted. The next, they were turned on Boyd, and he said such things as became him, not worth much, but they pleased the man who received them. Further efforts in this direction were spared the superintendent, for the attention of Boyd was now attracted to the walk leading towards the south piazza; with a quick glance at Mr. Elsden he stepped out on the greensward. Nothing lower than God's heaven should crowd upon the meeting, — for nobody need tell him, that of the two figures approaching one was Max.

Mr. Elsden was astonished by the emotion Boyd evinced when he received his brother. The young man was evidently surprised at the cordiality of his reception, and embarrassed by it. He had his recollections of Christopher, but they were not of a character that prophesied the embrace he now received, and the tender words he heard; such words as a father might have spoken to a son for whom he had long been waiting. Indeed, there was a difference of twenty years between the brothers.

However cordially Mr. Elsden must have wished himself out of the way, at the moment when the brothers walked up the steps, it was quite certain that he would not betray his sense of the inopportune.

Going or coming, his presence was something to be considered, and so now, when after introduction and a few words he departed, the eyes of the new comer followed him, and he asked: "Have you a colony of gentlemen up here to equal that one? He looks like a college professor who has plenty of stock."

"Paying?" asked Christopher, leading the way into the house.

"Fifty per cent at least."

"He has taken his turn at being cleaned out, — was president of a bank once, and rode a high horse. But, as you say, he *never forgets himself*, if that 's being a gentleman. Hungry, Max?"

"As a wolf."

"That 's a thing we manage well up here, if we fail in everything else; your appetite won't run down. Let 's see what Mrs. Wayne can do for us. We waited dinner for you. How did you get here?"

"A left-handed fellow drove me up. What a capital road you have, Christopher; so good for the eyes, too, winding in and out amongst the green. Not a particle of dust."

Boyd cast a queer look at his brother while he said that, and nodded.

"You found dust enough on the cars, though, I 'll be bound. Come and see

your private quarters. There! can you make yourself comfortable in that room?"

The door was standing open, and Max, glancing in the direction pointed out by his brother, saw a handsome apartment, which had gray walls, and was carpeted with green. Boyd had commissioned his artist friend to order the furniture, and nobody had as yet occupied the room. It was reserved for Maxwell.

"I 'll try to manage it," said he; "I have been able to get into closer quarters."

"Well, go in and take possession."

Mr. Boyd was, in fact, glad to be rid of his brother for a moment. He walked away to the farther end of the piazza, when he found himself alone, and wiped his eyes.

Dinner was soon served, in Christopher's usual style,—abundant, excellent, well ordered. While the elder served the younger, he took note that he had received under his roof a companion who was neither a glutton nor an epicure.

When they returned to the piazza, Christopher pointed out the main features of the prospect he commanded, but did not dwell upon them. Something better was in process than that glorious down-going of the sun. Such a talk as now began, it is safe to say, had never before been carried on under that roof. For what memories were revived! What hopes were now to be verified, or — not!

Maxwell remembered how full of grief and trouble his heart had been when they parted, and how his brother had on that occasion turned toward him the face of a stoic, dry-eyed and uncomplaining. Also he must remember how, on all those stormy occasions of his life which stood out so distinctly in his memory, seasons of chaos and of ruin, Christopher had stood immovable as rock. Max had thought he knew his brother when he ascribed to him merely will and daring. The reception he had now met seemed to indicate other and very different qualities in addition.

When Boyd placed Maxwell in the institution from which the latter had just come a graduate, he had, indeed, parted from the lad without the most distant intimation of regret; and this silence had urged the young student along through the first months of school life, in a way that drew to him attention which a youth of his character would take pride in sustaining. He could not forget what Christopher had said when he first entertained the project of securing for him a thorough education: "It 's too late for me to think of learning what they say every school-boy knows. I have no education, and I shall suffer on that account as long as I live. But no matter! I have made up my mind to go through as I am. You shall have the learning. Stick at it. It will be almost the same to me as if I had it myself. If I were you, — but of course you can't feel about it as I do! Take my advice, and make the most of yourself. You have the chance; I 'll stand by you."

Remembering these words, and how they were spoken, Maxwell Boyd had studied to some purpose, and had now brought with him, not only his diploma, but also the gold medal for general scholarship, for which he had worked hard.

And so he had come proudly, prepared to serve stern-hearted Christopher, not knowing but he would prove a hard master. That doubt was swept out of mind in the first hour of reunion.

The younger brother was a fair copy of the elder. He had the same well-shaped, compact, not lofty figure; the same honest, manly features; the same light brown hair and clear hazel eyes. The expression of the two faces was very different. When twenty years had passed over Maxwell, the same lines would not mark his face as now marked that of Christopher. Maxwell had labored, on the whole, in pleasant paths. He had not been tossed about by circumstances, to make at last the marvellous discovery that there were place and power for him also; he had never advanced alone and self-reliant, to take

upon himself responsibilities which, if he failed of an anticipated result, would bury him in ruin, assuming them with the conscience and the purpose of a man who sees his way clear, though the men who stand beside him cannot guess the end.

Christopher Boyd had passed through dismal experiences, — had borne sharp reverses, suspicions, was not well understood. But constantly he had pushed on towards success, and finally had triumphed. He too had looked forward to this meeting with anxiety. He had rarely been mistaken in his estimate of men. He would certainly criticise the youth who had come to live with him; but he had almost feared to think what might be the result of his first investigation.

The result had pleased him. Max was strong, manly, courteous; voice, bearing, and address were all in his favor; his attire became him; he had remembered that Christopher was twenty years his senior.

When Max understood that whatever he had to tell in regard to college experiences would interest Christopher beyond any other information, he dwelt at length on his past year, and finally produced diploma and medal.

The diploma certified to the young student's good scholarship, attested his fidelity, integrity, and progress, and declared that he went from his tutors and professors bearing their confidence, respect, and good wishes. The scroll was signed by a dozen names, every one of which, conferred special honor on the graduate.

Christopher Boyd read the document in silence. Long after he had read it, he sat gazing on the parchment and seals, thinking of Boyd professorships Boyd scholarships, and endowments, so grateful was he. At last he exhibited his satisfaction by an act. Without a word of comment, he went to the wall, where his friend Barlow's finest picture hung, and loosened the cord by which it was suspended. He then removed the picture from its frame, and in its stead placed this realization of a great hope; then, stepping on a chair, he made conspicuous on the wall the precious evidence of human love, manly fidelity, and power.

"You are a good fellow," he said, turning his flushed face towards Max, who stood the image of expostulation and embarrassment before him.

"You don't actually mean to let that diploma hang there in place of this fine picture."

"You 'll see a finer, maybe, if you step to the door; but a thing like that, Max, is n't offered every day. I could n't have *bought* that, at any price."

"O, but to go and stick a fellow up like that, to be read and known of all men!"

"Good enough reason for it. It does n't lie, — does it? It says you have ability and self-respect, — education too. What more would a man have? There that diploma hangs. You won't be apt to live it down. Now, my boy, time you went to bed."

Boyd took Richard Barlow's picture as he spoke, and held it at arm's length from the lamp. Having surveyed it, he deposited it in a corner. Max shook his head, and looked ruefully at the diploma, staring at him from the wall with its red eyes.

"Barlow is n't a fool," said Christopher; "and I can order a cart-load of frames any day I please; but there 's only one thing of that kind to be had by us. Breakfast at seven, Sundays included! Good night, Max."

"Good night, Christopher."

"I am just across the hall," said Boyd, coming back. "There 's a bell-rope at the head of your bed. Call for what you want. Mrs. Wayne and her Molly think I made the mines."

Look from the heavens, poor mother, who gave the best of your life for these sons! Know at last what you believed possible while you tarried on earth, cramped by poverty and sickness, and thwarted and discouraged whichever way you turned! It *was* worth your while to sojourn in the miserable shed within sight of the great canal embank-

ment that bounded your horizon, — worth while to bring into being these strong souls, to give of your scant life to make their fulness!

Rejoice in heavenly places, because this night two stout-hearted men recall your patient suffering, your valiant endurance, your charities which cost so much, and were so freely rendered, in spite of want and labor! They remember well, though they cannot speak of such things even to each other, — they remember well the hope and courage which survived long winters, employment uncertain, uncertain wages; and how you rejoiced in a sunbeam, were quick to smile, and even to sing. Rest, in the splendor of the unclouded heavens!

Surely, the Angel of the Lord encamped among these mountains.

CHAPTER X.

When, on Sunday morning, Mr. Holcombe passed up to his desk between the rows of well-filled benches, his aspect indicated to such as knew him best that there was work of unusual solemnity to be performed by him that day.

The women and girls belonging to the church, according to the Mennonite custom, had taken off their bonnets and left them in the room adjoining that in which the people assembled for worship. They sat with bared heads in the congregation, their attire, in style and color, presenting a grave contrast to that of the women, belonging to other denominations, who had come to meeting because they liked Friend Holcombe, or for the reason that they had nowhere else to go.

The garb of the brethren, also, was such as would have attracted attention to them, by reason of its marked simplicity, among any other than a world-renouncing people. As the preacher looked around him, a glance told him how large a proportion of the little company was composed of the "peculiar people." He was glad to see that the fine morning had brought out so fair a number of poor Guildersleeve's brethren.

The day was delightful in its early hours. The morning mists had long since passed up the valley and above the mountain-tops; and a breeze was stirring, which made its own music as it blew through the pine groves and along the mountain passages. Birds sang with the Swatara, and glad as the waters in their flowing were the feathered creatures in their flight. All things seemed moving on, — moving on to judgment, thought Delia Holcombe, as, sitting in her usual place, she saw the congregation gather. There was a word about to be delivered, for which she waited as if it were a word of deepest personal concernment.

The confession of Guildersleeve, the temptation of Ent, the use Mr. Trost might make of these facts when they came to his knowledge, were subjects of thought sufficient to fill her with apprehension. Sore would be the loss if Deacon Ent should leave them, but terrible the victory if he should succeed in the thing he would of course attempt, and make a convert of Mary. More awful yet to think of was the compromise which it was not impossible he might make between the creed of his fathers and the passion of his heart!

While she sat there in her corner of that quiet house of God, Delia trembled, thinking of Father Trost. She shuddered, thinking of him, for suddenly she seemed to see his dreadful eyes fixed upon her, in the triumph of the moment when he should give his daughter to Deacon Ent, who, for a woman, could give up his creed. At that moment, looking up, she saw the deacon enter the meeting-house door, and with him Mary Trost. She had come with him! This, then, was to be the result! Would it not be better to see triumph in the eyes of Father Trost than defeat? to hear him say, "You see we don't have any works of darkness going on among us," than to hear what he might say if he found that his own flesh and blood

had surrendered to the system against which he was carrying on a crusade?

August looked towards Delia, evidently seeking a vacant seat; near her there was none, but Edna, rising, beckoned, and Mary sat down beside her, while the deacon went on to his accustomed place. He was full of hope. Mary might perhaps learn that day that it was impossible he should leave the brotherhood, and perhaps would lose her wish that he should do so.

She had come to meeting with August comforted by the feeling that her grandfather had consented to her coming. He had returned unexpectedly last evening, but this morning had set forth again, to preach four times before he slept again. Whatever he may have thought when he saw Mary and August standing by the table on which his Bible lay, he expressed no dissatisfaction, but made Ent sit down while he ate his supper. It may have been that then, for the first time, he thought it possible that this fine young man and his Mary might find in each other everything desirable in a lifelong companionship. Mary, however, must bring him round. It would not do for Father Trost to begin with obstinacy. And so he had willingly consented that, as he was to hold services at a distance from home, which she could not possibly attend, she should go down with Mr. Ent to Preacher Holcombe's meeting. Thus he would lend his child to the service of the Lord! Let her tempt a good man from his allegiance, if she could!

And so there Mary sat beside Edna Gell; and Edna Gell, having noticed that she came with Deacon Ent (she must have come with him, for they were neighbors, and he had looked around to secure a seat for her), became presently so much absorbed in her own thoughts, that when Mr. Holcombe's voice broke on the stillness, after the silent prayer with which their service began, she started and blushed, as if her secret mind had been laid bare, and looked towards John Edgar, whose black eyes met hers, as if they had been seeking them.

The people were gathering in larger numbers than usual that bright morning. They came from far and near. Strong men like Dr. Detwiler felt and acknowledged Mr. Holcombe's influence, and were glad to be guided by a preacher of the gospel who preached of Truth which could conquer the grave, and which lived and walked among the Swatara hills as surely as it had once walked among the hills of Judæa.

Mr. Christopher Boyd also had the greatest respect for Mr. Holcombe; he was present with Maxwell; and so was Mr. Elsden, who was a judge of men, and careful of what he said about this gospel teacher.

Never did the minister's commission seem more rightfully and manifestly Friend Holcombe's than it did this day. Never did he seem to be more assured of his calling than on this morning, when he arose in his place and looked around upon the people with a deliberation of survey that seemed numbering and individualizing, that he might know the spirit of the congregation.

The heavens above, and the earth beneath, inspired him, — love of Him whom the confession of penitent age was about to honor; sympathy with those who had come to receive what he could give them, — tender, patient women with their little ones in their arms, gray-haired men, young men and maidens.

For a while, in the first quarter of his address, he seemed to be struggling with words; but at last, in a triumphant moment, the spirit mounted strong and free, and clear as a bugle note rose the preacher's voice.

He carried the people with him, and must have known that he did so. He saw that all eyes were fixed on him, and that there was an eager waiting for his message. The old men who sat in their shirt-sleeves, with their coats spread on their knees, their bodies bent forward, testifying by significant looks and gestures to the truth of his teaching; the children, whose fascinated

gaze was upon him, their attention won by a gentleness and earnestness of utterance that helped to make his words intelligible to them; the women, — he could not have asked for better audience, had he been thinking of himself with the impassioned love he had for truth.

When he came to speak of Guildersleeve, it was in a way that banished, at least from sight, every feeling in the congregation that might have been acknowledged out of place and cruel among the members of a family. There was a momentary stir, and then the preacher seemed to hold every heart in his hand; nor did the announcement that the alien had returned to them, with confession of sin and prayers of forgiveness, lose any of its force when Mr. Holcombe addressed the old men, Eby and Ahern, reminding them of their often-expressed hope, while at the same time he mildly rebuked the unbelief of others, rehearsing for them the story of that prodigal whom his father went to meet with kisses and a ring.

Strange if, in the hour of such pleading, anything like ill-will or pride or exasperating memories should have been allowed a place! A softening light seemed to fall on the wondering faces, — mild evidence of the softening influence with which every heart was surrounded; and when he said, "Let us pray for our departing brother, that he may reach our Father's house in safety," there was a movement among the people, so immediate and so reverent that the fervor of the prayer seemed to do no more than express their mood.

When the congregation had dispersed, the brethren of the church, in compliance with Mr. Holcombe's request, still remained for consultation, the old man and the young; and conspicuous in the observation of all, but surely not because he sought pre-eminence among them that day, was Deacon August Ent.

The preacher was going immediately to visit Moses Guildersleeve; the sick man expected him. What would they? What message should he carry? What recollection of the household of faith would they let him have to enlighten the dying man's dark hour? What words of brotherly comfort would they give the afflicted and tortured soul, to carry with it from earth?

Mr. Holcombe addressed them in a manner that told how greatly his own spirit was disturbed; when he had spoken, he sat down in the midst of profound silence. He and his Master ruled that hour, and pity stood in the place of judgment and justice.

At last Eby, the oldest man among them, who, as was well known, had condemned harshly, albeit with hopeful expectation, the contumacious behavior of Guildersleeve, arose in his place. He began to speak in a low monotone; but as he went on his voice rose higher and higher, till at the conclusion a shrill song was resounding in the ears of the listeners.

"I believed in my heart, brethren, it must come to this at last, blessed be the Lord!" said he. "Nevertheless, I am amazed at it. The goodness of God is always amazin'. We are beholden now to forget everything, — everything except that Moses has repented and done the first works. He has confessed to God and to the brethren. God be his judge! Brethren, can't we send him word that we're prayin' for him down here? Prayin' not as ef he was the chief of sinners, nuther, but as we should wish to be prayed for if we was in his case, — his dyin' case. He is goin' on the long journey which no man e'er came back from. Will our preacher tell him kindly that some on us have n't never disremembered the days when he used to stand with us, and was a brother amongst us, and how we mourned after him when Bishop Rose told us that Brother Guildersleeve was n't likely to come back no more? But now he has come back firstly, and secondly he is going again, to our beloved bishop as we trust in God, and we can all rejoice together that bymeby we shall meet as friends. For we know, Brother Ahern, that once here amongst us they was

such friends that, if the bishop's right hand had been took off, he could n't have felt it no more."

Deacon Ent's face was covered, and his head bowed, as was that of many another strong man, while venerable Eby, with many tears, delivered this message in behalf of the brethren.

He had been thinking, while the old man was speaking, of another than Guildersleeve, who Mr. Holcombe had said was as his right hand, and thinking too of all that Guildersleeve had said concerning himself to the minister.

At last, feeling that men were waiting for his word, he arose and looked around upon the little company. But he saw only three faces. One of these he feared, — Mr. Holcombe's; the others were the faces of Guildersleeve and Mary; all these were bent on him with seriously questioning eyes.

His bearing was noticeable. No man seemed as much moved as he, by what had taken place. No other could have sent a message more expressive of loving fellowship. By not one word did he refer to the sinner's repentance or to the forgiveness of the brethren. He could hardly have spoken otherwise had the old man always maintained his integrity, and remained in the society, a brother approved and beloved.

August was not always so lenient, as was well known. He was jealous of the honor of the church. Uprightness, integrity of purpose and of action, the single eye, the open act, were virtues, qualities, powers, which he loved to dwell upon. And there was not a man that heard him now, who would not gladly have trusted him to train all the Mennonite children in the most true faith and doctrine. But now, unflinching readiness in service, obedience at whatever cost, fiery ardor, — nothing of all this was to be discerned in his speech; only human sympathy, and Christian gentleness in view of human frailty.

He was the last that spoke. It seemed to be the general conviction that he had said all that need be said. The pastor himself had not spoken, could not speak, more to the purpose. The younger brethren would long remember the eloquence of August Ent that day. They might well light their lamps at the light he bore.

Any one who saw him going up the mountain road, arm in arm with Mr. Holcombe, when the meeting was finally dismissed, might have sung in very joy of heart, "As the trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as the cedar-trees beside the waters!"

CHAPTER XI.

John Edgar had not yet been told that his wages were to be increased ten dollars a month. That was news that "would keep" till Monday morning. So Mr. Elsden thought, sitting in his office and meditating thereupon. It would keep till Monday morning, and even for a longer time. The superintendent had procured the increase, not because he deemed it absolutely necessary in order to secure, for future time, the services of the young workman; but because he could make the favor to Edgar serve a purpose of his own — could use it as a sort of platform on which he might advance and take a survey of the surrounding region. There was Pit Hole abandoned; and here was Hook abandoned. Pit Hole he had bought of a now extinct company, "for nothing" as he deemed, when that company was in the act of expiring. Pit Hole might have been worked till doomsday in search of coal, and the coal would not have been found, because it was not there. But something else was there, which by and by might be developed, when it was discovered, — that was iron. Mr. Elsden was in no haste to have it discovered, he had waited a great many years for successes, and had received failures in the end; he had learned better than to snatch at fortune now. When the time for discovery should come, John Edgar was the man by whom it must be made. "Reckless dare-devil," he had called

him once; but now he was "invaluable."

This John Edgar sat in the machine-shop Sunday afternoon, receiving a visit from Mr. Maxwell Boyd, who stayed long and at length fell asleep. That was not strange; it was so still there; and mountain air is famous for serving the new-comer a trick like that. John was at work over his drawings; and when he saw what had happened, he went on working, whistling, and singing snatches of songs, by turns, in a happier mood than he had been when Maxwell surprised him; for he had not heard that Mr. Boyd's brother had arrived, or had been expected, till Max announced himself. Edgar was in a happier mood, — this young gentleman was so intelligent, so interested in everything he saw, and withal so friendly. It was a hard matter to get much speech out of the elder Boyd. A nod and a word were as much as any workman expected; yet all the men liked Christopher. Their liking, though, was probably a mixture of respect and admiration for the successful man. But it seemed to John that he had found almost a friend in the stranger who had sought him out that afternoon. Now and then he broke off from his work to look at Maxwell; though he had worked diligently, he had not for a moment been unmindful of his presence.

"I don't envy any fellow living," said he to himself, leaning his elbows on the table and fixing a long, steady glance on Max; "but if I had such a brother to help me along as he has I, — good for me I have n't! Let alone what you can't get! that 's my ticket."

But it happened that, in looking for a pencil, Edgar went around Max Boyd and looked on the table whereon he was leaning his head. The pencil had slipped under the sleeper's hair; Edgar picked it up, but that was not why he started when he did so, as if a bee had stung him; nor why he went off into the middle of the shop, and tossed the pencil two or three times in the air, before he returned to his place and sat down; nor why his aspect was so changed when he resumed his drawing; nor why he now made such bad work of it.

Half an hour went by, then there was a knock at the door; it wakened Max. He looked up and saw Edgar sitting with his elbows on the table, his head buried in his hands, evidently in deep study. The knock was repeated, but he did not stir.

"Did you hear that?" asked Max.

"Yes," he answered, without moving, or even looking up. "I heard it, but I 'm my own man Sundays. I know what the fellows would like; but I 'll not have them in here making a row, because they have nothing else to do. I have something to do. If they sat and rattled on till morning, what good would that do me?"

"I am not going to be your janitor in spite of you," said Max, laughing; "but I should think a little recreation might serve you a good turn."

"Are you going, sir? What 's your hurry?" said Edgar, for Max now arose.

"Well, I don't see that I can assist you in your work."

"My work won't come to anything to-day. I suppose, sir, if I had studied as many things as you have, I should be saved a great deal of trouble; as it is, I have to grope." There was surely no vaunting in the voice or the mood of the young machinist now.

"It 's not by studying books that men get the constructive faculty," answered Max, gravely. He instantly sympathized with John, recognizing in his words a repetition of the lament, or regret, to which he had already heard Christopher give expression. "That is a sort thing," he went on, "that 's put into a body before it can talk or walk. Curious, is n't it? You have it; I have n't. You can get at the books, anybody can; but I cannot get at the invention. Things are dealt about with an even hand, you see. I hope I shall have the pleasure of helping you to what you want badly. Tell me when you need anything to — to get on with

your work, I sha' n't be likely to find it out myself, for I am slow at that; besides, not being an inventor I don't know enough."

"O you fellow," exclaimed Edgar, jumping up from his chair, his eyes glittering with delight; "you go and tell Mr. Elsden what you have been saying to me and he 'll have you shipped for Botany Bay, you or me, one of us, sure. He would think this region not big enough for both of us. It is n't *his* way of talking to the hands I can tell you."

"Just hold me to my word, that 's all," said Max, in the glow of his generous feeling. "Have you a pipe here, Edgar?"

"It 's against the regulations, sir, to smoke in the building."

Max turned towards the door, about to go, when another knock arrested him.

This time John Edgar exhibited a very different degree of interest from that he showed when the first application was made; he evidently recognized the knock, and when it was repeated walked rapidly across the shop, and opened the door.

"O, you are here," said a girl's voice, "I was just going away. Here are your papers, John; I am much obliged to you."

"Have you been able to make anything out of them?" he asked, in a voice which had quite another tone from that in which he had been talking with Maxwell Boyd.

"You may see for yourself." Then there was a rustling of papers.

"Well enough! did you use a rule, Miss Edna?"

"Not once."

Max thought he would like to look at the face of the speaker, but he could not without forcing himself upon the evidently sufficient company of the two.

"You have a truer eye than mine, Miss Edna. Mr. Barlow said—"

"Said! has he gone?"

"Yes; he said you might do excellent things. But study from nature, draw everything you see, try faces. He told me to say that to you."

"Shall I try your face to begin with, now?"

Edgar hesitated; if Maxwell Boyd had been without instead of within, he would have said yes; but now he said: "I am afraid not to-day. Begin with a beautiful little face that you can look at and study every hour in the day."

"You mean Rosa's. I will. You are very kind, John. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Edna."

"Were you at the meeting this morning, John?"

"Yes. You have got old Guildersleeve back, it seems."

"*They* have. Yes. John, I brought a book with me which I should like to lend you; I covered it because it is not mine. Will you care about reading it?"

"I shall, certainly, if you have read it, and like it."

"I want to know whether you like it; I do not quite know what I think; and it is out of their way over there. They don't care about such things."

"Then I will read it carefully," said John; and he had now evidently forgotten that Max Boyd stood within, or he would have shortened this conversation, brief though it was, in spite of the evident wish of Miss Edna to prolong it.

"There is a great deal in it. It seems like all the world—so much there is," said Miss Edna; and then she said "Good night" again, and went away.

"There 's plenty of pluck there," said John, going back into the shop, and speaking to Maxwell. He laid the book on a high shelf, and glanced at a bit of looking-glass which was fastened to the wall beneath it.

"One of your pupils?" asked Max.

"Not exactly. The doctor took some of my drawings down to the preacher's one day, and she copied them; afterwards she came and asked me to explain what they all meant; since then I have helped her some. Did you see her?"

"No, but I heard her. And who is Rosa?"

"She 's the preacher's daughter; this one lives with them,—adopted I believe. The girls are about as much alike

as the sun and the moon are. Would you like to see the preacher's house?"

"I dare say I have seen it already, for I have walked all the afternoon; but, yes, I should like to know who 's who, and where 's where."

And so the two young men walked about, Edgar as a guide, pointing out one place and another, which he supposed would interest the brother of Mr. Boyd, who had come to live in the neighborhood, and to find his work there.

By and by Max thought of Christopher, and signified his intention to return. Edgar then made known his preference for the valley road, and so they separated.

And this was the reason why he determined suddenly to go by himself down the railroad track, rather than up with Max towards the mountain-top.

Max had taken a glass of wine with Christopher at dinner, according to the Sunday custom of the elder brother. It was a single glass, but the subtle aroma was not yet entirely dissipated when he went into the machine-shop, and the sense that was keenest in Edgar had discerned it as he bent over sleeping Max, looking for his pencil. He wanted to get away by himself where he should have an opportunity of fighting his tempter. He sought the solitude which he should have shunned, for the Devil's favorite lair is solitude.

SPRING IN WASHINGTON:

WITH AN EYE TO THE BIRDS.

I CAME to Washington to live in the fall of 1863, and, with the exception of a month each summer spent in the interior of New York, have lived here ever since.

I saw my first novelty in Natural History the day after my arrival. As I was walking near some woods north of the city, a grasshopper of prodigious size flew up from the ground and alighted in a tree. As I pursued him, he proved to be nearly as wild and as fleet of wing as a bird. I thought I had reached the capital of grasshopperdom, and that this was perhaps one of the chiefs or leaders, or perhaps the great High Cock O'lorum himself, taking an airing in the fields. I have never yet been able to settle the question, as every fall I start up a few of these gigantic specimens, which perch on the trees. They are about three inches long, of a gray striped or spotted color, and have quite a reptile look.

The greatest novelty I found, however, was the superb autumn weather, the bright, strong, electric days, lasting well into November, and the general mildness of the entire winter. Though the mercury occasionally sinks to zero, yet the earth is never so seared and blighted by the cold, but that in some sheltered nook or corner signs of vegetable life still remain, which on a little encouragement even asserts itself. I have found wild flowers here every month in the year; violets in December, a single houstonia in January (the little lump of earth upon which it stood was frozen hard), and a tiny, weed-like plant, with a flower almost microscopic in its smallness, growing along gravelled walks and in old ploughed fields in February. The liverwort sometimes comes out as early as the first week in March, and the little frogs begin to pipe doubtfully about the same time. Apricot-trees are usually in bloom on All-Fools-day, and the apple-trees on May-day. By August, mother hen will lead forth her third brood, and I had a March pullet that came off with a family of her own in September. Our calendar is made for this climate.

March is a spring month. One is quite sure to see some marked and striking change during the first eight or ten days. This season (1868) is a backward one, and the memorable change did not come till the 10th.

Then the sun rose up from a bed of vapors, and seemed fairly to dissolve with tenderness and warmth. For an hour or two the air was perfectly motionless, and full of low, humming, awakening sounds. The naked trees had a rapt, expectant look. From some unreclaimed common near by came the first strain of the song-sparrow; so homely, because so old and familiar, yet so inexpressibly pleasing. Presently a full chorus of voices arose; tender, musical, half suppressed, but full of genuine hilarity and joy. The blue-bird warbled, the robin called, the snow-bird chattered, the meadow-lark uttered her strong, but tender note. Over a deserted field a turkey-buzzard hovered low, and alighted on a stake in the fence, standing a moment with outstretched, vibrating wings, till he was sure of his hold. A soft, warm, brooding day. Roads becoming dry in many places, and looking so good after the mud and the snow. I walk up beyond the boundary and over Meridian Hill. To move along the drying road and feel the delicious warmth is enough. The cattle low long and loud, and look wistfully into the distance. I sympathize with them. Never a spring comes, but I have an almost irresistible desire to depart. Some nomadic or migrating instinct or reminiscence stirs within me; I ache to be off.

As I pass along, the high-hole calls in the distance precisely as I have heard him in the North. After a pause he repeats his summons. What can be more welcome to the ear than these early first sounds! They have such a margin of silence!

One need but pass the boundary of Washington City to be fairly in the country, and ten minutes' walk in the country brings one to real primitive woods. The town has not yet overflowed its limits like the great Northern commercial capitals, and Nature, wild and unkempt, comes up to its very threshold, and even in many places crosses it.

The woods, which I soon reach, are stark and still. The signs of returning life are so faint as to be almost imperceptible, but there is a fresh, earthy smell in the air, as if something had stirred here under the leaves. The crows caw above the wood, or walk about the brown fields. I look at the gray, silent trees long and long, but they show no sign. The catkins of some alders by a little pool have just swelled perceptibly; and brushing away the dry leaves and *débris* on a sunny slope, I discover the liverwort just pushing up a fuzzy, tender sprout. But the waters have brought forth. The little frogs are musical. From every marsh and pool goes up their shrill, but pleasing chorus. Peering into one of their haunts, a little body of semi-stagnant water, I discover masses of frogs' spawn covering the bottom. I take up great chunks of the cold, quivering jelly in my hands. In some places there are gallons of it. It is a perfect jelly, of a slightly milky tinge, thickly imbedded with black spots about the size of a small bird's eye. When just deposited, it is perfectly transparent. The vast jelly part is contributed by the male, the dark germinal specks by the female. These hatch in eight or ten days, gradually absorb their gelatinous surroundings, and the tiny tadpoles issue forth.

In the city, even before the shop-windows have caught the inspiration, spring is heralded by the silver poplars, which line all the streets and avenues. After a few mild, sunshiny March days, you suddenly perceive a change has come over the trees. Their tops have a less naked look. If the weather continues warm, a single day will work wonders. Presently the tree will be one vast plume of gray, downy tassels, while not the least speck of green foliage is visible. The first week in April these long mimic caterpillars lie all about the streets and fill the gutters.

The approach of spring is also indicated by the crows and buzzards, which rapidly multiply in the environs of the city, and grow bold and demonstrative. The crows are abundant here all winter, but are not very noticeable except as they pass high in air to and from their winter quarters in the Virginia woods. Early in the morning, as soon as it is light enough to discern them, there they are streaming eastward across the sky, now in loose, scattered flocks, now in thick, dense masses, then singly and in pairs or triplets, but all setting in one direction, probably to the waters of Eastern Maryland. Toward night they begin to return, flying in the same manner, and directing their course to the wooded heights on the Potomac, west of the city. In spring these diurnal mass movements cease; the clan breaks up, the rookery is abandoned, and the birds scatter broadcast over the land. This seems to be the course everywhere pursued. One would think that, when food was scarcest, the policy of separating into small bands or pairs, and dispersing over a wide country, would prevail, as a few might subsist where a larger number would starve. The truth is, however, that in winter food can be had only in certain clearly defined districts and tracts, as along rivers and the shores of bays and lakes.

A few miles north of Newburg, on the Hudson, the crows go into winter quarters in the same manner, flying south in the morning and returning again at night, sometimes hugging the hills so close during a strong wind, as to expose themselves to the clubs and stones of school-boys ambushed behind trees and fences. The belated ones, that come laboring along just at dusk, are often so overcome by the long journey and the strong current, that they seem almost on the point of sinking down whenever the wind or a rise in the ground calls upon them for an extra effort.

The turkey-buzzards are noticeable about Washington as soon as the season begins to open, sailing leisurely along two or three hundred feet overhead, or sweeping low over some common or open space, where, perchance, a dead puppy or pig or fowl has been thrown. Half a dozen will sometimes alight about some such object out on the commons, and with their broad dusky wings lifted up to their full extent, threaten and chase each other, while perhaps one or two are feeding. Their wings are very large and flexible, and the slightest motion of them, while the bird stands upon the ground, suffices to lift its feet clear. Their movements when in air are very majestic and beautiful to the eye, being in every respect identical with those of our common hen or red-tailed hawk. They sail along in the same calm, effortless, interminable manner, and sweep around in the same ample spirals. The shape of their wings and tail, indeed their entire effect against the sky, except in size and color, is very nearly the same as that of the hawk mentioned. A dozen at a time may often be seen high in air, amusing themselves by sailing serenely round and round in the same circle.

They are less active and vigilant than the hawk; never poise themselves on the wing, never dive and gambol in the air, and never swoop down upon their prey; unlike the hawks also, they appear to have no enemies. The crow fights the hawk, and the kingbird and crow-blackbird fight the crow; but neither takes any notice of the buzzard. He excites the enmity of none, for the reason that he molests none. The crow has an old grudge against the hawk, because the hawk robs the crow's nest, and carries off his young; the kingbird's quarrel with the crow is upon the same grounds. But the buzzard never attacks live game, or feeds upon new flesh when old can be had.

In May, like the crows, they nearly all disappear very suddenly, probably to their breeding-haunts near the seashore. Do the males separate from the females at this time, and go by themselves? At any rate, in July I discovered that a large number of buzzards

roosted in some woods near Rock Creek, about a mile from the city limits; and, as they do not nest anywhere in this vicinity, I thought they might be males. I happened to be detained late in the woods, watching the nest of a flying squirrel, when the buzzards, just after sundown, began to come by ones and twos and alight in the trees near me. Presently they came in greater numbers, but from the same direction, flapping low over the woods, and taking up their position in the middle branches. On alighting, each one would blow very audibly through his nose, just as a cow does when she lies down; this is the only sound I have ever heard the buzzard make. They would then stretch themselves after the manner of turkeys, and walk along the limbs. Sometimes a decayed branch would break under the weight of two or three, when, with a great flapping, they would take up new positions. They continued to come till it was quite dark, and all the trees about me were full. I began to feel a little nervous, but kept my place. After it was entirely dark and all was still, I gathered a large pile of dry leaves and kindled it with a match, to see what they would think of a fire. Not a sound was heard till the pile of leaves was in full blaze, when instantaneously every buzzard started. I thought the tree-tops were coming down upon me, so great was the uproar. But the woods were soon cleared, and the loathsome pack disappeared in the night.

About the first of June, I saw numbers of buzzards sailing around over the Great Falls of the Potomac.

A glimpse of the birds usually found here in the latter part of winter may be had in the following extract, which I take from my diary under date of February 4th: —

"Made a long excursion through the woods and over the hills. Went directly north from the Capitol for about three miles. The ground bare and the day cold and sharp. In the suburbs, among the scattered Irish and negro shanties, came suddenly upon a flock of birds, feeding about like our Northern snow-buntings. Every now and then they uttered a piping, disconsolate note, as if they had a very sorry time of it. They proved to be shore-larks, the first I had ever seen. They had the walk characteristic of all larks; were a little larger than the sparrow, had a black spot on the breast, with much white on the under parts of their bodies. As I approached them the nearer ones paused, and, half squatting, eyed me suspiciously. Presently, at a movement of my arm, away they went, flying exactly like the snow-bunting, and showing nearly as much white." (I have since discovered that the shore-lark is a regular visitant here in February and March, when large quantities of them are shot or trapped, and exposed for sale in the market. During a heavy snow I have seen numbers of them feeding upon the seeds of various weedy growths in a large market-garden well into town.) "Pressing on, the walk became exhilarating. Followed a little brook, the eastern branch of the Tiber, lined with bushes and a rank growth of green brier. Sparrows started out here and there and flew across the little bends and points. Among some pines just beyond the boundary, saw a number of American goldfinches, in their gray winter dress, pecking the pine-cones. A golden-crowned knight was there also, a little tuft of gray feathers, hopping about as restless as a spirit. Had the old pine-trees food delicate enough for him also? Farther on, in some low open woods, saw many sparrows, — the fox, white-throated, white-crowned, the Canada, the song, the swamp, — all herding together along the warm and sheltered borders. To my surprise saw a chee-wink also, and the yellow-rumped warbler. The purple finch was there likewise, and the Carolina wren and brown creeper. In the higher, colder woods not a bird was to be seen. Returning, near sunset, across the eastern slope of a hill which overlooked the city, was delighted to see a number of grass-finches or vesper sparrows (fringilla graminea), — birds which will be forever associ-

ated in my mind with my father's sheep pastures. They ran before me, now flitting a pace or two, now skulking in the low stubble, just as I had observed them when a boy."

A month later, March 4th, is this note: —

"After the second memorable inauguration of President Lincoln, took my first trip of the season. The afternoon was very clear and warm, — real vernal sunshine at last, though the wind roared like a lion over the woods. It seemed novel enough to find within two miles of the White House a simple woodsman chopping away as if no President was being inaugurated! Some puppies, snugly nestled in the cavity of an old hollow tree, he said, belonged to a wild dog. I imagine I saw the 'wild dog,' on the other side of Rock Creek, in a great state of grief and trepidation, running up and down, crying and yelping, and looking wistfully over the swollen flood, which the poor thing had not the courage to brave. This day, for the first time, I heard the song of the Canada sparrow, a soft, sweet note, almost running into a warble. Saw a small, black, velvety butterfly with a yellow border to its wings. Under a warm bank found two flowers of the houstonia in bloom. Saw frogs' spawn near Piny Branch, and heard the hyla."

Among the first birds that make their appearance in Washington is the crow-blackbird. He may come any time after the 1st of March. The birds congregate in large flocks, and frequent groves and parks, alternately swarming in the tree-tops and filling the air with their sharp jangle, and alighting on the ground in quest of food, their polished coats glistening in the sun from very blackness, as they walk about. There is evidently some music in the soul of this bird at this season, though he makes a sad failure in getting it out. His voice always sounds as if he were laboring under a severe attack of influenza, though a large flock of them, heard at a distance on a bright afternoon of early spring, produce an effect not unpleasing. The air is filled with crackling, splintering, spurting, semi-musical sounds, — which are like pepper and salt to the ear.

All parks and public grounds about the city are full of blackbirds. They are especially plentiful in the trees about the White House, breeding there and waging war on all other birds. The occupants of one of the offices in the west wing of the Treasury one day had their attention attracted by some object striking violently against one of the window-panes. Looking up, they beheld a crow-blackbird pausing in mid-air, a few feet from the window. On the broad stone window-sill lay the quivering form of a purple finch. The little tragedy was easily read. The blackbird had pursued the finch with such murderous violence, that the latter, in its desperate efforts to escape, had sought refuge in the Treasury. The force of the concussion against the heavy plate-glass of the window had killed the poor thing instantly. The pursuer, no doubt astonished at the sudden and novel termination of the career of its victim, hovered a moment, as if to be sure of what had happened, and made off.

(It is not unusual for birds, when thus threatened with destruction by their natural enemy, to become so terrified as to seek safety in the presence of man. I was once startled, while living in a country village, to behold, on entering my room, at noon one October day, a quail sitting upon my bed. The affrighted and bewildered bird instantly started for the open window, into which it had no doubt been driven by a hawk.)

"The crow-blackbird has all the natural cunning of his prototype, the crow. In one of the inner courts of the Treasury building there is a fountain with several trees growing near. By midsummer, the blackbirds become so bold as to venture within this court. Various fragments of food, tossed from the surrounding windows, reward their temerity. When a crust of dry bread defies their beaks, they have been seen to drop it into the water, and when it

had become soaked sufficiently, to take it out out again.

They build a nest of coarse sticks and mud, the whole burden of the enterprise seeming to devolve upon the female. For several successive mornings, just after sunrise, I used to notice a pair of them flying to and fro in the air above me, as I hoed in the garden, directing their course, on the one hand, to a marshy piece of ground about half a mile distant, and disappearing, on their return, among the trees about the Capitol. Returning, the female always had her beak loaded with building material, while the male, carrying nothing, seemed to act as her escort, flying a little above and in advance of her, and uttering now and then his husky, discordant note. As I tossed a lump of earth up at them, the frightened mother-bird dropped her mortar, and the pair skurried away, much put out. Later, they avenged themselves by pilfering my cherries.

The most mischievous enemies of the cherries, however, here, as at the North, are the cedar wax-wings, or "cherry-birds." How quickly they spy out the tree! Long before the cherry begins to turn, they are around, alert and cautious. In small flocks they circle about, high in air, uttering their fine note, or plunge quickly into the tops of remote trees. Day by day they approach nearer and nearer, reconnoitring the premises, and watching the growing fruit. Hardly have the green lobes turned a red cheek to the sun, before their beaks have scarred it. At first they approach the tree stealthily, on the side turned from the house, diving quickly into the branches in ones and twos, while the main flock is ambushed in some shade-tree not far off. They are most apt to commit their depredations very early in the morning and on cloudy, rainy days. As the cherries grow sweeter the birds grow bolder, till, from throwing tufts of grass, one has to throw stones in good earnest, or lose all his fruit. In June they disappear, following the cherries to the North, where, by July, they are nesting in the orchards and cedar groves.

Among the permanent summer residents here (one might say city residents, as they seem more abundant in town than out), the yellow warbler or summer yellow-bird is conspicuous. He comes about the middle of April, and seems particularly attached to the silver poplars. In every street, and all day long, one may hear his thin, sharp warble. When nesting, the female comes about the yard, pecking at the clothes-line, and gathering up bits of thread to weave into her nest.

Swallows appear in Washington from the first to the middle of April. They come twittering along in the way so familiar to every New England boy. The barn-swallow is heard first, followed in a day or two by the squeaking of the cliff-swallow. The chimney-swallows, or swifts, are not far behind, and remain here, in large numbers, the whole season. The purple martins appear in April, as they pass north, and again in July and August on their return, accompanied by their young.

The national capital is situated in such a vast spread of wild, wooded, or semi-cultivated country, and is in itself so open and spacious, with its parks and large government reservations, that an unusual number of birds find their way into it in the course of the season. Rare warblers, as the black-poll, the yellow red-poll, and the bay-breasted, pausing in May on their northward journey, pursue their insect game in the very heart of the town.

I have heard the veery thrush in the trees near the White House; and, one rainy April morning, about six o'clock, he came and blew his soft, mellow flute in a pear-tree in my garden. The tones had all the sweetness and wildness they have when heard in June in our deep Northern forests. A day or two afterward, in the same tree, I heard for the first time the song of the golden-crowned wren, or kinglet, — the same liquid bubble and cadence which characterize the wren-songs generally, but much finer and more delicate than the song of any other variety known to me; beginning in a fine, round, needle-

like note, and rising into a full, sustained warble; — a strain, on the whole, remarkably exquisite and pleasing, the singer being all the while as busy as a bee, catching some kind of insects. If the ruby-crowned sings as well (and no doubt it does), Audubon's enthusiasm concerning its song, as he heard it in the wilds of Labrador, is not a bit extravagant. The song of the kinglet is the only characteristic that allies it to the wrens.

The Capitol grounds, with their fine large trees of many varieties, draw many kinds of birds. In the rear of the building the extensive grounds are peculiarly attractive, being a gentle slope, warm and protected, and quite thickly wooded. Here, in early spring, I go to hear the robins, cat-birds, blackbirds, wrens, &c. In March the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows may be seen, hopping about on the flower-beds or peering slyly from the evergreens. The robin hops about freely upon the grass, notwithstanding the keeper's large-lettered warning, and at intervals, and especially at sunset, carols from the tree-tops his loud, hearty strain.

The kingbird and orchard starling remain the whole season, and breed in the tree-tops. The rich, copious song of the starling may be heard there all the forenoon. The song of some birds is like scarlet, — strong, intense, emphatic. This is the character of the orchard starlings; also of the tanagers and the various grossbeaks. On the other hand, the songs of other birds, as of certain of the thrushes, suggests the serene blue of the upper sky.

In February, one may hear, in the Smithsonian grounds, the song of the fox-sparrow. It is a strong, richly modulated whistle, — the finest sparrow note I have ever heard.

A curious and charming sound may be heard here in May. You are walking forth in the soft morning air, when suddenly there comes a burst of bobolink melody from some mysterious source. A score of throats pour out one brief, hilarious, tuneful jubilee, and are suddenly silent. There is a strange remoteness and fascination about it. Presently you discover its source skyward, and a quick eye will detect the gay band pushing northward. They seem to scent the fragrant meadows afar off, and shout forth snatches of their songs in anticipation.

The bobolink does not breed in the District, but usually pauses in his journey and feeds during the day in the grass-lands north of the city. When the season is backward, they tarry a week or ten days, singing freely and appearing quite at home. In large flocks they search over every inch of ground, and at intervals, hover on the wing or alight in the tree-tops, all pouring forth their gladness at once, and filling the air with a multitudinous musical clamor.

They continue to pass, travelling by night and feeding by day, till after the middle of May, when they cease. In September, with numbers greatly increased, they are on their way back. I am first advised of their return by hearing their calls at night as they fly over the city. On certain nights the sound becomes quite noticeable. I have awakened in the middle of the night, and, through the open window, as I lay in bed, heard their faint notes. The warblers begin to return about the same time, and are clearly distinguished by their timid *yeaps*. On dark cloudy nights the birds seem confused by the lights of the city, and apparently wander about above it.

In the spring the same curious incident is repeated, though but few voices can be identified. I make out the snow-bird, the bobolink, the warblers, and on two nights during the early part of May I heard very clearly the call of the sandpipers.

Instead of the bobolink, one encounters here, in the June meadows, the black-throated bunting, a bird closely related to the sparrows, and a very persistent, if not a very musical songster. He perches upon the fences and upon the trees by the roadside, and, spreading his tail, gives forth his harsh strain, which may be roughly worded thus:

fscp fscp, fee fee fee. Like all sounds associated with early summer, it soon has a charm to the ear quite independent of its intrinsic merits.

Outside of the city limits, the great point of interest to the rambler and lover of nature is the Rock Creek region. Rock Creek is a large, rough, rapid stream, which has its source in the interior of Maryland, and flows into the Potomac between Washington and Georgetown. Its course, for five or six miles out of Washington, is marked by great diversity of scenery. Flowing in a deep valley, which now and then becomes a wild gorge with overhanging rocks and high, precipitious headlands, for the most part wooded; here reposing in long, dark reaches, there sweeping and hurrying around a sudden bend or over a rocky bed; receiving at short intervals small runs and spring rivulets, which open up vistas and outlooks to the right and left, of the most charming description, — Rock Creek has an abundance of all the elements that make up not only pleasing, but wild and rugged scenery. There is, perhaps, not another city in the Union that has on its very threshold so much natural beauty and grandeur, such as men seek for in remote forests and mountains. A few touches of art would convert this whole region, extending from Georgetown to what is known as Crystal Springs, not more than two miles from the present State Department, into a park unequalled by anything in the world. There are passages between these two points as wild and savage, and apparently as remote from civilization, as anything one meets with in the mountain sources of the Hudson or the Delaware.

One of the tributaries to Rock Creek within this limit is called Piny Branch. It is a small, noisy brook, flowing through a valley of great natural beauty and picturesqueness, shaded nearly all the way by woods of oak, chestnut, and beach, and abounding in dark recesses and hidden retreats.

I must not forget to mention the many springs with which this whole region is supplied, each the centre of some wild nook, perhaps the head of a little valley one or two hundred yards long, through which one catches a glimpse or hears the voice of the main creek rushing along below.

My walks tend in this direction more frequently than in any other. Here the boys go too, troops of them, of a Sunday, to bathe and prowl around, and indulge the semi-barbarous instincts that still lurk within them. Life, in all its forms, is most abundant near water. The rank vegetation nurtures the insects, and the insects draw the birds. The first week in March, on some southern slope where the sunshine lies warm and long, I usually find the hepatica in bloom, though with scarcely an inch of stalk. In the spring runs, the skunk cabbage pushes its pike up through the mould, the flower appearing first, as if Nature had made a mistake.

It is not till about the 1st of April that many wild-flowers may be looked for. By this time the hepatica, anemone, saxifrage, arbutus, houstonia, and bloodroot may be counted on. A week later, the claytonia, or spring beauty, water-cress, violets, a low buttercup, vetch, and potentilla appear. These comprise most of the April flowers, and may be found in great profusion in the Rock Creek and Piny Branch region.

In each little valley or spring run some one species predominates. I know invariably where to look for the first liverwort, and where the largest and finest may be found. On a dry, gravelly, half-wooded hill-slope the birds-foot violet grows in great abundance, and is sparse in neighboring districts. This flower, which I never saw in the North, is the most beautiful and showy of all the violets, and calls forth rapturous applause from all persons who visit the woods. It grows in little groups and clusters, and bears a close resemblance to the pansies of the gardens. Its two purple, velvety petals seem to fall over tiny shoulders like a rich cape.

On the same slope, and on no other,

I go about the 1st of May for lupine, or sundial, which makes the ground look blue from a little distance; on the other, or northern side of the slope, the arbutus, during the first half of April, perfumes the wild-wood air. A few paces farther on, in the bottom of a little spring run, the mandrake shades the ground with its miniature umbrellas. It begins to push its green finger-points up through the ground by the 1st of April, but is not in bloom till the 1st of May. It has a single white, wax-like flower, with a sweet, sickish odor, growing immediately beneath its broad leafy top. By the same run grow water-cresses and two kinds of anemones, — the Pennsylvania and the grove anemone. The bloodroot is very common at the foot of almost every warm slope in the Rock Creek woods, and, where the wind has tucked it up well with the coverlid of dry leaves, makes its appearance almost as soon as the liverwort. It is singular how little warmth is necessary to encourage these earlier flowers to put forth! It would seem as if some influence must come on in advance underground and get things ready, so that when the outside temperature is propitious, they at once venture out. I have found the bloodroot when it was still freezing two or three nights in the week; and have known at least three varieties of early flowers to be buried in eight inches of snow.

Another abundant flower in the Rock Creek region is the spring beauty. Like most others it grows in streaks. A few paces from where your attention is monopolized by violets or arbutus, it is arrested by the claytonia, growing in such profusion that it is impossible to set the foot down without crushing the flowers. Only the forenoon walker sees them in all their beauty, as later in the day their eyes are closed, and their pretty heads drooped in slumber. In only one locality do I find the ladies' slipper, — a yellow variety. The flowers that overleap all bounds in this section are the houstonias. By the 1st of April they are very noticeable in warm, damp places along the borders of the woods and in half-cleared fields, but by May these localities are clouded with them. They become visible from the highway across wide fields, and look like little puffs of smoke clinging close to the ground.

On the 1st of May I go to the Rock Creek or Piny Branch region to hear the wood-thrush. I always find him by this date leisurely chanting his lofty strain; other thrushes are seen now also or even earlier, as Wilson's, the olive-backed, the hermit, — the two latter silent, but the former musical.

Occasionally in the earlier part of May I find the woods literally swarming with warblers, exploring every branch and leaf, from the tallest tulip to the lowest spice-bush, so urgent is the demand for food during their long Northern journeys. At night they are up and away. Some varieties, as the blue yellow-back, the chestnut-sided, and the blackburnian, during their brief stay, sing nearly as freely as in their breeding haunts. For two or three years I have chanced to meet little companies of the bay-breasted warbler, searching for food in an oakwood, on an elevated piece of ground. They kept well up among the branches, were rather slow in their movements, and evidently disposed to tarry but a short time.

The summer residents here, belonging to this class of birds, are few. I have observed the black and white creeping-warbler, the Kentucky warbler, the worm-eating warbler, the redstart, and the gnat-catcher, breeding near Rock Creek.

Of these the Kentucky warbler is by far the most interesting, though quite rare. I meet with him in low, damp places in the woods, usually on the steep sides of some little run. I hear at intervals a clear, strong, bell-like whistle or warble, and presently catch a glimpse of the bird as he jumps up from the ground to take an insect or worm from the under side of a leaf. This is his characteristic movement. He belongs to the class of ground-warblers, and his range is very low,

indeed lower than that of any other species with which I am acquainted. He is on the ground nearly all the time, moving rapidly along, taking spiders and bugs, overturning leaves, peeping under sticks and into crevices, and every now and then leaping up eight or ten inches, to take his game from beneath some overhanging leaf or branch. Thus each species has its range more or less marked. Draw a line three feet from the ground, and you mark the usual limit of the Kentucky warbler's quest for food. Six or eight feet higher bounds the usual range of such birds as the worm-eating warbler, the morning ground-warbler, the Maryland yellow-throat. The lower branches of the higher growths and the higher branches of the lower growths are plainly preferred by the black-throated blue-backed warbler, in those localities where he is found. The thrushes feed mostly on and near the ground, while some of the vireos and the true fly-catchers explore the highest branches. But the Sylviadæ, as a rule, are all partial to thick rank undergrowths.

The Kentucky warbler is a large bird for the genus and quite notable in appearance. His back is clear olive-green; his throat and breast bright yellow. His peculiarity is a black streak on the side of the face, extending down the neck.

Another familiar bird here, which I never met with in the North, is the gnat-catcher, called by Audubon the blue gray fly-catching warbler. In form and manner it seems almost a duplicate of the cat-bird, on a small scale. It mews like a young kitten, erects its tail, flirts, droops its wings, goes through a variety of motions when disturbed by your presence, and in many ways recalls its dusky prototype. Its color above is a light, gray blue, gradually fading till it becomes white on the breast and belly. It is a very small bird, and has a long, facile, slender tail. Its song is a lisping, chattering, incoherent warble, now faintly reminding one of the goldfinch, now of a miniature cat-bird, then of a tiny yellow-hammer, having much variety, but no unity, and little cadence.

Another bird which has interested me here is the Louisiana water-thrush, called also large-billed water-thrush, and water-wagtail. It is one of a trio of birds which has confused the ornithologists much. The other two species are the well-known golden-crowned thrush (*Seiurus aurocapillus*) or wood-wagtail, and the Northern, or small, water-thrush (*Seiurus noveboracensis*).

The present species, though not abundant, is frequently met with along Rock Creek. It is a very quick, vivacious bird, and belongs to the class of ecstatic singers. I have seen a pair of these thrushes, on a bright May day, flying to and fro between two spring runs, alighting at intermediate points, the male breaking out into one of the most exuberant, unpremeditated strains I ever heard. Its song is a sudden burst, beginning with three or four clear round notes much resembling certain tones of the clarinet, and terminating in a rapid, intricate warble.

This bird resembles a thrush only in its color, which is olive-brown above, and grayish white beneath, with speckled throat and breast. Its habits, manners, and voice suggest those of the lark.

I seldom go the Rock Creek route without being amused and sometimes annoyed by the yellow-breasted chat. This bird also has something of the manners and build of the cat-bird, yet he is truly an original. The cat-bird is mild and feminine compared with this rollicking polyglot. His voice is very loud and strong and quite uncanny. No sooner have you penetrated his retreat, which is usually a thick undergrowth in low, wet localities, near the woods or in old fields, than he begins his serenade, which for the variety, grotesqueness, and uncouthness of the notes is not unlike a country *skimmerton*. If one passes directly along, the bird may scarcely break the silence. But pause awhile or loiter quietly about, and your presence stimulates him to do his best. He peeps quizzically at

you from beneath the branches and gives a sharp feline mew. In a moment more he says very distinctly, *who, who.* Then in rapid succession follow notes the most discordant that ever broke the sylvan silence. Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. Now, he calls as if to be heard a long way off, then changes his key, as if addressing the spectator. Though very shy, and carefully keeping himself screened when you show any disposition to get a better view, he will presently, if you remain quiet, ascend a twig or hop out on a branch in plain sight, lop his tail, droop his wings, cock his head, and become very melodramatic. In less than half a minute he darts into the bushes again, and again tunes up, no Frenchman rolling his *r*'s so fluently. *C-r-r-r-r-r, — whrr, — that 's it, — chee, — quack, cluck, — yit-yit-yit, — now hit it, — tr-r-r-r-r, — when, — caw, caw, — cut, cut, — tea-boy, — who, who, — mew, mew,* — and so on till you are tired of listening. Observing one very closely one day, I discovered that he was limited to six notes or changes, which he went through in regular order, scarcely varying a note in a dozen repetitions. Sometimes, when a considerable distance off, he will fly down to have a nearer view of you. And such a curious expressive flight, — legs extended, head lowered, wings rapidly vibrating, the whole action piquant and droll!

The chat is an elegant bird both in form and color. Its plumage is remarkably firm and compact. Color above, light olive-green; beneath, bright yellow; beak, black and strong.

The cardinal-grossbeak, or Virginia red-bird, is quite common in the same localities, though more inclined to seek the woods. It is much sought after by bird-fanciers, and by boy gunners, and consequently is very shy. This bird suggests a British redcoat; his heavy, pointed beak, his high cockade, the black stripe down his face, the expression of weight and massiveness about his head and neck, and his erect attitude, give him a decided soldierlike appearance; and there is something of the tone of the fife in his song or whistle, while his ordinary note, when disturbed, is like the clink of a sabre. Yesterday, as I sat indolently swinging in the loop of a grape-vine, beneath a thick canopy of green branches, in a secluded nook by a spring run, one of these birds came pursuing some kind of insect, but a few feet above me. He hopped about, now and then uttering his sharp note, till, some moth or beetle trying to escape, he broke down through the cover almost where I sat. The effect was like a firebrand coming down through the branches. Instantly catching sight of me, he darted away much alarmed. The female is tinged with brown, and shows but little red except when she takes flight.

By far the most abundant species of woodpecker about Washington is the red-headed. It is more common than the robin. Not in the deep woods, but among the scattered dilapidated oaks and groves, on the hills and in the fields, I hear, almost every day, his uncanny note, *ktr-rr, ktr-r-r,* like that of some larger tree-toad, proceeding from an oak grove just beyond the boundary. He is a stinking fellow, and very tough. Yet how beautiful as he flits from tree to tree, describing a gentle arc of crimson and white! This is another bird with a military look. His deliberate, dignified ways, and his bright uniform of red, white, and steel blue, bespeak him an officer of rank.

Another favorite beat of mine is northeast of the city. Looking from the Capitol in this direction, scarcely more than a mile distant, you see a broad green hill-slope, falling very gently, and spreading into a large expanse of meadow-land. The summit, if so gentle a swell of greensward may be said to have a summit, is covered with a grove of large oaks; and, sweeping back out of sight like a mantle, the front line of a thick forest bounds the sides. This emerald landscape is seen from a number of points in the city.

Looking along New York Avenue from Northern Liberty Market, the eye glances, as it were, from the red clay of the street, and alights upon this fresh scene in the distance. It is a standing invitation to the citizen to come forth and be refreshed. As I turn from some hot, hard street, how inviting it looks! I bathe my eyes in it as in a fountain. Sometimes troops of cattle are seen grazing upon it. In June the gathering of the hay may be witnessed. When the ground is covered with snow, numerous stacks, or clusters of stacks, are still left for the eye to contemplate.

The woods which clothe the east side of this hill, and sweep away to the east, are among the most charming to be found in the District. The main growth is oak and chestnut, with a thin sprinkling of laurel, azelia, and dogwood. It is the only locality in which I have found the dog-tooth violet in bloom, and the best place I know of to gather arbutus. On one slope the ground is covered with moss, through which the arbutus trails its glories.

Emerging from these woods toward the city, one sees the white dome of the Capitol soaring over the green swell of earth immediately in front, and lifting its four thousand tons of iron gracefully and lightly into the air. Of all the sights in Washington, that which will survive longest in my memory, is the vision of the great dome thus rising above the hills.

ELEANOR IN THE EMPTY HOUSE:

A BALLAD OMITTED FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

I.

SAD Eleanor sits in the lonely hall;
Silent as ever, she sits and sews,
Like a nun, for penance, at work on her pall,
Thinking the while on her sins and woes;
She sighs, but sings not; for all are gone, —
Ellen and Frances, Austin and John, —
And silently her hand works on.

II.

Musing on many things, — God above,
And life and death and the burning lake,
And her work, — and everything but love,
For nothing her frozen heart can wake, —
She stabs with her needle, but never sings;
For oft in her ears a shrill bell rings,
And she starts, as she heard an angel's wings.

III.

At nine o' the clock comes the Abbot in,
And whispers, "Eleanor, what hast thou there?"
"All day," she answers, "at work I have been
On a winding-sheet which I mean to wear,

And now I am busy, hemming my pall;
For I heard, last night, the Death-Angel call,
And the grass will soon grow over us all."

IV.

At ten, Brother William came from his room,
Saying, "Sister Eleanor, get thee to bed!"
And he walked up and down, with a face of gloom,
More heavy of heart than he was in his tread;
For meagre he was, and worn in his looks,
With hunting for sense in difficult nooks,
And words in hid corners of Latin books.

V.

Still, patient Eleanor never stirred,
But stitched away at the snow-white cloth,
And answered the Brother never a word:
Whereat the sullen friar was wroth,
And glided away, with his visage wan,
Silent and sober; for all were gone! —
Brother Austin, and Brother John.

VI.

He met the cat in the corridor,
And the lean thing rubbed against his leg;
So he lifted the creature from the floor,
Saying, "Poor puss, thou needst not beg;
There's nothing, — nor milk, nor fowl, nor flesh,
Not a smelt from the hook, nor a quail from the mesh, —
Nothing for thee, Tom, salt or fresh!

VII.

"Not even a puny mouse in the wall,
Nor a cup of cream on an upper shelf;
For these roofs are abandoned by mice and all,
And I am as friendless as thyself;
The chambers are empty, — the larder, too, —
The grinders have ceased, they 've grown so few,
And there's no one to pray for but me and you!"

VIII.

Such is the way most houses are
In the summer-time which poets praise;
Give me the glow behind the bar
Of a sea-coal fire; or the hickory's blaze;
And plenty of people up stairs and down
With smiling faces, and never a frown
Because there is nobody left in the town.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER.

PART II.

IN the last number of the "Atlantic Monthly," I gave an outline of my autobiography in the external world; and then of my convincement — by means of the spiritual phenomena presented *to* and operating *in* me, as a worldly man, a materialist — that the Shaker order was the highest mediator between God and man.

But here I am again embarrassed, by my own realization of the unprepared state of many to appreciate the more interior religious exercises of soul involved in such a work of conversion. To it Jesus referred: "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they" — not comprehending their intrinsic value — "trample them under [the] feet" of their understanding; "give not [lightly] that which is holy unto the dogs ..... lest they turn again and rend you" for not giving them such kind of food — *animal* — as their appetites crave.

However, I am encouraged, in regard to others, by my own experience. I often used to think, in the early days of my faith, when I saw the brethren and sisters exercised in the beautiful gifts of the Spirit, which worldly Christians hold to be impossible in modern times, "How can I ever attain thereunto?" and, "If I can reach such a baptism, no other human being need doubt the possibility of doing so."

After being rationally convinced, by the above-mentioned spiritualistic manifestations, that the claims of the order were founded upon the existence of a Supreme Being and a revelation of knowledge and power (unto salvation from wilful sin, and from its very nature) coming down to mankind through intervening spheres and media, I was also blessed with a Christ Spirit baptism, by which I was interiorly convinced that I was a sinner before God; and in that light I saw light and darkness, and perceived that many things held in high estimation by even the most zealous of worldly Christians were an abomination in the sight of that Christ Spirit.

I had now come to a day and work of judgment that I could comprehend; and I esteemed it as a sacred privilege to bring to the light of earthly witnesses all the deeds I had done in the body and soul, whether they were good, or whether they were evil. Then I began to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the character of the first Christian, *Jesus*.

And I saw, according to the record, — the Bible, — that Jesus went with all the Jews in Judæa, confessing their sins and transgressions against Moses, as the exponent of natural law for the earth-life. And John heard him, and was thereby convinced that Jesus had lived even nearer to the law than he himself had done; and said: "I have need [rather to confess unto thee, and] to be baptized of thee."

After that Jesus was baptized by the descent of a Christ Spirit; and then occurred (for the sake of the multitude) the external spiritualistic appearance of a dove and a voice. This Spirit was the Second Adam, the Lord from heaven, *the Christ*.

As Jesus had done to John, so did Ann to Jane Wardley, — confessed her sins, and repented of them to the entire forsaking thereof. "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy"; while those who sin, and continue to cover their sins, as is the practice of the Christians of Babylon, do not prosper in the work of overcoming sin; they live and die in their sins; and therefore where Jesus is, in the spirit world, they can find no entrance until they have confessed their sins (which "follow after them") to God's acceptance. The simple Shakers pre-

fer sending their sins "beforehand to judgment."

As each particle of gold possesses every one of the chemical properties of all the gold upon or in the earth, so does each human being possess all the elements and properties of humanity in the aggregate. The same process that would separate the dross from one ounce of gold would also serve to separate the dross from all the gold in existence.

And when it is satisfactorily proved that one man was the author of the system of Christianity, and that one woman was the finisher of that system, that is, that *Jesus* laid (or is) the "Corner-Stone," and that *Ann* placed (or is) the Capstone of the Temple, and that each of them became a perfect "pattern," or specimen of genuine Christianity, unadulterated, free from any Babylon mixture, from all extraneous worldly elements adverse or pertaining thereto, it cannot but be clearly seen why those two should sit as refiners of silver and purifiers of gold to the remainder of mankind; and why they, or their representatives, should watch carefully the crucible, — Shaker society, — to see that each man and woman coming into it continue in the fire until, like the silver or the gold, the faces of the refiners become perfectly reflected in them, — until the same character is formed, — and the same mind and spirit shall be in them that was in Jesus and in Ann, as the "first-born" brother and the "first-born" sister of the new creation.

From the moment of the interior conviction already referred to, my life has been "hid with Christ," among this people "in God"; and as an individual, I have been so absorbed into the community, that my personal history, "my policy," has become identified with the history and principles of the order.

Moses of olden time hath in every city those who preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day. And Jesus, for nearly two thousand years has had his heralds and ambassadors proclaiming his name, and preaching his *male* "gospel to every creature."

And now one "like the Son of Man" sits upon and points to some eighteen *white clouds* * not much larger than a man's hand, rising above the horizon in different parts of Atlantica. These have a "future."

Be it mine to speak the praises of the *Mother* Church; and to introduce the readers of the New Atlantis to a "new thing in the earth," — "a woman" who has established a millennial community; thus en-*compass*-ing the primordial spiritual object of "a man," — Jesus.

"Turn again, O Virgin of Israel! turn again to these thy cities." As yet they shall use *this speech* in the land of Judah, and in the cities thereof, when I shall bring again their captivity. "And there shall dwell in Judah itself, and in all the cities" — communities — "thereof, together, husbandmen and they that go forth with flocks. For I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul": —

"The Lord bless thee, O Habitation of Justice, and Mountain of Holiness!"

Ann Lee.

Ann Lee was born February 29, 1736, in Toad Lane (now Todd's Street), Manchester, England. Her father, John Lee, was a blacksmith, and poor; with him she resided until she left England for America. Her mother was es-

* That is, eighteen societies of Believers, as follows, viz.: —

Mount Lebanon, two and a half miles from Lebanon Springs, twenty-five miles southeast of Albany, Columbia Co., N. Y. Address F. W. Evans.
Watervliet, seven miles northeast of Albany.
Groveland, Livingston Co., N. Y.
Hancock, Berkshire Co., Mass.
Tyringham, same county and State.
Enfield, Hartford Co., Conn.
Harvard, Worcester Co., Mass.
Shirley, Middlesex Co., Mass.
Canterbury, Merrimack Co., N. H.
Enfield, Grafton Co., N. H.
Alfred, York Co., Maine.
New Gloucester, Cumberland Co., Maine.
Union Village, Warren Co., Ohio.
Watervliet, Montgomery Co., Ohio.
White Water, Hamilton Co., Ohio.
North Union, Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.
Pleasant Hill, Mercer Co., Ky.
South Union, Logan Co., Ky.

teemed a very pious woman. They had eight children, who were (as was then common for poor children) brought up to work, instead of being sent to school; by which means Ann acquired a habit of industry, but could neither write nor read. During her childhood and youth she was employed in a cotton factory, and was afterwards a cutter of hatters' fur; and then a cook in an infirmary. She was in every calling noted for her neatness, faithfulness, prudence, and economy.

Her complexion was fair; she had blue eyes, and light chestnut hair. Her countenance was expressive, but grave, inspiring confidence and respect. Many called her beautiful.

She possessed a strong and healthy physical constitution, and remarkable powers of mind. At times, when under the operation of the Holy Spirit, her form and actions appeared divinely beautiful. The influence of her spirit was then beyond description, and she spoke as "one having authority."

In childhood she exhibited a bright, sagacious, and active genius. She was not, like other children, addicted to play, but was serious and thoughtful. She was early the subject of religious impressions, and was often favored with heavenly visions.

As she grew in years, she felt an innate repugnance to the marriage state, and often expressed these feelings to her mother, desiring to be preserved therefrom; notwithstanding which (through the importunities of her relatives), she was married to Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith. The convictions of her youth, however, often returned upon her with much force, and at length brought her into excessive tribulation of soul, in which she earnestly sought for deliverance from the bondage of sin, and gave herself no rest day or night, but spent whole nights in laboring and crying to God to open some way of salvation.

In the year 1758, the twenty-third of her age, she joined a society of people who, because of their indignation against sin in themselves, often shook, and (by the Spirit) were shaken, and hence by the rabble were designated *Shakers*. The society was under the lead of Jane and James Wardley, formerly of the Quaker order. The people of that society were blameless in their deportment, and were distinguished for the clearness of their testimony against sin, the strictness of their moral discipline, and the purity of their lives.

The light of this people led them to make an open confession of every sin they had committed, and to take up finally and forever the cross against everything they knew to be evil. This endowed them with great power over sin; and here Ann found that protection she had so long desired, and which corresponded with her faith at that time. She was baptized into the same spirit, and, by degrees, attained to the full knowledge and experience of all the spiritual truths of the society.

Her statement is: "I felt such a sense of my sins, that I was willing to confess them before the whole world. I confessed my sins to my elders, one by one, and repented of them in the same manner. When my elders reproved me, I felt determined not to be reproved twice for the same thing, but to labor to overcome the evil for myself. Sometimes I went to bed and slept; but, in the morning, if I could not feel that sense of the work of God that I did before I slept, I would labor all night. This I did many nights, and in the daytime I put my hands to work, and my heart to God, and the refreshing operations thereof would release me, so that I felt able to go to my work again.

"Many times, when I was about my work, I have felt my soul overwhelmed with sorrow. I used to work as long as I could keep it concealed, and then would go out of sight, lest any one should pity me with that pity which was not of God. In my travail and tribulation, my sufferings were so great, that my flesh consumed upon my bones, bloody sweat pressed through the pores of my skin, and I became as helpless

as an infant. And when I was brought through, and born into the spiritual kingdom, I was like an infant just born into the natural world. They see colors and objects, but they know not what they see. It was so with me; but, before I was twenty-four hours old, I saw, and I knew what I saw."

Ann was wrought upon after this manner for the space of nine years. Yet she often had intervals of release, in which her bodily strength and vigor were sometimes miraculously renewed; and her soul was filled with heavenly visions and Divine revelations. By these means, the way of God and the nature of his work gradually opened upon her mind with increasing light and understanding.

She spent much time in earnest and incessant cries to God to show her the foundation of man's loss, what it was, and wherein it consisted, and how the way of salvation could be discovered and effectually opened to mankind in their present condition, and how the great work of redemption was to be accomplished.

The ultimate effect of the labor and suffering of soul that Ann passed through was to purify and fitly prepare her for becoming a temple in which the Christ Spirit, that had made the *first* appearing to Jesus, and constituted him Jesus Christ, could make a *second* appearing; and through whom the God of heaven could set up a church, or "kingdom which should never be destroyed."

While Ann, for bearing her testimony against "fleshly lusts which war against the soul," was imprisoned in Manchester, England, she saw Jesus Christ in open vision, who revealed to her the most astonishing views and Divine manifestations of truth, in which she had a perfect and clear sight of the "mystery of iniquity," the root and foundation of all human depravity.

From the time of the appearing of Christ to Ann, in prison (1770), she was received by the people as a mother in spiritual things, and was thenceforth by them called *Mother Ann.*

The exercises in their religious meetings were singing and dancing, shaking, turning, and shouting, speaking with new tongues, and prophesying, with all those various gifts of the Holy Spirit known in the primitive Church. These gifts progressively increased, until the time of the full organization and establishment of the Shaker church in America in 1792.

On the 19th of May, 1774, Mother Ann, with eight of her followers, embarked in the ship Mariah for New York, where they arrived on the 6th of August following. They proceeded to Albany, and thence to Watervliet, which was at that time a wilderness and called Niskeuna, where they remained very secluded for about three years and a half.

Mother Ann, having finished her work on earth, departed this life, at Watervliet, on the 8th day of September, 1784, aged forty-eight years and six months.

Thus it is an interesting fact, that Ann Lee, the ostensible founder of the Shaker system of Religious Socialism, was an uneducated woman, that is, according to the popular idea of education. But was she, therefore, uneducated, unlearned? Neither Confucius, nor Zoroaster, nor Plato, nor Homer, nor even the Prophets of Israel, would pass an examination in a sophomore class at college. Of Jesus it was asked, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" And it is certain that Ann, in her normal state, could neither write nor read. Yet Shakerism *only* is successful Communism; and (so far as I am aware) is the only religious system that teaches science by Divine Revelation; and it also teaches that all true science leads directly thereto, as in the case of Swedenborg, — one of the most learnedly scientific men of his time, — by whom it evolved *Spiritualism.* He was contemporary with Ann, who said he was her John the Baptist. He, *not* the Fox girls, was the angel of modern Spiritualism, which is the last and highest of the sciences, inasmuch as

it teaches the geography of the spirit world; resting, as does all science, upon facts, — supernatural phenomena. It is the very science that Materialists should learn. It (as well as astronomy, chemistry, agriculture, &c.) has always been an element of Shakerism. There may be Spiritualism without religion; but there can be no religion without Spiritualism, which is as a bayou flowing out from the great River of Divine Revelation, in Shakerism, to the sea, — world.

It was by spiritual manifestations (as I have stated in Part I.) that I, in 1830, was converted to Shakerism. In 1837 to 1844, there was an influx from the spirit world, "confirming the faith of many disciples" who had lived among believers for years, and extending throughout all the eighteen societies, making media by the dozen, whose various exercises, not to be suppressed even in their public meetings, rendered it imperatively necessary to close them all to the world during a period of seven years, in consequence of the then unprepared state of the world, to which the whole of the manifestations, and the meetings too, would have been as unadulterated "foolishness," or as inexplicable mysteries.

The spirits then declared, again and again, that, when they had done their work amongst the inhabitants of Zion, they would do a work in the world, of such magnitude, that not a palace nor a hamlet upon earth should remain unvisited by them.

After their mission amongst us was finished, we supposed that the manifestations would immediately begin in the outside world; but we were much disappointed; for we had to wait four years before the work began, as it finally did, at Rochester, New York. But the rapidity of its course throughout the nations of the earth (as also the social standing and intellectual importance of the converts), has far exceeded the predictions.

In Revelation (xviii.) it is said, an angel came "down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory." That is *Spiritualism*, and Swedenborg was the type of it, just as Jesus was the type of Christianity, in his day, and as Ann Lee was the type of Christianity in its second advent upon the earth.

It is a fact, patent to all observers, that what the religious world designated by the vague and (in many respects) unmeaning epithet of opprobrium, *Infidelity*, had made itself respectable and respected in such men as Hume, Volney, Voltaire, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the whole host of writers of the French Encyclopædia, — got up for the express purpose of overthrowing Christianity; for the signature with which Voltaire was in the habit of closing his articles for the press was "Crush the wretch!" meaning Jesus Christ; these were the "horns" that grew out of the beast, and that "hated the whore," — the "whore of Babylon," the Catholic Church, — and tormented her with their fiery missiles of truth, ending in the French Revolution, the abolition of the Sabbath, and of all Church establishments and services, and the deification of *Reason*, personified in a young female, who was paraded through the streets of Paris; thus undesignedly foreshadowing the coming Woman.

The "second beast" (which was the "image" of the first) "had two horns like a lamb," — Luther and Calvin, — but "he spoke as a dragon, exercising all the persecuting power of the first beast" (unto whom he gave his power), as see Henry VIII., its head, who destroyed two of his six wives, and died a monster of depravity, after putting to death, by burning and hanging, for their "heresies," hundreds of his subjects.

Those same "horns" (powers), growing out of the "image of the beast," — Protestantism, — produced the American Revolution. Thomas Paine, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their compeers of the same class, — Deists, Materialists, Universalists, Unitarians, Free-Thinkers, Infidels, — framed the declaration of rights, or first princi-

ples of a civil government, and formed a Constitution, which was but a compromise, for the time being, between right and expediency; but which contained within itself the power of amendment, — of growth towards those first principles. And, if it did not abolish slavery, it did abolish "the beast" of Church and State; for it separated the Church from the civil government. It was "the earth opening its mouth to swallow up the flood" of religious persecution; thus helping the woman, Ann Lee, to found an order, or church, which could not exist even in England, much less in any other nation; for hitherto, under the reign of the "beast, and the image of the beast," the civil government had been the sword of the Church, by which to punish infidels and heretics. Yet these antagonistic "horns" grew out of the "beast." Now a thing is supported by what it grows out of, and of which it is a component part; therefore, it is added, "they ate her flesh," — were part and parcel of Babylon.

The angel of Spiritualism has "great power" to act upon material things, by rapping, and moving tables, chairs, bells, musical instruments, &c.; thus "confounding the wisdom of the wise" and scientific Materialists, and converting them to a belief in God, a spirit world, the progressive nature and immortality of the human soul, and its sequences, — in short, doing with such men as Robert Owen and Robert Dale Owen — types of a class — what all the churches in England had, for half a century, labored in vain to do. These men made ten converts from the churches, while the churches were trying to make one from the ranks of the infidels. They were "lightened with the glory" of the angel of Spiritualism, and were enlightened and quickened by it, too, into more life than the "dead bodies" of the churches were possessed of.

Nor was this all, or the worst of it. For the Christians, who said, "We will go and do the will of God," — do right to humanity, — did not do right; but they, as their opponents said, "pointed to the heavens, and thither directed the attention of their hearers, while they took possession of the earth from under their feet"; and then, for the first time, in England, were built poor-houses and taverns, for the needy and travellers; instead (as was the case under the Catholic rule) of religious institutions, where the poor should be fed and cared for, and the wandering traveller lodged;* while the infidels, who denied the existence of the Christians' Triune God, or said, "We will not do his bidding," did do good to humanity, and sought to establish communities, as at New Lanark and New Harmony, and a hundred other places, to restore (unwittingly) the Christian institution of "all things common," some of them spending their whole lives and immense fortunes to do what it was the first duty of a Christian priesthood to accomplish, — fulfil the prophecy, and make provision for every man to "sit under his own vine and fig-tree," upon his own land, thus realizing one of the beatitudes of Jesus, by causing the meek to "inherit the earth."

I had often heard of the "plan of salvation"; but to me it seemed a poor plan, as it had been arranged. For its elementary doctrines were, a Trinity of *male* Gods creating man, who sins; the birth, by a woman, of one of the Trinity; his final death, as an atonement for man's sins; then the reanimation of his body to life, and the transmutation of his physical into a spiritual body; and then, finally, the ultimate reanimation of all the bodies of the human race, to undergo a like transformation. Then a similar change in the earth itself, on an external day of judgment, &c., &c.; after all this, each and every person passing into a perfect heaven of the most consummate purity and holiness, or being plunged into a burning hell of veritable fire and brimstone, there to remain for ever and ever; the event to depend upon what they had or had not done during the short term of their earth-life.

* Cobbett.

These doctrines I was taught when a child, and I supposed that I believed them. But the truth of the matter is, to such an extent are man and woman and child "the creatures of circumstances" (as Owen would put it), that a large proportion of them are not accountable for their condition, physical, moral, or religious. Therefore it would be decidedly wrong to send them to any worse hell than their own state constitutes. And what sort of a heaven would it be, that could admit such persons within its precincts?

The theology of Christendom had degenerated into the mere doctrines of devils, of unreasoning authority; for Babylon "is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." The deification of Reason was but the swing of the pendulum to the other extreme. The Church was at war with science, — with *astronomy*, and was not willing that the earth should turn upon its own axis; with *geology*, limiting all its records to six thousand years; with *chemistry*, in contravention of the maxim, that "from nothing comes nothing, and that not anything can be annihilated," claiming that all things were made out of nothing; with *physiology*, by teaching that destructive plagues (as cholera, small-pox, &c.) came of Divine appointment, and were to be stayed only by church rites; with *agriculture*, by praying for good crops, without first enforcing, as an indispensable requisite, drainage, subsoiling, fertilizing, and diligent attention to the laws of God in Nature.

In fine Babylon, in her war upon Nature, upon science, upon human reason, has been worsted; and now she is like a whale with a thrasher on its back, and a sword-fish under its belly; for she has Shakerism with its Divine revelations assailing her from above, and Spiritualism, embodying all the sciences, working upon her from below.

Therefore, with much propriety, did the *next angel*, who followed the angel of Spiritualism, and witnessed its effects, announce to a thankful and rejoicing universe, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen." As a "great millstone cast into the sea, thus with violence shall that great city Babylon," the adulterous mixture of Church and State, right and wrong, peace and war, humility and pride, monastic celibacy and sacramental marriage, Hebraism and Mahometanism, Christianity and Heathenism, all commingled together in Christendom, be destroyed, and dissolved by the "fervent heat" generated by Divine revelation and human reason co-operating; yea, she "shall be utterly burned with fire," and consumed by the flame of scientific and revealed truth; "for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her," and mighty are the Church of God, and the earthly civil government of America, which will *execute the judgment* (to be finally passed upon every nation, kingdom, and state upon earth) by the spread of republican principles and the everlasting *Gospel of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann*. Thus will celibacy in the Shaker order operate as a substitute for poverty, famine, disease, and war, in governing the unreasoning, unlimited principle of human reproduction.

Then there will be formed and established a legitimate union of the true Christian Church with a true civil government, each in its order, like soul and body. And then "out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem," — the Church of Christ's Second Appearing; and the nations shall "not learn war any more"; but, instead thereof, the people shall learn (and practise) agriculture, horticulture, manufacturing, and just commerce.

I understand that Mr. Emerson, in a recent lecture in Boston, made some statements relative to communities, the causes of their failure, &c. Robert Owen published his view of the causes of failure at New Harmony, as follows: "There was not disinterested industry; there was not mutual confidence; there was not practical experience; there

was not unison of action, because there was not unanimity of counsel. These were the points of difference and dissension, the rock upon which the social bark struck and was wrecked."

I will state my view, and will endeavor to elucidate and defend it. A permanently successful community must necessarily be the external body of a true Christian Church of Christ's Second Appearing.

An angel said to Esdras: "For in the place where the Highest beginneth to shew his city, there can no man's building be able to stand." Perhaps all professing Christians will agree, that the time when the Lord God began to show his power the most directly in organizing and building them into a "city," was on the day of Pentecost, when he gathered together the people of one nation, — the Jews, — and, from among them, individuals of one and the same class, namely, spiritualists (religionists), who in that place formed a community. In it, the males and females were separated; thus laying the foundation of the two monastic orders of the Christian Church. These (male and female) were the "two witnesses," within the Church, for the original order of the Jewish primitive Christian Church; and the line of the "heretics" (male and female), ending in the Quakers, produced the "two witnesses," outside of the national church, for the principles of that church, — celibacy, community, revelation, spiritualism, non-resistance, simplicity of dress and language, and health. For all these "heretical" witnesses held to one or more of these principles, and built their organization (which could not possibly "stand") thereupon.

But suppose I present a succinct consecutive view of the "plan of salvation," as seen from a Shaker standpoint. I the more readily do this, because I know that most theologians will agree with Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Cumming, that "the only key with which to unlock the mysteries of godliness, — of prophecy and vision, and of the 'revelation,' — is the actual occurrence of the central event, the second appearance of Christ." And I have great satisfaction in being able to state that this important and transcendently glorious event has already taken place; and that, too, at the time (1792 or 1793) assigned by Dr. Cumming as being the end of the twelve hundred and sixty years, — the "reign of the beast"; the period of time during which the "woman" who "fled into the wilderness" remained there; and the period during which the "two witnesses" prophesied; all ending in the year 1792, when the "sanctuary" or church was to be "cleansed, and an end made of sin." In that very year the Shaker Church was founded. At that time believers were gathered into community order by Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright (called Father Joseph and Mother Lucy), as Mother Ann, previous to her decease, had said would be the case.

Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright were among the first of those in America who received faith in the religious principles of Shakerism. Upon them the leadership and government of the people (Shakers) devolved. Under their administration, the principles in regard to property and order in general were fully carried out, and a community of goods was established.

They gradually gathered the people from their scattered condition into families. Orders, rules, and regulations, in temporal and spiritual things, were framed. Elders and deacons of both sexes were appointed, and set in their proper order; and a covenant was written and entered into, for the mutual understanding and protection of the members.

Joseph Meacham was a Baptist preacher in New Lebanon, and a prominent leader in the religious revival out of which the society of Mount Lebanon originated. He was born in Enfield, Connecticut, February 22, 1742, of one of the best families. He was a philosopher, intuitional and revelational, and was "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians." That he was a man of great executive ability is proved by

his success in organizing and establishing the Shaker community system. He died August 16, 1796.

Lucy Wright, who stood with him in that work, was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. She was of one of the most wealthy and influential families in the town, and was a beautiful woman physically, and of most extraordinary intellectual and moral endowments. She succeeded Father Joseph as the head of the Society, and was designated *Mother Lucy*. She died February 7, 1821.

But what *is* the Shaker church? and what relation does it bear to the present and the future, and to the history of religious ideas, as they have descended with the tide of time from the beginning, and especially as they stand recorded in the Bible? Is it a normal or an abnormal institution? I claim that it is the fruit of the tree of *humanity*, ripened under the laws of progressive development operating ever since the world began.

Serpent.

The medium of temptation to the first human pair was their physical, sensuous nature, — "the serpent" seducing them by the mere desire of pleasure, in the exercise of their creative powers, to ignore and do despite to the *law of use*, which is, "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do," let it be, not for the pleasurable sensations attending, but for the "honor and glory of God," — *use*, as in the originating of an immortal soul. For simple generation in and of itself, as originally instituted, was as innocent as eating and drinking. God and nature made man upright; but he has sought the lusts of generation (the flesh), the lusts of eating and drinking, and finally added the lusts of the mind, — the intellectual faculties; so that, in the days of Jesus, "the serpent," which began in Eden by crawling upon the earth on his belly, had become a winged serpent or dragon, causing mankind to wax worse and worse, and was the symbol of Paganism in the aggregate.

In the *third epoch*, this dragon became a fiery, flying dragon, or serpent: the fall into self-hood had involved the spiritual faculties in humanity, so that the people, thinking to do God and humanity service, could perpetrate murder by torture.

Four Dispensations.

The same idea, of progress by successive stages, is often used by the various Prophets, under different symbols: Ezekiel saw four issues of water from beneath the threshold of the temple: first, to the ankles; second, to the knees; third, to the loins; the fourth was an impassable river, — the time when the Spirit should be poured out upon all flesh; the old having dreams, the young visions of spiritual things; the knowledge of the Lord covering the earth, as the waters do the land under the sea.

These four epochs are again represented to John, the beloved disciple, by *four beasts:* a lion, a calf, a beast with a face like a man, and a flying eagle. These symbols portray the progress of man, from the lowest to the highest condition of natural humanity; while the four outflowings of water represent the influxes from the Christ sphere, or seventh heaven, passing down through the six inferior generative heavens, and portray the progress of man from the lowest to the highest condition of *spiritual* humanity.

The *Lion Epoch*, from Adam to Abraham, is the wild animal phase of human progress, — when man lived by hunting, clothed himself in skins, and practised war as an exciting amusement, like the American Indians. During this dispensation, the earth was filled with violence; might made right. In those times there were giants; and the mammoths and mastodons were to them as the horse and ox and elephant are to us.

The *Calf Epoch*, from Abraham to Jesus, is the second stage of progress, wherein food and clothing obtain, as under Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, Romulus, the Pharaohs and their contemporaries. In this epoch, the arts

and sciences are cultivated; mechanics, mathematics, architecture, — it is the temple era; pyramids are built, and great walls, like those of China; and massive works, that remain for ages, — bridges, arches, and roads.

In Israel, while in the wilderness, the Lord called Bezaleel, and "filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship"; to the erection and embellishment of buildings, and the making of tools, &c.; all culminating (in the days of Solomon) in the glorious kingdom of Israel, and the world-renowned and splendid temple, which was dedicated to, and sanctified by, the God of Israel, as a house of prayer for all nations; which temple is said to have been composed of all known earthly substances, as indicating that the good and true in all people will be incorporated into the final temple of God, — the *Church of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann.*

The same laws were in operation in all contemporary nations, producing similar results: a Saviour, a Bible, statutory laws, a temple, as of Jupiter, and Diana, and Apollo, in which the deities of the several nations were often manifested as really as in Israel's temple. But the God of Israel, though a God of marriage, and war, and slavery, was God of these gods and Lord of their lords; because Israel was the model and typical nation, — progressive, — having prophecies and promises (a reflection from the Christ sphere, which was the true pattern shown on the Mount of things to come), up to the manifestation of John the Baptist, the harbinger of their Messiah, — *Jesus;* and to the appearing to him of the Christ Spirit, who, as his God and Guardian Angel, suddenly came to his prepared temple, — the man Jesus.

This system of spiritual theology is not confined to this little earth, but is equally applicable to the inhabitants of all the material worlds within the universe of nature, whether fallen or unfallen; the Christ, or Resurrection Order, — the *seventh heaven,* — being the only Mediator, or intervening sphere, between souls in all worlds and the *Esse* of Life, or final First Cause, the Eternal Father and Mother, — *God.*

The "*Face-of-a-Man*" *Epoch*, from Jesus to Ann Lee, is the third stage of the onward movement of humanity. There is the "beast," or animal, as a basis, as heretofore; but now we have, on the surface of society, Christianity in name. Whole nations of Pagans are, under Constantine and his successors, converted by the sword; the people are baptized by *force;* their temples are turned into churches, and their priests into a Christian priesthood; their statues of gods and goddesses are converted into the likenesses of the various Apostles and saints; and, for images of the Virgin Mary, the statues of Venus afford an ample supply.*

Thus do we find, in Christendom, a mixture of Hebraism, Paganism, and Mahometanism, with just enough of Christianity to gild it over. As Mr. Dixon puts it: "The truth is, we English and Americans have hardly yet embraced Christianity as a scheme of life. We find our religion at church; and when we have sung our psalms, and breathed our prayers, we go back into the streets to be governed, for another week, by our Pagan laws, derived from the Roman Pandects, or from the code of Justinian." "Foremost," says the same writer, "among the seekers after light, are the Shaker brethren at Mount Lebanon, in the State of New York."

In a Mahometan country, Mr. Dixon asserts, the Koran is a law-book; but not so the Bible in Christendom. For the equalization of land by Moses, and the perfecting of the process of reproduction, this third epoch has substituted the monastic orders, with common property and celibacy for the few; and, for the clergy and the many, Pagan monopoly.

* Mosheim.

Hence the late Archbishop Hughes, when on a visit to Mount Lebanon, after investigating the Shaker system in the most searching manner, remarked: "The principles of your order have always been held by the Catholic Church. Celibacy is enjoined upon the clergy; common property is a monastic rule, as is also non-resistance. But your order is higher than ours, in that, what we require of a small number of our most advanced members in the Church, you expect and exact of all, from the greatest to the least."

The *Flying-Eagle Epoch* is a compound and complex dispensation, embracing a perfected *spiritual* government, and a perfected *civil* government in the natural order; embodying all the elements of Divine revelation in nature, relating to reproduction, nutrition, clothing, architecture, agriculture, — all science applied to human happiness on the earth-plane, — republicanism; the *eagle* being the ensign of true godly republicanism, as was the *dragon* of Paganism; while the eagle, with wings superadded, the *flying eagle*, is the Resurrection Church, — *Shakerism*, — rising above the earthly order of a mere civil government (however just and orderly), into the pure and holy sphere of abstract Christianity.

These four living creatures are the four dispensations, the complete history of humanity in the *external order*, from the beginning of time to the end of the human race, — *natural humanity*, — moving towards the millennial state, wherein there will be a spiritual order, the soul, and a natural order, the body of mankind; a civil government (having a balance of power, being composed equally of men and women; that is, the Senate being the *female* branch of the government, as the House will be the *male* branch; and the President, as at present, the executive) enforcing, as the most important of all its functions, a strict observance of the natural law of generation, *intercourse for offspring only;* and as a logical sequence, "wars and fightings" will "cease to the ends of the earth."

Then the higher law of celibacy, from a ground of progress, will continually go from Zion, the spiritual order, to regulate the populative principle, the Word of the Lord, through the President, as the executive of the Republic, enforcing the moral law in its entirety; and there will be no more sickness, or premature death by fœticide and infanticide, or the social evil, or riches, or poverty, or over-population; for one order "will sing the song of Moses, the servant of God," and the other will "sing the song of the Lamb," — *Jesus*.

These two lines of progress existed in each individual of the race, from the beginning, and were marked in the race itself by the two sons of Adam, — Cain and Abel, and their descendants. Cain was begotten under the law of *lust;* Abel, under the true natural law.

The Pagan nations came of Cain, and descended in Pharaoh, — Egypt, — passing through Ishmael, the brother of Isaac, to his posterity, and on to Tiberius Cæsar, — Rome, — who slew his righteous brother, *Jesus*, as Cain did Abel; then, continuing through Judas, the antithesis of Jesus, to his posterity, culminated in the Pope, Luther, Calvin, Mahomet, — the whole Antichristian world, — *Babylon*.

The Four Issues of Water.

The *first* outflowing of the waters was only to the ankles, beginning with Abel; thus showing that Divine revelation to man from the Christ heavens was only a small beginning and weak; existing rather as a spirit of prophecy; operating practically to cause the righteous to observe the laws of nature in nutrition, to sustain the individual; and in propagation, to continue the race.

The *second* outflowing of the waters was to the knees, — from Abraham to Jesus. Here the revelation from the Resurrection order began more distinctly to show its true character and design, by types and shadows of future things; putting restraints upon the appetite respecting what to eat, and when and

how to propagate; attaching penalties to sin either by fornication, or by disorderly, unnatural, and untimely sexual intercourse of married persons; and exacting the offering up of children to the Lord, to be brought up in the temple as Nazarites, — celibates; and requiring the mark of circumcision upon all males, as a prophetic sign that the Christ Spirit would ultimately lead the *true* descendants of Abel and Isaac to cut themselves off from the order and work of generation by becoming circumcised in thought and imagination.

For in the *third* dispensation, propagation was a work which belonged exclusively to the *true* descendants of Cain and Ishmael, and not to the "seed of the woman," who were to "bruise the serpent's head" — the lust of generation — by "slaying" the innocent "lamb" of nature, generation itself; thus effectually cutting themselves off "from the foundation of the world." In this manner they became "lambs of God," who are continually "taking away the sins of the world"; "Saviours upon Mount Zion," to destroy the work of Esau, — natural generation.

The *third* outflowing of the waters was to the loins. Now the waters — Christ elements — had become deep enough to enable many men and women to swim free from the earthly, animal work of physical reproduction; thus dividing the spiritual posterity of Jesus into two parts, as was divided the natural posterity of Adam in the instances of Cain and Abel, Isaac and Ishmael, and Jacob and Esau; distinguishing those who (by means of having the sexes separated in monasteries and nunneries) lived a celibate life, as did Jesus, the twelve Apostles, and all of the Pentecostal Jewish Christian Church, from those who had been heathens, — Gentiles, — the posterity of Cain, Ishmael, Esau, and Judas, who, under the combined influences of Hebraism and Christianity, continued the order of marriage.

The early Christians held that no Pagan could become a Christian, without first becoming a Jew, and keeping intact the law of Moses.

In this third epoch, — the first appearing of Christ, — the waters reached only to the seat of the generative life, — "the loins." One of the most perfect of the prophets of the past said (lamentingly), "My loins are filled with a loathsome disease," — lust. Of him even Peter affirmed, "David is not ascended into the [resurrection] heavens."

And another, speaking of the saints of the ankles-and-knees dispensation, declared, "These all died in faith, not having received the promises made from time to time by the Christ Spirit that followed them," and once in a long time found a prophet through whom to portray a true Christian, and project hopes of future glory.

Their souls were in paradise, the Jewish heaven, into which Jesus (and the thief) entered immediately after passing out of the body, and preached to them as he had done to their posterity in Jerusalem; and thousands of these faithful souls believed, and went with Jesus, as his witnesses, on his mission to the antediluvians, whence he "descended into [their] hell." There Jesus and his disciples preached to those who, when upon earth, had been giants in wickedness, whose every thought and imagination had been only for sensual indulgence in eating and drinking, and in marrying and giving in marriage; and who mocked Noah, while he, being spiritually instructed, was constructing a large ship in which to save a seed of all living creatures upon earth, to contain them and their food during a period of forty days. And "for this cause was the Gospel preached to them, that they might be judged" in the same way and manner, by the truth preached, as were those who were still in the body and upon the earth, in Jerusalem.

After this Jesus appeared (in spirit) to one of his friends, and informed her that he had not yet ascended to his own proper resurrection heaven.

THE IMPASSABLE RIVER.

Now there is to be no more walking upon the earth, and at the same time wading in the water. The time of the Gentile Christians is "fulfilled," in which "if they married they did no sin," but they should "have trouble in the flesh."

Now there is required a full sacrifice of the Adamic man and woman, an "end of the world," which with the lusts and elements thereof shall be "melted" by the operation of the "fervent heat" of truth, and "pass away." Old things are to be done away, and all things are to become new; a perpetual sabbath of worship; a continual "feast of tabernacles"; a never-ending camp-meeting; a last supper or sacrament, where the guests no more separate to go and eat at the table of isolation, after having eaten as brethren and sisters "in common" at the Lord's table; a baptism in "the river of life," cleansing the soul from the "uncleannesses" of a generative nature, and "from the corruptions that are in the world through lust."

For as, "in the days of Noah, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and killed them all, *so* shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man," the second direct appearing of the Christ Spirit upon the earth. For whereas the flood arrested and cut them off from all those practices, by physical death, the operation of truth by this manifestation of the Christ Spirit more effectually arrests mankind by the death of the generative life itself; thus bringing the world to an end therein. "Ye are they upon whom the ends of the world are come" — the end of marriage, selfish property, oaths, war, sickness, unbelief in Spiritualism and Divine revelation.

CAN A LIFE HIDE ITSELF?

I HAD been reading, as is my wont from time to time, one of the many volumes of "The New Pitaval," that singular record of human crime and human cunning, and also of the inevitable fatality which, in every case, leaves a gate open for detection. Were it not for the latter fact, indeed, one would turn with loathing from such endless chronicles of wickedness. Yet these may be safely contemplated, when one has discovered the incredible fatuity of crime, the certain weak mesh in a network of devilish texture; or is it rather the agency of a power outside of man, a subtile protecting principle, which allows the operation of the evil element only that the latter may finally betray itself? Whatever explanation we may choose, the fact is there, like a tonic medicine distilled from poisonous plants, to brace our faith in the ascendency of Good in the government of the world.

Laying aside the book, I fell into a speculation concerning the mixture of the two elements in man's nature. The life of an individual is usually, it seemed to me, a series of *results*, the processes leading to which are not often visible, or observed when they are so. Each act is the precipitation of a number of mixed influences, more or less unconsciously felt; the qualities of good and evil are so blended therein, that they defy the keenest moral analysis; and how shall we, then, pretend to judge of any one? Perhaps the surest indication of evil (I further reflected) is that it always tries to conceal itself, and the strongest incitement to good is that evil cannot be concealed. The crime, or the vice, or even the self-acknowledged weakness, becomes a part of the

individual consciousness; it cannot be forgotten or outgrown. It follows a life through all experiences and to the uttermost ends of the earth, pressing towards the light with a terrible, demoniac power. There are noteless lives, of course, — lives that accept obscurity, mechanically run their narrow round of circumstance, and are lost; but when a life endeavors to lose itself, — to hide some conscious guilt or failure, — can it succeed? Is it not thereby lifted above the level of common experience, compelling attention to itself by the very endeavor to escape it?

I turned these questions over in my mind, without approaching, or indeed expecting, any solution, — since I knew, from habit, the labyrinths into which they would certainly lead me, — when a visitor was announced. It was one of the directors of our county almshouse, who came on an errand to which he attached no great importance. I owed the visit, apparently, to the circumstance that my home lay in his way, and he could at once relieve his conscience of a very trifling pressure and his pocket of a small package, by calling upon me. His story was told in a few words; the package was placed upon my table, and I was again left to my meditations.

Two or three days before, a man who had the appearance of a "tramp" had been observed by the people of a small village in the neighborhood. He stopped and looked at the houses in a vacant way, walked back and forth once or twice as if uncertain which of the cross-roads to take, and presently went on without begging or even speaking to any one. Towards sunset a farmer, on his way to the village store, found him sitting at the roadside, his head resting against a fence-post. The man's face was so worn and exhausted that the farmer kindly stopped and addressed him; but he gave no other reply than a shake of the head.

The farmer thereupon lifted him into his light country-wagon, the man offering no resistance, and drove to the tavern, where, his exhaustion being so evident, a glass of whiskey was administered to him. He afterwards spoke a few words in German, which no one understood. At the almshouse, to which he was transported the same evening, he refused to answer the customary questions, although he appeared to understand them. The physician was obliged to use a slight degree of force in administering nourishment and medicine, but neither was of any avail. The man died within twenty-four hours after being received. His pockets were empty, but two small leathern wallets were found under his pillow; and these formed the package which the director left in my charge. They were full of papers in a foreign language, he said, and he supposed I might be able to ascertain the stranger's name and home from them.

I took up the wallets, which were worn and greasy from long service, opened them, and saw that they were filled with scraps, fragments, and folded pieces of paper, nearly every one of which had been carried for a long time loose in the pocket. Some were written in pen and ink, and some in pencil, but all were equally brown, worn, and unsavory in appearance. In turning them over, however, my eye was caught by some slips in the Russian character, and three or four notes in French; the rest were German. I laid aside "Pitaval" at once, emptied all the leathern pockets carefully, and set about examining the pile of material.

I first ran rapidly through the papers to ascertain the dead man's name, but it was nowhere to be found. There were half a dozen letters, written on sheets folded and addressed in the fashion which prevailed before envelopes were invented; but the name was cut out of the address in every case. There was an official permit to embark on board a Bremen steamer, mutilated in the same way; there was a card photograph, from which the face had been scratched by a penknife. There were Latin sentences; accounts of expenses; a list of New York addresses, covering eight pages; and a number

of notes, written either in Warsaw or Breslau. A more incongruous collection I never saw, and I am sure that, had it not been for the train of thought I was pursuing when the director called upon me, I should have returned the papers to him without troubling my head with any attempt to unravel the man's story.

The evidence, however, that he had endeavored to hide his life, had been revealed by my first superficial examination; and here, I reflected, was a singular opportunity to test both his degree of success and my own power of constructing a coherent history out of the detached fragments. Unpromising as is the matter, said I, let me see whether he can conceal his secret from even such unpractised eyes as mine.

I went through the papers again, read each one rapidly, and arranged them in separate files, according to the character of their contents. Then I rearranged these latter in the order of time, so far as it was indicated; and afterwards commenced the work of picking out and threading together whatever facts might be noted. The first thing I ascertained, or rather conjectured, was, that the man's life might be divided into three very distinct phases, the first ending in Breslau, the second in Poland, and the third and final one in America. Thereupon I once again rearranged the material, and attacked that which related to the first phase.

It consisted of the following papers: three letters, in a female hand, commencing "my dear brother," and terminating with "thy loving sister, Elise"; part of a diploma from a gymnasium, or high school, certifying that [here the name was cut out] had successfully passed his examination, and was competent to teach, — and here again, whether by accident or design, the paper was torn off; a note, apparently to a jeweller, ordering a certain gold ring to be delivered to "Otto," and signed "B. v. H."; a receipt from the package-post for a box forwarded to Warsaw, to the address of Count Ladislas Kasincsky; and finally, a washing-list, at the bottom of which was written, in pencil, in a trembling hand: "May God protect thee! But do not stay away so very long."

In the second collection, relating to Poland, I found the following: Six orders in Russian and three in French, requesting somebody to send by "Jean" sums of money, varying from two to eight hundred rubles. These orders were in the same hand, and all signed "Y." A charming letter in French, addressed "*cher ami*," and declining, in the most delicate and tender way, an offer of marriage made to the sister of the writer, of whose signature only "Amélie de" remained, the family name having been torn off. A few memoranda of expenses, one of which was curious: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles"; and immediately after it: "Doctor, 10 rubles." There were, moreover, a leaf torn out of a journal, and half of a note which had been torn down the middle, both implicating "Jean" in some way with the fortunes of the dead man.

The papers belonging to the American phase, so far as they were to be identified by dates, or by some internal evidence, were fewer, but even more enigmatical in character. The principal one was a list of addresses in New York, divided into sections, the street boundaries of which were given. There were no names, but some of the addresses were marked +, and others ?, and a few had been crossed out with a pencil. Then there were some leaves of a journal of diet and bodily symptoms, of a very singular character; three fragments of drafts of letters, in pencil, one of them commencing, "Dog and villain!" and a single note of "Began work, September 10th, 1865." This was about a year before his death.

The date of the diploma given by the gymnasium at Breslau was June 27, 1855, and the first date in Poland was May 3, 1861. Belonging to the time between these two periods there were only the order for the ring (1858), and a little memorandum in pencil,

dated "Posen, Dec., 1859." The last date in Poland was March 18, 1863, and the permit to embark at Bremen was dated in October of that year. Here, at least, was a slight chronological framework. The physician who attended the county almshouse had estimated the man's age at thirty, which, supposing him to have been nineteen at the time of receiving the diploma, confirmed the dates to that extent.

I assumed, at the start, that the name which had been so carefully cut out of all the documents was the man's own. The "Elise" of the letters was therefore his sister. The first two letters related merely to "mother's health," and similar details, from which it was impossible to extract anything, except that the sister was in some kind of service. The second letter closed with: "I have enough work to do, but I keep well. Forget thy disappointment so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected anything; I don't know why, but I never did."

Here was a disappointment, at least, to begin with. I made a note of it opposite the date, on my blank programme, and took up the next letter. It was written in November, 1861, and contained a passage which keenly excited my curiosity. It ran thus: "Do, pray, be more careful of thy money. It may be all as thou sayest, and inevitable, but I dare not mention the thing to mother, and five thalers is all I can spare out of my own wages. As for thy other request, I have granted it, as thou seest, but it makes me a little anxious. What is the joke? And how can it serve thee? That is what I do not understand, and I have plagued myself not a little to guess."

Among the Polish memoranda was this: "Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, 200 rubles," which I assumed to represent a salary. This would give him eight hundred a year, at least twelve times the amount which his sister — who must either have been cook or housekeeper, since she spoke of going to market for the family — could have received. His application to her for money, and the manner of her reference to it, indicated some imprudence or irregularity on his part. What the "other request" was, I could not guess; but as I was turning and twisting the worn leaf in some perplexity, I made a sudden discovery. One side of the bottom edge had been very slightly doubled over in folding, and as I smoothed it out, I noticed some diminutive letters in the crease. The paper had been worn nearly through, but I made out the words: "Write very soon, dear Otto!"

This was the name in the order for the gold ring, signed "B. v. H." — a link, indeed, but a fresh puzzle. Knowing the stubborn prejudices of caste in Germany, and above all in Eastern Prussia and Silesia, I should have been compelled to accept "Otto," whose sister was in service, as himself the servant of "B. v. H.," but for the tenderly respectful letter of "Amélie de ——," declining the marriage offer for her sister. I re-read this letter very carefully, to determine whether it was really intended for "Otto." It ran thus: —

"Dear Friend, — I will not say that your letter was entirely unexpected, either to Helmine or myself. I should, perhaps, have less faith in the sincerity of your attachment, if you had not already involuntarily betrayed it. When I say that, although I detected the inclination of your heart some weeks ago, and that I also saw it was becoming evident to my sister, yet I refrained from mentioning the subject at all until she came to me last evening with your letter in her hand, — when I say this, you will understand that I have acted towards you with the respect and sympathy which I profoundly feel. Helmine fully shares this feeling, and her poor heart is too painfully moved to allow her to reply. Do I not say, in saying this, what her reply must be? But, though her heart cannot respond to your love, she hopes you will always believe her a friend to whom your proffered devotion was an honor, and will be — if you will subdue it to her deserts — a grateful thing to remember.

We shall remain in Warsaw a fortnight longer, as I think yourself will agree that it is better we should not immediately return to the castle. Jean, who must carry a fresh order already, will bring you this, and we hope to have good news of Henri. I send back the papers, which were unnecessary; we never doubted you, and we shall of course keep your secret so long as you choose to wear it.

"AMÉLIE DE ——"

The more light I seemed to obtain, the more inexplicable the circumstances became. The diploma and the note of salary were grounds for supposing that "Otto" occupied the position of tutor in a noble Polish family. There was the receipt for a box addressed to Count Ladislas Kasincsky, and I temporarily added his family name to the writer of the French letter, assuming her to be his wife. "Jean" appeared to be a servant, and "Henri" I set down as the son whom Otto was instructing in the castle or family seat in the country, while the parents were in Warsaw. Plausible, so far; but the letter was not such a one as a countess would have written to her son's tutor, under similar circumstances. It was addressed to a social equal, apparently to a man younger than herself, and for whom — supposing him to have been a tutor, secretary, or something of the kind — she must have felt a special sympathy. Her mention of "the papers" and "your secret" must refer to circumstances which would explain the mystery. "So long as you choose to *wear* it," she had written; then it was certainly a secret connected with his personal history.

Further, it appeared that "Jean" was sent to him with "an order." What could this be, but one of the nine orders for money, which lay before my eyes? I examined the dates of the latter, and lo! there was one written upon the same day as the lady's letter. The sums drawn by these orders amounted in all to four thousand two hundred rubles. But how should a tutor or secretary be in possession of his employer's money? Still, this might be accounted for; it would imply great trust on the part of the latter, but no more than one man frequently reposes in another. Yet, if it were so, one of the memoranda confronted me with a conflicting fact: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles." The unusual amount — nearly fifty dollars — indicated an act of the most reckless dissipation, and in company with a servant, if "Jean," as I could scarcely doubt, acted in that character. I finally decided to assume both these conjectures as true, and apply them to the remaining testimony.

I first took up the leaf which had been torn out of a small journal or pocket note-book, as was manifested by the red edge on three sides. It was scribbled over with brief notes in pencil, written at different times. Many of them were merely mnemonic signs; but the recurrence of the letters J and Y seemed to point to transactions with "Jean," and the drawer of the various sums of money. The letter Y reminded me that I had been too hasty in giving the name of Kasincsky to the noble family; indeed, the name upon the post-office receipt might have no connection with the matter I was trying to investigate. Suddenly I noticed a "Ky" among the mnemonic signs, and the suspicion flashed across my mind that Count Kasincsky had signed the orders with the last letter of his family name! To assume this, however, suggested a secret reason for doing so; and I began to think that I had already secrets enough on hand.

The leaf was much rubbed and worn, and it was not without considerable trouble that I deciphered the following (omitting the unintelligible signs): —

"Oct. 30 (Nov. 12) — talk with Y: 20 — Jean. Consider.

"Nov. 15 — with J — H — hope.

"Dec. 1 — Told the C. No knowledge of S — therefore safe. Uncertain of —— C. to Warsaw. Met J. as agreed. Further and further.

"Dec. 27 — All for naught! All for naught!

"Jan. 19, '63. — Sick. What is to be the end? Threats. No tidings of Y. Walked the streets all day. At night as usual.

"March 1. — News. The C. and H. left yesterday. No more to hope. Let it come, then!"

These broken words warmed my imagination powerfully. Looking at them in the light of my conjecture, I was satisfied that "Otto" was involved in some crime, or dangerous secret, of which "Jean" was either the instigator or the accomplice. "Y.," or Count Kasincsky, — and I was more than ever inclined to connect the two, — also had his mystery, which might, or might not, be identical with the first. By comparing dates, I found that the entry made December 27 was three days later than the date of the letter of "Amélie de ——"; and the exclamation "All for naught!" certainly referred to the disappointment it contained. I now guessed the "H." in the second entry to mean "Helmine." The two last suggested a removal to Warsaw from the country. Here was a little more ground to stand on; but how should I ever get at the secret?

I took up the torn half of a note, which, after the first inspection, I had laid aside as a hopeless puzzle. A closer examination revealed several things which failed to impress me at the outset. It was written in a strong and rather awkward masculine hand; several words were underscored, two misspelled, and I felt — I scarcely knew why — that it was written in a spirit of mingled contempt and defiance. Let me give the fragment just as it lay before me: —

"ARON!

It is quite time
be done. Who knows
is not his home by this
concern for the
that they are well off,
sian officers are
cide at once, my
risau, or I must
t *ten days delay*
money can be divi-
tier, and you may
ever you please.
untess goes, and she
will know who you
time, unless you carry
friend or not
decide,
ann Helm."

Here, I felt sure, was the clew to much of the mystery. The first thing that struck me was the appearance of a new name. I looked at it again, ran through in my mind all possible German names, and found that it could only be "Johann," — and, in the same instant, I recalled the frequent habit of the Prussian and Polish nobility of calling their German valets by French names. This, then, was "Jean!" The address was certainly "Baron," and why thrice underscored, unless in contemptuous satire? Light began to break upon the matter at last. "Otto" had been playing the part, perhaps assuming the name, of a nobleman, seduced to the deception by his passion for the Countess's sister, Helmine. This explained the reference to "the papers," and "the secret," and would account for the respectful and sympathetic tone of the Countess's letter. But behind this there was certainly another secret, in which "Y." (whoever he might be) was concerned, and which related to money. The close of the note, which I filled out to read, "Your friend or not, as you may decide," conveyed a threat, and, to judge from the halves of lines immediately preceding it, the threat referred to the money, as well as to the betrayal of an assumed character.

Here, just as the story began to appear in faint outline, my discoveries stopped for a while. I ascertained the breadth of the original note by a part of the middle crease which remained, filled out the torn part with blank paper, completed the divided words in the same character of manuscript, and endeavored to guess the remainder, but no clairvoyant power of divination came to my aid. I turned over the letters again, remarking the neatness with

which the addresses had been cut off, and wondering why the man had not destroyed the letters and other memoranda entirely, if he wished to hide a possible crime. The fact that they were not destroyed showed the hold which his past life had had upon him, even to his dying hour. Weak and vain, as I already suspected him to be, — wanting in all manly fibre, and of the very material which a keen, energetic villain would mould to his needs, — I felt that his love for his sister and for "Helmine," and other associations connected with his life in Germany and Poland, had made him cling to these worn records.

I know not what gave me the suspicion that he had not even found the heart to destroy the exscinded names; perhaps the care with which they had been removed; perhaps, in two instances, the circumstance of their taking words out of the body of the letters with them. But the suspicion came, and led to a re-examination of the leathern wallets. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when, feeling something rustle faintly as I pressed the thin lining of an inner pocket, I drew forth three or four small pellets of paper, and, unrolling them, found the lost addresses! I fitted them to the vacant places, and found that the first letters of the sister in Breslau had been forwarded to "Otto Lindenschmidt," while the letter to Poland was addressed "Otto von Herisau."

I warmed with this success, which exactly tallied with the previous discoveries, and returned again to the Polish memoranda. The words "[Rus]-sian officers" in "Jean's" note led me to notice that it had been written towards the close of the last insurrection in Poland, — a circumstance which I immediately coupled with some things in the note and on the leaf of the journal. "No tidings of Y" might indicate that Count Kasincsky had been concerned in the rebellion, and had fled, or been taken prisoner. Had he left a large amount of funds in the hands of the supposed Otto von Herisau, which were drawn from time to time by orders, the form of which had been previously agreed upon? Then, when he had disappeared, might it not have been the remaining funds which Jean urged Otto to divide with him, while the latter, misled and entangled in deception rather than naturally dishonest, held back from such a step? I could hardly doubt so much, and it now required but a slight effort of the imagination to complete the torn note.

The next letter of the sister was addressed to Bremen. After having established so many particulars, I found it easily intelligible. "I have done what I can," she wrote. "I put it in this letter; it is all I have. But do not ask me for money again; mother is ailing most of the time, and I have not yet dared to tell her all. I shall suffer great anxiety until I hear that the vessel has sailed. My mistress is very good; she has given me an advance on my wages, or I could not have sent thee anything. Mother thinks thou art still in Leipzig: why didst thou stay there so long? but no difference; thy money would have gone anyhow."

It was nevertheless singular that Otto should be without money, so soon after the appropriation of Count Kasincsky's funds. If the "20" in the first memoradum on the leaf meant "twenty thousand rubles," as I conjectured, and but four thousand two hundred were drawn by the Count previous to his flight or imprisonment, Otto's half of the remainder would amount to nearly eight thousand rubles; and it was, therefore, not easy to account for his delay in Leipzig, and his destitute condition.

Before examining the fragments relating to the American phase of his life, — which illustrated his previous history only by occasional revelations of his moods and feelings, — I made one more effort to guess the cause of his having assumed the name of "von Herisau." The initials signed to the order for the ring ("B. v H.") certainly stood for the same family name; and the possession of papers belonging to one of the family

was an additional evidence that Otto had either been in the service of, or was related to, some Von Herisau. Perhaps a sentence in one of the sister's letters — "Forget thy disappointment so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected anything" — referred to something of the kind. On the whole, service seemed more likely than kinship; but in that case the papers must have been stolen.

I had endeavored, from the start, to keep my sympathies out of the investigation, lest they should lead me to misinterpret the broken evidence, and thus defeat my object. It must have been the Countess's letter, and the brief, almost stenographic, signs of anxiety and unhappiness on the leaf of the journal, that first beguiled me into a commiseration, which the simple devotion and self-sacrifice of the poor, toiling sister failed to neutralize. However, I detected the feeling at this stage of the examination, and turned to the American records, in order to get rid of it.

The principal paper was the list of addresses of which I have spoken. I looked over it in vain, to find some indication of its purpose; yet it had been carefully made out and much used. There was no name of a person upon it, — only numbers and streets, one hundred and thirty-eight in all. Finally, I took these, one by one, to ascertain if any of the houses were known to me, and found three, out of the whole number, to be the residences of persons whom I knew. One was a German gentleman, and the other two were Americans who had visited Germany. The riddle was read! During a former residence in New York, I had for a time been quite overrun by destitute Germans, — men, apparently, of some culture, who represented themselves as theological students, political refugees, or unfortunate clerks and secretaries, — soliciting assistance. I found that, when I gave to one, a dozen others came within the next fortnight; when I refused, the persecution ceased for about the same length of time. I became convinced, at last, that these persons were members of an organized society of beggars, and the result proved it; for when I made it an inviolable rule to give to no one who could not bring me an indorsement of his need by some person whom I knew, the annoyance ceased altogether.

The meaning of the list of addresses was now plain. My nascent commiseration for the man was not only checked, but I was in danger of changing my *rôle* from that of culprit's counsel to that of prosecuting attorney.

When I took up again the fragment of the first draught of a letter, commencing, "Dog and villain!" and applied it to the words "Jean" or "Johann Helm," the few lines which could be deciphered became full of meaning. "Don't think," it began, "that I have forgotten you, or the trick you played me! If I was drunk or drugged the last night, I know how it happened, for all that. I left, but I shall go back. And if you make use of" (here some words were entirely obliterated) .... "is true. He gave me the ring, and meant" .... This was all I could make out. The other papers showed only scattered memoranda, of money, or appointments, or addresses, with the exception of the diary in pencil.

I read the letter attentively, and at first with very little idea of its meaning. Many of the words were abbreviated, and there were some arbitrary signs. It ran over a period of about four months, terminating six weeks before the man's death. He had been wandering about the country during this period, sleeping in woods and barns, and living principally upon milk. The condition of his pulse and other physical functions was scrupulously set down, with an occasional remark of "good" or "bad." The conclusion was at last forced upon me that he had been endeavoring to commit suicide by a slow course of starvation and exposure. Either as the cause or the result of this attempt, I read, in the final notes, signs of an aberration of mind. This also explained the singular demeanor of the man when found, and his

refusal to take medicine or nourishment. He had selected a long way to accomplish his purpose, but had reached the end at last.

The confused material had now taken shape: the dead man, despite his will, had confessed to me his name and the chief events of his life. It now remained — looking at each event as the result of a long chain of causes — to deduce from them the elements of his individual character, and then fill up the inevitable gaps in the story from the probabilities of the operation of those elements. This was not so much a mere venture as the reader may suppose, because the two actions of the mind test each other. If they cannot, thus working towards a point and back again, actually discover what *was*, they may at least fix upon a very probable *might have been.*

A person accustomed to detective work would have obtained my little stock of facts with much less trouble, and would, almost instinctively, have filled the blanks as he went along. Being an apprentice in such matters, I had handled the materials awkwardly. I will not here retrace my own mental zigzags between character and act, but simply repeat the story as I finally settled and accepted it.

Otto Lindenschmidt was the child of poor parents in or near Breslau. His father died when he was young; his mother earned a scanty subsistence as a washerwoman; his sister went into service. Being a bright, handsome boy, he attracted the attention of a Baron von Herisau, an old, childless, eccentric gentleman, who took him first as page or attendant, intending to make him a superior *valet de chambre.* Gradually, however, the Baron fancied that he detected in the boy a capacity for better things; his condescending feeling of protection had grown into an attachment for the handsome, amiable, grateful young fellow, and he placed him in the gymnasium at Breslau, perhaps with the idea, now, of educating him to be an intelligent companion.

The boy and his humble relatives, dazzled by this opportunity, began secretly to consider the favor as almost equivalent to his adoption as a son. (The Baron had once been married, but his wife and only child had long been dead.) The old man, of course, came to look upon the growing intelligence of the youth as his own work: vanity and affection became inextricably blended in his heart, and when the *cursus* was over, he took him home as the companion of his lonely life. After two or three years, during which the young man was acquiring habits of idleness and indulgence, supposing his future secure, the Baron died, — perhaps too suddenly to make full provision for him, perhaps after having kept up the appearance of wealth on a life-annuity, but, in any case, leaving very little, if any, property to Otto. In his disappointment, the latter retained certain family papers which the Baron had intrusted to his keeping. The ring was a gift, and he wore it in remembrance of his benefactor.

Wandering about, Micawber-like, in hopes that something might turn up, he reached Posen, and there either met or heard of the Polish Count, Ladislas Kasincsky, who was seeking a tutor for his only son. His accomplishments, and perhaps, also, a certain aristocratic grace of manner unconsciously caught from the Baron von Herisau, speedily won for him the favor of the Count and Countess Kasincsky, and emboldened him to hope for the hand of the Countess's sister, Helmine ——, to whom he was no doubt sincerely attached. Here Johann Helm, or "Jean," a confidential servant of the Count, who looked upon the new tutor as a rival, yet adroitly flattered his vanity for the purpose of misleading and displacing him, appears upon the stage. "Jean" first detected Otto's passion; "Jean," at an epicurean dinner, wormed out of Otto the secret of the Herisau documents, and perhaps suggested the part which the latter afterwards played.

This "Jean" seemed to me to have been the evil agency in the miserable

history which followed. After Helmine's rejection of Otto's suit, and the flight or captivity of Count Kasincsky, leaving a large sum of money in Otto's hands, it would be easy for "Jean," by mingled persuasions and threats, to move the latter to flight, after dividing the money still remaining in his hands. After the theft, and the partition, which took place beyond the Polish frontier, "Jean," in turn, stole his accomplice's share, together with the Von Herisau documents.

Exile and a year's experience of organized mendicancy did the rest. Otto Lindenschmidt was one of those natures which possess no moral elasticity, — which have neither the power nor the comprehension of atonement. The first real, unmitigated guilt — whether great or small — breaks them down hopelessly. He expected no chance of self-redemption, and he found none. His life in America was so utterly dark and hopeless, that the brightest moment in it must have been that which showed him the approach of death.

My task was done. I had tracked this weak, vain, erring, hunted soul to its last refuge, and the knowledge bequeathed to me but a single duty. His sins were balanced by his temptations; his vanity and weakness had revenged themselves; and there only remained to tell the simple, faithful sister that her sacrifices were no longer required. I burned the evidences of guilt, despair, and suicide, and sent the other papers, with a letter relating the time and circumstances of Otto Lindenschmidt's death, to the civil authorities of Breslau, requesting that they might be placed in the hands of his sister Elise.

This, I supposed, was the end of the history, so far as my connection with it was concerned. But one cannot track a secret with impunity; the fatality connected with the act and the actor clings even to the knowledge of the act. I had opened my door a little, in order to look out upon the life of another, but in doing so a ghost had entered in, and was not to be dislodged until I had done its service.

In the summer of 1867 I was in Germany, and during a brief journey of idlesse and enjoyment came to the lovely little watering-place of Liebenstein, on the southern slope of the Thuringian Forest. I had no expectation, or even desire, of making new acquaintances among the gay company who took their afternoon coffee under the noble linden-trees on the terrace; but, within the first hour of my after-dinner leisure, I was greeted by an old friend, an author, from Coburg, and carried away, in my own despite, to a group of his associates. My friend and his friends had already been at the place a fortnight, and knew the very tint and texture of its gossip. While I sipped my coffee, I listened to them with one ear, and to Wagner's overture to "Lohengrin" with the other; and I should soon have been wholly occupied with the fine orchestra, had I not been caught and startled by an unexpected name.

"Have you noticed," some one asked, "how much attention the Baron von Herisau is paying her?"

I whirled round and exclaimed, in a breath, "The Baron von Herisau!"

"Yes," said my friend; "do you know him?"

I was glad that three crashing, tremendous chords came from the orchestra just then, giving me time to collect myself before I replied: "I am not sure whether it is the same person: I knew a Baron von Herisau long ago: how old is the gentleman here?"

"About thirty-five, I should think," my friend answered.

"Ah, then it can't be the same person," said I: "still, if he should happen to pass near us, will you point him out to me?"

It was an hour later, and we were all hotly discussing the question of Lessing's obligations to English literature, when one of the gentlemen at the table said: "There goes the Baron von Herisau: is it perhaps your friend, sir?"

I turned and saw a tall man, with prominent nose, opaque black eyes, and black mustache, walking beside a

pretty, insipid girl. Behind the pair went an elder couple, overdressed and snobbish in appearance. A carriage, with servants in livery, waited in the open space below the terrace, and, having received the two couples, whirled swiftly away towards Altenstein.

Had I been more of a philosopher I should have wasted no second thought on the Baron von Herisau. But the Nemesis of the knowledge which I had throttled poor Otto Lindenschmidt's ghost to obtain, had come upon me at last, and there was no rest for me until I had discovered who and what was the Baron. The list of guests which the landlord gave me whetted my curiosity to a painful degree; for on it I found the entry: "Aug. 15. — Otto v. Herisau, *Rentier*, East Prussia."

It was quite dark when the carriage returned. I watched the company into the supper-room, and then, whisking in behind them, secured a place at the nearest table. I had an hour of quiet, stealthy observation before my Coburg friend discovered me, and by that time I was glad of his company and had need of his confidence. But, before making use of him in the second capacity, I desired to make the acquaintance of the adjoining *partie carrée*. He had bowed to them familiarly in passing, and when the old gentleman said, "Will you not join us, Herr ——?" I answered my friend's interrogative glance with a decided affirmative, and we moved to the other table.

My seat was beside the Baron von Herisau, with whom I exchanged the usual commonplaces after an introduction. His manner was cold and taciturn, I thought, and there was something forced in the smile which accompanied his replies to the remarks of the coarse old lady, who continually referred to the "Herr Baron" as authority upon every possible subject. I noticed, however, that he cast a sudden, sharp glance at me, when I was presented to the company as an American.

The man's neighborhood disturbed me. I was obliged to let the conversation run in the channels already selected, and stupid enough I found them. I was considering whether I should not give a signal to my friend and withdraw, when the Baron stretched his hand across the table for a bottle of Affenthaler, and I caught sight of a massive gold ring on his middle finger. Instantly I remembered the ring which "B. v. H." had given to Otto Lindenschmidt, and I said to myself, "That is it!" The inference followed like lightning that it was "Johann Helm" who sat beside me, and not a Baron von Herisau!

That evening my friend and I had a long, absorbing conversation in my room. I told him the whole story, which came back vividly to memory, and learned, in return, that the reputed Baron was supposed to be wealthy, that the old gentleman was a Bremen merchant or banker, known to be rich, that neither was considered by those who had met them to be particularly intelligent or refined, and that the wooing of the daughter had already become so marked as to be a general subject of gossip. My friend was inclined to think my conjecture correct, and willingly co-operated with me in a plan to test the matter. We had no considerable sympathy with the snobbish parents, whose servility to a title was so apparent; but the daughter seemed to be an innocent and amiable creature, however silly, and we determined to spare her the shame of an open scandal.

If our scheme should seem a little melodramatic, it must not be forgotten that my friend was an author. The next morning, as the Baron came up the terrace after his visit to the spring, I stepped forward and greeted him politely, after which I said: "I see by the strangers' list that you are from East Prussia, Baron; have you ever been in Poland?" At that moment, a voice behind him called out rather sharply, "Jean!" The Baron started, turned round and then back to me, and all his art could not prevent the blood from rushing to his face. I made, as if by accident, a gesture with my hand,

indicating success, and went a step further.

"Because," said I, "I am thinking of making a visit to Cracow and Warsaw, and should be glad of any information — "

"Certainly!" he interrupted me, "and I should be very glad to give it, if I had ever visited Poland."

"At least," I continued, "you can advise me upon one point; but excuse me, shall we not sit down a moment yonder? As my question relates to money, I should not wish to be overheard."

I pointed out a retired spot, just before reaching which we were joined by my friend, who suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of lilacs. The Baron and he saluted each other.

"Now," said I to the former, "I can ask your advice, Mr. Johann Helm!"

He was not an adept, after all. His astonishment and confusion were brief, to be sure, but they betrayed him so completely that his after-impulse to assume a haughty, offended air only made us smile.

"If I had a message to you from Otto Lindenschmidt, what then?" I asked.

He turned pale, and presently stammered out, "He — he is dead!"

"Now," said my friend, "it is quite time to drop the mask before us. You see we know you, and we know your history. Not from Otto Lindenschmidt alone; Count Ladislas Kasincsky — "

"What! Has he come back from Siberia?" exclaimed Johann Helm. His face expressed abject terror; I think he would have fallen upon his knees before us, if he had not somehow felt, by a rascal's instinct, that we had no personal wrongs to redress in unmasking him.

Our object, however, was to ascertain through him the complete facts of Otto Lindenschmidt's history, and then to banish him from Liebenstein. We allowed him to suppose for awhile that we were acting under the authority of persons concerned, in order to make the best possible use of his demoralized mood, for we knew it would not last long.

My guesses were very nearly correct. Otto Lindenschmidt had been educated by an old Baron, Bernhard von Herisau, on account of his resemblance in person to a dead son, whose name had also been Otto. He could not have adopted the plebeian youth, at least to the extent of giving him an old and haughty name, but this the latter nevertheless expected, up to the time of the Baron's death. He had inherited a little property from his benefactor, but soon ran through it. "He was a light-headed fellow," said Johann Helm, "but he knew how to get the confidence of the old *Junkers*. If he had n't been so cowardly and fidgety, he might have made himself a career."

The Polish episode differed so little from my interpretation that I need not repeat Helm's version. He denied having stolen Otto's share of the money, but could not help admitting his possession of the Von Herisau papers, among which were the certificates of birth and baptism of the old Baron's son, Otto. It seems that he had been fearful of Lindenschmidt's return from America, for he had managed to communicate with the sister in Breslau, and in this way learned the former's death. Not until then had he dared to assume his present disguise.

We let him go, after exacting a solemn pledge that he would betake himself at once to Hamburg, and there ship for Australia. (I judged that America was already amply supplied with individuals of his class.) The sudden departure of the Baron von Herisau was a two days' wonder at Liebenstein; but besides ourselves, only the Bremen banker knew the secret. He also left, two days afterwards, with his wife and daughter — their cases, it was reported, requiring Kissingen.

Otto Lindenschmidt's life, therefore, could not hide itself. Can any life?

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—OPEN

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

IV.

AT Cheyenne, we take the cars, for the grand ride over the Rocky Mountain section of the track, and into Salt Lake Valley. An hour or so from Cheyenne brings us to Sherman, the highest point (8,200 feet) of the entire railroad line. But we feel, rather than see, the evidences of the fact. The air is thin and chill, even under a July or August sun; but it is a high plain, and not mountain-tops, that the track rests upon. There are bare, smoothly rounded hills about, and scattered over these are huge boulders, or piles of boulders, like remnants of mountains; but the mountains themselves stand far away in the dim distance; and the train speeds free and nearly straight over an open and comparatively level country, crossing an occasional deep ravine or river-bed, cutting through a rocky fragment of the original hill-tops, but on the whole finding an easy way through the one hundred and fifty miles that counted, in the government subsidy, as the peculiarly mountainous section, and had the exceptional allowance of $ 48,000 a mile. A clean, reddish granite, ground fine by nature, makes the most compact and enduring of road-beds; the ties come from thin forests in the distant hills; and altogether we are still in a paradise for railroad contractors.

Down and on from Sherman a thousand feet and twenty-five miles, the land grows more level still, and the Laramie Plains spread a broad fifty miles around us. They are like one of the Parks below in Colorado, only the mountains do not lie around so close and commanding, and the views are less picturesque, and less rich. But a visit to the neighboring hills will repay the sportsman; a considerable village is springing up at Laramie; the Plains are famous in overland emigrant travel, and were long the head-quarters for government supplies and soldiers in the mountains; and those of us who failed to look into the Parks of Colorado will do well to stop here a day or two.

Beyond, the country grows gradually barren; and after crossing the North Platte River, we enter upon one hundred and fifty miles of desert, — a waterless, treeless, grassless, hilly plain; the soil fine, dry, and impregnated with alkali; the air pure, dry, and cool, — a section shudderingly remembered by slow-travelling emigrants, and memorable in the history of railroad construction for the necessity, during the progress of the work through it, of adding a water train to the trains supplying materials and food. Rightly-named Bitter Creek gathers the sluggish surface waters of the region, and carries them on to Green River, reaching which, we enter upon new and better scenes. The water increases and freshens, the verdure improves; but the traveller is most attracted by the novel and imposing forms of architecture that Nature has left, to mark her history, upon these still open plains. Long, wide troughs, as of departed rivers; long, level embankments, as of railroad tracks or endless fortifications; huge hills of fantastic shapes rising abruptly from the plain, — great square mounds of rock and earth, half-formed pyramids, — it would seem as if a generation of giants had built their cities and tombs, and left their work to awe and humble their puny successors. The Black, the Pilot, and the Church *Buttes* are among the more celebrated of these huge monumental mountains standing on the level plain; but the railway track passes out of sight of all except the Church Butte, which, seen under favorable lights, impresses the

imagination like a grand old cathedral going to decay, quaint in its crumbling ornaments, majestic in its proportions. They seem like the more numerous and fantastic illustrations of Nature's frolicsome art in Southern Colorado, to be remains of granite hills, which wind and water, and especially the vast columns of sand, whirling with lordly force through the air, — literally moving mountains, — have left to hint the past, and tell the story of their several achievements. Not unfitly, there as here, these buttes have won the title of "Monuments to the Gods."

Passing the waters that flow south to the Colorado, we come to those that run west to the Salt Lake Basin. Nature as a railroad engineer now deserts us; and science and mighty labor are summoned to make a path for the track through and down these western ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Over and down the high hills, the road at last reaches Echo Canyon, and following that to its entrance into Weber Canyon, proceeds by this into the Valley of the Salt Lake. These canyons are narrow and rugged, with high, perpendicular walls of red rock, with picturesque openings and fresh running streams, with little Mormon farms and every element of agreeable and inspiring scenery. The mountain-tops are white with snow; the valleys are green with grass or gay with flowers; and those greatly cherished, but long-missed companions of man, the trees, come in to freshen and familiarize the scene. Within this region the traveller towards the west finds the first tunnels of the road; and of these five, aggregating nearly two thousand feet, occur between Green River and the Salt Lake Valley.

Our travellers across the continent, men or women, will not need urging to stop at Salt Lake City, though it lies forty miles south of Ogden, where the Pacific Railroad enters and crosses the Salt Lake Valley. The social and the natural phenomena centring there make it perhaps the most interesting feature in our journey. The courage of men who undertake the management of numberless wives will attract one sex, while the audacity of the thing will arouse the wonder, if not the worship, of the other. Here too, are problems for the statesman, questions for the philosopher, and puzzles for the scientific student. The science of Salt Lake City, social and natural, presents problems not easily solved; and one must be content to look upon the surface of things and move on. There will be, this summer, a branch railroad to the city, and sooner or later the track will proceed on south, through the lower Mormon settlements, to Arizona.

The town will delight us by its location on a high plain overlooking the broad valley of the Jordan, with Camp Douglas behind, on a higher bench of land, and the Wahsatch Mountains, with winter caps, hanging above it on the north and east; while opposite, lower mountains make a western horizon, and Salt Lake, an inland ocean, ripples and shimmers under the noonday sun, fifteen miles away. Broad streets, with irrigating brooks pouring down their gutters, good hotels, large and well-supplied stores, an abundant market, a large and well-appointed theatre, — run in the name and for the benefit of the Church, — gardens luxuriant with fruit — the peach and the strawberry most abounding — and bountiful with vegetables, hot sulphur springs in the suburbs, inviting most delicious baths, summer days, dry and pure, yet cool nights, — all will seduce the senses and minister to our joy; and the traveller may well sing, with Bishop Heber, that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Three or four days will suffice for all he need see or know of Utah or the Mormons. In this time he may enjoy a drive out to Salt Lake, with a bath and a sail, if they are to be had, guarding his mouth and eyes from the water, which is sharply salt, and his stomach from sea-sickness, for the wind makes short waves on this sea; he can attend, if it is Sunday, — and he should try to pass Sunday here, — the services in the grand Church Square, where he will see the old and new Tabernacles,

and the foundations of the grand Mormon cathedral, as well as an audience of several thousand Mormons, affording an interesting study of humanity; he may walk under the high wall enclosing Brigham Young's equally grand square opposite, with tithing-house, home for thirty wives and seventy children, family school-house, all the central business offices of church and state, stables and warehouses to match so vast an establishment, and gardens of grapes and peaches and pears and flowers and vegetables, all within the area; and he may ponder, as he walks, the contending passions and conflicting experiences, the crushed loves and the subdued hates, the moral murders perpetrated, the physical murders planned, within this ten-acre circuit of wall; he may make an excursion back to the mouth of the canyon that overlooks city and valley, numbering the front doors of the long, low *adobe* cottages, as the simplest means of learning how many wives each owner has, and wondering if half of those children, that swarm in every door-yard and play around every mud-puddle, have any idea who their fathers are.

The visitor will busy himself, of course, with a dozen questions and a dozen theories about Mormonism, about polygamy and Brigham Young, and when and how it is all coming to an end. Perhaps if he hears earnest Mormons talk, he will wonder in his heart whether it is possible they are right, — whether this little leaven in Utah is, as they say, bound to leaven the whole American lump, and polygamy is to become the law of the sexes, and Mormonism the religion of the future; — which is all well enough, if he keeps his wondering doubt to himself. But no social, political, and religious organization so foreign to all our principles of life and growth as this of Brigham Young in Utah, exists elsewhere in America, or even in Europe; it proceeds from and depends upon a single will; and a very little knowledge of history and its philosophy, and less of our national instincts and faith in progress, will enable the observer to see that the Mormon system must give way, and be swept almost into forgetfulness by the advancing tide of American emigration and American civilization. There is nothing in our American fundamentals that is not outraged by the theories and practice of the autocracy ruling here in Utah; and unless we are speedily going back to the civilization of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, this thing will not be, cannot be. And yet, a beautiful and prosperous city of thirty thousand inhabitants, a population in the surrounding territory of one hundred thousand, making a garden here in the dry desert of this central basin of the continent, will impress the traveller wonderfully, as it ought, with the power of a religious fanaticism, directed by a lordly will and organizing a faithful, simple industry, to create wealth and to set in motion many of the elements of progress and civilization. Without the presence of the Mormons, who discovered the pathway, and have fed those who came out upon it, all this central region of our great West would be now many years behind its actual development, and the railroad, instead of being finished, would hardly have been begun.

V.

There is no end to the anomalies of nature in this great interior American basin, of which the Salt Lake Valley is alike the threshold, the gem, and a sub-specimen. But the study of them is now accompanied with so many drawbacks that the pleasure-traveller will, after leaving Salt Lake City, seek to put them all between him and the Sierras as speedily as possible. Ascending and passing out of the valley, the road skirts the northern shore of the lake, crossing Bear River, its chief tributary, and going through the Promontory Mountains, which rise from the lake, on the north. Here the two companies building the railroad, from east and west, join their tracks; though at the present writing, each is determined on a distinct connection with

Salt Lake City; from here the stage lines start, northeast and northwest, to Montana and Idaho; and from here, too, the Union or Eastern Pacific Company intends to stretch a branch road up to and along the Snake branch of the Columbia River, through Idaho, and down the Columbia to the sea, thus making for itself a distinct connection with the Pacific Ocean. The distance is six hundred and fifty miles; but for half of it steamboats can run on the rivers, so that the first construction, to insure steam communication, is comparatively not large, and will hardly require more money than the profits of the company in building the main line.

Stretching out from Salt Lake through high broad valleys, or plains, barren and forbidding, the road seeks the Humboldt Valley, and follows that river for two hundred and thirty miles. This is the old emigrant route across the continent; cheerless and dreary enough, indeed; but far more tolerable than the old stage road, which led us south of Salt Lake, and crossed Nevada at about its centre. The river is sluggish and muddy, and fertilizes but a narrow strip of land in its path; it lies along a trough between high volcanic table-lands on the north, and the ranges of mountains which, every fifteen or twenty miles, lead off south through Nevada, and out of whose snows it gathers its feeble waters. Where the road enters the valley, wide and watery meadows spread out in a sickly oasis; and where it leaves the valley, the same phenomenon is repeated. For the rest, there is little to divert the traveller, nothing to inspire him but the dry, clear air, and the rounded outlines of the bare hills. Elko, where the main tributary of the Humboldt comes out of the snow-capped East Humboldt Mountains, — which are ten thousand to twelve thousand feet high, and the backbone of the great basin, — is the point of departure for the new silver mines of White Pine, the latest sensation of the sensation-loving Pacific coast. They lie one hundred and forty miles south of the railroad, in Southeastern Nevada, and if they hold out as they have begun, with a pretty sure promise of five millions the first year, they will force the first southern cross-railroad to the Colorado, and checkmate Mormonism in the south.

A little farther out we touch a bit of emigrant sentiment in Maggie Creek, so named for a pretty little Scotch girl, pet of one of the early columns of the army of civilization crossing this way years ago. Here is Catlin, a town of hopes, marking a point of departure from the west for Idaho. Near here, too, if the locomotive breaks down, the traveller may refresh himself by climbing a little knob, a few rods from the road, and finding that nature has improved an old crater by turning it into a mammoth hot sulphur bath-tub. At Argenta, he will be invited to a stage ride of ninety miles up the Reese River Valley to Austin; but if he has ever invested in any of its mines, he will decline with a shudder, and set his face resolutely west. The glory of Austin is a trifle dimmed now; but it has had its five or six thousand inhabitants, and was the successor of "Washoe," and the forerunner of White Pine, in the series of mining movements that have made Nevada, and even threaten to perpetuate her existence as a State in spite of the lack of everything else that makes and maintains states.

If we are bent on novelty, eighteen miles farther west we shall switch off our car for half a day, and borrow horses, and gallop away south among the barren hills and more barren valleys, into the Whirlwind Valley, where sulphurous waters beat and bubble beneath the surface like numerous struggling hidden pumps or steam-engines, and occasionally burst out in columns of burning water, and clouds of hot steam. Great, still pools invite to a bath, yet mayhap would overtake the bather with a scalding, crystallizing explosion, and leave him a monumental statue of his temerity, and a new wonder of Nature in the Great Basin. Frequently she revenges herself here for her lack of all the ordinary natural graces by sending up seething chemi-

cals, in bursts that seem the faint breathings of dying volcanoes, or the early efforts of new ones.

Passing between the Trinity Mountains on the north and the West Humboldt on the south, and through a mining district of great hopes, large prospecting, and small returns, the road now leaves the Humboldt River, — which sneaks off among the hills, to die in the sands, — and crosses the Truckee Desert — forty miles of the dreariest country it has yet traversed. Here the soil is arid, and full of alkali; the scenery, wild and savage; the only life, lizards and jackass rabbits; the only relief to the monotony of the flat landscape, brown, bare mountains; the only pleasure before the traveller, the end of the road, which brings him within sound of the waters and the winds of the California Mountains.

Along the Truckee to Reno, we should take a day to see Virginia City and Gold Hill, fourteen miles away on a branch road. The great Comstock lode lies under these two towns; they are built along the mountain-side, upon the crust of the great silver mine of America, with open depths beneath of from five hundred to one thousand feet, and more miles of streets below than above; and they are the theatre of the most systematic and extensive, if not the most successful, mining operations in this country. The mines in this lode have yielded over eighty millions in gold and silver since 1860, reaching sixteen millions, or their highest year's return, in 1867, but falling off one half in 1868, and giving signs now of being nearly worked out. It is in the hope of their improvement, at least of a more profitable working, that Congress is besought to give millions for tunnelling the mountain to the lode, from a distant point in the valley below the present excavations. But with any real faith in the future possibilities of the mine, the money for the work can be found there easier than the gift can be bored and bought through Congress. The question at issue is one of life or death to these towns. Their historical relations to silver mining, to the settlement and organization of Nevada, and to the Pacific Railroad, their unique location and the surrounding natural objects of interest, as well as the fact that they afford the best opportunity for observing the processes of quartz mining and milling, makes it worth while for even the hurried traveller to visit them.

The "Steamboat Springs," in the neighborhood, repeat the phenomena of Whirlwind Valley. Carson, the capital, lies pleasantly in an adjoining valley, nearer the great mountains. But the mountains themselves now invite us more strongly; and we are soon moving swiftly among their gurgling waters and soughing pines, — purer water and grander forest than we have seen before, — with towering walls of rock and distant snow-fields, that awaken many Alpine memories. The snow-sheds over the track shut out the best of the mountain scenery, and we must stop near the summit, at Donner Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, already a favorite summer resort for California, and type of a series of grand lakes along the upper Sierras, that add a rare charm to their many other attractions. A day or two here will make us familiar with the numerous beauties of this mountain range, — the grand forests, the castellated rocks, the wedded summer and winter, the dry, pure air, the mosses, the flowers and mountain fruits, — and refresh us for the descent into the hot suns and the brown valleys of California's summer.

The railroad passage over these mountains is the greatest triumph of engineering skill and labor on the whole line. The track, going west, ascends twenty-five hundred feet in fifty miles, and descends six thousand feet in seventy-five miles. There is over a mile of tunnels on the route, and in the process of excavation a million of dollars were spent in blasting-powder alone. Majestic, frowning peaks hang over us, deep, almost fathomless gorges lie beneath us, as we follow out and around the long ridges, in the descent into Cali-

fornia; and, amid scenery bolder and more impressive than any we have yet passed through, we enter the lower valleys, and reach California's capital, Sacramento.

Three lines invite us thence to San Francisco, — the river boats; a short-cut railroad to Vallejo, at the head of the bay, with a twenty-mile ferry; and the Pacific Railroad's extension through Stockton to Oakland, — the rural suburb and school-house of San Francisco, — with an hour of steamboat on the bay. By and by, rails will encircle the bay, and we may go into the heart of San Francisco without "breaking bulk" or touching water. Sacramento, Stockton, and Oakland are all worth a passing glance. They are inland rural cities, like Cleveland and Columbus in Ohio, or Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester in New England, pleasantly located near the water, brisk with local trade and growing manufactures, mature in social and religious elements, rich in many beautiful homes. They rank next to San Francisco among the towns of California. Sacramento and Stockton stand respectively at the heads of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, which form, north and south, the great interior basin and agricultural region of the State, and whose waters, uniting, pour westward, and encircle San Francisco with her bay.

VI.

But it is at San Francisco that we shall linger and take in the essence of California life, and cast the future of California's wealth. First we shall go to the Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Russ, or Lick Hotel, and live at three dollars a day, — specie, mind you, now, — as well as at the Tremont or Fifth Avenue. Perhaps we shall have a mind to try that "peculiar institution" of the city, the "What Cheer House," where meals and lodging are fifty cents each, with a library and museums of natural history and mineralogy thrown in. We shall certainly want to test the French restaurants, where, at sharp six and at a private table, we may have for a dollar and a half as good a dinner of four or five courses, wine included, as Parker or Delmonico would give us for a five-dollar bill.

The abundance of fruit will have amazed us, as we came down from the mountains; but still the wonder grows at the sight of the city fruit-stands, — Sweet-water and Black Hamburg and Muscat grapes at from five to twelve cents a pound, and poorer qualities at half the price; strawberries the season through; peaches and pears, more fair and luscious and large than our senses were ever accustomed to; fresh figs, oranges, limes, and bananas, all cheap, and all in such abundance on the hotel tables and in the streets, as to make a fruit-famished New-Englander rub his eyes and prick his flesh, to assure himself that he is not in a fairy-land dream. Then the more solid provisions! Here is flour at half the price it bears in the East, and vegetables of every kind, — spring, summer, and fall varieties, — all at once, in fullest perfection. Here are fresh salmon, twelve months in the year, at from ten to twenty cents a pound, and smelts at eight cents, and fresh cod, bass, shrimps, anchovies, soles, even herrings, — every luxury of the sea; and game as various, and at prices that shame our Eastern markets. The materials for living are as plentiful here as the art of their preparation is perfect; and it will not take the thrifty mind long to calculate that, so far as food is concerned, a family can be supported more cheaply in San Francisco than in New York or Boston. The rates quoted are of course specie; but wages and profits are also in specie, and are higher, generally, than currency wages and profits in Eastern cities.

The summer, we must remember, is apt to be chillier than the winter in San Francisco; and though the morning sun may seduce us, it will never do to venture out for the day in shoes and white stockings or without overcoats. Montgomery Street is Wall Street and Broadway united, and at all hours of

the day is gay and animated — the promenade of richly-dressed women, the busy arena of "cornering" and "cornered" men. To the right, chiefly on made land, flat and regular, lie the heavy business squares of the city; to the left are the streets of the retail shops. Passing through these on our way to the citizens' homes, we mount, with weary legs and bent backs, the great sand-hills which are such a blessing to street contractors, such a trial to land-owners and tax-payers, but which afford us such a grand view of the city and of its surroundings, and the wide range of interior waters that gather here from all the State, and, with delaying, lingering movement, circle the city as with a sea, and then with a slow, majestic sweep, pass through the line of rocks by the Golden Gate into the ocean. We must enjoy this prospect of city and bay from several points; it is a revelation in itself of the future Pacific Coast Empire, certainly of San Francisco's destiny as its metropolis.

The San Franciscans, having begun wrongly on the American straight line and square system of laying out the city, are tugging away at these hills with tireless energy, to reduce the streets to a grade that man and horse can ascend and descend without double collar-and-breeching help; but there is work in the enterprise for many a generation to come. They would have done better to accept the situation at the first, choose Nature engineer and architect in chief, and encompass the hills with their streets and buildings, instead of undertaking to go up and then through them. Such a flank attack would have been much more successful and economical, and have given them a vastly more picturesque city.

In town, the buildings of the Mercantile and Young Men's Christian Associations, and of the California Bank, the financial king of the coast, will attract us; the school-houses and churches will show that New England has been active here for years; the machine shops and woollen mills will suggest that we talk lower of Lowell and Holyoke and Pittsburg; and the stores and shops and little factories of all sorts, springing into success all about our wandering path in city and suburbs, will prove to us that here are a people not only capable of going alone, but already doing so. San Francisco is only twenty years old, yet she has one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, a third of the population of the whole State, and her manufactures are valued at thirty millions a year, a sum which exceeds the value of the gold and silver products of the State, and equals that of the wheat crop. Her commerce employs from forty to fifty steamships and three thousand sailing vessels; already the third, she will soon be the second commercial city of the nation. They talk lovingly as well as grandly of "Frisco" out here, and they only allow New York to be ranked as a rival when they are in their most condescending moods. Boston is where Starr King came from, and that is glory enough for her, and she ought to be forever grateful to California for having given him a fit field for his powers, and so renown to his birthplace.

In the clear, quiet morning, before the wind sucks in over these sand-hills through the Golden Gate, and the coarse dust blinds and stings, we will drive out to the ocean at the Cliff House. It is an hour's ride, and the road is smooth and hard. We might well stop for an hour at Lone Mountain Cemetery, and see how San Francisco is making a fit burial-place under adverse circumstances, and how she pays tribute to the memory of Broderick, and James King of William, proud martyrs to the political and social reformation of the town and State. On the rocks before the Cliff House, — where we will take our second breakfast or lunch, — an army of huge seals creep up to sun themselves and bark, and great, gawky pelicans flap about; and getting down the under bank we lie on the hard sands, and try to realize that this is the Pacific Ocean, and that beyond are the Sandwich Islands and China and Japan. Driving

back along the hard beach for miles, our horses trotting to the roll of the ocean, we attack the city from another quarter, see its proud Orphan Asylum, its old mission grounds, and appreciate how much room for growth these wide-rolling sand-hills afford.

The ever-present Chinese will pique our curiosity. We must look into their homes, — compact, simple, yet not over clean or sweet-smelling quarters, — into their restaurants and their theatre, if it is in operation, and into their "Josh Houses." Their stores invite us with open doors, and tempt our pockets with all the various specialties of Chinese manufacture at reasonable prices. A few are men of stature and presence, with faces of refinement and gentle strength; the many go sneaking about their work, — a low type of mankind, physically and mentally, imported here like merchandise, and let out to labor under a system only half removed from slavery itself. Yet they are an important element in the industry and progress of all this side of the continent. But for their labor the Pacific Railroad would have been at least two years longer in building. Twelve thousand of them have done nearly all the picking and drilling and shovelling and wheeling of the road, from Sacramento to Salt Lake. They furnish the principal labor in the factories; they make cigars; they dig and work over neglected gold gulches; they are cooks; they almost monopolize the clothes washing and ironing; in all the lighter and simpler departments of labor, where fidelity to a pattern, and not flexibility and originality of action are required, they make the best and most reliable of workers. At least seventy-five thousand of them are scattered over these Pacific States, west of Utah; and though our American and European laborers quarrel with and abuse them; though the law gives them no rights, but that of suffering punishment; though they bring no families, and seek no citizenship; though all their women here are not only commercial, but expressly imported as such; though they are mean and contemptible in their vices as in their manners; though they are despised and kicked about on every hand; still they come and thrive, slowly better their physical and moral and mental conditions, and supply this country with what it most needs for its growth and prosperity, — cheap labor. What we shall do with them is not quite clear yet; how they are to rank, socially and politically, among us, is one of the nuts for our social-science students to crack, if they can; but now that we have depopulated Ireland, and Germany is holding on to its own, and the old sources of our labor supply are drying up, all America needs them; and, obeying the great natural law of demand and supply, Asia seems almost certain to pour upon and over us countless thousands of her superfluous, cheap-living, slow-changing, unassimilating but very useful laborers. And we shall welcome, and then quarrel over and with them as we have done with their Irish predecessors. Our vast grain, cotton, and fruit fields, our extending system of public works, our multiplying manufactures, all need and can employ them. But must they vote, and if so to what effect?

The garden-yards of San Francisco homes, welcomed us lovingly, and will bid us a sweet adieu. These are a pleasant feature of all California towns. Great open conservatories, with daily artificial waterings in summer, they maintain freshness of color and vigor of bloom the whole year through. Roses of every name and variety, never dying and ever-blooming; heliotropes and fuchsias climbing over fences and houses; all flowers that open in our New England from June to October, — make perpetual summer gayety of color and gratefulness of odor, at little outlay of means, around every house. The climate of the city is more equable than that of the country, — never so warm, never so cold; not soft or kind to invalids, but a tonic and a preservative for the healthy, and keeping labor up to its fullest capacity for the whole twelvemonth.

Let us look into Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s Express on Montgomery Street, before we leave San Francisco, for an illustration of how much more thoroughly these new people on the Pacific coast meet the exacting wants of our civilization than either Europe or the Eastern States. Here, for ten cents (three to the government for the permission and seven for the work) your letter is taken, to be carried to any point on the broad continent. Here you can ship merchandise, small or great, to any known spot on the globe's surface. Here you can buy gold or greenbacks; here draw on your Eastern correspondents, and receive the cash down. Here they will contract to carry anything for you, yourself included, anywhere; to bring you anything, send for anything, sell you anything, supply you with information on any given topic; and generally set you up in knowledge, money, business, and character. Our Eastern express companies never began to make themselves half so useful or omnipresent.

San Francisco will impress all her visitors deeply in many ways. We see her life is very new, yet we see it is very old. Civilization is better organized here in some respects than in any other city except Paris. Some of the streets look as if transplanted from a city of Europe; others are in the first stages of rescue from the barbaric desert. Asia, Europe, and America have here met and embraced each other. Yet America is supreme; an America in which the flavor of New England can be tasted above all other local elements; an America in which the flexibility, the adaptability, and the all-penetrating, all-subduing power of our own race are everywhere and in everything manifest.

In a concluding article we shall show the reader the interior of California, and ask him to accompany us on a run over to the Sandwich Islands, returning home by the way of Oregon, Puget's Sound, the Columbia River, Idaho, and Montana.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE intellectual calibre and character of the chief magistrate are matters that concern every man in the country. Under our form of government, the President, combining as he does the principal functions of sovereign and of prime minister, possesses greater power than any constitutional monarch in Europe; and even the autocrats of France and Russia hardly exert more influence than the head of this nation while his administration lasts. Despite, then, the fact that our institutions are in reality both democratic and republican, the personal peculiarities of the President become of vast importance to his countrymen. And not his moral qualities alone; for however excellent and honest, however energetic, self-reliant, and industrious he may be, he must also, as the chief of a great nation possess a great intellect. Without this, his energy may be misdirected, his self-will become mulish obstinacy, his industry be thrown away; or, with all the honesty and purity in the world, he may come under the dominion of more vigorous intellects, and so the real meaning of an election may be as little known after an inauguration, as if that election had never occurred.

The moral traits of U. S. Grant are tolerably well understood by the country, and a belief in them undoubtedly did very much towards elevating him to power; but there still exists in some quarters a mistrust of his intellectual ability, an uncertainty as to whether he possesses the faculties necessary in a statesman, especially at so delicate and

dangerous a crisis as that through which this nation is passing. The characteristic reserve of the man, his persistent shrinking from self-assertion, his sedulous avoidance of display of any sort, have contributed to this anxiety. For Americans, of all people, are least used to this reserve. The man who asserts himself gets credit with us, at least for a while, and he who never thrusts himself forward, who hardly assumes the place to which he is entitled, much less pretends to favor beyond his deserts, is very apt to be taken at his own estimate, and find no one ready to drag him out of obscurity. Unless one proclaims, "I am a great man!" the world is sometimes a long while in finding out whether he really is great or not.

We propose a somewhat careful analysis of Grant's most prominent intellectual traits, for the sake of discovering whether he possesses those peculiar faculties which alone can guide and govern the country successfully during the next four years. It is difficult, however, in any case, to draw the line between the moral and the intellectual peculiarities, to say where the former end and the latter begin, what is exclusively will and what is exclusively intellect. The physiologists have not yet determined whether the brain is a mass of mere matter, or the seat of the soul; the psychologists are uncertain about the influences of temperament; the philosophers differ when they attempt to map out the various and delicate divisions of character; one trait runs into another so subtilely that it is difficult, if not impossible, always to trace the line of demarcation. This is especially true in the case of Grant. In him the moral peculiarities are so strongly developed, that to a casual observer they overshadow the intellectual traits; and they undoubtedly affect and modify them. We shall, therefore, not attempt invariably to discriminate, but, while bestowing more attention upon the peculiarities which absolutely belong to the domain of the intellect, shall not hesitate to touch upon those that lie even beyond the boundary line.

It may, therefore, perhaps, be better to begin our discussion with a consideration of the qualities which are most readily affected by the will, and from these proceed by degrees to the purely intellectual. Any one who should attempt a portrait of the new President would assuredly begin by speaking of his firmness, his simplicity, his patience, his energy, and probably of his magnanimity and integrity. Doubtless all these qualities originate in character, considered as distinct from intellect; doubtless Grant might possess all these without any extraordinary intellectual powers; but it would be extraordinary if he did. Nature does not often bestow such an array of moral traits upon a man, without adding some corresponding intellectual gifts. He who should display these characteristics strongly marked would be an extraordinary person, in any event, and almost certain to employ even moderate talents unusually well. It is, however, far more natural to suppose that such traits themselves are in some degree the result of intellectual qualities; that firmness proceeds in a measure from clearness of judgment, that simplicity originates in wisdom, that patience is far-sightedness, that magnanimity results from a wide view of affairs, that courage comes from the consciousness of power. These certainly are fair deductions, especially if we can ascertain that all the intellectual qualities, on which the moral ones may be said to be based, are exemplified in an equally remarkable degree.

Let us examine into this. Let us see when these traits in Grant have been most conspicuous, and ascertain whether it is probable that they were then mere exertions of will, unconscious displays of character, and not, in truth, absolute efforts of intellect. Grant's firmness, it is notorious, is always conspicuous in the shock of battle, where, as events multiply, he becomes more determined, until, at the crisis of the fight, when things look blackest, he is most resolute, and selects that moment

for some extraordinary and crowning effort by which to secure what he has been all along aiming at. Now this is either a bull-dog tenacity, a sheer incapacity for perceiving or appreciating danger, or such an absolute clearness of judgment, and such an ability to detect the critical moment, to comprehend and control all the conflicting and confusing circumstances, as amount to talent of the highest order. We all saw, during the late war, how often it happened, that men who possessed undoubted personal courage, and in calmer moments displayed a tolerable judgment, became confused in the emergency, or lost their presence of mind entirely on the battle-field. While they acted as subordinates they were successful; they would carry out the orders of a superior at every hazard; but give them a supreme or an independent command, and they shrank from responsibility, or were overwhelmed by it. Commanders vacillated and delayed and failed, not for lack of courage, but for lack of just that sort of firmness which depends on clearness of judgment, — on a certainty that you are doing the right thing, and that nothing better can be done, — and which therefore never allows its possessor to waver in his intentions, or suspend his efforts.

This firmness it was that impressed Sherman so at Shiloh, when, at the darkest moment of the fight, — four o'clock on that first terrible day, before Buell's troops had crossed the river, — Grant ordered an attack to be made on the morrow, at dawn. Through this same firmness he held out at the Wilderness. Late on the 6th of May, after two days' fighting in that tangled and gloomy thicket, — where the troops, unable to see the enemy, sometimes fired upon their own comrades, — while Hancock was making his prodigious effort on the left of the national line, which, if unsuccessful, would have been defeat for the army, — Grant was on a knoll in the rear of the centre of the field. Nothing could be seen of the battle, although it was so near; a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the woods, making the air oppressive, and the roar of musketry was like incessant thunder. Meade and Grant were pacing back and forth under the trees, sometimes talking to each other, sometimes looking at their maps, while the subordinate officers stood near, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Once in a while a cannon-ball fell, almost unnoticed, near the group. Suddenly an *aide-de-camp* rode up in great haste from the front, and announced, all out of breath, that Hancock had been driven in, and absolutely cut to pieces. This was the turning-point of the battle of the Wilderness; one officer actually burst into tears; Meade looked very black; but Grant simply remarked, "I don't believe it," and went on whittling a stick which he had carried during the day. Was this mere dogged obstinacy? Or was it simply such an acquaintance with the condition of the battle, and such a judgment based on the qualities which Hancock and his command had already displayed, as made him certain of the falsity of the intelligence? Instead of withdrawing Hancock at once from his exposed situation, Grant sent him reinforcements, and waited for the issue. He was sure that if a momentary check had occurred, it would soon be remedied. He did not believe that Hancock had been defeated. And so it proved. The Rebels pushed the left hard; indeed, they drove it for awhile; but Hancock finally rallied his sturdy veterans, and drove Longstreet in his turn.

Again: that long persistency of Grant's, while he lay in the weary trenches around Petersburg, enduring not only the dangers and trials of war, but the hostile clamors of the impatient North, and refusing to accept Halleck's advice when Early appeared before Washington, and the former chief of the army urged that Grant should abandon his campaign, and return to save the capital, — was this a purely physical trait, dependent solely on nerve or temperament? Or did his resolution proceed from the well-poised judgment of a man

that could be disturbed by no events, confused by no tumult, swayed by no representations, because all the while he saw success in the future, through clouds that hid it from the rest of the world?

Take, again, the firmness manifested by Grant in his long contest with Andrew Johnson; his persistent silence under the strongest provocation to speak; his reticence during the Presidential campaign. In all these instances he went counter to the advice of many who considered themselves wise, and on whose fidelity he himself reposed; — in all these instances, the event proved his judgment correct, and his course the best possible under the circumstances. Is it probable that this remarkable and constant clearness of judgment was an accident, and that the firmness had no relation to the judgment, but was a characteristic which would have been just as fully displayed had the judgment been wavering or incorrect? Those who know Grant intimately say that his firmness is not exerted in trivial matters; that he is indifferent about many little things, that he yields to others often, when it is unimportant whether he yields or not. He does, it is said, what his wife or his children wish; he complies with the suggestions or invitations of his friends, reserving his indomitable firmness for the occasions when principle is involved, or great interests are at stake. A merely obstinate man would display his obstinacy just as often on petty occasions as on great ones. Andrew Johnson has, perhaps, as much firmness as Grant, but it is a quality which in him is combined with uncommonly bad judgment. He shuts his eyes, and rushes on headlong. He is firm because he does not see or appreciate the difficulties in his way. Grant is firm, although he sees them, because he sees also how to overcome or remove them.

Another well-known peculiarity of Grant is his simplicity of language and behavior. He says the most remarkable things in the fewest words; he performs the most extraordinary acts amid unfamiliar scenes, in the plainest manner. He avoids pomp and show; his conduct is invariably free from ostentation or the appearance of conceit. Now it is easy to say that this all results from the habits of his early life; or that he is silent, because he has nothing to say; that he is quiet in manner, because he cannot be grand. Yet every one admits that the finest breeding is that which is least conspicuous; that the highest excellence in speech is terse simplicity. Because a man is modest and simple by nature, it will hardly do to deny him credit for being so. It is quite possible that he continues so purposely. To be simple as a second lieutenant, or as a leather-dealer, is one thing; to be simple as general of a million of soldiers, or as President of the United States, is quite another. Most men, whatever their natural unaffectedness, would find it extremely difficult to retain the quality at the extraordinary elevation which Grant has reached. The simplicity he has been able to preserve, under his honors, may fairly be regarded as indicating a well-balanced mind, such as few possess, a judgment of men and a self-knowledge which can result only from superior intelligence.

Then, the magnanimity by which he has been characterized is easily resolved into the broadest statesmanship. It will be found always to have been exercised with a purpose, and not to be merely the instinct of a noble nature. At Donelson, where he allowed the Rebel officers to retain their side-arms after the surrender, it was with the hope that such treatment would convince them that the government entertained no personal animosity, no desire to humiliate unnecessarily those with whom it was fighting; for at that time Grant was not without the hope of a speedy termination of the war. At Vicksburg, he paroled the garrison of over thirty thousand soldiers, — for which he was promptly rebuked by Halleck. But this was done with a deliberate purpose. He hoped that,

by spreading this vast number of dispirited men over the interior of the rebellious region, he would be able to demoralize those who yet remained unconquered. He treated them well, fed them with better food than they had known for months, and then turned them loose, to scatter discontent throughout the treasonable mass.

In the most famous instance of his magnanimity, — the terms accorded to Lee at Appomattox Court House, — there can be traced a far-seeing statesmanship. The Rebels expected nothing; they were completely at the mercy of Grant. Lee had been out-marched, out-generalled, out-fought, surrounded. He had been pursued from Petersburg, by night as well as by day, with remorseless energy; now a blow was dealt him on one flank, now on the other; now his trains were destroyed; now he was compelled to halt and face about to meet his conqueror; till, bruised and mangled and beaten down, he stopped at last in the Valley of the Appomattox, a hundred miles from Richmond. Here he found that he not only had an army in his rear, cutting off all return, but that a portion of Grant's infantry had absolutely outmarched his own soldiers hurrying forward in their eagerness to escape. Directly in his front were Sheridan, Ord, and Griffin, while the mass of Meade's army was close in rear. He was shut in on every side; only the road leading to Lynchburg was left open to him, and that was not only impracticable for artillery, but so narrow that not half his troops could by any possibility escape. And so the army of North Virginia lay at the mercy of the conqueror. If Lee had not surrendered just when he did, his command must in a few hours have been annihilated. This, too, was the end of the war; every one felt it. A national officer said to a Rebel at Appomattox: "You speak as if this army were all that is left of the Rebellion." "And so it is," said the other; "no other Confederate force will hold out a day, since we have surrendered." And then and there, with everything in his power, Grant offered to the men who had resisted him so long the most generous terms that a conqueror ever accorded to a prostrate foe.

He met Lee in a little farm-house between the two armies, and near the front of each. The Rebel chief inquired what terms Grant meant to allow him, and the other replied that he should expect the surrender of all arms and munitions of war, but would parole the prisoners. Lee expressed great satisfaction at this, and proposed to sign the terms at once, if Grant would put them into writing. So Grant sat down, and with his own hand drew up the famous capitulation of Appomattox Court House.

There was but one officer present with Lee; with Grant were about a dozen. The national officers looked war-worn and soiled; some of them had not undressed for a week; Grant did not even carry his sword. He had been hurriedly sent for by Sheridan a few days before, and rode off at once without any of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Since then he had not found time to return to his own head-quarters. But Lee was superbly dressed, with embroidered gauntlets and a costly sword. The cause of this was explained by a Rebel officer. Sheridan had burned all the enemy's baggage train a day or two before, and even the highest officers could save only a single suit of clothes; of course they selected the best. Thus at Appomattox the conquered were vastly better clad than the conquerors.

Grant, sitting without his sword, looked up from the table where he wrote, and saw Lee opposite, with his glittering scabbard. Up to this time no mention had been made of the side-arms of the Rebel officers, and according to the terms as Lee accepted them, the formal surrender of swords might have been exacted. But Grant now inserted the stipulation that the officers might retain their side-arms, horses, and personal property. Lee did not know this till he put on his spectacles to look at the paper, after Grant had handed it to

him. He at once expressed great satisfaction, and remarked, "This will have a very good effect." Afterwards he asked: "How about the cavalrymen in my army. They own the horses that they ride." Grant looked again at the paper, and replied: "The terms do not allow them to retain their horses." Lee then also re-examined the paper, and returning it to Grant admitted that the horses were included in the stipulation of surrender. Whereupon Grant said: "I will not change the terms of the surrender, General Lee, but I will instruct my officers who receive the paroles to allow your men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms." Lee again declared that the effect of such magnanimity would be excellent.

Now the question is, whether all this generosity proceeded simply from goodness of heart, or whether it was not also the wisest and broadest statesmanship. Grant believed (as he has himself avowed) that, by giving Lee's army such generous terms, he should make it impossible for any other Rebel force to remain in the field; for, as soon as the troops elsewhere felt assured that after surrender they would neither be hung nor imprisoned, they would refuse to bear arms for a day. If he had thought and acted differently, the war might have lasted a year longer. More than a hundred thousand organized men were still in the field; they could not perhaps have been kept together as an army, but they could have scattered to the mountains of North Carolina, or hidden among the swamps of the farther South; they could have formed partisan bands, and disquieted the entire region that had been in rebellion, obliging the government to maintain large forces to subdue them, and increasing vastly the expenditure of life and treasure. All this he hoped to avert, by announcing at once that the defeated Rebels need fear nothing for life or liberty on account of any purely military acts they had committed.

And the immediate event proved the justice of his reasoning. The Rebels made haste to yield all they had fought for. They gave up slavery; they relinquished the idea of secession; they asked for pardon; they had no hope of retaining their property; many of them expected exile, and believed their old political rights forfeited. The day after Lee surrendered, every high officer of his army visited Grant to thank him for the terms he had allowed. They talked then with humility and gratitude. Lee himself had a long conversation with Grant, and spoke earnestly of his desire that the Rebellion should cease. The remaining rebel forces surrendered as rapidly as the formalities could be arranged. In two months no hostile soldier in the territory of the Union remained in arms. The rebels not only gave their paroles, but volunteered to take the oath of allegiance to the government they had sought to destroy.

That there came a change after this in their sentiments and behavior, we all know; that partisan bands, two years afterwards, were formed, that life became insecure at the South, that former Rebels were insolent and blatant once more, is notorious. But this was not the fault of Grant's policy. Another, by misfortune, came into greater power in civil matters, and to the unwise and wicked administration of Andrew Johnson are due the results that all deplore.

For with Grant's magnanimity there has always been united a fixed determination to secure that for which he fought. He was never lenient until the enemy was conquered; and the records of his career will be searched in vain for evidence that he ever was willing to abandon or endanger any of the principles or results of the war. The same man who was so merciful at Vicksburg, whose clemency at Appomattox is world-renowned, gave Sheridan the famous order to lay waste the Valley of Virginia. It was from no weak-hearted amiability, no maudlin tenderness, that his lenity proceeded, but from the broadest scanning of possibilities, from wise judgment of events and men, as well as from a generous

humanity. When this fact is recognized, his magnanimity, like his courage and simplicity, appears as an intellectual quality.

There are, however, other decided peculiarities of the new President which are in no way traceable to a moral origin. His insight into character, his power of controlling and directing large bodies of men, the marvellous promptness and correctness of his decisions at critical moments, his ability to clothe his thoughts in terse and apposite language, are all traits of a purely intellectual type. None of these is more universally recognized than his knowledge of character. The generals who became famous under him, who after himself did the most towards terminating the war, were all of his own selection and in great measure owed their rise to him. Sherman was under a cloud when Grant took command of all the armies; but the first demand of the new chief was that the government should place Sherman at the head of the Western forces. Mr. Lincoln demurred; General Halleck doubted. They thought the command too great to intrust to this soldier, untried by any such responsibilities; but Grant insisted, and the opposition ceased. Grant, indeed, since the battle of Shiloh, where he first saw Sherman's great qualities displayed, had never wavered in his confidence and admiration. He persisted, whenever he had the opportunity, in giving Sherman important commands; and the result was the famous Atlanta campaign, and the never to be forgotten march to the sea. Sheridan's name was almost unknown at the East, when Grant placed him in command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Grant declared then that Sheridan would make the most splendid cavalry officer of the war. Winchester and Five Forks, and many less famous but still brilliant fights, afterwards indorsed his judgment.

But Grant not only possesses the faculty of judging men whom he has known long and intimately, he has a keen insight into the immediate motives of mere casual acquaintances. He detects at once the object of those who strive to flatter or cajole him. Although he sits so silent, apparently unobservant, or bent only on preventing any betrayal of his own opinion, he is all the while observing closely; he is measuring the man he talks with, who perhaps at the very time considers Grant a dull and sluggish character. In a word or two he will describe a character, in the shortest sentence show an exact appreciation of motives and purposes and plans.

For he exhibits at times a rare felicity of language. His words generally come slowly, but they are always to the point, and when analyzed his speech often proves eloquent. His despatches abound in terse, significant expressions, like the response to Buckner: "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," is historical. "Let us have peace," uttered by the head of the army, became the watchword of a party. His famous letter to Andrew Johnson on the removal of Sheridan is alive with earnestness; and his remarks to President Lincoln, upon receiving command of the armies, are a model of chaste and manly eloquence: "Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Take, again, the short speech he made when he received the nomination for the Presidency: "I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people"; — a sentiment full of wisdom and patriotism, and at

the same time the severest possible rebuke of the President, who strove so hard to force his policy upon an unwilling people. At Galena, when his election was announced, he proclaimed: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear"; while in his inaugural are opinions worthy to become maxims of public and international law. The truth is, that few men who call themselves orators have made better or more effective speeches than he who has made so few, who never speaks till he has something to say, but who upon due occasions always has something to say that is pertinent and forcible.

For in this thing Grant is extremely like a man of genius. His wisdom, or courage, or whatever power he possesses, never deserts him at a crisis. Then all his faculties are brighter than at any other time. In battle he is superb; his manner is slightly intensified, but his action is neither hurried nor delayed. An officer comes up with news of immense importance. Grant turns round instantly, but composedly, and directs: "Send Burnside to support Hancock." "Order Sherman to move at once on the enemy." Information is brought that requires thirty thousand men to march in a certain direction. He gives the order at once, without consulting any one.

On the night after the battle of Five Forks, Grant sat outside of his tent, about twenty miles west of the James, waiting for news from Sheridan. Meade's army and Ord's stretched in front of the long lines around Petersburg, which had withstood them so long. Another flank movement was making, but thus far with little success. The weather had been miserable; the rains were violent, the roads almost impassable; horses and caissons and army wagons floundered in the quicksands. As far as Grant's left stretched out, so far Lee still confronted him. Sheridan had been fighting at Dinwiddie, and Lee had reached around almost to Grant's rear to strike at Sheridan, — had, indeed, dealt him a heavy blow. But to do this, the enemy had been obliged to divide his own force, hoping to get back before Grant could attack the broken front. Grant, however, at once sent an additional corps to the support of Sheridan, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, was waiting for details of the battle.

He sat wrapped in the soldier's blue overcoat, which he wore in that campaign. Two or three staff officers were near, gathered round a camp-fire in the wet woods. Two had remained all day with Sheridan, so as to report to the General-in-Chief the result of the fight at the earliest moment. One of them had already returned, bringing word of success, — how complete was not yet known. Finally, the other arrived with a full report from Sheridan. He was in great excitement, having ridden hard, ten miles or more, from the field of victory. Five Forks was won.

Grant listened calmly, only now and then interrupting the officer to ask a question. When all was told, he rose, without saying a word, entered his tent, where a candle flickered on the table, invited no one to join him, but wrote a despatch in sight of the officers outside, and gave it to an orderly. Then, coming out to the fire again, he remarked, — as calmly as if he were saying, "It is a windy night," — "I have ordered an attack all along the lines to-morrow at daybreak." When one remembers what that meant, — how many such attacks had been made, and how often with little result; in what light the North had come to regard these assaults upon fortified works; how disastrous repulse would have been at that juncture to Grant, with a part of his army ten miles away, — the promptness of the decision can be better appreciated. But Grant felt that the hour and the opportunity had arrived; he had that intuitive sympathy with his soldiers which every great commander feels; he knew that they must be inspired by Sheridan's victory as much as the Rebels would be depressed; and now was the time to take advantage of this feeling, and make the final assault.

At four o'clock next day, the works of Petersburg were carried.

This promptness of decision never failed him in battle. Sudden emergencies often arose, but he was always ready for them. The famous movement at Donelson was the inspiration of a moment. Grant came upon the field when everything seemed lost; the Rebels had driven back his troops two miles. The men were raw and scattered; they went to Grant, and told him that the Rebels had come out with haversacks, as if they meant to stay out and fight for days. Grant instantly perceived the significance of this apparently simple fact. He ordered the haversacks of several prisoners to be examined; they were discovered to be filled. "Then they mean to cut their way through; they have no idea of staying here to fight us. Whichever party first attacks now will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an immediate assault by his left, at a point where no fighting had yet occurred, and where the Rebels were unprepared. The assault succeeded, and Fort Donelson was won. This faculty of turning what looks like defeat into brilliant victory, of seizing the critical moment in a long and fierce encounter, of deciding in the thickest heat of battle, when the slightest error brings irremediable disaster, — this Grant possesses in an extraordinary degree. It is not so common as to be mere common sense.

He exercises the like faculty in civil affairs. The readiness with which he thinks the right thought at the right time has already been adverted to. He is not a fluent speaker, but when from any cause he becomes excited, his thought gets full utterance. Andrew Johnson attempted, two years ago, to drive Grant out of the country. It had become apparent that the General of the army was not a follower of the President in his reactionary course. Mr. Johnson had sought to compel Grant to order troops into Maryland immediately before a State election; but Grant's tact and skill had defeated his purpose. Then Johnson determined to rid himself of his powerful subordinate. He foolishly hoped to find Sherman more pliable than Grant, and he knew that, if Grant were sent out of the country, Sherman would command the army. Congress was about to meet, and it was necessary to act promptly, for emergencies might arise in which the use of troops would be all important to the President's schemes. So Grant, who, from the close of the Rebellion, had been constantly urging the President to take more decided steps to insure the evacuation of Mexico by the French troops, was approached with what it was hoped would prove a tempting bait.

The President first sounded him in conversation, saying he wished Grant to go on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, in conjunction with the minister to that country. Grant at once detected the object of the President, and declined the mission. Johnson, however, insisted, and Grant still declined, the second time in writing, although the President had only addressed him orally. After this, Grant was summoned to a Cabinet meeting, where his instructions, already printed, were read aloud by the Secretary of State, without any reference to Grant's previous refusal. He at once, in the presence of the entire Cabinet, declared his unwillingness to leave the country on such an errand. Johnson was roused by this persistent opposition to his wish, and abruptly asked the Attorney-General whether there were any reason why Grant should not obey, — whether the General of the army could not be employed upon a diplomatic service. Grant at once started to his feet, and exclaimed: "Mr. President, I can answer that question without appealing to the Attorney-General. I am an American citizen, have been guilty of no treason or other crime, and am eligible to any civil office to which any other American is eligible. But this is a purely civil duty to which you would assign me, and I cannot be compelled to undertake it. Any legal

military order you give me, I will obey; but this is civil, not military, and I decline the duty. No power on earth can force me to it." The plotters were electrified and made no answer, and Grant, instead of resuming his seat, quitted the room. He was not sent to Mexico. On this occasion he spoke fluently enough, and none can fail to perceive the cogency of his utterance or the terseness of his expression. Yet he must have been unprepared. He could not have foreseen the exigency. But the same quality that so suddenly prompted the assaults on Petersburg and Donelson inspired the language and the argument that baffled the President.

The exactness with which he drew the delicate line between the civil and the military duty, in this case, reminds us of his career as Secretary of War. No statesman, no practised politician, ever entered upon a more difficult task. He had at that time avowed his disapprobation of Mr. Johnson's policy, had shown it by acts as well as words, — acts and words completely understood by the President. He had earnestly opposed the removal of Mr. Stanton, yet he was ordered to take Mr. Stanton's place in the Cabinet of the man whose administration of the government he heartily condemned. Many whose good opinions he most valued, and with whose politics he was in closest sympathy, disapproved his action in entering the Cabinet; none of those who censured him most but will now admit the wisdom of his course.

He succeeded for a long while in repressing many of the President's most violent attempts to thwart Congress and evade the law; and was even able at the same time to extort praise from his hostile chief for the vigor of his purely administrative action. Holding the double office of General-in-Chief and Secretary of War, besides being the most popular man in the country, his power was enormous, almost rivalling that of the President; yet he came to no open rupture with Mr. Johnson, until he insisted, in conformity with law, on laying down one of his great offices. Certainly the sagacity and tact shown in all this are traits that no man of ordinary ability displays. They indicate a fineness of intellect for which unthinking observers have failed to give him credit.

He had evinced the same sagacity, the same faculty of preserving a straight and even course amid peculiar difficulties, often before. His whole behavior previous to entering on the duties of Secretary of War, and during the earlier portion of the long contest between Mr. Johnson and Congress, was such as none but a man of great political talent could have displayed. A soldier, he was plunged into the most complicated civil affairs; a subordinate, he was made almost independent of his superior; in a republic, he was intrusted with dictatorial power; he was directed to govern a hostile, though conquered people, and he was obliged to do this in direct opposition to the declared wishes of his legitimate commander; he had also to deal with an ignorant race just emerging from slavery, at the close of a civil war; he was approached by men of all parties and characters, — implored, advised, coaxed, threatened, by turns; yet he succeeded in persuading all of his desire at least to do right; he was able to postpone for a while the final outbreak of the quarrel between the President and Congress, to show the former the respect due to his office, and at the same time to obey the laws which compelled him to oppose the President's policy. It is not possible that this could have been accomplished by a man possessing merely good intentions, steadiness of purpose, and excellent common sense.

But there is still another field in which all must admit that Grant has given evidence of extraordinary mental powers. This evidence is found in the great combinations of his strategy during the last year of the war. We do not speak now of the ability to handle large bodies of troops in the immediate presence of the enemy, as at Chattanooga or the Wilderness, but of the

power to direct and control simultaneously many large and widely separated armies, so that all their movements tended to one end, finally achieving the most admirable and exact co-operation known in military history. When Grant himself started for Richmond, he ordered Sherman to Atlanta, ordered Banks to Mobile, Sigel into the Valley of Virginia, and Butler up the James; and for nearly a year afterwards he supervised the operations of these different armies. During that period he sent Sherman on his famous march, renewed the effort against Mobile, watched over and reinforced Thomas in his defence of Nashville, inspired all Sheridan's brilliant campaigns, brought Schofield by land, in the depth of winter, from Tennessee to Washington, and from Washington sent him by sea to North Carolina, to meet Sherman coming northward on his victorious journey, brought the Fort Fisher campaign to a fortunate close, sent Wilson on a career of success into the interior of Alabama, ordered Stoneman into Western Carolina, and all the while held the greatest Rebel army and leader in check, so as to insure the triumph of his own subordinates. He who is capable of administrative efforts as vast as these, is likely to prove fit for administrative functions in another sphere.

For it is the very intellectual qualities which we have seen so conspicuously displayed in the General that will be most in demand in the President. Clearness of judgment, knowledge of character, sagacity and tact in dealing with men, broad views of affairs, prompt intelligence in unexpected and pressing emergencies, ability to control numerous and vast and complicated interests, so that not only the success of each may be assured, but that each success shall directly contribute to the success of all, — if these are not the intellectual components of a character fitted to govern a great nation at a critical period, then all history is at fault.

THE NEW TASTE IN THEATRICALS.

THERE is this satisfaction in living, namely, that whatever we do will one day wear an air of picturesqueness and romance, and will win the fancy of people coming after us. This stupid and commonplace present shall yet appear the fascinating past; and is it not a pleasure to think how our rogues of descendants — who are to enjoy us æsthetically — will be taken in with us, when they read, in the files of old newspapers, of the quantity of entertainment offered us at the theatres during the season just ending, and judge us by it? I imagine them two hundred years hence looking back at us, and sighing, "Ah! there was a touch of the old Greek life in those Athenians! How they loved the drama in the jolly Boston of that day! That was the golden age of the theatre: in the winter of 1868–69, they had dramatic performances in seven places, of every degree of excellence, and the managers coined money." As we always figure our ancestors going to and from church, they will probably figure us thronging the doors of theatres, and no doubt there will be some historical gossiper among them to sketch a Boston audience in 1869, with all our famous poets and politicians grouped together in the orchestra seats, and several now dead introduced with the pleasant inaccuracy and uncertainty of historical gossipers. "On this night, when the beautiful Tostée reappeared, the whole house rose to greet her. If Mr. Alcott was on one of his winter visits to Boston, no doubt he stepped

in from the Marlborough House, — it was a famous temperance hotel, then in the height of its repute, — not only to welcome back the great actress, but to enjoy a chat between the acts with his many friends. Here, doubtless, was seen the broad forehead of Webster; there the courtly Everett, conversing in studied tones with the gifted so and so. Did not the lovely such a one grace the evening with her presence? The brilliant and versatile Edmund Kirke was dead; but the humorous Artemas Ward and his friend Nasby may have attracted many eyes, having come hither at the close of their lectures, to testify their love of the beautiful in nature and art; while, perhaps, Mr. Sumner, in the intervals of state cares, relaxed into the enjoyment," etc. "Vous voyez bien le tableau!"

That far-off posterity, learning that all our theatres are filled every night, will never understand but we are a theatre-going people in the sense that it is the highest fashion to be seen at the play; and yet we are sensible that it is not so, and that the Boston which makes itself known in civilization — letters, politics, reform — goes as little to the theatre as fashionable Boston.

The stage is not an Institution with us, we should say; yet it affords recreation to a very large and increasing number of persons, and while it would be easy to over-estimate its influence for good or evil even with these, there is no doubt that the stage, if not the drama, is popular. Fortunately an inquiry like this into the present taste in theatricals concerns the fact rather than the effect of the taste; otherwise the task might become indefinitely hard alike for writer and for reader. No one can lay his hand on his heart, and declare that he is the worse for having seen *La Belle Hélène*, for example, or say more than that it is a thing which ought not to be seen by any one else; yet I suppose there is no one ready to deny that *La Belle Hélène* was the motive of those performances that most pleased the most people during the past winter. The season gave us nearly every kind of theatrical. In the legitimate drama we had such starry splendors as Booth, Hackett, and Forrest; and we had many new plays of the modern sort, given very effectively and successfully at the different theatres. We had, moreover, the grand opera, and not in a poverty-stricken way, as they have it in the native land of the opera, where one piece is repeated for a fortnight or a month, but superabundantly, as Americans have everything, except quality; twenty nights of opera, and a new piece, Italian, French, or German, nearly every night. Those who went said it was not very good, and I believe that the houses were no better than the performance. There was English opera, also; but best of all, and far more to our minds than her serious sisters, was the *opéra bouffe*, of which we had nearly a month, with Tostée, Irma, and Aujac. We greeted these artists with overflowing theatres; and the reception of the first, after a year's absence, was a real ovation, of which the historical gossiper will not afford posterity an idea too extravagant, however mistaken. There was something fascinating in the circumstances and auspices under which the united Irma and Tostée troupes appeared — *opéra bouffe* led gayly forward by *finance bouffe*, and suggesting Erie shares by its watered music and morals; but there is no doubt that Tostée's grand reception was owing mainly to the personal favor which she enjoys here, and which we do not vouchsafe to every one. Ristori did not win it; we did our duty by her, following her carefully with the libretto, and in her most intense effects turning the leaves of a thousand pamphlets with a rustle that must have shattered every delicate nerve in her; but we were always cold to her greatness. It was not for Tostée's singing, which was but a little thing in itself; it was not for her beauty, for that is now scarcely more than a reminiscence, if it was not always an illusion; was it because she rendered the spirit of M. Offenbach's operas so perfectly, that we liked her so much?

"Ah, that movement!" cried an enthusiast, "that swing, that — that — wriggle!" She is undoubtedly a great actress, full of subtle surprises, and with an audacious appearance of unconsciousness in those exigencies where consciousness would summon the police — or ought to; she is so near, yet so far from, the worst that can be intended; in tones, in gestures, in attitudes, she is to the libretto just as the music is, now making it appear insolently and unjustly coarse, now feebly inadequate in its explicit immodesty.

To see this famous lady in *La Grande Duchesse* or *La Belle Hélène* is an experience never to be forgotten, and certainly not to be described. The former opera has undoubtedly its proper and blameless charm. There is something pretty and arch in the notion of the Duchess's falling in love with the impregnably faithful and innocent Fritz; and the extravagance of the whole, with the satire upon the typical little German court, is delightful. But *La Belle Hélène* is a wittier play than *La Grande Duchesse*, and it is the vividest expression of the spirit of *opéra bouffe*. It is full of such lively mockeries as that of Helen when she gazes upon the picture of Leda and the Swan: "'aime à me recueiller devant ce tableau de famille! Mon père, ma mère, les voici tous les deux! O mon père, tourne vers ton enfant un bec favorable!" — or of Paris when he represses the zeal of Calchas, who desires to present him at once to Helen: "Soit! mais sans lui dire qui je suis; — je désire garder le plus strict incognito, jusq'au moment où la situation sera favorable à un coup de théâtre." But it must be owned that our audiences seemed not to take much pleasure in these and other witticisms, though they obliged Mademoiselle Tostée to sing *Un Mari sage* three times, with all those actions and postures which seem incredible the moment they have ceased. They possibly understood this song no better than the strokes of wit, and encored it merely for the music's sake. The effect was, nevertheless, unfortunate, and calculated to give those French ladies but a bad opinion of our understanding and morals. How could they comprehend that the new taste is, like themselves, imported, and that its indulgence here does not characterize us? It was only in appearance that, while we did not enjoy the wit, we delighted in the coarseness. And how coarse this travesty of the old fable mainly is! That priest Calchas, with his unspeakable snicker, his avarice, his infidelity, his hypocrisy, is alone infamy enough to provoke the destruction of a city. Then that scene interrupted by Menelaus! It is indisputably witty, and since all those people are so purely creatures of fable, and dwell so entirely in an unmoral atmosphere, it appears as absurd to blame it, as the murders in a pantomime. To be sure, there is something about murder — some inherent grace or refinement perhaps — that makes its actual representation upon the stage more tolerable than the most diffident suggestion of adultery. Not that *La Belle Hélène* is open to the reproach of overdelicacy in this scene, or any other, for the matter of that; though there is a strain of real poetry in the conception of this whole episode, of Helen's intention to pass all Paris's love-making off upon herself for a dream, — poetry such as might have been inspired by a muse that had taken too much nectar. There is excellent character, also, as well as caricature, in the drama; not alone Calchas is admirably done, but Agamemnon, and Achilles, and Helen, and Menelaus, — "pas un mari ordinaire .... un mari épique" — and the burlesque is good of its kind. It is artistic, as it seems French dramatic effort must almost necessarily be.

It can scarcely be called the fault of the *opéra bouffe* that the English burlesque should have come of its success; nor can the public blame it for the great favor the burlesque won last winter, if indeed the public wishes to bestow blame for this. No one, however, could see one of these curious travesties without being reminded, in an awkward way, of the *morale* of the *opéra*

bouffe, and of the *personnel* — as we may say — of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," and the "Devil's Auction." There was the same intention of merriment at the cost of what may be called the marital prejudices, though it cannot be claimed that the wit was the same as in *La Belle Hélène;* there was the same physical unreserve as in the ballets of a former season; while in its dramatic form, the burlesque discovered very marked parental traits.

This English burlesque, this child of M. Offenbach's genius, and the now somewhat faded spectacular muse, flourished the past winter in three of our seven theatres for months, — five, from the highest to the lowest, being in turn open to it, — and had begun, in a tentative way, to invade the deserted stage even so long ago as last summer; and I have sometimes flattered myself that it was my fortune to witness the first exhibition of its most characteristic feature in a theatre into which I wandered, one sultry night, because it was the nearest theatre. They were giving a play called "The Three Fast Men," which had a moral of such powerful virtue that it ought to have reformed everybody in the neighborhood. Three ladies being in love with the three fast men, and resolved to win them back to regular hours and the paths of sobriety by every device of the female heart, dress themselves in men's clothes, — such is the subtlety of the female heart in the bosoms of modern young ladies of fashion, — and follow their lovers about from one haunt of dissipation to another, and become themselves exemplarily vicious, — drunkards, gamblers, and the like. The first lady, who was a star in her lowly orbit, was very great in all her different *rôles*, appearing now as a sailor, with the hornpipe of his calling, now as an organ-grinder, and now as a dissolute young gentleman, — whatever was the exigency of good morals. The dramatist seemed to have had an eye to her peculiar capabilities, and to have expressly invented edifying characters and situations that her talents might enforce them. The second young lady had also a personal didactic gift, rivalling, and even surpassing in some respects, that of the star; and was very rowdy indeed. In due time the devoted conduct of the young ladies has its just effect: the three fast men begin to reflect upon the folly of their wild courses; and at this point the dramatist delivers his great stroke. The first lady gives a *soirée dansante et chantante*, and the three fast men have invitations. The guests seat themselves — as at a fashionable party — in a semicircle, and the gayety of the evening begins with conundrums and playing upon the banjo; the gentlemen are in their morning-coats, and the ladies in a display of hosiery, which is now no longer surprising, and which need not have been mentioned at all except for the fact that, in the case of the first lady, it seemed not to have been freshly put on for that party. I hope the reader here recognizes preparation for something like that great final scene which distinguishes his favorite burlesque — is it "Ixion" or "Orpheus" or "Lucrezia Borgia?" — they all have it. In this instance an element comical beyond intention was present, in three young gentlemen, an amateur musical trio, who had kindly consented to sing their favorite song of "The Rolling Zuyder Zee," as they now kindly did, with flushed faces, unmanageable hands, and much repetition of

> The ro-o-o-o —
> The ro-o-o-o —
> The ro-o-o-o-ll —
> Ing Zuyder Zee,
> Zuyder Zee,
> Zuyder Zee-e-e!

Then the turn of the three guardian angels of the fast men being come again, they get up and dance each one a breakdown, which seems to establish their lovers (now at last in the secret of the generous ruse played upon them) firmly in their resolution to lead a better life. They are in nowise shaken from it by the displeasure which soon shows itself in the manner of the first and second ladies. The former is greatest in the so-called Protean parts of the play, and is obscured somewhat by the

dancing of the latter; but she has a daughter, who now comes on and sings a song. The pensive occasion, the favorable mood of the audience, the sympathetic attitude of the players, invite her to sing "The Maiden's Prayer," and so we have "The Maiden's Prayer." We may be a low set, and the song may be affected and insipid enough, but the purity of its intention touches, and the little girl is vehemently applauded. She is such a pretty child, with her innocent face, and her artless white dress, and blue ribbons to her waist and hair, that we will have her back again; whereupon she runs out upon the stage, strikes up a rowdy, rowdy air, dances a shocking little dance, and vanishes from the dismayed vision, leaving us a considerably lower set than we were at first, and glad of our lowness. This is the second lady's own ground, however, and now she comes out — in a way that banishes far from our fickle minds all thoughts of the first lady and her mistaken child — with a medley of singing and dancing, a bit of breakdown, of cancan, of jig, a bit of *Le Sabre de mon Père*, and of all memorable slang songs, given with the most grotesque and clownish spirit that ever inspired a woman. Each member of the company follows in his or her *pas seul*, and then they all dance together, to the plain confusion of the amateur trio, whose eyes roll like so many Zuyder Zees, as they sit lonely and motionless in the midst. All stiffness and formality are overcome. The evening party in fact disappears entirely, and we are suffered to see the artists in their moments of social relaxation, sitting as it were around the theatrical fireside. They appear to forget us altogether; they exchange winks and nods, and jests of quite personal application; they call each other by name, by their Christian names, their nicknames. It is not an evening party, it is a family party, and the suggestion of home enjoyment completes the reformation of the three fast men. We see them marry the three fast women before we leave the house.

On another occasion, two friends of the drama beheld a more explicit precursor of the coming burlesque at one of the minor theatres last summer. The great actress whom they had come to see on another scene was ill, and in their disappointment they embraced the hope of entertainment offered them at the smaller play-house. The drama itself was neither here nor there as to intent, but the public appetite or the manager's conception of it — for I am by no means sure that this whole business is not a misunderstanding — had exacted that the actresses should appear in so much stocking, and so little else, that it was a horror to look upon them. There was no such exigency of dialogue, situation, or character as asked the indecorum, and the effect upon the unprepared spectator was all the more stupefying from the fact that most of the ladies were not dancers, and had not countenances that consorted with impropriety. Their faces had merely the conventional Yankee sharpness and wanness of feature, and such difference of air and character as should say for one and another, shop-girl, shoe-binder, seamstress; and it seemed an absurdity and an injustice to refer to them in any way the disclosures of the ruthlesssly scant drapery. A grotesque fancy would sport with their identity: "Did not this or that one write poetry for her local newspaper?" so much she looked the average culture and crudeness; and when such a one, coldly yielding to the manager's ideas of the public taste, stretched herself on a green baize bank with her feet towards us, or did a similar grossness, it was hard to keep from crying aloud in protest, that she need not do it; that nobody really expected or wanted it of her. Nobody? Alas! there were people there — poor souls who had the appearance of coming every night — who plainly did expect it, and who were loud in their applauses of the chief actress. This was a young person of a powerful physical expression, quite unlike the rest, — who were dyspeptic and consumptive in the range of their charms, — and she tri-

umphed and wantoned through the scenes with a fierce excess of animal vigor. She was all stocking, as one may say, being habited to represent a prince; she had a raucous voice, an insolent twist of the mouth, and a terrible trick of defying her enemies by standing erect, chin up, hand on hip, and right foot advanced, patting the floor. It was impossible, even in the orchestra seats, to look at her in this attitude and not shrink before her; and on the stage she visibly tyrannized over the invalid sisterhood with her full-blown fascinations. These unhappy girls personated, with a pathetic effect not to be described, such arch and fantastic creations of the poet's mind as Bewitchingcreature and Exquisitelittlepet, and the play was a kind of fairy burlesque in rhyme, of the most melancholy stupidity that ever was. Yet there was something very comical in the conditions of its performance, and in the possibility that public and manager were playing at cross-purposes. There we were in the pit, an assemblage of hard-working Yankees of decently moral lives and simple traditions, country-bred many of us and of plebeian stock and training, vulgar enough perhaps, but probably not depraved, and excepting the first lady's friends certainly not educated to the critical enjoyment of such spectacles; and there on the stage were those mistaken women, in such sad variety of boniness and flabbiness as I have tried to hint, addressing their pitiable exposure to a supposed vileness in us, and wrenching from all original intent the innocent dulness of the drama, which for the most part could have been as well played in walking-dresses, to say the least.

The scene was not less amusing, as regarded the audiences, in the winter, when the English burlesque troupes which London sent us, arrived; but it was not quite so pathetic as regarded the performers. Of their beauty and their *abandon*, the historical gossiper, whom I descry far down the future, waiting to refer to me as "A scandalous writer of the period," shall learn very little to his purpose of warming his sketch with a color from mine. But I hope I may describe these ladies as very pretty, very blond, and very unscrupulously clever, and still disappoint the historical gossiper. They seemed in all cases to be English; no Yankee faces, voices, or accents were to be detected among them. Where they were associated with people of another race, as happened with one troupe, the advantage of beauty was upon the Anglo-Saxon side, while that of some small shreds of propriety was with the Latins. These appeared at times almost modest, perhaps because they were the conventional *ballerine*, and wore the old-fashioned ballet-skirt with its volumed gauze, — a coyness which the Englishry had greatly modified, through an exigency of the burlesque, — perhaps because indecorum seems, like blasphemy and untruth, somehow more graceful and becoming in southern than in northern races.

As for the burlesques themselves, they were nothing, the performers personally everything. M. Offenbach had opened Lemprière's Dictionary to the authors with *La Belle Hélène*, and there was commonly a flimsy ravelling of parodied myth, that held together the different dances and songs, though sometimes it was a novel or an opera burlesqued; but there was always a song and always a dance for each lady, song and dance being equally slangy, and depending for their effect mainly upon the natural or simulated charms of the performer.

It was also an indispensable condition of the burlesque's success, that the characters should be reversed in their representation, — that the men's *rôles* should be played by women, and that at least one female part should be done by a man. It must be owned that the fun all came from this character, the ladies being too much occupied with the more serious business of bewitching us with their pretty figures to be very amusing; whereas this whole-

some man and brother, with his blond wig, his *panier*, his dainty feminine simperings and languishings, his falsetto tones, and his general air of extreme fashion, was always exceedingly droll. He was the saving grace of these stupid plays; and I cannot help thinking that the *cancan*, as danced, in "Ivanhoe," by Isaac of York and the masculine Rebecca, was a moral spectacle; it was the *cancan* made forever absurd and harmless. But otherwise, the burlesques were as little cheerful as profitable. The playwrights who had adapted them to the American stage — for they are all of English authorship — had been good enough to throw in some political allusions which were supposed to be effective with us, but which it was sad to see received with apathy. It was conceivable from a certain air with which the actors delivered these, that they were in the habit of stirring London audiences greatly with like strokes of satire; but except where Rebecca offered a bottle of Medford rum to Cedric the Saxon, who appeared in the figure of ex-President Johnson, they had no effect upon us. We were cold, very cold to all suggestions of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's speech-making and dining; General Butler's spoons moved us just a little; at the name of Grant, we roared and stamped, of course, though in a perfectly mechanical fashion, and without thought of any meaning offered us; those lovely women might have coupled our hero's name with whatever insult they chose, and still his name would have made us cheer them. We seemed not to care for points that were intended to flatter us nationally. I am not aware that anybody signified consciousness when the burlesque supported our side of the Alabama controversy, or acknowledged the self-devotion with which a threat that England should be *made* to pay was delivered by these English performers. With an equal impassiveness we greeted allusions to Erie shares, and to Mr. Fiske, and to Mr. Samuel Bowles.

The burlesque chiefly betrayed its descent from the spectacular ballet in its undressing; but that ballet, while it demanded personal exposure, had something very observable in its scenic splendors, and all that marching and processioning in it was rather pretty; while in the burlesque there seemed nothing of innocent intent. No matter what the plot, it led always to a final great scene of breakdown, — which was doubtless most impressive in that particular burlesque where this scene represented the infernal world, and the ladies gave the dances of the country with a happy conception of the deportment of lost souls. There, after some vague and inconsequent dialogue, the wit springing from a perennial source of humor (not to specify the violation of the seventh commandment), the dancing commenced, each performer beginning with the Walk-round of the negro minstrels, rendering its grotesqueness with a wonderful frankness of movement, and then plunging into the mysteries of her dance with a kind of infuriate grace and a fierce delight very curious to look upon. It was perfect of its kind, that dancing, but some things one witnesses at the theatre nowadays had better be treated as a kind of confidence. I am aware of the historical gossiper still on the alert for me, and I dare not say how sketchily these ladies were dressed, or indeed, more than that they were dressed to resemble circus-riders of the other sex, but as to their own deceived nobody, — possibly did not intend deceit. One of them was so good a player that it seemed needless for her to go so far as she did in the dance; but she spared herself nothing, and it remained for her merely stalwart friends to surpass her, if possible. This inspired each who succeeded her to wantoner excesses, to wilder insolences of hose, to fiercer bravadoes of corsage; while those not dancing responded to the sentiment of the music by singing shrill glees in tune with it, clapping their hands, and patting Juba, as the act is called, — a peculiarly graceful and modest thing in woman. The frenzy grew

with every moment, and, as in another Vision of Sin, —

> "Then they started from their places,
> Moved with violence, changed in hue,
> Caught each other with wild grimaces,
> Half-invisible to the view,
> Wheeling with precipitate paces
> To the melody, till they flew,
> Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces
> Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
> Like to Furies, like to Graces," —

with an occasional exchange of cuffs and kicks perfectly human. The spectator found now himself and now the scene incredible, and indeed they were hardly conceivable in relation to each other. A melancholy sense of the absurdity, of the incongruity, of the whole absorbed at last even a sense of the indecency. The audience was much the same in appearance as other audiences, witnessing like displays at the other theatres, and did not differ greatly from the usual theatrical house. Not so much fashion smiled upon the efforts of these young ladies, as upon the *can-can* of the Signorina Morlacchi a winter earlier; but there was a most fair appearance of honest-looking, handsomely dressed men and women; and you could pick out, all over the parquet, faces, evidently of but one descent from the deaconship, which you wondered were not afraid to behold one another there. The truth is, we spectators, like the performers themselves, lacked that tradition of error, of transgression, which casts its romance about the people of a lighter race. We have not yet set off one corner of the Common for a Jardin Mabille; we have not even the concert-cellars of the gay and elegant New-Yorker; and nothing, really, has happened in Boston to educate us to the new taste in theatricals, since the fair Quakers felt moved to testify in the streets and churches against our spiritual nakedness. Yet it was to be noted with regret that our innocence, our respectability, had no restraining influence upon the performance; and the fatuity of the hope cherished by some courageous people, that the presence of virtuous persons would reform the stage, was but too painfully evident. The doubt whether they were not nearer right who have denounced the theatre as essentially and incorrigibly bad would force itself upon the mind, though there was a little comfort in the thought that, if virtue had been actually allowed to frown upon these burlesques, the burlesques might have been abashed into propriety. The caressing arm of the law was cast very tenderly about the performers, and in the only case where a spectator presumed to hiss, — it was at a *pas seul* of the indescribable, — a policeman descended upon him, and, with the succor of two friends of the free ballet, rent him from his place, and triumphed forth with him. Here was an end of ungenial criticism; we all applauded zealously after that.

The peculiar character of the drama to which they devoted themselves had produced, in these ladies, some effects doubtless more interesting than profitable to observe. One of them, whose unhappiness it was to take the part of *soubrette* in the Laughable Commedietta preceding the burlesque, was so ill at ease in drapery, so full of awkward jerks and twitches, that she seemed quite another being when she came on later as a radiant young gentleman in pink silk hose, and nothing of feminine modesty in her dress excepting the very low corsage. A strange and compassionable satisfaction beamed from her face; it was evident that this sad business was the poor thing's *forte*. In another company was a lady who had conquered all the easy attitudes of young men of the second or third fashion, and who must have been at something of a loss to identify herself when personating a woman off the stage. But Nature asserted herself in a way that gave a curious and scarcely explicable shock in the case of that dancer whose impudent song required the action of fondling a child, and who rendered the passage with an instinctive tenderness and grace, all the more pathetic for the profaning boldness of her super-masculine dress or undress. Commonly, however, the members of these burlesque troupes, though they were not like men, were in most things

as unlike women, and seemed creatures of a kind of alien sex, parodying both. It was certainly a shocking thing to look at them with their horrible prettiness, their archness in which was no charm, their grace which put to shame. Yet whoever beheld these burlesque sisters, must have fallen into perplexing question in his own mind as to whose was the wrong involved. It was not the fault of the public — all of us felt that: was it the fault of the hard-working sisterhood, bred to this as to any other business, and not necessarily conscious of the indecorum which pains my reader, — obliged to please somehow, and aiming, doubtless, at nothing but applause? *La Belle Hélène* suggests the only reasonable explanation of the new taste in theatricals: "*C'est la fatalité.*"

The new taste, as has been said before, is not our taste. It came to us like any other mode from abroad, but, unlike the fashions in dress, received no modification or impression from our life; so that, though curiosity led thousands, not in Boston alone, but in all our great cities, to look at these lewd travesties, it could not be said that we naturalized among us a form of entertainment involving fable that we could not generally understand, satire that we cared nothing about, lascivious dancing, singing that expressed only a depraved cockneyism. It is with these spectacles, as with all other dramatic amusements, now so popular, and growing year by year in favor. They draw no life from our soil; they do not flower and fruit again in our air. For good or for evil, Puritanism has had its will. The theatre has never been opened since the Commonwealth, in our civilization. At this moment, comedy is almost as foreign here as the Italian opera, and the same anomaly is presented in the favor which either enjoys. The modern dramas deserve to be liked by playgoers, and I think they have been affectedly and unjustly scorned by criticism. I, for one, am not above being delighted by Mr. Charles Reade when he dramatizes one of his novels; and I am in the belief that one should look a long while in the classic British Drama for a play so entirely charming as "Dora." They have given it in Boston in a manner which left nothing to be desired, — certainly not a comedy of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's in place of it. We all knew the story as it was outlined in the poem, and the playwright had kept in spirit very close to the poet; there was genuine sentiment in the piece, passion enough, wit enough, character enough; and it lost nothing in the acting, or in any theatrical accessory; so that it was a refined and unalloyed pleasure to witness its production. One must have been very stupid or very brilliant indeed not to enjoy Mr. Robertson's comedy of "School," though of course it was of flimsier and cheaper texture than "Dora." It was full of admirable situations; and if the hits were a little too palpable, they were still genuine strokes of nature, while the action and the *mise en scène* were nearly as perfect as in the better play. The same author's equally popular, but less artistic play of "My Lady Clara" merits all its success. It deals with several fresh persons and situations, and freshly with the old ones; it is in great degree impossible, of course, but its sketches of character are as lifelike as they are delightful. Even the sensation drama is founded for the most part upon the principle of fidelity to contemporary life. "Foul Play," at the Boston Theatre, was justly interesting; one need not have been any more ashamed to be thrilled by it, than by the marvellous and fascinating novel from which the drama springs; and if you come to such plays as "After Dark," and the "Lancashire Lass," with their steam-power effects and their somewhat wandering and incoherent plots, there is no denying but they make an evening pass quickly and pleasantly, — how much more quickly and pleasantly than the most brilliant party of the season!

But after we have praised these modern plays to their full desert, we must again recur to their foreign character. They have no relation to our life as a

people; we can only appreciate them through our knowledge of English life derived from novel reading. Their interest all depends upon the conditions of English society; their characters are English; their scenes are English. Does some one tell me that the locomotive, which so nearly runs over the hero in "After Dark," has an American cow-catcher? I reply that, in the "Lancashire Lass," it is into a purely English dock that the "Party of the name of Johnson" is pitched; and that, at any rate, these tricks of the property-maker do not affect the central fact. Even the actors who present these English plays so charmingly are, except the subordinates, nearly all English and of English training; and it is undeniable that, while the theatre has been growing more artistic and popular among us, it has been growing less and less American. It was not in nature that the old Yankee farce should keep the stage; still less that some pre-historic American like Metamora should continue to interest forever; even the noble art of negro minstrelsy is expiring among us, and we have nothing to offer in competition with the English plays. The fact is not stated to raise regret, but merely to show that the comedy is, like the opera, alien. This does not interfere with the enjoyment of either as it appears; and as long as we are free to believe that their success here is due to our cosmopolitan spirit in receiving and making experiment of every sort of pleasure, we may feel rather proud of it than otherwise. Whether for the same reason we might take the same satisfaction in the success of the English burlesques, is a question which I shall not try to decide, chiefly because it is no longer "a live issue," as the politicians say.

It is very probable that we shall not see the burlesques again next winter, and that what has been here called the new taste in theatricals will then be an old-fashioned folly, generally ignored because it is old-fashioned, if not because it is folly. This belief is grounded, not so much upon faith in the power of the stage to reform itself, or the existence of a principle in the theatre-going public calculated to rebuke the stage's wantonness, as upon the fact that matters have already reached a point beyond which they cannot go. In the direction of burlesque, no novelty now remains which is not forbidden by statute.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

An Address in Commemoration of Alexander Dallas Bache. Delivered, August 6, 1868, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD, President of the Association.

THIS is a very interesting biographical sketch of the late Dr. Bache, by one who for years has been his valued friend, and during long periods of separation his daily correspondent. It is certainly not with any pretence of impartiality that Dr. Gould can speak of the distinguished man upon whose counsel it has long been his privilege to rely, and whose cordial approval gave him such strong moral support in his well-known contest for the highest interests of American science at the Dudley Observatory. But with so many noble facts to exhibit, there is little temptation to mar the grand figure they suggest with dabs of vulgar coloring, such as the obituary paint-pot is ever ready to supply.

Dr. Bache seems to have encountered his full share of the petty hostilities and jealousies which no man of the largest usefulness can wholly escape. Indeed the mechanical law, that bodies gravitate to each other directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances, seems too often reversed in the case of its most competent

expounders. And it is no slight eulogy to declare that the acknowledged head of science in America finally won the approval and blessing of all who had been connected with him. A consummate skill in using army and navy officers, — a class of men peculiarly restive under civilian direction, — and a ready tact in presenting the claims of science to the average politician whose influence was required in their behalf, would not generally be considered among the higher powers of the human mind. Yet these were absolutely essential for the work Dr. Bache had to do. They prevented him from yielding to the pressure of the moment, and held him firmly to the aim on which his heart was set.

If we except the great work of the Coast Survey, the prominent matters of scientific interest due to Dr. Bache are, the law of radiation and abruption of non-luminous heat, the method of star-signals in determining longitudes, the determinations of the depth of the Pacific Ocean, and of the laws of terrestrial magnetism in the United States, the discovery of the laws of the tides, and the determination of the tidal "establishment" in our ports. Although the investigations of Dr. Bache were chiefly in physics, yet his active spirit gave a positive stimulus to all branches of science. The long list of his writings printed in the Appendix to the volume is a noble monument to their author. In bestowing the labor necessary to its compilation, Dr. Gould has chosen the most effective form of commemoration. For in these days most contributions to human knowledge are made in the form of scattered papers and memoirs and not of ponderous "works." And these do not appear in consecutive order, but require for their collection a patient search, of which those who have never engaged in such an undertaking can have little idea. Taken in connection with the Address, this list gives a positive conception of the intellectual effort which the duties and investigations of Dr. Bache demanded, and of the powerful grasp of mind which successfully encountered his work.

During the war, Dr. Bache's time was crowded with official duties and humane and patriotic efforts for his country. The Faculty of his own University have officially declared that he died a martyr to the cause of good government and the principles of human liberty. It was the overtasking of his faculties to sustain our national authorities, and to promote the efficiency and comfort of those fighting in our behalf, that caused his death. Many of the ablest of our military and naval officers had attained distinction in the Coast Survey, and during the time of their trial received constant aid from the knowledge and sagacity of its director. More than one general-in-chief looked to him for daily counsel during periods of doubt and anxiety.

Dr. Bache seems to have possessed that just appreciation of the comparative value of the objects of human desire which is given only to the exceptional man. To borrow the familiar language of one who knew him well, "his great characteristic was his enormous common sense"; or, as another happily said of him, "He was good all the way through." There was that about him which recalled the wisdom and pleasantry of his great ancestor, Franklin. What was showy and superficial seemed rebuked in the presence of one who was so earnestly seeking the solid and the rational. Yet his heart always went out toward children, and he would romp and sport with them when the hour of relaxation came. Indeed, his sweet personal character, full of magnanimity and honor, was almost as remarkable as the untiring industry that brought forth such variety of fruit. To the majority of us who are stumbling up to wisdom as best we may, it is well to see an example so great and regenerating, a life so rich in service to our country and to mankind. And we feel peculiarly indebted to Dr. Gould for the graceful and tender manner in which he has portrayed this life for us.

Her Majesty's Tower. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE story of the Tower of London, from the mythical date of its foundation in Roman times down to our own day, presents the most tragic aspects of English history, as well as the most romantic and picturesque. There is nothing in this fact necessarily dangerous to good literature, if only you suppose the business of telling such a story to fall to a man of imagination, or even of mere good taste, with a tolerable turn for simplicity. As recounted by her Majesty's Beef-Eaters to sight-seers at the Tower, it has all the advantage of condensation and directness, with the charm of dramatic effect in the narrator's costume;

though there is something — perhaps it is a certain air, of too great use or custom, in the historian — which affects the hearer unpleasantly. As Mr. Dixon takes the story out of the mouths of the Beef-Eaters, we have not this to complain of. He speaks to us with the freshness and enthusiam of a Beef-Eater rehearsing his tale for the first time, — a Beef-Eater somewhat more lettered than common; read in Ruskin, Carlyle, and modern poetry; yet without other Beef-Eaters' admirable point and consciousness of having finished on coming to an end. In a word, the story of the Tower has not here fallen to a man of imagination, or of mere good taste with a tolerable turn for simplicity. It makes you doubt his fitness, in the beginning, when he opens with a poor bit of picturesqueness or fancifulness, such as, "Seen from the outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled with remorse"; and you go on from bad to worse. It is certainly a very fatiguing book Mr. Dixon has made, and nothing but the inalienable fascination of the theme could hold the reader. The style is tinted and tinselled throughout with verbal quaintness and finery of the different periods written about, and has the effect of a morning-coat of our epoch slashed like a doublet and trimmed with gold or silver braid, — *brede*, we suspect Mr. Dixon would have us say. Yet even in this cheap method of literary adornment the author has no great facility, and recurs again and again to the same scraps and colors. When the water of the Thames broke down the barbican of Henry the Builder, "the Commons went almost mad with joy"; Cardinal Fisher "wept with joy" when the Maid of Kent declaimed against Henry the Eighth's divorce; when the Men of Kent came up in force to London, and the citizens thought Mary would relinquish her Spanish match, they "ran mad with joy"; and quite time, nobody having run mad or wept with joy for many pages back. In personal characterization this kind of writer is sure to be startling. One prisoner in the Tower is "the fair Saxon lady, whose pink and white flesh and shower of golden hair had won for her the wandering heart of Edward the Fourth"; Elizabeth, when a young woman, was "strong and beautiful as a pard"; Arundel had "serpentine eyes"; and, walking on the Tower wall, "Raleigh was a sight to see, not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old; tall, tawny, splendid; with the bronze of tropical suns on his leonine cheek, a bushy beard, a round mustache, and a ripple of curling hair, which his man Peter took an hour to dress." We leave, out for the most part, the account of his clothes; but we do not mind allowing Mr. Dixon to say here that Raleigh wore "a cap and plume worth a ransom," and a "jacket powdered with pearls" to match. Our author shows the same unerring eye for tawdry epithet, the same tendency to vulgar excess, everywhere. Anne Boleyn's beauty "sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog"; "Violante, Charles's mother, and Isabella, his betrothed wife, went about the streets of Paris, clad in the *deepest* mourning"; on the seventh day of Lady Jane Grey's reign, "the summer Sunday dawned on a country wasting with a passionate pain"; everywhere are people screaming, leaping to their feet, going out of their senses, from one cause or another; great lords are riding forth, or dashing in; captives are rotting in cells; there are good knights, stout defenders, haughty or gracious ladies, odious lies, foul hearts, hot scenes, gleaming axes, — just as in the poorer sort of historical romances. What a picture have we here, gentles, of Queen Elinor's reign! "She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with tinkle of citherns and clang of horns. But the queen has faults for which her gracious talent and her peerless beauty fail to atone. Her greed is high, her anger ruthless. Her court is filled with an outcry of merchants who have been mulcted of queen-gold, a wrangle of friars who have been robbed by her kith and kin, a roar of tiremen and jewellers clamorous for their debts, a murmur of knights and barons protesting against her loans, a clatter of poor Jews objecting to be spoiled."

In this Cambyses' vein the whole book is written; as if its author had been Mr. Hepworth Pistol. It is bad enough literature, as any one may see, and as history, as mere narration, we cannot believe it of great value in such passages as the foregoing, or even the following: — In the Tower "Raleigh was still a centre. Bacon sought in him a patron of the new learning. Percy dined with him in the Lieutenant's house. Hariot brought him books and maps. Petts came over with his models; Jonson, with his epigrams and underwoods. The *magi* — Hariot, Hues, and Warner — made a part of Raleigh's court. Selden was often

here, Mayerne sometimes, Bilson now and then. Nor were these all. Queen Anne sent messengers to the prisoner. Prince Henry rode down from Whitehall to hear him talk." This grouping of events is an essentially untrue picture of Raleigh's life in prison, unless they were events of frequent, almost continual occurrence; and Mr. Dixon strains thus to present facts wherever possible, making the wary doubt him, and misleading the simple, who do not perceive a trick of historical writing — or perhaps we had better say painting — used at second hand, and misapplied as borrowed tricks are pretty sure to be.

But all this is possibly treating Mr. Dixon with mistaken seriousness. A man must be joking who can say that Shakespeare and other dramatists used the name of Oldcastle for their buffoons, just as comic writers use "Pantaloon — a degradation of one of the noblest Italian names — on our modern stage"; and we suspect a vein of irony and delicate satire throughout, when we read that Shakespeare was a Puritan in faith, because he said "Oldcastle died a martyr."

The Blameless Prince, and other Poems. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

MR. STEDMAN had a good story to tell, and he has told it admirably, with the perception that in a narrative poem the story must be the first thing, and with the skill to give it uninterrupted and consequent movement from the beginning to the end. In spite of the half-mythical setting of the story, it appeals to the reader as a tragedy rather than an allegory, through characters that are persons, and not merely principles of good and evil. The prince reputed blameless falls in love with a beautiful subject of the queen he comes to wed, and after his marriage sins with her, while seeming all loyalty and devotion to his wife, and showing a stainless life to the world, till at last the intolerable sense of guilt and falsehood makes him end the intrigue. Returning to the queen after the final parting with his mistress, he is killed, and the stricken wife mourns him with perfect faith in his matchless truth; but in the convent, whither she goes to compose her thoughts for the celebration of his funeral rites, she finds his dying paramour and learns from her his falsehood. The situations are effectively conceived, but developed clearly, rather than vividly or dramatically. The whole poem gives the impression of grace more than of strength: especially toward the close the reader feels defrauded of some bitterest drops which seemed his due, and which a sharper stress would have wrung from the story. Yet we content ourselves with what is otherwise so well done: the tale is eminently poetic in itself, it is artistically and compactly wrought, it interests and moves, with a feeling which, if not the profoundest, is always genuine. We have noted, however, an occasional excess, or falseness, in Mr. Stedman's imagery, which is curiously out of keeping with his restrained and unaffected sentiment. It does not seem well to say even of unhappy lovers,

> "Like tangled bees,
> Each other and themselves they sweetly stung";

it is too much to tell us of a young wife and old husband,

> "The lady next her lord
> Drooped like a musk-rose trained beside a tomb";

and what is meant by

> "Her lips grew white, and on her nostrils *flakes*
> *Of wrath and loathing* stood"?

All this is very different, as we say, from the main conceit of the poem, and from the real thoughtfulness of such passages as that in which the poet describes the effect of the intrigue upon the prince's life: —

> "Meanwhile the Prince put on his own disguise
> Holding it naught for what it kept secure,
> Nor wore it only in his comrades' eyes;
> Beneath this cloak and seeming to be pure
> He felt the thing he seemed. For some brief space
> His conscience took the reflex of his face.
>
> "But lastly through his heart there crept a sense
> Of falseness, like a worm about the core,
> Until he grew to loathe the long pretence
> Of blamelessness, and would the mask he wore
> By some swift judgment from his face were torn,
> So might the outer quell the inner scorn.
>
> "Such self-contempt befell him, when the feast
> Rang with his praise, he blushed from nape to crown,
> And ground his teeth in silence, yet had ceased
> To bear it, crying, 'Crush me not quite down,
> Who ask your scorn, as viler than you deem
> Your vilest, and am nothing that I seem!'
>
> "With such a cry his conscience riotous
> Had thrown, perchance, the burden on it laid,
> But love and pity held his voice; and thus
> The paramours their constant penance made.
> False to themselves, before the world a lie,
> Yet each for each had cast the whole world by."

The Blameless Prince is followed in this volume by a number of shorter pieces, —

by that pretty little idyl, "The Doorstep," which we lately gave our readers, and by another poem in the same vein (always a fortunate one with Mr. Stedman), called "Country Sleighing," and yet others which we like. Chief among these is "Pan in Wall Street," — a play of the same fancifulness which delighted us long ago in the author's "Ballad of Lager-Beer," and which here, artfully seizing mythic traits and old-world aspects, gives a light shock, half pain, half pleasure, by their contrast with the most commonplace expression of our own work-day life. "Anonyma" is equally well done, and is an admirable "dramatic lyric."

Amongst the poems entitled "Shadow-Land," "The Undiscovered Country" seems best, for the suggestive touches and the thoughtful melancholy, doubt, and longing in it; and "The Sad Bridal" worst, for that effect of ghastliness which is produced, without adequate motive, by such lines as

> "If Death should mumble as he list
> These red lips which now you kist."

We think Mr. Stedman's specimens of translation from Theocritus very charming. He has wisely chosen, "as the only measure adapted to a literal and lineal rendering of the peculiar idyllic verse," the English hexameter — an instrument full of sweetness and harmony to the skilful touch, which will be perfectly enjoyed when people cease to listen to pedantic follies about quantity, and read the hexameter straightforwardly and simply as they would any other English verse. Mr. Stedman manages it very pleasingly, (though not always with perfect success,) and in his clear and graceful English, — colloquial without vulgarity in "The Reapers," and finely colored and picturesque in "Hylas," — gives enough of Theocritus to make the reader eager for the complete translation which he promises.

Letters of a Sentimental Idler, from Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land. By HARRY HARWOOD LEECH. With a portrait of the Author, engravings of Oriental Life, etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SUPPOSE a young man of more reading than taste, with a facility for writing somewhat in excess of his ideas, and you have our Sentimental Idler as he portrays himself in these letters. As to the countries through which he passes, it is quite a secondary affair: it is the traveller rather than the travel which he has to tell us of. If it were otherwise, we feel that he might sometimes entertain us better than he does, for he is not without habits of observation, and he does not wholly lack the art of philosophizing his experiences; though it must be owned that generally he sees only the things which have been seen before, and that he is apt to think thoughts already become literature. He quotes, of course, Kinglake, Dixon, Lamartine, Dumas, Gautier (he refers to Gautier simply as "a *feuilletoniste*"); he makes occasional quotations, at second-hand, from Oriental poets; and he does not scruple to give quite elementary historical information. On the whole, the book is sufficiently tedious to have been much more useful than it is. There is humorous intention in it and flippant performance, but above all, there is affectation. The particular affectation in the title is very wearisomely insisted upon throughout: the author cannot call himself a Sentimental Idler often enough.

We hardly know what to say of his presentation of his portrait to the reader, who here makes his acquaintance for the first time, unless we say that it is more than we had any right to expect, and that we do *not* think the author has given it out of vanity. The face itself forbids the injurious suspicion.

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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XIX.

De Profundis.

THIS was the history of Emilia's concealed visits to Malbone.

One week after her marriage, in a crisis of agony, Emilia took up her pen, dipped it in fire, and wrote thus to him: —

"Philip Malbone, why did nobody ever tell me what marriage is where there is no love? This man who calls himself my husband is no worse, I suppose, than other men. It is only for being what is called by that name that I abhor him. Good God! what am I to do? It was not for money that I married him; that you know very well; I cared no more for his money than for himself. I thought it was the only way to save Hope. She has been very good to me, and perhaps I should love her, if I could love anybody. Now I have done what will only make more misery, for I cannot bear it. Philip, I am alone in this wide world, except for you. Tell me what to do. I will haunt you till you die, unless you tell me. Answer this, or I will write again."

Terrified by this letter, absolutely powerless to guide the life with which he had so desperately entangled himself, Philip let one day pass without answering, and that evening he found Emilia at his door, she having glided unnoticed up the main stairway. She was so excited, it was equally dangerous to send her away or to admit her, and he drew her in, darkening the windows and locking the door. On the whole, it was not so bad as he expected; at least there was less violence and more despair. She covered her face with her hands, and writhed in anguish, when she said that she had utterly degraded herself by this loveless marriage. She scarcely mentioned her husband. She made no complaint of him, and even spoke of him as generous. It seemed as if this made it worse, and as if she would be happier if she could expend herself in hating him. She spoke of him rather as a mere witness to some shame for which she herself was responsible; bearing him no malice, but tortured by the thought that he should exist.

Then she turned on Malbone. "Phil-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Fields, Osgood, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ip, why did you ever interfere with my life? I should have been very happy with Antoine if you had let me marry him, for I never should have known what it was to love you. Oh! I wish he were here now, even he; any one who loved me truly, and whom I could love only a little. I would go away with such a person anywhere, and never trouble you and Hope any more. What shall I do? Philip, you might tell me what to do. Once you told me always to come to you."

"What can you do?" he asked gloomily, in return.

"I cannot imagine," she said, with a desolate look, more pitiable than passion, on her young face. "I wish to save Hope, and to save my — to save Mr. Lambert. Philip, you do not love me. I do not call it love. There is no passion in your veins; it is only a sort of sympathetic selfishness. Hope is infinitely better than you are, and I believe she is more capable of loving. I began by hating her, but if she loves you as I think she does, she has treated me more generously than ever one woman treated another. For she could not look at me and not know that I loved you. I did love you. O Philip, tell me what to do!"

Such beauty in anguish, the thrill of the possession of such love, the possibility of soothing by tenderness the wild mood which he could not meet by counsel, — it would have taken a stronger or less sympathetic nature than Malbone's to endure all this. It swept him away; this revival of passion was irresistible. When her pent-up feeling was once uttered, she turned to his love as a fancied salvation. It was a terrible remedy. She had never looked more beautiful, and yet she seemed to have grown old at once; her very caresses appeared to burn. She lingered and lingered, and still he kept her there; and when it was no longer possible for her to go without disturbing the house, he led her to a secret spiral stairway, which went from attic to cellar of that stately old mansion, and which opened by one or more doors on each landing, as his keen eye had found out. Descending this, he went forth with her into the dark and silent night. The mist hung around the house; the wet leaves fluttered and fell upon their cheeks; the water lapped desolately against the pier. Philip found a carriage and sent her back to Mrs. Meredith's, where she was staying during the brief absence of John Lambert.

These concealed meetings, once begun, became an absorbing excitement. She came several times, staying half an hour, an hour, two hours. They were together long enough for suffering, never long enough for soothing. It was a poor substitute for happiness. Each time she came, Malbone wished that she might never go or never return. His warier nature was feverish with solicitude and with self-reproach; he liked the excitement of slight risks, but this was far too intense, the vibrations too extreme. She, on the other hand, rode triumphant over waves of passion which cowed him. He dared not exclude her; he dared not continue to admit her; he dared not free himself; he could not be happy. The privacy of the concealed stairway saved them from outward dangers, but not from inward fears. Their interviews were first blissful, then anxious, then sad, then stormy. It was at the end of such a storm that Emilia had passed into one of those deathly calms which belonged to her physical temperament; and it was under these circumstances that Hope had followed Philip to the door.

XX.

Aunt Jane to the Rescue.

The thing that saves us from insanity during great grief is that there is usually something to do, and the mind composes itself to the mechanical task of adjusting the details. Hope dared not look forward an inch into the future; that way madness lay. Fortunately, it was plain what must come first, — to keep the whole thing within their own roof, and therefore to make some explana-

tion to Mrs. Meredith, whose servants had doubtless been kept up all night awaiting Emilia. Profoundly perplexed what to say or not to say to her, Hope longed with her whole soul for an adviser. Harry and Kate were both away, and besides, she shrank from darkening their young lives as hers had been darkened. She resolved to seek counsel in the one person who most thoroughly distrusted Emilia, — Aunt Jane.

This lady was in a particularly happy mood that day. Emilia, who did all kinds of fine needle-work exquisitely, had just embroidered for Aunt Jane some pillow-cases. The original suggestion came from Hope, but it never cost Emilia anything to keep a secret, and she had presented the gift very sweetly, as if it were a thought of her own. Aunt Jane, who with all her penetration as to facts was often very guileless as to motives, was thoroughly touched by the humility and the embroidery.

"All last night," she said, "I kept waking up and thinking about Christian charity and my pillow-cases."

It was, therefore, a very favorable day for Hope's consultation, though it was nearly noon before her aunt was visible, perhaps because it took so long to make up her bed with the new adornments.

Hope said frankly to Aunt Jane that there were some circumstances about which she should rather not be questioned, but that Emilia had come there the previous night from the ball, had been seized with one of her peculiar attacks, and had stayed all night. Aunt Jane kept her eyes steadily fixed on Hope's sad face, and, when the tale was ended, drew her down and kissed her lips.

"Now tell me, dear," she said; "what comes first?"

"The first thing is," said Hope, "to have Emilia's absence explained to Mrs. Meredith in some such way that she will think no more of it, and not talk about it."

"Certainly," said Aunt Jane. "There is but one way to do that. I will call on her myself."

"You, auntie?" said Hope.

"Yes, I," said her aunt. "I have owed her a call for five years. It is the only thing that will excite her so much as to put all else out of her head."

"O auntie!" said Hope, greatly relieved, "if you only would! But ought you really to go out? It is almost raining."

"I shall go," said Aunt Jane, decisively, "if it rains little boys!"

"But will not Mrs. Meredith wonder — ?" began Hope.

"That is one advantage," interrupted her aunt, "of being an absurd old woman. Nobody ever wonders at anything I do, or else it is because they never stop wondering."

She sent Ruth erelong to order the horses. Hope collected her various wrappers, and Ruth, returning, got her mistress into preparation.

"If I might say one thing more," Hope whispered.

"Certainly," said her aunt. "Ruth, go to my chamber, and get me a pin."

"What kind of a pin, ma'am?" asked that meek handmaiden, from the doorway.

"What a question!" said her indignant mistress. "Any kind. The common pin of North America. Now, Hope?" as the door closed.

"I think it better, auntie," said Hope, "that Philip should not stay here longer, at present. You can truly say that the house is full, and — "

"I have just had a note from him," said Aunt Jane, severely. "He has gone to lodge at the hotel. What next?"

"Aunt Jane," said Hope, looking her full in the face, "I have not the slightest idea what to do next."

("The next thing for me," thought her aunt, "is to have a little plain speech with that misguided child up stairs.")

"I can see no way out," pursued Hope.

"Darling!" said Aunt Jane, with a voice full of womanly sweetness, "there is always a way out, or else the world would have stopped long ago. Perhaps it would have been better if it had

stopped, but you see it has not. All we can do is, to live on and try our best."

She bade Hope leave Emilia to her, and furthermore, stipulated that Hope should go to her pupils as usual, that afternoon, as it was their last lesson. The young girl shrank from the effort, but the elder lady was inflexible. She had her own purpose in it. Hope once out of the way, Aunt Jane could deal with Emilia.

No human being, when met face to face with Aunt Jane, had ever failed to yield up to her the whole truth she sought. Emilia was on that day no exception. She was prostrate, languid, humble, denied nothing, was ready to concede every point but one. Never, while she lived, would she dwell beneath John Lambert's roof again. She had left it impulsively, she admitted, scarce knowing what she did. But she would never return there to live. She would go once more and see that all was in order for Mr. Lambert, both in the house and on board the yacht, where they were to have taken up their abode for a time. There were new servants in the house, a new captain on the yacht; she would trust Mr. Lambert's comfort to none of them; she would do her full duty. Duty! the more utterly she felt herself to be gliding away from him forever, the more pains she was ready to lavish in doing these nothings well. About every insignificant article he owned she seemed to feel the most scrupulous and wife-like responsibility; while she yet knew that all he had was to him nothing, compared with the possession of herself; and it was the thought of this last ownership that drove her to despair.

Sweet and plaintive as the child's face was, it had a glimmer of wildness and a hunted look, that baffled Aunt Jane a little and compelled her to temporize. She consented that Emilia should go to her own house, on condition that she would not see Philip, — which was readily and even eagerly promised, — and that Hope should spend that night with Emilia, which proposal was ardently accepted. It occurred to Aunt Jane that nothing better could happen than for John Lambert, on returning, to find his wife at home; and to secure this result, if possible, she telegraphed to him to come at once.

Meantime Hope gave her inevitable music-lesson, so absorbed in her own thoughts that it was all as mechanical as the *métronome*. As she came out upon the Avenue for the walk home, she saw a group of people from a gardener's house, who had collected beside a muddy crossing, where a team of cart-horses had refused to stir. Presently they sprang forward with a great jerk, and a little Irish child was thrown beneath the wheel. Hope sprang forward to grasp the child and the wheel struck her also; but she escaped with a dress torn and smeared, while the cart passed over the little girl's arm breaking it in two places. She screamed and then grew faint, as Hope lifted her. The mother received the little burden with a wail of anguish; the other Irish-women pressed around her with the dense and suffocating sympathy of their nation. Hope bade one and another run for a physician, but nobody stirred. There was no surgical aid within a mile or more. Hope looked round in despair, then glanced at her own disordered garments.

"As sure as you live!" shouted a well-known voice from a carriage which had stopped behind them. "If that is n't Hope what's-her-name, wish I may never! Here 's a lark! Let me come there!"

And the speaker pushed through the crowd.

"Miss Ingleside," said Hope, decisively, "this child's arm is broken. There is nobody to go for a physician. But for the condition I am in, I would ask you to take me there at once in your carriage; but as it is —"

"As it is, I must ask you, hey?" said Blanche, finishing the sentence. "Of course. No mistake. *Sans dire*. Jones, junior, this lady will join us. Don't look so scared, man. Are you anxious about your cushions or your reputation?"

The youth simpered and disclaimed.

"Jump in, then, Miss Maxwell. Never mind the expense. It 's only the family carriage ; — surname and arms of Jones. Lucky there are no parents to the fore. Put my shawl over you, so."

"O Blanche ! " said Hope, "what injustice — "

"I 've done myself? " said the volatile damsel. "Not a doubt of it. That 's my style, you know. But I have some sense ; I know who 's who. Now, Jones, junior, make your man handle the ribbons. I 've always had a grudge against that ordinance about fast driving, and now 's our chance."

And the sacred "ordinance," with all other proprieties, was left in ruins that day. They tore along the Avenue with unexplained and most inexplicable speed, Hope being concealed by riding backward, and by a large shawl, and Blanche and her admirer receiving the full indignation of every chaste and venerable eye. Those who had tolerated all this girl's previous improprieties were obliged to admit that the line must be drawn somewhere. She at once lost several good invitations and a matrimonial offer, since Jones, junior, was swept away by his parents to be wedded without delay to a consumptive heiress who had long pined for his whiskers. And Count Posen, in his *Souvenirs*, was severer on Blanche's one good deed than on the worst of her follies.

A few years after, as Blanche, then the fearless wife of a regular-army officer, was helping Hope in the hospitals at Norfolk, she would stop to shout with delight over the reminiscence of that stately Jones equipage in mad career, amid the barking of dogs and the groaning of dowagers. "After all, Hope," she would say, "the fastest thing I ever did was under your orders."

XXI.

A Storm.

The members of the household were all at the window about noon, next day, watching the rise of a storm. A murky wing of cloud, shaped like a hawk's, hung over the low western hills, across the bay. Then the hawk became an eagle, and the eagle a gigantic phantom, that hovered over half the visible sky. Beneath it, a little scud of vapor, moved by some cross-current of air, raced rapidly against the wind, just above the horizon, like smoke from a battle-field.

As the cloud ascended, the water grew rapidly blacker, and in half an hour broke into jets of white foam, all over its surface, with an angry look. Meantime a white film of fog spread down the bay from the northward. The wind hauled from southwest to northwest, so suddenly and strongly that all the anchored boats seemed to have swung round instantaneously, without visible process. The instant the wind shifted, the rain broke forth, filling the air in a moment with its volume, and cutting so sharply that it seemed like hail, though no hailstones reached the ground. At the same time there rose upon the water a dense white film, which seemed to grow together from a hundred different directions, and was made partly of rain, and partly of the blown edges of the spray. There was but a glimpse of this ; for in a few moments it was impossible to see two rods ; but when the first gust was over, the water showed itself again, the jets of spray all beaten down, and regular waves of dull lead-color breaking higher on the shore. All the depth of blackness had left the sky, and there remained only an obscure and ominous gray, through which the lightning flashed white, not red. Boats came driving in from the mouth of the bay with a rag of sail up ; the men got them moored with difficulty, and when they sculled ashore in the skiffs, a dozen comrades stood ready to grasp and haul them in. Others launched skiffs in sheltered places, and pulled out bare-headed to bail out their fishing-boats and keep them from swamping at their moorings.

The shore was thronged with men

in oilskin clothes and by women with shawls over their heads. Aunt Jane, who always felt responsible for whatever went on in the elements, sat indoors with one lid closed, wincing at every flash, and watching the universe with the air of a coachman guiding six wild horses.

Just after the storm had passed its height, two veritable wild horses were reined up at the door, and Philip burst in, his usual self-composure gone.

"Emilia is out sailing!" he exclaimed. "Alone with Lambert's boatman, in this gale. They say she was bound for Narragansett."

"Impossible!" cried Hope, turning pale. "I left her not three hours ago." Then she remembered that Emilia had spoken of going on board the yacht, to superintend some arrangements, but had said no more about it, when she opposed it.

"Harry!" said Aunt Jane, quickly, from her chair by the window, "see that fisherman. He has just come ashore and is telling something. Ask him."

The fisherman had indeed seen Lambert's boat, which was well known. Something seemed to be the matter with the sail, but before the storm struck her, it had been hauled down. They must have taken in water enough, as it was. He had himself been obliged to bail out three times, running in from the Reef.

"Was there any landing which they could reach?" Harry asked.

There was none, — but the light-ship lay right in their track, and if they had good luck, they might get aboard of her.

"The boatman?" said Philip, anxiously, — "Mr. Lambert's boatman; is he a good sailor?"

"Don't know," was the reply. "Stranger here. Dutchman, Frenchman, Portegee, or some kind of a foreigner."

"Seems to understand himself in a boat," said another.

"Mr. Malbone knows him," said a third. "The same that dove with the young woman under the steamboat paddles."

"Good grit," said the first.

"That's so," was the answer. "But grit don't teach a man the channel."

All agreed to this axiom; but as there was so strong a probability that the voyagers had reached the light-ship, there seemed less cause for fear.

The next question was, whether it was possible to follow them. All agreed that it would be foolish for any boat to attempt it, till the wind had blown itself out, which might be within half an hour. After that, some predicted a calm, some a fog, some a renewal of the storm; there was the usual variety of opinions. At any rate, there might perhaps be an interval during which they could go out, if the gentlemen did not mind a wet jacket.

Within the half-hour came indeed an interval of calm, and a light shone behind the clouds from the west. It faded soon into a gray fog, with ugly puffs of wind from the southwest again. When the young men went out with the boatmen, the water had grown more quiet, save where angry little gusts ruffled it. But these gusts made it necessary to carry a double-reef, and they made but little progress against wind and tide.

A dark gray fog, broken by frequent wind-flaws, makes the ugliest of all days on the water. A still, pale fog is soothing; it lulls nature to a kind of repose. But a windy fog with occasional sunbeams and sudden films of metallic blue breaking the leaden water, — this carries an impression of something weird and treacherous in the universe, and suggests caution.

As the boat floated on, every sight and sound appeared strange. The music from the fort came sudden and startling through the vaporous eddies. A tall white schooner rose instantaneously near them, like a light-house. They could see the steam of the factory floating low, seeking some outlet between cloud and water. As they drifted past a wharf, the great black piles of coal hung high and gloomy; then a stray sunbeam brought out their peacock colors; then came the fog again,

driving hurriedly by, as if impatient to go somewhere and enraged at the obstacle. It seemed to have a vast inorganic life of its own, a volition and a whim. It drew itself across the horizon like a curtain; then advanced in trampling armies up the bay; then marched in masses northward; then suddenly grew thin, and showed great spaces of sunlight; then drifted across the low islands, like long tufts of wool; then rolled itself away toward the horizon; then closed in again, pitiless and gray.

Suddenly something vast towered amid the mist above them. It was the French war-ship returned to her anchorage once more, and seeming in that dim atmosphere to be something spectral and strange, that had taken form out of the elements. The muzzles of great guns rose tier above tier, along her side; great boats hung one above another, on successive pairs of davits, at her stern. So high was her hull, that the topmost boat and the topmost gun appeared to be suspended in middle air; and yet this was but the beginning of her altitude. Above these ascended the heavy masts, seen dimly through the mist; between these were spread eight dark lines of sailors' clothes, which, with the massive yards above, looked like part of some ponderous framework built to reach the sky. This prolongation of the whole dark mass toward the heavens had a portentous look to those who gazed from below; and when the denser fog sometimes furled itself away from the topgallant masts, hitherto invisible, and showed them rising loftier yet, and the tricolor at the mizzen-mast-head looking down as if from the zenith, then they all seemed to appertain to something of more than human workmanship; a hundred wild tales of phantom vessels came up to the imagination, and it was as if that one gigantic structure were expanding to fill all space from sky to sea.

They were swept past it; the fog closed in; it was necessary to land near the Fort, and proceed on foot. They walked across the rough peninsula, while the mist began to disperse again, and they were buoyant with expectation. As they toiled onward, the fog suddenly met them at the turn of a lane where it had awaited them, like an enemy. As they passed into those gray and impalpable arms, the whole world changed again.

They walked toward the sound of the sea. As they approached it, the dull hue that lay upon it resembled that of the leaden sky. The two elements could hardly be distinguished, except as the white outlines of the successive breakers were lifted through the fog. The lines of surf appeared constantly to multiply upon the beach, and yet, on counting them, there were never any more. Sometimes, in the distance, masses of foam rose up like a wall where the horizon ought to be; and as the coming waves took form out of the unseen, it seemed as if no phantom were too vast or shapeless to come rolling in upon their dusky shoulders.

Presently a frail gleam of something like the ghost of dead sunshine made them look over their shoulders toward the west. Above the dim roofs of Castle Hill mansion-house, the sinking sun showed luridly through two rifts of cloud, and then the swift motion of the nearer vapor veiled both sun and cloud, and banished them into almost equal remoteness.

Leaving the beach on their right, and passing the high rocks of the Pirate's Cave, they presently descended to the water's edge once more. The cliffs rose to a distorted height in the dimness; sprays of withered grass nodded along the edge, like Ossian's spectres. Light seemed to be vanishing from the universe, leaving them alone with the sea. And when a solitary loon uttered his wild cry, and rising, sped away into the distance, it was as if life were following light into an equal annihilation. That sense of vague terror, with which the ocean sometimes controls the fancy, began to lay its grasp on them. They remem-

bered that Emilia, in speaking once of her intense shrinking from death, had said that the sea was the only thing from which she would not fear to meet it.

Fog exaggerates both for eye and ear; it is always a sounding-board for the billows; and in this case, as often happens, the roar did not appear to proceed from the billows themselves, but from some source in the unseen horizon, as if the spectators were shut within a beleaguered fortress, and this thundering noise came from an impetuous enemy outside. Ever and anon there was a distinct crash of heavier sound, as if some special barricade had at length been beaten in, and the garrison must look to their inner defences.

The tide was unusually high, and scarcely receded with the ebb, though the surf increased; the waves came in with constant rush and wail, and with an ominous rattle of pebbles on the little beaches, beneath the powerful suction of the under-tow; and there were more and more of those muffled throbs along the shore which tell of coming danger as plainly as minute-guns. With these came mingled that yet more inexplicable humming which one hears by intervals at such times, like strains of music caught and tangled in the currents of stormy air, — strains which were perhaps the filmy thread on which tales of sirens and mermaids were first strung, and in which, at this time, they would fain recognize the voice of Emilia.

XXII.

Out of the Depths.

As the night closed in, the wind rose steadily, still blowing from the south-west. In Brenton's kitchen they found a group round a great fire of driftwood; some of these were fishermen who had with difficulty made a landing on the beach, and who confirmed the accounts already given. The boat had been seen sailing for the Narragansett shore, and when the squall came, the boatman had lowered and reefed the sail, and stood for the light-ship. They must be on board of her, if anywhere.

"They are safe there?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"Only place where they would be safe, then," said the spokesman.

"Unless the light-ship parts," said an old fellow.

"Parts!" said the other. "Forty fathom of two inch chain, and old Joe talks about parting."

"Foolish, of course," said Philip; "but it's a dangerous shore."

"That's so," was the answer. "Never saw so many lines of reef show outside, neither."

"There 's an old saying on this shore," said Joe: —

> "When Price's Neck goes to Brenton's Reef,
> Body and soul will come to grief.
> But when Brenton's Reef comes to Price's Neck,
> Soul and body are both a wreck."

"What does it mean?" asked Harry.

"It only means," said somebody, "that when you see it white all the way out from the Neck to the Reef, you can't take the inside passage."

"But what does the last half mean?" persisted Harry.

"Don't know as I know," said the veteran, and relapsed into silence; in which all joined him, while the wind howled and whistled outside, and the barred windows shook.

Weary and restless with vain waiting, they looked from the doorway at the weather. The door went back with a slam, and the gust swooped down on them with that special blast that always seems to linger just outside on such nights, ready for the first head that shows itself. They closed the door upon the flickering fire and the uncouth shadows within, and went forth into the night. At first the solid blackness seemed to lay a weight on their foreheads. There was absolutely nothing to be seen but the two lights of the light-ship, glaring from the dark sea like a wolf's eyes from a cavern. They looked nearer and brighter than in ordinary nights, and appeared to the excited senses of the young men to

dance strangely on the waves, and to be always opposite to them, as they moved along the shore with the wind almost at their backs.

"What did that old fellow mean?" said Malbone in Harry's ear, as they came to a protected place and could hear each other, "by talking of Brenton's Reef coming to Price's Neck."

"Some sailor's doggerel," said Harry, indifferently. "Here is Price's Neck before us, and yonder is Brenton's Reef."

"Where?" said Philip, looking round bewildered.

The lights had gone, as if the wolf, weary of watching, had suddenly closed his eyes, and slumbered in his cave.

Harry trembled and shivered. In Heaven's name, what could this disappearance mean?

Suddenly a sheet of lightning came, so white and intense, it sent its light all the way out to the horizon and exhibited far-off vessels, that reeled and tossed and looked as if wandering without a guide. But this was not so startling as what it showed in the foreground.

There drifted heavily upon the waves, within full view from the shore, moving parallel to it, yet gradually approaching, an uncouth shape that seemed a vessel and yet not a vessel; two stunted masts projected above, and below there could be read, in dark letters that apparently swayed and trembled in the wan lightning, as the thing moved on,

BRENTON'S REEF.

Philip, leaning against a rock, gazed into the darkness where the apparition had been; even Harry felt a thrill of half-superstitious wonder, and listened half mechanically to a rough sailor's voice at his ear: —

"God! old Joe was right. There's one wreck that is bound to make many. The light-ship has parted."

"Drifting ashore," said Harry, his accustomed clearness of head coming back at a flash. "Where will she strike?"

"Price's Neck," said the sailor.

Harry turned to Philip and spoke to him, shouting in his ear the explanation. Malbone's lips moved mechanically, but he said nothing. Passively, he let Harry take him by the arm, and lead him on.

Following the sailor, they rounded a projecting point, and found themselves a little sheltered from the wind. Not knowing the region, they stumbled about among the rocks, and scarcely knew when they neared the surf, except when a wave came swashing round their very feet. Pausing at the extremity of a cove, they stood beside their conductor, and their eyes, now somewhat accustomed, could make out vaguely the outlines of the waves.

The throat of the cove was so shoal and narrow, and the mass of the waves so great, that they reared their heads enormously, just outside, and spending their strength there, left a lower level within the cove. Yet sometimes a series of great billows would come straight on, heading directly for the entrance, and then the surface of the water within was seen to swell suddenly upward as if by a terrible inward magic of its own; it rose and rose, as if it would ingulf everything; then as rapidly sank, and again presented a mere quiet vestibule before the excluded waves.

They saw in glimpses, as the lightning flashed, the shingly beach, covered with a mass of creamy foam, all tremulous and fluctuating in the wind; and this foam was constantly torn away by the gale in great shreds, that whirled by them as if the very fragments of the ocean were fleeing from it in terror, to take refuge in the less frightful element of air.

Still the wild waves reared their heads, like savage, crested animals, now white, now black, looking in from the entrance of the cove. And now there silently drifted upon them something higher, vaster, darker than themselves, — the doomed vessel. It was strange how slowly and steadily she swept in, — for her broken chain-cable dragged, as it afterwards proved, and kept her stern-on to the shore, — and

they could sometimes hear amid the tumult a groan that seemed to come from the very heart of the earth, as she painfully drew her keel over hidden reefs. Over five of these (as was afterwards found) she had already drifted, and she rose and fell more than once on the high waves at the very mouth of the cove, like a wild bird hovering ere it pounces.

Then there came one of those great confluences of waves described already, which, lifting her bodily upward, higher and higher and higher, suddenly rushed with her into the cove, filling it like an opened dry-dock, crashing and roaring round the vessel and upon the rocks, then sweeping out again and leaving her lodged, still stately and steady, at the centre of the cove.

They could hear from the crew a mingled sound, that came as a shout of excitement from some and a shriek of despair from others. The vivid lightning revealed for a moment those on shipboard to those on shore; and blinding as it was, it lasted long enough to show figures gesticulating and pointing. The old sailor, Mitchell, tried to build a fire among the rocks nearest the vessel, but it was impossible, because of the wind. This was a disappointment, for the light would have taken away half the danger, and more than half the terror. Though the cove was more quiet than the ocean, yet it was fearful enough, even there. The vessel might hold together till morning, but who could tell? It was almost certain that those on board would try to land, and there was nothing to do but to await the effort. The men from the farmhouse had meanwhile come down with ropes.

It was simply impossible to judge with any accuracy of the distance of the ship. One of these new-comers, who declared that she was lodged very near, went to a point of rocks, and shouted to those on board to heave him a rope. The tempest suppressed his voice as it had put out the fire. But perhaps the lightning had showed him to the dark figures on the stern; for when the next flash came, they saw a rope flung, which fell short. The real distance was more than a hundred yards.

Then there was a long interval of darkness. The moment the next flash came they saw a figure let down by a rope from the stern of the vessel, while the hungry waves reared like wolves to seize it. Everybody crowded down to the nearest rocks, looking this way and that for a head to appear. They pressed eagerly in every direction where a bit of plank or a barrel-head floated; they fancied faint cries here and there, and went aimlessly to and fro. A new effort, after half a dozen failures, sent a blaze mounting up fitfully among the rocks, startling all with the sudden change its blessed splendor made. Then a shrill shout from one of the watchers summoned all to a cleft in the cove, half shaded from the firelight, where there came rolling in amidst the surf, more dead than alive, the body of a man. It was the young foreigner, John Lambert's boatman. He bore still around him the rope that was to save the rest.

How pale and eager their faces looked as they bent above him! But the eagerness was all gone from his, and only the pallor left. While the fishermen got the tackle rigged, such as it was, to complete the communication with the vessel, the young men worked upon the boatman, and soon had him restored to consciousness. He was able to explain that the ship had been severely strained and that all on board believed she would go to pieces before morning. No one would risk being the first to take the water, and he had at last volunteered, as being the best swimmer, on condition that Emilia should be next sent, when the communication was established.

Two ropes were then hauled on board the vessel, a larger and a smaller. By the flickering fire-light and the rarer flashes of lightning (the rain now falling in torrents) they saw a hammock slung to the larger rope; a woman's form was swathed in it; and the small-

er rope being made fast to this, they found by pulling that she could be drawn towards the shore. Those on board steadied the hammock as it was lowered from the ship, but the waves seemed maddened by this effort to escape their might, and they leaped up at her again and again. The rope drooped beneath her weight, and all that could be done from shore was to haul her in as fast as possible, to abbreviate the period of buffeting and suffocation. As she neared the rocks she could be kept more safe from the water; faster and faster she was drawn in; sometimes there came some hitch and stoppage, but by steady patience it was overcome.

She was so near the rocks that hands were already stretched to grasp her, when there came one of the great surging waves that sometimes filled the basin. It gave a terrible lurch to the stranded vessel, hitherto so erect; the larger rope snapped instantly; the guiding rope was twitched from the hands that held it; and the canvas that held Emilia was caught and swept away like a shred of foam, and lost amid the whiteness of the seething froth below. Fifteen minutes after, the hammock came ashore empty, the lashings having parted.

The cold daybreak was just opening, though the wind still blew keenly, when they found the body of Emilia. It was swathed in a roll of sea-weed, lying in the edge of the surf, on a broad, flat rock near where the young boatman had come ashore. The face was not disfigured; the clothing was only torn a little, and tangled closely round her; but the life was gone.

It was Philip who first saw her; and he stood beside her for a moment motionless, stunned into an aspect of tranquillity. This, then, was the end. All his ready sympathy, his wooing tenderness, his winning compliances, his self-indulgent softness, his perilous amiability, his reluctance to give pain or to see sorrow, — all had ended in this. For once, he must force even his accommodating and evasive nature to meet the plain, blank truth. Now, all his characteristics appeared changed by the encounter; it was Harry who was ready, thoughtful, attentive, — while Philip, who usually had all these traits, was paralyzed among his dreams. Could he have fancied such a scene beforehand, he would have vowed that no hand but his should touch the breathless form of Emilia. As it was, he instinctively made way for the quick gathering of the others, as if almost any one else had a better right to be there.

The storm had blown itself out by sunrise; the wind had shifted, beating down the waves; it seemed as if everything in nature were exhausted. The very tide had ebbed away. The light-ship rested between the rocks, helpless, still at the mercy of the returning waves, and yet still upright and with that stately look of unconscious pleading which all shipwrecked vessels wear. It is wonderfully like the look I have seen in the face of some dead soldier, on whom war had done its worst. Every line of a ship is so built for motion, every part, while afloat, seems so full of life and so answering to the human life it bears, that this paralysis of shipwreck touches the imagination as if the motionless thing had once been animated by a soul.

And not far from the vessel, in a chamber of the seaside farm-house, lay the tenderer and fairer wreck of Emilia. Her storms and her passions were ended. The censure of the world, the anguish of friends, the clinging arms of love, were nothing now to her. Again the soft shelter of unconsciousness had clasped her in; but this time the trance was longer and the faintness was unto death.

From the moment of her drifting ashore, it was the young boatman who had assumed the right to care for her and to direct everything. Philip seemed stunned; Harry was his usual clear-headed and efficient self; but to his honest eyes much revealed itself in a little while; and when Hope arrived in the early morning, he said to her,

"This boatman, who once saved your life, is Emilia's Swiss lover, Antoine Marval."

"More than lover," said the young Swiss, overhearing. "She was my wife before God, when you took her from me. In my country, a betrothal is as sacred as a marriage. Then came that man, he filled her heart with illusions, and took her away in my absence. When my brother was here in the corvette, he found her for me. Then I came for her; I saved her sister; then I saw the name on the card and would not give my own. I became her servant. She saw me in the yacht, only once; she knew me; she was afraid. Then she said, 'Perhaps I still love you, — a little; I do not know; I am in despair; take me from this home I hate.' We sailed that day in the small boat for Narragansett, I know not where. She hardly looked up nor spoke; but for me, I cared for nothing since she was with me. When the storm came, she was frightened and said, 'It is a retribution.' I said, 'You shall never go back.' She never did. Here she is. You cannot take her from me."

Once on board the light-ship, she had been assigned the captain's state-room, while Antoine watched at the door. She seemed to shrink from him whenever he went to speak to her, he owned, but she answered kindly and gently, begging to be left alone. When at last the vessel parted her moorings, he persuaded Emilia to come on deck and be lashed to the mast, where she sat without complaint.

Who can fathom the thoughts of that bewildered child, as she sat amid the spray and the howling of the blast, while the doomed vessel drifted on with her to shore! Did all the error and sorrow of her life pass distinctly before her? Or did the roar of the surf lull her into quiet, like the unconscious kindness of wild creatures that toss and whirl and bewilder their prey into unconsciousness ere they harm it? None can tell. Death answers no questions; it only makes them needless.

The morning brought to the scene John Lambert, just arrived by land from New York.

The passion of John Lambert for his wife was of that kind which ennobles while it lasts, but which rarely outlasts marriage. A man of such uncongenial mould will love an enchanting woman with a mad absorbing passion, where self-sacrifice is so mingled with selfishness that the two emotions seem one; he will hungrily yearn to possess her, to call her by his own name, to hold her in his arms, to kill any one else who claims her. But when she is once his wife, and his arms hold a body without a soul, — no soul at least for him, — then her image is almost inevitably profaned, and the passion which began too high for earth ends far too low for heaven. Let now death change that form to marble, and instantly it resumes its virgin holiness; though the presence of life did not sanctify, its departure does. It is only the true lover to whom the breathing form is as sacred as the breathless.

That ideality of nature which love had developed in this man, and which had already drooped a little during his brief period of marriage, was born again by the side of death. While Philip wandered off silent and lonely with his grief, John Lambert knelt by the beautiful remains, talking inarticulately, his eyes streaming with unchecked tears. Again was Emilia, in her marble paleness, the calm centre of a tragedy she herself had caused. The wild, ungoverned child was the image of peace; it was the stolid and prosperous man who was in the storm. It was not till Hope came that there was any change. Then his prostrate nature sought hers, as the needle leaps to the iron; the first touch of her hand, the sight of her kiss upon Emilia's forehead, made him strong. It was the thorough subjection of a worldly man to the higher organization of a noble woman, and thenceforth it never varied. In later years, after he had foolishly sought, as men will, to win her to a nearer tie, there was no moment when she had not full control

over his time, his energies, and his wealth.

After it was all ended, Hope told him everything that had happened; but in that wild moment of his despair she told him nothing. Only she and Harry knew the story of the young Swiss; and now that Emilia was gone, her early lover had no wish to speak of her to any one but these two, nor to linger long where she had been doubly lost to him, by marriage and by death. The world, with all its prying curiosity, usually misses the key to the very incidents about which it asks most questions; and of the many who gossiped or mourned concerning Emilia, none knew the tragic complication which her death alone could have solved. The breaking of Hope's engagement to Philip was attributed to every cause but the true one. And when the storm of the great Rebellion broke over the land, its vast calamity absorbed all minor griefs.

XXIII.

Requiescat.

Thank God! it is not within the power of one man's errors to blight the promise of a life like that of Hope. It is but a feeble destiny that is wrecked by passion, when it should be ennobled. Aunt Jane and Kate watched Hope closely during her years of probation, for although she fancied herself to be keeping her own counsel, yet her career lay in broad light for them. She was like yonder sailboat, which floats conspicuous by night amid the path of moonbeams, and which yet seems to its own voyagers to be remote and unseen upon a waste of waves.

Why should I linger over the details of her life, after the width of ocean lay between her and Malbone, and a manhood of self-denying usefulness had begun to show that even he could learn something by life's retributions? We know what she was, and it is of secondary importance where she went or what she did. Kindle the light of the light-house, and it has nothing to do, except to shine. There is for it no wrong direction. There is no need to ask, "How? Over which especial track of distant water must my light go forth, to find the wandering vessel to be guided in?" It simply shines. Somewhere there is a ship that needs it, or if not, the light does its duty. So did Hope.

We must leave her here. Yet I cannot bear to think of her as passing through earthly life without tasting its deepest bliss, without the last pure ecstasy of human love, without the kisses of her own children on her lips, their waxen fingers on her bosom.

And yet again, is this life so long? May it not be better to wait until its little day is done, and the summer night of old age has yielded to a new morning, before attaining that acme of joy? Are there enough successive grades of bliss for all eternity, if so much be consummated here? Must all novels end with an earthly marriage, and nothing be left for heaven?

Perhaps, for such as Hope, this life is given to show what happiness might be, and they await some other sphere for its fulfilment. The greater part of the human race live out their mortal years without attaining more than a far-off glimpse of the very highest joy. Were this life all, its very happiness were sadness. If, as I doubt not, there be another sphere, then that which is unfulfilled in this must yet find completion, nothing omitted, nothing denied. And though a thousand oracles should pronounce this thought an idle dream, neither Hope nor I would believe them.

It was a radiant morning of last February when I walked across the low hills to the scene of the wreck. Leaving the road before reaching the Fort, I struck across the wild moss-country, full of boulders and footpaths and stunted cedars and sullen ponds. I crossed the height of land, where the ruined lookout stands like the remains of a Druidical temple, and then went down toward the ocean. Banks and ridges of snow lay here and there among the fields, and the white lines

of distant capes seemed but drifts running seaward. The ocean was gloriously alive, — the blackest blue, with white caps on every wave; the shore was all snowy, and the gulls were flying back and forth in crowds; you could not be sure whether they were the white waves coming ashore, or bits of snow going to sea. A single fragment of ship-timber, black with time and weeds, and crusty with barnacles, heaved to and fro in the edge of the surf, and two fishermen's children, a boy and girl, tilted upon it as it moved, clung with the semblance of terror to each other, and played at shipwreck.

The rocks were dark with moisture, steaming in the sun. Great sheets of ice, white masks of departing winter, clung to every projecting cliff, or slid with crash and shiver into the surge. Icicles dropped their slow and reverberating tears upon the rock where Emilia once lay breathless; and it seemed as if their cold, chaste drops were sent to cleanse from her memory each scarlet stain, and leave it virginal and pure.

NOREMBEGA.*

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

* Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised! — He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone and still
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given;
Is Norembega then a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

"'*Urbs Syon mystica*'; I see
Its mansions passing fair,
'*Condita cælo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the mystic stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
  Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
  The sign that God had made, —

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
  And made it holy ground:
He needs the earthly city not
  Who hath the heavenly found!

THE HAMLETS OF THE STAGE.

PART I.

IT was about three o'clock in the afternoon when fashionable people of the time of Queen Bess set out for the theatre. Even then they were too late to see the curtain drawn aside for the first act. Shakespeare's plays had not yet been "adapted to the stage," and must begin in good season, that the epilogue might be spoken before sunset. For in those days the streets of London, abounding in mud-holes and dangerous pitfalls, were not lighted even by the dim oil lamps in vogue a century later; and though the better class of people had link-boys bearing torches to guide the way, the poorer sort must go unlighted through the gathering darkness. Speedily, too; for the Bankside was fruitful in broils and robberies and broken heads, and honest folk must get home, lest they be comprehended for vagrom men and villanous breakers of the peace.

The Globe Theatre — managers, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbage — was the most popular in London from 1597 to 1630. It was built near the Bankside, on the Surrey side of the Thames, by Burbage and his brother, from the materials of their father's old theatre at Shoreditch, and was a brand-new edifice with "All the world's a stage" inscribed over the front entrance in good scholarly Latin. It was a circular building, with high walls; the stage and the adjoining boxes, or side-rooms, were roofed, but the main part was uncovered. General admission, sixpence. For a reserved seat in one of the boxes, or, better still, for a stool upon the stage, one might pay as high as two shillings. Extravagant young gallants, who wished to display their brave new doublets and hose, often gave their shillings, after the stools were all taken, for the privilege of reclining upon the rush-strewn stage, and incommoding the crowded players with their outstretched legs.

The Globe was the summer theatre of "her Majesty's servants." In winter they removed to Blackfriars, where the old cloisters resounded with the passionate speeches of the actors and the answering plaudits of the pit. Here Queen Elizabeth, with her ladies and courtiers, sometimes lent to the production of a new piece the lustre of her royal presence. Here, perchance, my Lord of Essex, when not in disgrace, attended haughtily to the players; or the splendid Raleigh, in his suit of white satin, "with his necklace of pearls each bigge as a robin's egg," whispered in the royal ear a good word for his friend Shakespeare. In the pit at the Globe, the noble Southampton, stately and courteous, may sometimes have greeted that rising star of philosophy, Francis Bacon; and Thomas

Lodge, a flourishing physician who had done with playwriting, may have jostled elbows with Ben Jonson.

When Richard Burbage, leading actor at the Globe and Blackfriars, made his first appearance in Hamlet, he must have been about thirty, for Shakespeare was careful to fit the part to him in all respects. Though a great favorite with play-goers and his brother manager, he was physically far from our ideal of the pale, slender, melancholy Dane. He was certainly short, for in "Jeronimo," specially written for him, the author made him say: —

"My mind 's a giant, though my bulk be small."

"I 'll not be long away,
As short my body, long shall be my stay."

He was likewise stout, and Shakespeare, finding that he grew "fat and scant of breath," endowed his poetic Hamlet with the actor's unpoetic physical characteristics.

Of Burbage's quality as an actor Richard Flecknoe wrote in 1664: "He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his clothes, as he never (not so much as in the tiring-room) assumed himself again until the play was done. . . . . He had all the parts of an excellent actor, animating his speech with action, his auditors being never more delighted than when he spoke, or more sorry than when he held his peace. Yet even then, he was an excellent actor still, never failing in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gestures maintaining it still into the height."

How Burbage dressed the part, the annals of the stage give little hint. It was then the custom of courtiers to present their cast-off suits to the players. When young Walter Raleigh got his cloak muddied under Elizabeth's feet, the soiled garment probably went into the wardrobe of some company of actors. And Burbage, it is conjectured, played Hamlet in the same style of dress which Rutland or Southampton or Raleigh was wont to wear at court — the high cone-shaped hat with broad brim and long feather, velvet doublet slashed with silk, satin breeches enormously stuffed out with feathers, long rapier, stiff ruff, and flowing hair.

In middle life Burbage seems to have become *too* "fat and scant of breath" for Hamlet. At all events he won his later laurels in Richard III., and grew so identified with the character that his companions called him "King Dick." There is an old story that one night he had an engagement after the theatre to sup with a mercer's wife, and that Shakespeare, learning of the appointment, was there before him, and deep in supper and converse with the dame when Burbage's tap was heard upon the locked door. "Who is it?" asked the fair false one. "Let me in," replied the impatient actor. "Away! I know nothing of thee." "Not know *me!* It is I, thy Richard III." "Avaunt, crook-backed usurper!" interposed the dramatist; "knowest thou not that William the Conqueror came before Richard the Third?"

Burbage, like many another, was painter as well as actor, and we find mention of a "portrait of a lady" from his brush. He died at about fifty, and our slender knowledge of his professional merit rests upon a few fervent eulogies. These are extracts: —

"He 's gone, and what a world with him is fled,
Friends every one, and what a blank instead!
Take him for all in all, he was a man
Not to be matched, and no age ever can.
No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry 'Revenge' for his dear father's death;
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love, and cruel Capulet;
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwashed bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand."

"Oft have I seen him leap into the grave,
Suiting the person which he seemed to have
Of the mad lover with so true an eye,
That then I would have sworn he meant to die.
Oft have I seen him play his part in jest
So lively, the spectators and the rest
Of his sad crew, whilst he but seemed to bleed,
Have thought that even then he died indeed."

Joseph Taylor and John Lowen were both members of the Globe company in Shakespeare's time, and both played Hamlet. It has been contended that Taylor was the original Prince of Denmark, but that is probably a mistake. "King Dick" was not the man to re-

linquish the leading business while still in his prime. All that remains of Taylor's memory is the tradition that his person was better suited to the part than Burbage's, and that he was an "incomparable Hamlet."

Lowen is the connecting link between this early epoch of the stage and the time of Betterton. He lived to be ninety years old, and died in the reign of Charles I. Rowe says: "Betterton was instructed in his acting by Sir William Davenant, who had it from old Mr. Lowen, who had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself."

Davenant likewise ought to have gleaned many useful hints upon acting and playwriting from Shakespeare, at the fireside of his father's comfortable inn in Oxford, where the manager and poet was wont to stop on his journeys from London to Stratford. Mrs. Davenant was a buxom, handsome dame, much younger than her lord, and the times were full of scandal. The gossips shook their heads meaningly, when Shakespeare stood sponsor for the boy, and hinted at a nearer relationship. One day, when the lad was running eagerly to meet the favorite guest, a neighbor asked, "Whither so fast, little Will?" "To meet my godfather." "Take care, my child," returned the questioner, "lest thou take the name of God in vain."

In later years Sir William himself claimed that he was a natural son of the great dramatist. He lived to be poet-laureate after Ben Jonson, and to be knighted for his fidelity to the royal cause in the dark days of the Civil War. During the Commonwealth he escaped to France, was captured by a parliamentary cruiser while leading a company of French artisans to the Virginian Colony, and, after two years' imprisonment in England, was released at the intercession of the poet Milton. After the Restoration, when Milton came near losing his liberty, if not his head, for his republicanism, it is said that Davenant's influence secured his pardon from the crown. To Davenant was granted the patent for the "Duke's Playhouse," and to him the stage was indebted for the introduction of better scenery and richer costumes than had ever been known before.

One August evening, just two hundred years ago, Samuel Pepys went home and made this entry in his diary: "To the Duke of York's Playhouse, and there saw Hamlet, which we have not seen this year before or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Thomas Betterton was the first great artist after Burbage in the character of the "mad lover." Once, during Betterton's day, Colley Cibber and Joseph Addison, sitting together in the pit, saw some robustious, periwig-pated fellow throw himself into a rage at the sight of the ghost, and the Spectator modestly asked his player companion if he thought it natural for Hamlet to fall into such a passion with his father's spirit, "which, though it might have astonished, had not provoked him." Both Cibber and Addison joined all contemporary writers in chanting Betterton's praises. "Alas," mourned Cibber, after his death, "I never see Shakespeare's plays played by any other, but it draws from me the lamentation of Ophelia, —

> 'O, woe is me,
> To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.'"

Yet Betterton is described by the preraphaelite pencil of old Anthony Aston as having "an ill figure, large head, short, thick neck, stooped shoulders, and long arms. He had little eyes, broad face, a little pock-marked, corpulent body, thick legs, and large feet. His actions were few, but just. His voice low and grumbling, yet he could tune it, by some artful device, so that it surprised universal attention even from fops and orange-girls."

This was the Hamlet over whom all London went mad. Did ever so many imperfections come into one grace? What genius must have lived in a man who could so transform and conceal such an array of disadvantages!

Betterton was the son of a cook in

the service of Charles I. He went on the stage in 1659, when he was twenty-four years old. He first played Hamlet two years after his debut. His Ophelia was the charming Mistress * Sanderson, of whom he was known to be enamored, and the town was as much interested in the real as the mimic lovers. They were married shortly after, and the young Hamlet found in his Ophelia a sweet and devoted wife. She is said to have been the first woman who appeared on the public stage. Up to her time feminine parts were played by boys; and as late as January 1661, Pepys records: "At the theatre, where was acted 'The Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done. And here the first time I ever saw women come upon the stage."

Betterton's power seems to have been greatest in counterfeiting or rather exhibiting the stronger emotions. The most impressive points of his Hamlet were in the closet scene, particularly where the prince sees the ghost. While he talked to his mother in tones of inexpressible tenderness, his horror and his eager desire to learn what the distressed spirit wished him to do "made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself." Though his complexion was "naturally ruddy and sanguine," when his father's shade appeared he turned instantly as "pale as his neck-cloth. His whole body seemed affected by a tremor inexpressible, which was felt so strongly by the lookers-on that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise." In the first scene with the ghost no ranting marred his tones, but they "seemed to rise from breathless amazement into the most tender impatience and the most touching pity, restrained all through by deep filial reverence." But he omitted many beautiful and effective lines, as,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?"

These were clearly injurious omissions, but that was the age in which Cibber patched up Richard III. for the stage, and Dryden *rewrote* the Tempest.

At first Betterton played Hamlet in the dress of a courtier of Charles II. Afterward, in the costume of William of Orange, with streaming shoulder-knots, cocked hat, and enormous powdered wig, walked his short, portly, stooping figure, the "glass of fashion, and the mould of form." Yet he held spectators in tears, in awe, in breathless expectancy too intense for applause. "And for my part," he said, "I think no applause equal to attentive silence."

For many years he was manager as well as tragedian. When Colley Cibber first appeared before a London audience, he had the misfortune to annoy Betterton by some delinquency or act of carelessness. At the end of the performance Betterton inquired the name and salary of the offender, and learning that as yet the young actor was receiving no pay, he directed the business manager to put him down at ten shillings a week, and fine him five as a punishment. No wonder Colley always praised the ladder upon which he first climbed to fame. Betterton was notably kind and encouraging to young and obscure actors. When Robert Wilks went up to London to try his fortune on the stage at a salary of fifteen shillings a week, he was so overcome by the power and dignity of Betterton's Melantius, in "The Maid's Tragedy," that he trembled and stammered in his part. After the scene was over, Betterton taking his hand, said kindly: "Young man, this fear does not ill become you; a horse that sets out at the strength of his speed will soon be jaded."

Even experienced actors were overpowered by the genius of Betterton. Barton Booth, on first attempting the part of the ghost, with Betterton for Hamlet, was struck "with such horror that he could not speak the part."

For fifty years, Betterton adorned the stage, and raised it to higher repute than it had ever borne. He was frugal as well as generous; and though his salary was never more than four pounds

* "Miss" was then the term of reproach, and "Mistress" the honorable appellation.

a week, he saved several thousand pounds for his declining years. But speculation was rife in those days, and he was induced to risk his property in a commercial venture to the East Indies. He lost it all, and old age found him needy. At seventy-four, a benefit was given him, and Mrs. Barry spoke an epilogue by Rowe. From her sweet lips rippled the lines: —

"What he has been, though present praise be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come."

. . . . . .

"Had you withheld your favors on this night,
Old Shakespeare's ghost had risen to do him right."

. . . . . .

"In just remembrance of your pleasures past,
Be kind, and give him a discharge at last;
In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated buskin there.
[*Pointing to the top of the stage.*"

The next year, 1710, he had another benefit, which yielded one thousand pounds, — an enormous sum for those days. He appeared in his favorite character of Melantius, and played almost with his youthful power, but he was suffering so much from gout that he was compelled to wear slippers. To lessen the swelling he used an application, which drove the disease to his head, and three days after, the grand old actor was dead. Mrs. Betterton was immediately allowed a pension from the crown; but she was quite crushed by her bereavement, after fifty years of happy wedded life, and did not survive to draw her pension. Betterton's great genius, pure character, and devotion to his chosen art, rendered him worthy of a resting-place among the illustrious dead, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Steele describes the emotions he felt while waiting to witness the interment "of one from whose acting I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets. . . . . While I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had, in real life, done all that I had seen him represent."

Most eminent actors of those days aspired to be, like Shakespeare, authors as well. Betterton's original plays did not win him much fame, but his alterations and adaptations of dramas were successful, and many men of letters were proud to take counsel of his taste and experience. So great was his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare, that he made a journey through Warwickshire to gather reminiscences of him; and Rowe acknowledged himself indebted to Betterton for many incidents related in his life of the great poet. Dryden thanks him for "judiciously lopping *twelve hundred* lines from my tragedy of Don Sebastian," — perhaps the only instance on record of an author's being grateful to anybody for cutting him down. And Pope, who was a mere boy when he met the great actor, consulted him about his verses, and painted a portrait of him, which is said to be still in existence. It is a precious relic, — a picture of the greatest of England's early actors, painted by the poet who stamped himself more deeply upon his own times than any other English poet has done.

For thirty-two years after the death of Betterton, the stage lacked a great Hamlet. Painstaking Robert Wilks won considerable reputation, principally in the scene with Ophelia, — which he played with less boisterousness than Garrick, his successor, — and in the scene with Queen Gertrude, in which he threw singular pathos, persuasiveness, and earnestness into the appeal, "Mother, for love of grace!" According to Davies, "he understood the tender passion in a superior degree, and had a tall, erect person, pleasant aspect, and elegant address."

Wilks was born in Dublin, and his family intended him for the Church. But Greek and Latin were little to his taste, and he finally gave up his studies for a government clerkship in Dublin.

Here he fostered a lurking predilection for the stage, by frequenting the theatres, and eagerly discussing all the new plays. This might have proved a mere passing fancy, had he not made

a clandestine marriage, which neither his own father nor the father of his bride could ever be persuaded to forgive. Exiled from home, and deprived of means and official position through the persecution of his father, he and his young bride became the subject of much talk and sympathy in Dublin. A warm-hearted, childless goldsmith and his wife took them in, and gave them a pleasant home for two years. Meanwhile Wilks went upon the stage, and the kindness of Betterton soon helped him to eminence. He ultimately became a successful manager of the Haymarket, in company with Colley Cibber, and lived to be over seventy. He was most famous in genteel comedy, and his Sir Harry Wildair was the best ever seen, till clever, versatile Peg Woffington surpassed it. Dick Steele says: "To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be said to shine with the utmost beauty."

The clever and dissipated Powell was contemporary with Wilks. So was the elegant and scholarly Barton Booth, who was, like Wilks, designed for the pulpit, but ran away from Trinity College, Cambridge, at seventeen, to join a company of strolling players. His greatest parts were those of dignity and majesty. His Cato was superb. Even Addison could witness it without regretting the days of Betterton. But Booth does not seem to have won much reputation as the Prince of Denmark, though the ghost was one of his most famous characters, and he is said to have given it "with an effect almost appalling."

At forty-eight he was seized with incurable madness, which lasted, with a few lucid intervals, until his death, four years later. So much was his art nature, that he fancied himself the actual king or tyrant he had so often personated, and wore his crown of straw with all his wonted majesty. He was an accomplished gentleman, and more courted by the rich and noble than any other actor of his day.

But none of these Hamlets won the hearts of spectators. We find no one to dim the memory of Betterton till we come down to "Little Davy," — the idol of the public for thirty-five years. Garrick had French blood in his veins — the blood of noble Huguenots. His father was a captain in the British army, and David was born at an inn in Hereford, while the captain was stationed there on recruiting service. When twelve years old, the boy acted in plays, with great applause, in Lichfield Grammar School. Even heavy Samuel Johnson, who occupied a bench among the seniors, was charmed with the little fellow's grace and vivacity, perhaps because he saw in him his own antipode. When Johnson himself opened a school for young gentlemen, Davy, then nineteen, was one of his pupils; and a year later, when "the academy" proved a failure the two went up to London together, with one letter of introduction between them as their sole capital. They were a pair to be wondered at by any passer-by; — the large, awkward schoolmaster, with scarred face, shambling gait, and ponderous manner; the airy, volatile youth, with the grace of a harlequin and the address of a prince.

Soon after they reached the metropolis, a distant relative of Garrick's had the grace to die and leave him a thousand pounds. At first he tried to study law; afterwards he set up as a wine-merchant. All the time he longed to go upon the stage, but the pride of his family opposed itself. At length the ruling passion triumphed, and he went into the country and appeared under an assumed name. Harlequin was his greatest success, and it was enough to decide him. He returned to London and wooed fortune boldly. Drury Lane and Covent Garden would have none of him; but the little theatre in Goodman Fields gave him an opportunity.

The "strolling actor" and "pretender," as the two prosperous managers had called him, was of quite another school from the majestic Betterton, but he took the town by storm. The little man chose Richard III. for his first night; "because," said he, "if I come

forth in a hero or a part usually played by a tall fellow, I shall not get over forty shillings a week." So many rumors of his capacity had been heard, that there was a good audience at the obscure theatre, and his Richard was received with wonder and delight. Instantly he became the rage. The leading theatres were deserted, and people of fashion trooped to see him. Even Pope, old, feeble, and querulous, was drawn from his Twickenham retreat, and praised him with enthusiasm. Quin, his own reputation paling before the rising star, said spitefully: "Garrick is a new religion; the people follow him like another Whitefield; but they will soon come back to church again." Garrick retorted in the good-humored epigram: —

"When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation."

He had won green laurels in Richard, Lear, and many favorite comedies, and was in his twenty-seventh year, when he first appeared at Drury Lane, following the gorgeous court of Denmark, in his inky cloak and all the trappings and the suits of woe. Of small, delicate, well-shaped frame, with an exceedingly musical, though not very powerful voice, eyes full of fire and passion, and rapid and vehement changes of tone and attitude, — he was a striking contrast to the slow and stately Betterton. And, despite the tenacity with which old play-goers adhere to their early favorites, a few survivors, who remembered Betterton well, unhesitatingly pronounced Garrick the greater Hamlet. His picturesque attitudes, his wonderful mobility of face, the profound melancholy that weighed him down, his passionate rebuke of the Queen, the marvellous play of his speaking eyes, which now flashed lightnings and now melted to liquid softness, are all descanted on by the writers of that day. The line,

"But I have that within which passeth show,"

made a very deep impression. "And when he beheld the ghost," says one of his contemporaries, "his consternation was such that the emotion of the spectators, on looking at him, was scarcely less than if they had *actually* beheld a spirit. He stood a statue of astonishment; his color fled, and he spoke in a low, trembling voice, and uttered his questions with the difficulty of extreme dread."

It is a striking illustration of the inhumanity of former times, that the bitter anguish of Shylock, though expressed in the self-same words that now draw tears, was long regarded as mirth-provoking. Doggett, *the comedian*, had personated Shylock, in a red wig and false nose, while Kitty Clive, — the very incarnation of Thalia, — playing the disguised Portia in the trial scene, had drawn forth more pardonable roars of laughter, as she archly mimicked the leading lawyers of her time. Perhaps this coarseness and buffoonery of the stage had made Garrick unduly sensitive; at all events, though himself an incomparable comedian, and even an incomparable harlequin, he not only cut out the part of Osrick, from Hamlet, but ruthlessly expunged the scene with the grave-diggers, lest it should mar the tragedy. Lord Campbell shows that the discussion, in this scene, as to whether Ophelia is entitled to Christian burial, turning upon the question whether she went to the water and drowned herself, or the water came to her and drowned her, is almost a verbatim copy of the arguments in a famous law-case tried in the reign of Bloody Mary; and that the poet's purpose clearly was, to ridicule the counsel who argued that suit, and the judge who tried it. To Shakespeare's fondness for satirizing legal and judicial stupidity are we indebted for that immortal scene. How wonderful is its blending of pathos, wit, and shrewd philosophy! Yet the great Garrick was blind to its merits, and he banished it altogether from the stage. Years after his death, a friend said to Jack Banister, who had ventured to restore it: "If you ever meet Garrick in the next world, he will quarrel with you for bringing back the grave-diggers to Hamlet."

Fortunately for us, Garrick's acting

edition of Hamlet did not long hold the stage. But the Romeo and Juliet played to-day is the same in which he, at old Drury, and "silver-tongued Barry," at Covent Garden, vied with each other for twelve successive nights. On the thirteenth, Barry gave up the rivalry, leaving Garrick alone in the field. The contest, meanwhile, had wearied the town, and provoked the sally: —

"'What play to-night?' says angry Ned,
As from his bed he rouses.
'Romeo again!' he shakes his head:
'A plague on *both your houses!*'"

"Had *I* been Juliet," said a lady, "and Garrick my Romeo, I should have expected he would scale my balcony and come up to me. Had Barry been my Romeo, I should have gone down to him."

It was in Richard, Lear, and Hamlet, that Garrick won his greatest Shakespearean triumphs. His low stature did not serve him well in Macbeth; and Quin dared to laugh at his Othello. But when he played Hamlet, the town applauded to the echo. Can we ever forget honest Mr. Partridge's criticism, when Tom Jones laughed at him for being afraid of the Ghost? "And yet," he says, "if I was frightened, I was not the only person." "Why, who," asks Jones, "dost thou take to be so great a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will, but if *that little man there upon the stage* is not frightened, I never saw a man frightened in my life!" And when told the "little man" was Garrick, and the best living actor, Mr. Partridge answers indignantly: "*He* the best player! Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. . . . . The king, for my money; *he* speaks all his words so distinctly, half as loud again as the other."

Garrick's Hamlet wore a black court suit, (those were the times of George II. and George III.,) a *bag wig*, a cravat with streaming ends, silver shoe-buckles, and lace ruffles at his wrists; — doubtless a studied and elegant costume; but it contrasts sharply with our usage, and the bag wig can hardly have added to its charms.

Garrick was an actor to the core. He used to say that he would give a hundred pounds if he could utter the single exclamation "Oh!" with the miraculous effectiveness of Whitefield.* Yet he could almost have rivalled the elder Matthews in his wonderful powers of mimicry. When he played Bayes, in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," there was hardly a living actor whom he could not take off to the life. It was said of John Kemble that he laid off all signs of his profession with the player's dress; but Garrick mimicked in the green-room, at home, and on the street. This rare power, the vivacity which came from his French blood, and his exceeding cleverness, gave him powers of charming which few men have possessed. Pitt wrote him complimentary verses, Lyttelton praised him in his "Dialogues of the Dead." He belonged to the Literary Club, which numbered Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds among its members; and Goldsmith and he bantered each other in brilliant epigrams, in which the actor was no whit over-shadowed by the poet. In the first, Garrick described Jupiter and Mercury as conspiring to make "an odd fellow," in whom should be jumbled "much gold and much dross," and producing, as the result,

"This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet."

Goldsmith replied by an epitaph: —

* He was a close student of the great preacher, whose weeping, stamping, and mimicries, and whose never equalled voice, which sometimes reached twenty-five thousand people in the open air, made him much the more powerful actor. Garrick used to declare that one of Whitefield's discourses gained new effectiveness with each repetition, and was never delivered in his best style till he had given it forty times. Another critic asserted that Whitefield could make a congregation laugh or cry at pleasure, simply by his pronunciation of the word "Mesopotamia."

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

. . . . . .

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.

. . . . . .

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame."

Garrick retorted in four lines, one of which still lives in the quotation-books: —

"Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who is writing fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks."

Before he was fifty, Garrick spent a year and a half on the Continent. In Paris, at a little party, he met Mademoiselle Clairon, then the queen of French tragedy. Both consented to divert the company, and Clairon began by reciting from Phèdre and Zaïre, and some other of the parts her genius had vivified. Garrick followed, and, as many of the guests did not understand English, his display to them was nearly all in pantomime. They shared with him the reverent horror of Hamlet at the sight of his father's ghost; they shuddered with his Macbeth at the air-drawn dagger; and a moment afterward they roared with laughter at his grotesque imitation of a pastry-cook's boy who had upset his tray of cakes in the gutter. But when he showed them the grief-stricken Lear bearing in the dead Cordelia, every heart was stirred to its depths, and the impulsive Clairon, in a transport of admiration, caught him in her arms and kissed him.

Garrick modelled the action of his distraught Lear on the grief of an old man whose only child leaped from his arms out of an open window, and was dashed to pieces under his eyes. The wretched parent went mad, and was confined under a keeper in his own house, where the actor frequently visited him to study his madness. Grimm said truly, "Garrick's studio is the street."

Garrick had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds, a large fortune in his time, when, during the early months of the American Revolution, he retired from the stage to lead the life of an opulent private gentleman. At his final performance of his favorite character of Lear, Miss Younge was Cordelia. As the curtain fell, he led her silently to the green-room. There he said, feelingly, "Well, Bess, this is the last time I shall ever be your father." "Then give me a father's blessing," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees before him. Extending his hands over her head, he said, with great emotion, "God bless you, my child"; then looking at the actors who had gathered around, he added brokenly, "God bless you all; God bless you forever."

In his luxurious villa at Hampton, he spent his last years in the society of his devoted wife. She had been Eva Maria Violette, renowned as one of the most graceful dancers in all Europe. She was the reputed daughter of the Earl of Burlington, — and this belief was strengthened by the Earl's magnificent present of a casket of jewels and six thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. She outlived her husband, and remained constant to his memory until her own death, forty-three years later.

Garrick died at sixty-three, and was followed to his grave by a long train of men and women, eminent in the drama, literature, politics, and society. He was buried with great pomp beneath the monument of Shakespeare. "I paid a melancholy visit to his coffin yesterday," writes Hannah More, "where I found room for meditation till the mind burst with thinking. His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant. Besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the resurrection morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy."

Seven years have passed since Garrick took leave of the stage. A new star rises upon Drury Lane. It is the 23d of September, 1783. The bills

are out for Hamlet, and the critics whisper, buzz, buzz, buzz! How will this new comer, John Philip Kemble, stand in the still bright blaze of Garrick's fame? His family name is already full of histrionic associations. His father, Roger Kemble, now a little past middle life, has long been a well-known actor and manager of provincial theatres. His sister Sarah,* two years his senior, is now in the full blaze of her rare beauty. Though only twenty-eight, she has been Mrs. Siddons for ten years, and she is already the acknowledged head of the British theatre, a rank which she is destined to hold through an entire generation.

John Philip, educated at a Roman Catholic seminary in Staffordshire, and the English college at Douay, in France, has been familiar with the stage from boyhood. Will he play and dress Hamlet as Garrick did? Probably not, for the bills announce the play "as originally written by Shakespeare." Doubtless he will restore the text which Betterton, Garrick, and the rest have been wont to omit. It is also said that he will introduce new and daring readings of familiar lines. These are the rumors in pit and boxes before the curtain rises.

Kemble enters, every inch a Hamlet, with the irreproachable figure, the dark lustrous eyes, and the fine classic features of his family. Face and figure are well set off by the rich court dress of black velvet, itself an innovation, for of late the part has been dressed by the most celebrated actors in the Vandyck costume of black satin and bugles. Kemble wears on his breast the star and pendent ribbon of an order, a mourning sword, deep ruffles, and *powdered hair* which, in scenes of deep distraction, flows dishevelled in front and over his shoulders. He looks our ideal of the royal Dane, and acts it as well. His voice is less rich and musical than "little Davy's," but his elocution is slow, superb, finished. The spectators are forced to applaud. Yet something is missed. What is it? Many declare it is the sudden paling of the cheek and shiver in the blood, which all felt who looked on Garrick. When *he* played, the actor was forgotten; now, they forget Hamlet, to watch Kemble. He is so "scrupulously graceful," so studiously elegant in speech and action, that no flaw is found in him, except that which Leigh Hunt suggests: "He impairs what he makes you feel, by the want of feeling in himself."

His innovations were, many of them, just and original. Garrick and all other actors, in following the ghost, had gone out with sword stretched toward the apparition, but Kemble extended his left hand to his father's spirit, trailing his sword after him, the point on the ground. Even this was enough to make the theatre-goers, who remembered every motion of Garrick, stare in amazement.

Some of Kemble's readings revealed delicate shades of meaning, and were readily accepted. When he addressed his "Good even, sir," to Bernardo, and said to Horatio, "Did *you* not speak to it?" there were more signs of approval than dissent. When he afterward consulted Johnson about the reading of this line, the sage gave approval in his gruff way. "To be sure, 'you' should be strongly marked. I told Garrick so long since, but Davy never could see it." In going on, after "I do not set my life at a pin's fee," Garrick uttered, with the greatest rapidity, "And, for my soul, what can it do to *that?*" But Kemble, in his measured way, rendered it, "What CAN it do to that?"

His manner to Ophelia was a model of courtly grace, and won many a feminine heart during that first London season. A young woman, no doubt fresh from some country home, thus writes to her relatives of Kemble's Hamlet: "He was *so* graceful at Ophelia's feet, yet noting closely through the sticks of her fan the face of his uncle-father. With his mother he did not rant, but spoke with indignation and energy. And he was indescribable when

* She began her theatrical career when a mere infant, being employed to knock a pair of snuffers against a candlestick to imitate the sound of a windmill.

he said, 'He is gone even now out at the portal,' throwing himself forward fondly and passionately, as if to detain his form. . . . . As for Ophelia, I wonder, poor soul, she waited for her father's death to go mad. She should have lost her wits when she lost such a lover."

In the grave scene Kemble was less successful. Indeed he confessed that he could never please himself there. But his interview with his mother, though some of Garrick's points were missed in it, was most dignified and tender.

> "Once more, good night!
> And when you are desirous to be blessed,
> I 'll blessing beg of you,"

was given with great effect, especially the last line, which often drew sympathetic tears. The whole scene won greatly upon public favor.

On the morning after the performance there was much debate about the successor of Garrick, for such the popular verdict was forced to find him. Two Hamlets more exactly opposite could hardly be imagined. The one all fire and impetuosity, the other stately, measured, and scholarly. Or, as sprightly Mrs. Spranger Barry expressed it, — she who had herself been a crowned queen of the drama, — "The Garrick school is all fire and passion; the Kemble school so full of purr and pause, that one often imagines they have forgotten their parts and is tempted to prompt them." Doubtless this very difference between the two actors prevented many odious comparisons, and helped to assure Kemble's success.

And never since Burbage played Hamlet, when it was brought out as the latest novelty at the Globe, had the success of any actor become more identified with the part. Boaden, I think it was, once objected to it as apt to be less popular, because more philosophic, than other Shakesperean characters; but Kemble maintained that in all libraries where Shakespeare's plays were found, or wherever else they were read, the play of Hamlet was sure to be the most bethumbed and dog's-eared, and that more lines from it were familiar in our ears as household words than from any other play.

At thirty-two Kemble became manager of Drury Lane, and for nearly thirty years afterwards stood at the head of his profession. Once, for two months, he and his family endured every species of insult, and he suffered greatly in property by the "Old-Price Riots," caused by his raising the charges of admission to Covent Garden. He was finally compelled to compromise with the rioters. But he never forgot the indignity. Years after, when he made his last appearance, full of wealth and honors, a friend complimented him on the warm affection of his auditors. He replied, with a significant shrug of his shoulders: "True, but they are the same scoundrels who once wanted to burn my house."

His management was distinguished by many splendid revivals of Shakespeare's plays, and he stands in the memory of the English stage one of the four or five greatest Hamlets. His personal beauty remained untarnished by old age. George Colman, though he had quarrelled with him for spoiling the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, writes of him as

> "The fairest pile of manly comeliness
> That ever reared its lofty head to heaven."

EARTHQUAKES.

ORGANIC life is the product of forces which arrive at the surface of the earth from two different directions; the one descending to us from the sun, the other coming up from the central regions of the earth. In the narrow zone, not over six miles thick, lying between the two great centres of energy, the one distant but a few hundred miles, the other nearly one hundred million, is developed that life which we are apt to deem the main object of the operation of the universe. The limitation of life in time is as great as its limitation in space; being dependent on two variable sources of force, the conditions which admit of its existence are inexpressibly precarious. A considerable increase in the amount of either force, or any considerable decrease in the amount of that received from the sun, would at once bring it to an end. At a recent period in the history of our solar system, the heat of the earth was so great that the zone now occupied by life was the scene of contending elements; and at a future time almost measurably distant, when the other great source of energy, the sun, shall become in like manner stilled, when the great struggle between matter and heat now going on there shall be over, this little oasis of life, in the midst of the expanse of matter which obeys only physical laws, will cease to be.

It is surprising to compare the relative character of the two sources of energy and the quantities of the force we receive from them. That which we receive from celestial sources comes to us softened and equalized by the distance it traverses. The inconceivable convulsions of the sun, the flames a million of miles high which burst from the fiery mass, the furious sounds which accompany this great struggle of matter with creative force, are quite lost in space, and there come to us only the equable and beneficent light and heat. We should have remained ignorant of the convulsions which attend the evolution of these properties, if we had been compelled to perceive them in their effects on the surface of the earth.

All the force which enters into the development of life has a celestial origin; and not only organic life, but all those symmetrical movements of matter upon the surface of the earth, which give a sort of life to the earth itself, have their source in the celestial bodies. The circulation of the waters from the oceans through the air to the lands, and back through the rivers to the sea, the currents of the air, and their product, the oceanic streams, are the direct result of solar heat. The whole structure of life, extending through a past of almost limitless duration, is scarcely more than embodied sunshine. The store of force contained within sedimentary strata, in the form of coal, is the product of solar action in past geological periods — is, in fact, fossil sunshine. The envelope of stratified rocks which has smoothed down the external irregularities of the earth, — giving us in place of a surface as rough as that the moon turns toward us, the regular combination of mountain and plain, of table-land and valley, — is the result of solar heat operating through the agency of water. It is now more than probable that the greater changes in the history of life on our earth, by which life has been advanced step by step from the simplicity of its origin to its present complication, are due to the combined effects of the attraction of the sun and planets upon the path of our earth around the sun.

According to this hypothesis, the varying position of the planets in relation to our earth has produced the alternations of temperature, which at many successive times have spread a glacial covering over the continents,

extinguishing one assemblage of life to make way for another and higher development. If this be true, it is to celestial forces we must attribute the lifting and lowering of the great ice curtain, which has divided the successive acts of the drama of life.

The wildest dreams of the astrologers concerning the influence of the heavenly bodies over the destiny of living things are far surpassed by the truth: if it be not true that our individual lives are the result of accidental influences of the stars, it is still unquestionable that we, as well as that life of which our lives are but a part, are the product of forces originating above the earth.

While the forces derived from celestial sources are uniform in their operation, those which come from beneath our feet are in the main irregular and spasmodic. Most of the phenomena which are referable to the action of telluric energy show the operation of discontinuous and violent forces. In the irregular action of earthquakes and volcanoes, or in the systems of mountains where the stratified materials laid down on old sea floors under the operation of uniform celestial forces are upheaved and contorted, we may see how different is the mode of action of the forces which originate within the earth, from that of the forces which come from above. Observations, which are too well verified to be questioned, show us that at the depth of a few miles the heat of the earth is sufficient to melt the most refractory materials, or convert them into gases, if it could be applied to them at the surface. If we made what is generally believed to be a legitimate inference from the phenomena, and concluded that an uniform increase of one degree of Fahrenheit attends every sixty feet of descent, then we should be compelled to suppose that the central region of the earth has a temperature of at least three hundred and thirty-three thousand degrees. Of this energy accumulated in the form of heat within the earth, we know happily but little from its immediate effects. Of the total supply of heat which the surface of the earth receives, not one thirty-fifth part comes from the interior, and of this fraction the greater part is so irregularly diffused, owing to the fact that it comes to the surface at a few points of volcanic eruption, that it cannot have any considerable influence on the development of life, or the production of movement in inorganic matter at the surface.* The other chief element of vital activity, the chemical rays of sunshine, come entirely from the sun; so that there can be no doubt that no trace of life could ever have existed, had it depended on the forces originating on or within the earth. As yet we know too little of those forms of energies termed magnetism and electricity, to determine their effect in producing the organic and inorganic movements of matter, or the proportion in which they are produced by the two sources of force, the earth's interior and the sun. There are some facts, however, which may fairly lead us to conclude it to be eminently probable that we owe at least the main part of these forces to the celestial centre. A relation has been observed between the great disturbances of the sun's surface and the magnetic storms of our earth.

As far as all active influence in the production of vital activity on the surface of the earth is concerned, the focus beneath our feet may be regarded as practically inoperative; nor is it at all probable that, at any time in the past, it contributed anything towards the development of animal life; nor could it ever have had a share in the production of any of the constant movements of matter upon the earth's surface, such as we find affecting the atmosphere or ocean. Unlike those features, which possess a certain sym-

* Probably the most trustworthy estimate of the proportion of heat received from the sun and from the earth's centre is that given by Mayer. According to this calculation, the sun gives us each day an amount of heat which would melt eight thousand cubic miles of ice at 32° Fahrenheit, while during the same time there would come up from the interior enough heat to melt only two hundred miles; and the greater part of this would be thrown out at points of volcanic eruption.

metry, the movements produced by the energy which comes to us from the interior of the earth have all a convulsive character. It is as a disturbing agent, operating to produce interruptions in the even course of the action of the forces which come from without the earth, that the energy of the interior has its chief value. Considered from this point of view, it has a very great importance. The physical results of this collision between the forces derived from the two sources are apparent on every side. Their parts in the production of the great features of the earth are essentially antagonistic. While the telluric forces tend to give a great variety to the surface of the earth, producing the folds of the continents and the ridges of the mountain chains, the celestial forces, acting through the water which they cast upon the land in the form of rain and snow, or drive upon the shores by wind and tide, operate continually to reduce that surface to a uniform level. The effect of animal and vegetable life, the product as we have seen of solar forces, is to aid the great levelling process. The coral reefs and other products of the sea, the organic products of the land which are borne to the seas by the rivers, all tend to fill up the ocean basins which the telluric forces are always at work to deepen. When the waters first descended upon the surface of the earth, they doubtless formed a tolerably uniform expanse over the whole space now occupied by both land and water. In this condition of the earth, the solar forces would operate upon the air and ocean, uninterrupted by the action of the internal forces. The currents of both air and ocean would have over the universal sea the same uniformity of movement which we now find only in the Central Pacific Ocean. Two belts of trade-winds, one on either side of the equator, would form the only important atmospheric movements, and their product, a single equatorial oceanic current, would encircle the earth with its uniform stream. All the isothermal lines would be parallel with the equator, and each hemisphere would have the same conditions of climate under the same parallels. Animal life, the measure of climatic differences, would not present any great variety in a world of such uniformity of conditions; it would not advance beyond the simplicity which accorded with the conditions surrounding it. The knowledge, which the labors of the geologist have given us of the early life of our earth, assures us of the truth of this supposition. Into this uniformity the action of telluric forces soon began to introduce variety. As the heat flowed out from the interior of the earth, the crust had to accommodate itself to the diminished nucleus; to do this, the regions now occupied by the sea-floors bowed downwards, and the continental ridges lifted themselves upwards out of the sea. This at once broke the uniformity which prevailed during the uncontested reign of the solar forces. The equatorial ocean stream became broken into several smaller currents, forming a pair of vortical movements such as we now find in the Gulf Stream, wherever the uprising continent crossed its path. The regular course of the winds was broken up, each continent becoming the centre of meteorological disturbances, so that only in the remaining spaces of broad ocean could the typical regularity of movement of air and ocean be perceived. On the surface of the broad folds of the continents, the internal forces raised the mountain chains; these break the movements of the aerial ocean, as the continents broke the currents of the sea.

Thus in the waters and in the air uniformity was replaced by variety, through the action of telluric forces. But the result of the intermixture of the effects of these internal forces with those coming from above is even greater in organic nature than upon the physical features of the earth's surface. With varied climates came a varied life. In the range of conditions between the summits of the mountains and the bottoms of the seas life found a variety of

circumstances influencing its development, and assumed a diversity of structure impossible before the telluric influences had given a greater variety to the theatre of life than was afforded by the uniform ocean floors. The influence of height alone in determining variety in both sea and land, animals and plants, is very great, but many other efficient causes, all operating in the same direction, were brought into action by the division of the universal ocean. The single equatorial stream girdling the earth favored the uniform development of life throughout the different zones. The closed currents, which were formed when this stream was broken up by the uprising continents, caused a limitation of life which could not have existed before. By carrying tropical warmth towards the poles, and in return bringing the temperature and creatures of the frozen regions towards the equator, the uniform zone, character of temperature, and life were greatly changed. Instead came the division of life by basins, which gives the complicated relations of the floras and faunas now existing.*

Thus, on every side, we find the telluric forces operating to introduce variety into the previously more uniform conditions. Nor is this limited to the surface; beneath it, on the rocks which are laid down on the ocean floors by the solar forces, the same diversifying agent is at work. In these beds of uniform materials the telluric heat begins to work, and gradually transforms them into very different substances.

Through the uniform limestones and sandstones fissures are riven; these, by the further working of the central heat, become filled with the varied materials which charge our mineral veins. So when the forces of the interior have completed their work of metamorphism, and have lifted into the atmosphere the beds which the celestial forces laid down on the ocean floors, the telluric forces have filled the originally uniform beds with varied substances, from which soils gain the variety enabling them to support a diversified life, and man will derive those materials which are to render possible his highest development. The way in which the uniform solar and irregular telluric forces cooperate in the production of their results is well illustrated by the history of the formation of our coal seams. First, the sunshine develops the plants, supplying the force necessary to separate the carbon from the atmosphere and its accumulation in the remains of a luxurious vegetation. Then, by the action of internal forces, the bed of vegetable matter is sunk beneath the sea. As it goes gradually down, the solar forces heap upon it sediment worn from the land, together with the remains of other organic forms. All the while the telluric forces are acting; and the heat which is drawn towards the original surface, by the newly deposited materials acting as a non-conductor, so increases the temperature of the buried plants that, combined with the moisture and pressure, it converts the bed of plants into coal. Now the variable internal forces cause the stratum of coal to begin to rise, and at length bring it again to the surface, where the solar forces, by rain or wave, sweep away the rocks which covered it, and thus, by undoing their work, render this store of solar force accessible to man.

If the telluric forces should ever cease to lift up the continents and deepen the seas, the solar forces acting in moving water would in time wear down the lands and restore the universal shallow ocean. The internal changes, on which the movements of the continental folds and sea floors depend, are likely to cease long before the solar force shall have become exhausted.

It is, then, by no means impossible that the complicated evolution of life may be succeeded by a gradual return to simplicity, brought about by a restoration of the uniform physical conditions which ushered life upon the

* Those who may feel an interest in the phenomena of ocean currents, and their effects on the distribution of life at successive geological periods, will find this question treated more at length in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for 1865. Vol. X. p. 295.

earth's surface. Universal ocean and simple forms of life may be the last stage of our earth's organic history, as they were the first.

If this should be so, the whole life of our earth would only repeat what we find to be the history of every part of that life,—a progress from simplicity to variety in its growth, and a return to simplicity in its decline and death.

While there are, perchance, but few who feel much interest in tracing the share which the convulsive telluric forces have had in the development of the physical features or the extinct life of our earth, most persons will find some pleasure in observing how these convulsive forces have influenced the history of man.

The most important condition of the existence of civilized man is the stability of the land. He must have some basis for confidence that his structures will endure. Show him by experience that at any moment he is likely to be visited by a convulsion against which all resistance will be impossible, which shall destroy his most laborious works and bury his race in their ruins, and there is at once taken from him the basis of confidence on which his labor rested, and the incentive to toil is gone. It is on this account that the slightest operations of the internal forces, which have manifested themselves in those old ruptures of the earth's crust we see on every side of us, have a very great value in the history of man. During all stages of the earth's history before the coming of man, the ordinary earthquakes and volcanic eruptions exhausted their effects in their physical results; with his advent, fear became a power, and these convulsions had thenceforth a higher value.

It is not easy to say which of the two prominent manifestations of internal force have had the greatest effect on man, the volcano or the earthquake. Both possess the elements of the supernatural in the highest degree; both are so far isolated phenomena that the rude observer is thrown at once on his myth-making power, in order to gratify the natural demand for an explanation.

Volcanic phenomena, however, have some permanent features which render them less mysterious than the earthquake; and although, where they destroy, the ruin they make is more complete, their ravages are confined to a narrow range about their points of outbreak.

They present also something like a natural succession in their phenomena; their eruptions are always preceded by some external signs, which give time for flight, to save those who come within the range of their action. Of the coming earthquake there are probably no natural signs; except in so far as they attend volcanic outbreak, there is no trustworthy warning of its approach. In the midst of the most profound calm of nature, while every outward sign seems to betoken the uniform action of all forces, there may instantaneously appear the most frightful convulsion. The earth rocks to and fro; from its recesses there come the most appalling sounds; in an instant cities are shaken down, mountain summits are hurled into the sea, the rivers change their paths, and the ocean, as if to complete and cover the ruin the land has made, rises in an enormous wave and sweeps the shore.

When we consider that there are considerable portions of the earth's surface where every generation experiences some of the terrible effects of these accidents, we can well believe they must affect the character of the peoples subjected to them. It is easy to trace the effect of a great and desolating war upon the development of a people; yet the immediate consequences of a war are rarely felt by any considerable portion of a people, and even with the actual combatants there is the roused spirit of the soldier to prevent the effects of paralyzing fear. But the earthquake may bring the worst consequences of war to every household; being irresistible, there can be no awakened courage to sustain the mind; being inscrutable, there are added the

terrors of ignorance and superstition. The importance of earthquake phenomena on the development of man may be conceived by estimating the loss of human life caused by them. During the last two decades, the number of lives destroyed by earthquakes has certainly exceeded two hundred thousand. During this time, probably not over the usual rate of mortality from this cause has existed. Assuming this to be a fair measure of the loss of life produced by earthquakes, we should have a mortality of over one million for the last century, and since the beginning of the Christian era over eighteen millions would have perished from the direct action of this agent. But we must add to this appalling sum the probably greater number who have perished in the famines and pestilences which have almost always destroyed more than the convulsions they followed, before we can form a correct idea of the destroying power of earthquakes.

There are no sufficient data by which to compare the ravages of earthquakes with those of other destroying agents, such as epidemic diseases or war. Many earthquakes have certainly brought a greater loss of life on certain communities than any pestilence, as, for instance, the Calabrian earthquakes of 1783 and 1837, and the great Lisbon earthquake.

In addition to the loss of life, there is to be reckoned the destruction of property; this evil has probably as great effect upon the development of a community as the loss of human life. When a community is not only deprived of its laborers, as by pestilence, but is at the same time bereft of the accumulated toil of preceding generations stored in buildings, the shock is frequently too great for reparation.

The ordinary accidents which befall a community do not form any adequate measure of the effects of these convulsions. When fire or flood destroys a town, there remain the wealth and energy of the surrounding country, which by assuming the shape of charity or by giving the generally more efficient aid of enterprise afforded by the productive energy of the uninjured region acting through commercial channels, soon restore the loss. We can only compare the effect of the worst forms of earthquake violence with the ordinary accidents which befall communities, by supposing every house in a great area to be at once struck by lightning. If we can conceive of an electrical discharge of the most extreme destructive power hurled at once into every building in Massachusetts, killing a fifth of the people, rendering the labor accumulated by half a dozen generations in the buildings and their furniture quite useless, bringing in the train of the convulsion famine and pestilence, so as to render immediate restorative effort impossible, we may then estimate the effect of severe earthquakes on the character of a people. How long would even New England energy remain unshaken under a succession of such calamities? Would this people have retained the courage to battle with the evils of its own community, crush out its ignorance, struggle with its vices, and have enough force to spare to produce an impression throughout the social and political movements of forty millions of Americans, if in the two centuries of its growth each generation had been a sufferer by some such devastation?* Can we believe that even the native courage and sense of duty could prevail over the certainty that before the present century closed this desolation would be repeated, or that the work of material and moral advance would still go on without interruption? To any one who has considered how far the conviction that bricks and mortar will hold together underlies all human progress, the continued advance of this community under such conditions must appear very questionable. There can be no doubt that the Yankees would meet the question of dealing with earthquakes as it has never been met before.

* The earthquake shocks of 1638, 1663, 1727, and 1755, though violent, did not produce very destructive effects on the wooden houses and stout masonry of the then thinly peopled colony of Massachusetts Bay.

The Patent Office would be besieged with inventions calculated to give better assurance of safety to life and property. Houses would be constructed on new principles, with elastic joints and floors independent of gravity; the legislature would give us committees of investigation, and the whole range of questions connected with these convulsions would be studied as they have never yet been. The people of Massachusetts would never have their chimney-pots brought down on their heads every quarter of a century, without knowing something about the reasons therefor.

It may be that the world would have been a gainer if the portent of the Newbury earthquake of 1727 had ushered in a series of convulsions such as have desolated Calabria or Peru.* We certainly should have known more of the nature of the causes, and the means of obviating the worst effects of the convulsions. Maybe we should have learned the true character of the indications, if such there be, of the coming earthquake. We may even imagine that this people would have devised some method of helping Nature out of her difficulty by creating some convenient outlets whereby this pent-up force could escape without destructive effects.

However successful all these efforts to deal with the terrible enemy, and whatever the glory to have been gained thereby, there can be no doubt that the whole nation would have lost by every earthquake which might have devastated New England. We may be with reason thankful that Nature contented herself with giving to this land a meagre soil and a rigorous climate, but left its granite hills so steadfast that the living may sleep quietly in their beds, and the dead rest in peace in their graves.

By such a comparison between the condition of a community exempt from, with another subjected to, the action of these convulsions, we may gain a conception of their influence on the development of man, and be prepared to find distinctive marks of their effects in the character of every people long exposed to their ravages.*

Two results may evidently be expected. First, the effect of these convulsions will be to develop those insuperable bars to progress — superstition, and the conviction that the powers of nature contending against man are too great for his efforts. Then there must arise, from the constant destruction of architectural and other records, and the obliteration of traditions which crumble almost as easily as brick and mortar under these convulsions, a sundering of all that connects one generation with another. This destroys all that continuity of effort which is indispensable in the building up of a civilization. If we could construct a map which would represent the relative superstition of the inhabitants of different parts of the earth, or the energy with which they contended against natural obstacles, and could compare the indications thus obtained with those of another map, where the shading exhibited the relative frequency and violence of earthquake disturbances at different points, a striking correspondence would be perceived. Under the shading which indicated the maximum of earthquake activity, would be found the peoples on which superstition has stamped its evil effects most deeply. Beneath the shading which indicates the greatest intensity of seismic activity lie the greater part of Southern Italy and Sicily, Syria, a good part of Persia, the greater portion of Hindostan, the whole crescent of the Malayan Archipelago, from Singapore through the Spice Islands, and up to Manila. Most of Japan and much of the shores of the Chinese Empire are shadowed in the same manner. On our own pair of continents, we find

* A detailed account of this earthquake, by far the most severe that has ever visited New England, may be found in the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. XXXV. pp. 33, 63, 124.]

* Buckle, in his History of Civilization, has incidentally referred to the influence of earthquakes on national character; but, so far as is known to the author, no careful effort has yet been made to determine the influence upon human development of this very important assemblage of phenomena.

Mexico, a good part of the Antilles, Central America, the whole northern and western shore of South America, lying within the region of maximum earthquake activity. The whole periphery of the Pacific Ocean, except Australia and the northern half of the American Continent, is thus subjected to the agent the most effective in hindering human advancement, — an unfortunate circumstance, which may have done much to prevent advancement among its original peoples, and may in the future prove a great bar to the progress of the transported races, which are rapidly fringing its shores with European colonies. In the Atlantic Ocean we find the last unfortunate land on our list Iceland, where earthquake activity is very great.

In each of these regions we may trace those indications which we expected would mark the work of this disturbing agent. In Iceland, for instance, we find a people who, although at first they seemed to develop an intellectual activity proportionate to the intensity of the movements of the physical world about them, are now reduced far below the position of the people of their race on the main-land. Their history, with its intense feuds, with every feature indeed indicating the predominance of those social evils which spring from superstition and the disturbed relations which these convulsions bring about, more resembles that of Southern Italy than that of any people of northern origin.

It is also instructive to compare the peoples occupying, at the present time and in the past, the three peninsulas of Southern Europe, — Spain, Italy, and Greece. These three regions are occupied, and have always been (excepting during the Moorish invasion of Spain), by peoples of the same race. Their climates do not vary widely, their productions are essentially the same, and their histories, as far as affected by external peoples, are as near alike as those of three states have ever been. Southern Italy and Sicily have been terribly devastated by earthquakes. The Spanish peninsula, excepting the strip known as Portugal, has been free from devastating convulsions. The greater part of Greece has also been exempt from the effects of severe convulsions. Shocks of moderate force have occurred frequently, but only a few devastating shocks have affected this peninsula. That part of Italy north of and including Rome has never been subject to the most destructive earthquake action, though often slightly shaken, and it is there that the civilizations of Italy, both ancient and modern, have been developed. These people have always exhibited, in common with the inhabitants of other centres of convulsive action, an utter inability for combined effort, a want of confidence in the future, and a degree of superstition we seek for in vain in the same race in better conditions.

That part of the Spanish peninsula included in Portugal, which lies beneath the deepest shades of our map, presents us with a people who show also in their history and character the unfortunate effects of this agent. The regions subject to the most intense earthquake activity on our own continents — Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, Peru, and other parts of the Pacific coast of South America — all exhibit in an unmistakable manner the peculiar effects which we may attribute to its existence. Superstition and a want of continuous effort characterize the inhabitants of all. It is not possible to set forth all the facts tending to support the conclusion that earthquakes have produced the peculiar features which we have claimed to be their effects in the people above named. One fact, however, is evident, that none of those peoples placed under the influence of the most extreme seismic activity have ever attained to greatness. The history of that portion of the Mediterranean region which has been subjected to the most destructive earthquakes may be removed from our annals without very materially affecting the record of the development of humanity around that sea; and the peoples occupying the same

unfortunate position in the new world have not contributed much to the development of man, despite their great natural resources and generally favorable climate. It is extremely difficult to do anything toward unravelling the complicated system of causes which have made any people what they are, and impossible here to undertake the little that can be done. Without this analysis, however, it will not be difficult for the reader to perceive, in the character and history of many of the peoples dwelling within the regions where the most violent earthquakes occur, a strong confirmation of the hypothesis that these convulsions have had much to do with making that character and that history what they are.

The comparison of the characters of those peoples which have been subjected to earthquake ravages with those which have escaped these accidents naturally leads us to examine the character of the races of men in relation to the intensity of the subterranean disturbances of the regions they inhabit. If we lay before us an ethnographic map, and compare its indications with those given by our earthquake chart, we perceive some important relations. The Latin peoples of the Aryan race have developed over centres of earthquake action, while the northern members of that race, have inhabited regions quite exempt from devastating convulsions. The exceptions in the case of the Latin peoples are, that most of Spain proper, Northern Italy, Central and Northern France, Brazil, and Buenos Ayres have been exempt from the worst effects of these disturbances. Only the last two, however, have enjoyed the perfect immunity which has been happily allotted to most of Northern Europe and the greater part of our own continent. The only case of the subjection of a people of Northern European origin for many centuries to the action of earthquakes of great violence is found in Iceland. Jamaica presents us with a case where a small number of English have been similarly placed for about two centuries; but the continual change of population by immigration would invalidate any conclusions drawn from it. If we take the exceptions to the rule that the Latin peoples have generally been subjected to great earthquake convulsions, comparing the peoples of Central and Northern France, Spain proper, the Valley of the Po, in Northern Italy, the inhabitants of Eastern South America with those of Southern Italy, Sicily, Southern France, Portugal, Savoy, Mexico, Venezuela, and the western shore of South America, do we not see at once that there are differences in character between these two groups which cannot easily be attributed to climate? On the other hand, take the single exception in the case of Iceland, where a considerable mass of a Northern European people have been long exposed to severe earthquake action, do we not find a sufficient departure from the original stock to warrant us in supposing that the peculiar influences of these convulsions have had a great effect on the character of the inhabitants.

In the history of architecture we find many features of interest in connection with earthquakes. An art which bases its work on the adherence of masonry cannot but have its history affected by such an agent. The style of architecture proper to the firm soil and Gothic peoples of Northern Europe differs as widely from that existing on the tremulous lands of the Latin peoples of the south, as the character and history of the nations among which they had their birth. Gothic architecture, with its aspiring lines, its slender steeples, its tall columns supporting a load of pointed arches and tracery, where every element of beauty would be an element of weakness in the earthquake's shock, could never have developed in Calabria or Sicily, or any other region exposed to such convulsions. The massive walls, the narrow barrel arches, the dome in place of the spire, which we find in Southern Italy, are forms better suited to resist the frequent shocks to which they are exposed. Even these elements of arch and dome

are less steadfast under such strains than those of the older orders of architecture, the Doric or Corinthian, whose crowded vertical supports hold up but little weight. Probably the most important architectural result of the action of earthquakes is the unequal degree in which their destruction operates on different sorts of buildings; while the temples and similarly solid public edifices may withstand severe shocks, the frailer buildings around them, constituting the private houses, are likely to be quite destroyed. Thus since the erection of the temples of Pæstum, over two thousand years ago, the dwellings of the people about them have been shaken into rubbish probably half a dozen times, while the firm-built temples have been little affected by the shocks. The natural result of this action is the more rapid alteration of domestic than religious architecture. The underground forces seem to have an especial antipathy to renaissance architecture; often the shock spares the heathen temple, to wreck the church beside it. If we could adopt that theory which attributed earthquake shocks to the struggles of the imprisoned gods of old in subterranean dungeons, we might suppose that there was some malice in the selection; but it is rather more likely that the better mortar and sounder principles of the ancient architecture are the real cause of the difference in durability.

When the process of decay begins to make serious ravages in any building in southern climes, the earthquake performs somewhat the same accessory work of destruction that the frost does in northern regions, — that of searching out all the opening joints and half-formed fissures, and, by developing them, hastening destruction. As soon as a column is loosened, or the adherence of masonry at any point materially weakened, some shock, incapable of overthrowing the whole structure, wrenches it from its position. Much of the work of demolition in Southern Italy and other earthquake centres, which is generally attributed to Robert Guiscard, or some other invading ravager, is really the work of earthquakes. Even in Rome, which, as before remarked, has escaped the worst effects of earthquakes, there is ample evidence in several of the great ruins that this agent has been an efficient destroyer. Mr. Mallet has recognized earthquake fissures in the ruined walls of the Baths of Caracalla. The same evidences are to be found in the Coliseum and other Roman structures, and are common in the mediæval buildings of the Imperial City.

It is unquestionably very difficult to trace in a satisfactory manner the effect of such a natural agent upon the development of a people. The foregoing inadequate presentation of the matter may serve, however, to call attention to the effects of subterranean forces upon the development of man within the regions affected by their convulsive action. In their direct action upon the development of the physical phenomena of the earth's surface, these convulsive internal forces unquestionably contribute to an advance in the character of life, by varying the conditions to which it is exposed. Operating upon man, they doubtless tend to accomplish the same great end of diversification, by the same means of varied conditions; but they bring at the same time an amount of human suffering which transcends imagination.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XII.

AT length he perceived that he was going to Emerald, three miles away.

He had gone more than a mile on the road, perhaps, when he became convinced that somebody was following him. It was a winding road, and looking back, he could see no further than a quarter of a mile. But had he stood and waited long, no one would have appeared, for no one was coming, no one was walking upon the track at that hour except himself. He not only had the impression that some one was following fast, but his imagination acted with remarkable definiteness, — he thought it was Edna who followed; and would he have chosen that she should overtake him? For a long time he looked behind him at every curve; once he stood and seemed waiting, as if he had called to her, or had heard her call to him.

So conscious was he of the fire raging in his blood, that he believed her steady and far-seeing eyes must have discerned it when she came to the shop. But what if she had discerned it? Whence came this fancy that she was following him? Why should she follow him?

Poor fellow, with all his bold self-reliance and egotism, it was no new thing for him to be looking about for external proofs which should preserve him from falling. The one fear of his life was that he should stumble into that abyss of ruin into which he had already seen his father fall. To no mortal had he acknowledged this fear. Even Doctor Detwiler had not discerned it, though he had warned him to work because he had seen the danger in which he stood. Edgar, understanding the advice, had followed it; but now and then the volcano gave evidence of internal surging.

He thought, as he hurried on, that he would go directly to the doctor's office; but in order that he might do so, he must pass the station-house and the inn. Indeed, the doctor's office adjoined the tavern, though not at the end in which the bar was kept. If he could get into the office, he was safe.

The bar-room was nearly filled with boisterous men as he passed by. He passed almost on a run. The doctor was not in his office. John sat down. What did he want? Why had he forced himself down there, as it were, into the cannon's mouth? He wanted to talk with a human being with whom he could talk in safety. In the midst of the confusion which overwhelmed him, John answered the stern question thus. But when he had made the answer, he turned upon himself with a "No." He knew that he had come there for no such purpose. He had come because the place was Emerald, and the bar-room always stood open inviting drinkers in, and there was never so much fun and joking going on as on Sunday evenings. His flight past was a sham.

"You came," he said to himself, "because you smelt wine and wanted a drink. You have lied to yourself all the way down, now own it. If you go into that room yonder, own it to yourself, you are going because you want to go. The next thing is to drink with the fellows, and you won't stop when you have begun. You did n't stop the last time till you could n't speak or see, and they carried you to a room and let you lie there like a dog till your drunken fit had passed off. Suppose Miss Edna had looked at you then! Then, as if you could help the matter that way, you worked till you brought on that long fever, and the miners said you would work yourself to death. Elsden understood it, though; so did the doctor; what would Miss Edna think if she saw you here now?"

So he sat and talked with himself. In the office it was very still. The clock seemed to punctuate and underscore the remarks he was addressing to his conscience, but he could hear voices outside, and could recognize them. By and by they rose in dispute. He went to the windows and listened. The men were quarrelling about something which he knew all about. He could have settled the dispute by a word. He started up, but half-way between the window and the door he said to himself, "That 's another blind; don't you put it on." Instead of going out he shut the office windows, though it was a sultry night. Then he went into the doctor's inner room, lighted a lamp, and sat down to read; but one might as well expect to read by starlight while a tempest raged.

It was late when the doctor came from the pure sweet evening air into his close and lighted room. When he saw John Edgar, his surprise turned into displeasure: "What are you doing here with all these windows shut? the office is like an oven."

"I had n't any business here, I know that well enough," said John, greatly disconcerted. He had been so occupied with considerations purely personal that the doctor's inhospitable mood surprised him. "I thought if I went out," he added, "the fellows would see me, and — and I did n't want to go in there to-night."

"What did you come near that man-trap for, then? Open those windows. Have you been sick? Does anybody want anything?" As he spoke the doctor went and looked at the slate and read the names and wants recorded there; he had been absent all day. "H'm — h'm," he said, in his short, abrupt way.

"I don't want anything, sir," said Edgar; "I guess I shall be able to get by the tavern now without going in, since you 're here to see me do it."

He said this with assumed gayety. There was so perceptible a sadness in his voice, however, that the doctor turned from the slate, went back to the table, and, taking him by the chin, brought his face towards the light. "Do you want to go back for anything to-night?" said he, after a serious glance.

"I begin work at half past four Monday mornings."

"So you shall. But you had better stay with me to-night. You can sleep on that lounge. I understand you. You want that fever put out. Here!" — he poured out a wineglassful of mixture — "drink that and go to sleep."

"I am ashamed," said Edgar, but he took the potion.

"What are you ashamed of?"

"To think how I am made up."

"If you are to be ashamed of anything, it is of what you do with what is made up. That is your business. You were made a present to yourself, and you must accept the gift."

"Doctor, you know nothing about it."

"Don't I? You have no more excuse for dying an inebriate than I have. The only thing you have to do, Edgar, is to fight clear of yourself. That 's all."

"I can, can I?"

"Of course. Take all the help you can get, though, as you go along. For one thing, don't put yourself where you will be likely to be tempted. But if you find yourself in such a place, off with the right hand, out with the right eye, sooner than yield. For in your case yielding is ruin. That body of yours is a sacred thing, John. Let anything profane it at your peril. When you find yourself in danger, get away from yourself; go to the best person you happen to know. Don't stay alone, and don't go amongst drinkers."

"There 's Edna," thought John, and so he fell asleep.

By four o'clock the next morning he was hurrying up the track. The doctor had called him.

"Time to be moving," said he; and the youth sprang to his feet.

"Own to me," said the doctor, "how you happened to be in that plight last night."

"I don't know, unless it was that I took the scent of liquor."

"Then you see that you must keep

clear of folks that use that kind of perfume. I don't care who they are, — you can't stand it. Deny yourself, John, and take up your cross."

John did not answer by speech; but he caught up the doctor's hand, shook it hurriedly, and walked off.

His heart grew lighter as he went towards Swatara. That was surely not his true self with whom he had parted company last night on the doctor's sofa! He had risen up and had come forth a new man, so strong he felt. As he approached the foot-bridge which crossed the creek in front of Mr. Holcombe's garden, he heard a voice singing, and he knew it was Edna's. At first he thought she was on the other side of the stream; but as he walked on, he found that she was among the bushes so burdened with berries, and he went out of his way a few steps to look at her, and possibly to speak to her. She had, of course, no suspicion that he was so near, for she kept on singing; but, yes — she *had* seen him, and was singing with a smile! When he said "Good morning," she was not in the least startled, and looked up as if it were the most likely thing in the world that he should be walking along that way, at that hour of the morning.

"How goes the picture drawing?" he asked.

"Well, John, I wish you could see it."

"Then I shall see it, Miss Edna, of course."

"It — they all knew who it was meant for."

"Indeed! When shall I sit for my portrait, Miss Edna?"

"I am going into the blackberry business just now largely. They say there is money to be made by it. I heard the doctor saying yesterday that there would be a great demand this year. I mean to gather all that grow about here."

"To sell?" asked John, with a satisfaction for which he could not have accounted to himself. It arose from the sense of equality which her determination to go into the market seemed to suggest and to imply.

"Yes, to sell. I cannot live on other people's bounty. I must do something, you know."

"Why, how comes that? Bounty! Miss Edna. I don't suppose such a thought would enter Mr. Holcombe's head."

"It has entered mine, though, and that is enough. It entered it before I ever went there, and it never has gone out. I must feel myself independent wherever I am. But you need not say anything about it. Of course they would not like it: but I feel so, all the same. Do you understand it? I read in the book I lent you something like,

> 'O, how wretched
> Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!'

Well, it need n't be 'princes' favors' to make one 'wretched,' and I am not going to 'hang on' to any such thing."

"I wish you success in your berrying; but I would try not to feel that way. Everybody is dependent, I guess, if you look into things."

"Yes, I know it; but not that way. I was dependent on you for help in my drawing: that did n't hurt me."

"And I am dependent on you for a great deal, and that does n't hurt *me*," said John; and because he did not choose to hear the answer she might make to that, he walked off with a "Good morning."

"I want to ask you if you have read my book yet?" she said, as if she had not heard his "Good morning" or perceived his intention to go on.

"I have not, but I will; and when may I see your picture of Rosa?"

"I will think about that: very soon, perhaps. John!"

He came back when she called him, and she showed him the berries she had gathered, and then said: —

"Do you really think it is so hateful in me to wish to pay my way there? They are not rich."

"No, not hateful to wish that. But you know what we all think of Mrs. Holcombe about here."

"Well, what do you think?"

"Why, we think — there was never another like her."

"Perhaps there never was, but — we don't seem to understand each other. I don't know why I should tell you of it. She is very kind to me, but if it didn't seem so silly, I should say we were afraid of each other. Do I seem terrible to you? For you think she is an angel."

"O Miss Edna! you must n't ask me how you seem to me. It is n't six o'clock yet, and it 's Monday morning!"

"I know it," said Edna, laughing; "I ought not to keep you here when your work is waiting. But I do get so tired of myself all the time. But go on, — you might as well first as last."

"Miss Edna," said John, suddenly, "I have a mind not to go on until I say something that — that — If you get so tired of yourself, would n't you get more tired of me? May I help you always? Will you let me slave for you and not feel that you owe me anything? I could give my life for you. I will live for you, if you will let me."

"John," said Edna, her eyes opening wide on him in genuine wonder, "what do you mean?"

"You have made me love you, and I have been fool enough to tell you of it," he answered, confused and stammering.

"You are not a fool: and if you do love me, I thank you for it," said Edna, promptly enough.

But John was so surprised himself at what he had said, that he could not believe she had understood him.

"I mean for all my life," said he.

"That was what made me so thankful," said she.

"But, Edna, Miss Edna, will you marry me? could you? would you? Me, Miss Edna, — me! John Edgar!"

"Not this morning, John. It is Monday morning, you know, and going on six o'clock. I must go back to the house."

She picked up her basket in a hurry, and was going to run away, when he caught her hand.

"Is this all true?" he said. "May I go up there to the workshop and feel like a man who has Paradise to work for? You shall have such a home as you deserve, and I — I — O — God bless you!"

Edna was frightened at the feeling she had stirred. She stood still, thinking. Presently she said: —

"You may go and work for your Paradise. Any home you would give me would be better than I deserved."

But though her voice betrayed emotion, it was not akin to that which had stirred John Edgar. He was the lover, — she only a fugitive seeking a covert, and too ignorant to understand rightly the fact. If Mary Trost had happened along that way instead of John, she would, undoubtedly, have received the girl's confidence, and nothing would have followed: but — he had received it; something must follow.

CHAPTER XIII.

GUILDERSLEEVE died, and, as was of course to be expected, his funeral called out the brethren in a body. The presence of the church members was an indication of the spirit with which the erring man had been received back into their midst. The curiosity was general to hear what the preacher would say about him, now that he was gone.

The preacher said little, but the Scriptures and the hymns he read, and the prayers he offered, showed no inconsiderable tact.

Mrs. Holcombe was not beyond the sound of her husband's voice, but her mind was in a strangely wandering mood. She had been looking forward to this funeral day since she had known that Guildersleeve must die. She had come to the house attended by Edna, for Delia had remembered that the day was the anniversary of the death of Annie Gell: last year they had visited her grave on the same day, and this year they would do likewise.

The day was one to invite the human world out of doors. Little of its glory or its beauty had been lost on Edna as they ascended towards Guil-

dersleeve's. She had noticed all the familiar points as they came up into the highlands: she knew where the wall of green brier flourished, and where the wild briers and the cedars abounded; and where she saw the white daisies and blue harebells, the depths of her heart were stirred. There was an old stone-wall built across the sloping field just back of Annie's house; the red bloom of its wild roses against the blue sky — for often she had lain in the grass under the wall, and looked up at the roses and the blue — she never could forget. She remembered it now as they came up to Guildersleeve's. She remembered, too, that at such seasons of beauty, old Annie used to declare that Edna might as well be a thousand miles off, for all the comfort she had of her society. "You queer creetur," she would say, and shake her head, when she found the girl in some solitary nook, pursuing her investigations or reflections, or whatever it might be that seemed to remove her at such a distance from everything connected with her home life.

"I 'm not lazy, I am working at things," Edna would answer; and the old one would say, "I 'd like to see something to show for it. You are the least like my folks of anything under the sun." But when Edna recalled these words, she could do it without self-reproach, for she knew that no reproach was in them.

But Mrs. Holcombe, in the house of Guildersleeve, was not thinking of Annie Gell, whose grave they were going to visit, nor of any other mortal under that roof, or beyond it, on earth, or remote from earth, except Mary Trost, who sat beside her.

The services over, people flocked into the yard to look at the remains of their old neighbor; for the coffin was carried forth with lid unclosed, that all might look upon the dead. Mrs. Holcombe seized the moment to speak to Mary. Perhaps she ought not to hope that she could win her confidence, but it might be that some word she should speak would serve as an arrow in the hand of the Lord: it might be her happy privilege to show that young girl that she stood on dangerous ground.

"It is a long time," she said, "since you have been to our house. Won't you try to find time to come? Edna is often speaking of you. We would be very glad to see you."

Her friendly face as she stood looking at Mary, and that voice whose kindness few who had a burden of any sort to bear failed to discern, made an impression. Mary had never thought that Mrs. Holcombe was a handsome woman, but just now she was impressed by her beauty, as well as by her goodness. She seemed inspired with a sudden desire to know better this wife of August's minister, to talk with her, perhaps even to give her her confidence; but it was not quite likely that she would do that just now.

It was the benignity, the sympathy, the compassion — it seemed like compassion — expressed in Mrs. Holcombe's eye, that drew Mary towards her.

"I am going to stay and bring the house to rights, while they are gone to the grave," said she.

"Let me stay and help you," said Delia, quickly.

"Do! If people see you here they will not be apt to hang about so long."

Mrs. Holcombe's staying did, in fact, seem to have the desired effect. The house was speedily cleared of those who would otherwise have turned the funeral into a visit of investigation. Most of those who would have remained to explore went out and overtook the funeral train, and the rest left the house.

The two women, experts in household management, soon restored the rooms to order. The table on which the coffin had rested was put back, the white tablecloth folded and laid away. The edibles spread in the kitchen for the refreshment of such as came from a distance were removed, dishes were washed and put in their places, window-shutters were thrown open, and sun-

light came streaming in, even to the little dark bedroom in which Guildersleeve had breathed his last; and soon the odors of sweet grass and of clover filled the place.

Edna had strolled away from the house while this was going on, and stood on the roadside watching the funeral train as it made its slow way towards the burial-place. When all was done, Delia and Mary went into the yard.

"Somebody will be doing the same for us some day," said Mary. "I hope the neighbors will think as kindly of us then as they do of Mr. Guildersleeve. If he had been a better man he could n't have had a finer funeral. Your people are very forgiving, Mrs. Hulcum. Everybody must see that."

"It would be a hard heart that stood against a brother who asked to be forgiven," said Delia.

"Nobody did stand against him that I 've heard of," said Mary. "I suppose anybody would have been glad to come here, and do what they have let me do for them. But I would n't have taken half the comfort doing it if things had not come round as they did — if grandfather had been called in to do what Mr. Hulcum has done, I mean. The thing I like about your people is their charity; and then they are all above-board, as you might say. They all know just how they stand with each other."

"How could we have the face to ask God to do for a brother what we were not willing to do for him ourselves, as far as we were able?" asked Delia.

"But it is the spirit of your people," repeated Mary, as if bent on pointing out to the preacher's wife the feature which she found beautiful and praiseworthy, in view of that which she was herself about to attempt in behalf of liberal Christianity. "You have the confidence of all the people in your church, and out of it, Mrs. Hulcum; you have mine, I know, though you have stood by your church just as I have stood by father."

"It seems to me of little consequence what name we go by, sitting out of doors on an afternoon like this, while the people have all gone to bury an old man. Young or old, that is what we must all come to," said Delia.

"Yes," answered Mary, thoughtfully, "but it is n't a little thing either. My grandfather does n't hold that it is, neither does your husband. When we come to the point, we don't think it is, either."

"But suppose you had only yourself to think of," said Delia, "it would n't seem a great matter, would it, to give up your church for what you should think was more important? I don't mean that anything *could* be more important than religion and your duty, but your outside church, I am speaking of. One thing might seem sufficient to you to make up for what you lost in church communion; and another to me, if I left mine. Abraham went out from his own country seeking another, and even Moses was persuaded, by what he hoped to find in Judæa, to leave what he had in Egypt."

"Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?" answered Mary, with a thoughtful smile, more moved than she cared to make manifest by Mrs. Holcombe's talk.

"Yes and no," said Delia, with more spirit. Did not Mary desire to be persuaded? "That is what we all think until we find out the reason why it is so. I knew it must be. There are feelings that can influence us more powerfully than the obligations we own that we are under to people in general, as in a church."

"If a person has only himself to answer," said Mary, "it would be easy. But that is n't the way with most of us. When it comes to separating from those who cannot go with you, if you go they must see that you choose to, and that there 's something you like better than you like them. It is better to give up the thing you would go for, and stay in the place where you were born."

"It depends upon what calls you, whether you can," said Delia, looking

off towards the far horizon, yet speaking with a rapidity which betrayed her nearness.

"Do you know what has called *me*, Mrs. Hulcum?" asked Mary, suddenly, turning her frank eyes on the preacher's wife. She had suspected that Delia did know, but whether she knew or not, it was impossible for her to carry on an Indian mode of warfare. Ambush did not suit her.

After all she was a little surprised and excited by the answer, — "Yes."

"Is that what you mean by saying *it depends?*"

"Yes."

"It is to give up my religion and take his, that is the thing."

"No," answered Mrs. Holcombe, now steadily gazing at the girl. "You cannot say it is that quite. You think it will be as well to see what he will do. I would not dare try that."

She paused. Mary said nothing; she was convicted. She had thought just this.

"I would not dare," said Delia, "to try what I could do with him."

Mary's red cheeks crimsoned; but neither did she reply to this further venture of the preacher's wife. All at once, Delia herself found it impossible to proceed; her own face reflected the heightened color of Mary's. Mary's silence might mean embarrassment, but it might also mean scorn of her counsellor. It was quite possible that she was preparing to turn upon her with a suspicion of her own past, equivalent to knowledge. Was she not Trost's child? Was he not everywhere inveighing against Mennonites as a people who lived in violation of their own laws, traitors to their own government, deceivers, and at what point had he stopped short? She was paralyzed by the fear which overtook her in the midst of her endeavor to warn and protect this child. But presently she felt a hand touching hers, and a voice, half suffocated by emotions, said, "O Mrs. Hulcum, go on, speak to me!"

Then Delia's spirit rose; and she took up the weapons of the Lord, though it should be to the slaying of herself.

"I do not think," she said, "that Deacon Ent will leave us. But, Mary, you may become his wife, — forgive me, I dare not leave it unsaid, — you might become his wife, and not seem to be with us. You might secretly marry him."

"I would scorn such a marriage!"

Mrs. Holcombe bowed her head; she sat thus considering these words, and all this serious business. At last she looked up, and said still more seriously: "I believe you would. Better, far better, live and die alone, than be deceived by anything that would have an end so different from happiness. You would not consent to it on your own account. I have not meant to say anything against Deacon Ent. There are men as upright as he who would persuade you to do this. I am glad that you are angry. Do you suppose I say this because I think it would be to Mr. Holcombe's credit that you joined our society? I warn you as one woman has a right to warn another. You will not give up August, — he will not give you up."

"Do you think it would be impossible for you?" said Mary, half angry yet. "You seem so sure of it in my case."

"When I look into my own heart, I tremble for you."

"What would you advise, then?"

"Tell your grandfather exactly how things stand between you."

"You do not know him, Mrs. Hulcum!" exclaimed Mary, aghast at this counsel.

"What I say is, do not keep your secret from him. Tell him that he is father and mother to you, and you will be a stronger woman from that moment. And he will be a kinder father."

"You do not know him, Mrs. Hulcum."

"No matter if you think so. Be honest. Tell him all. Unless — you find that your church is more to you than your love."

Mary's eyes overflowed with tears. What had become of her pride and her

determination, and that pretty purpose of hers to test her power, and the power of Methodism?

"I understand these things well enough to know how it will be," Delia continued. "You must give up August, or else see that it is a light thing to leave all and follow him. Why do I say this? Because I am Mr. Holcombe's wife, and know that Deacon Ent is really, as my husband is always saying, the preacher's right-hand man? I say it because I have two girls in my house who may soon be standing where you are. I would not have dared to speak so to you, Mary, had I not feared to keep still."

Edna now came, and said that the people were returning from the graveyard, and Delia, rising, said, "My girl here will be glad if you come down to our house oftener; she has made you a good many visits. Will you not come soon?" It was easy to promise, and indeed the thing which Mary now desired to do was to keep near to Mrs. Holcombe.

Delia went down the lane to the well, purposely leaving the girls together a few moments, and Edna half-doubtingly said, following Mary's eyes, which followed Delia's movements, "Is n't she a good woman?"

"Good!" returned Mary, "she is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In the graveyard, standing by the low mound which covered the body of poor Annie Gell, Edna said to Mrs. Holcombe, "Do you really think of me as if I was your daughter?"

"Always!" This was the assurance which Delia had longed so many times to give, and had never found freedom for it. Now the question had been fairly put, she answered from an overflowing heart. "You are just as dear to me as Rosa. If ever you should doubt it, remember what I say here in this place; it is true. Perhaps you are oftener and more tenderly in my thoughts than even my darling Rose is."

"How could that be, Mrs. Holcombe?"

"Ah, you will never understand, Edna, never till you call me mother, as Rosa does! But I will tell you. For the very reason that would make it seem unlikely: because you are older than she is, and a great deal older, much more than five years; because your mind is working in so many ways. And — I am so anxious that you should be happy with us, and do that, and be that, which will make you happy. And so, if I should sometimes seem to require a good deal more of you than I do of Rosa, you will understand how it is. Because I am hoping so much for you; because, dear child, I feel more responsible for you. It seems even more important to me to do the best I can for you, than to have your love and confidence."

There was something in the voice which spoke these unexpected words that strangely moved Edna. She did not intend to give her confidence so far as her berrying project was concerned, or in the matter of John Edgar; but nevertheless she brushed a tear from her cheek, and felt conscious of a feeling to master before she could answer, as she did, in a half-despairing way, "I am not worth half the trouble I cost, Mrs. Holcombe."

"But God has given you to us, and his gifts are sacred."

"I could have loved her better, and served her better, and I wish I had," said Edna, looking on the grave at her feet.

"I am glad that you may think how much you did to make her happy," said Delia. "I was glad when you insisted on paying for the grave-stone, and that you wanted one that would have cost a great deal of money, though we thought it would please aunty better if you bought a simpler one."

"We had only each other," said Edna.

"Yes, but now she has heaven, and you have earth and memories, and the hope of heaven," answered Delia. "And how many hearts there are which you

can make happy. O child, if I could only make you see what it is possible for you to be! Do you not feel in yourself ability to lead a life which would make you a blessing to everybody? I seem to see in you resemblances to the most precious objects that I have ever dreamed of."

"O Mrs. Holcombe, do not say such things as that to me," said Edna. "You make me feel ashamed."

"But I shall still look for your increasing likeness to all I have loved best, and all that I do love best. You are not quite what you would like to have me think, — a stranger and a pilgrim. You are our dear child; our house is your home."

"Mrs. Holcombe," said a voice. By the graveyard gate stood Maxwell Boyd. Driving slowly down the road, he had recognized the preacher's wife, whose acquaintance he had made one day in his wanderings about the neighborhood of the mines. "May I carry you down in my carriage? I am going your way."

"You will be very tired, if you walk," said Edna, glad to have the conversation, which was becoming so painful to her, interrupted.

Delia hesitated, but finally took her seat in the carriage, and Max enjoyed his opportunity of exhibiting skill in the management of ponies along mountain roads.

He enjoyed his drive so much that, when Mrs. Holcombe invited him into the house, — to the door of which he carried them, in spite of her assurances that it would be much better to let them cross the stream on foot by the bridge, — he accepted the invitation.

It was his first visit, and he said when he entered the house: —

"I have n't felt at home before in a dozen years."

Delia smiled. She was accustomed to assurances that her house was indeed a home.

"Stay and take tea with us," she said; and so he stayed.

But he had an unexpected lesson from Mrs. Holcombe before he went away. He had gone out into the little flower-garden in front of the house, to give Rosa a lecture on botany, and it seemed to interest him quite as much as it did her; for how he laughed at the work she made pronouncing the names he gave to the simple flower-cups and leaves!

Delia was drawn out of herself by the laughter in the yard; she felt the cheerful influence of the young gentleman, and he had won her confidence at once. He was Mr. Boyd's brother, and his friendly feeling seemed a sort of guarantee of safety to her whom a sense of danger was forever tormenting, so strong and capable he looked. He reminded her of another, who years ago had come to Emerald, as buoyant in spirit and as full of hope and expectation!

All at once Rosa stood before her, flushed and doubting, and brighter than her bright eyes was the ornament she wore. "Mother, look here!" she said, pointing to the diamond pin which Max had removed from his cravat and fastened in her collar.

Delia said nothing, but took her daughter by the hand and led her forth. Max expected her, but pretended to be so much absorbed in his examination of a shrub that he did not notice her approach. But when Delia paused beside him it was impossible that he should not look up and perceive. Unfastening the pin from Rosa's collar she laid it on her child's palm, and bade her give it back to Mr. Boyd; and at the same moment Delia's hand rested on his shoulder. The gentleness of her reproof went deep into the young man's heart. "You know these things are not allowed among us," she said. "You are very kind; but you must remember it will not do to show your kindness in such ways."

Max seemed for an instant vexed; but he received back the ornament.

"Then I will take it as a present from you," he said, recovering his good-humor. "Must n't I give you anything? To tell the truth, I was pretending that I had just got home after

a long absence, and that you were all my family! What if you cannot use it?"

"Give me your confidence, my son," said Mrs. Holcombe. "You may give me that; and if I see that I cannot trust your discretion, let me say so to you."

"What do you mean?" asked Max, quite sure that if anybody else had said that to him, he would have resented it as an insult.

"I mean that you are young, and that these girls are children; and that, though I should like to see you coming here, I should wish you to remember that there is a great difference between you and them, which you must see, and ought not to forget. You see I speak to you very freely, Mr. Boyd, because I think you are to be trusted. I am glad that you feel that you are at home at last."

Max went out of the house more a man than when he entered it, resolving nobly, and thinking of Mrs. Holcombe as he would have thought and felt had he found a mother.

But the eyes which had seen Rosa decorated with diamonds would not be likely to lose again the vision.

Edna said: "I am going to make two pictures of you; one for myself and one for your mother; in one you shall be just as Mennonite as you can be, and that's for Mrs. Holcombe, but mine shall be Sawyerish."

"If you make me Sawyerish," answered Rosa, quickly, "I'll tear it in pieces."

"Wait till you get it," returned Edna, with a laugh. "I shall put you in pink with a sash, and, let me see, with a flower or two in your hair. How pretty that will be! Come now, let me please myself for a moment."

Rosa hesitated, but finally the girls went up stairs together, and Edna decorated her sister with a pomp of ribbon which Miss Sawyer, who had come to the mountains for her health not so long ago that either had forgotten it, and had lodged for three months in Preacher Holcombe's house, had left behind her.

"You look like another being," said Edna, brushing Rosa's hair till it waved above her forehead and rippled over her shoulders. "Now sit there and don't stir till I tell you."

"You look like another being yourself, Edna," said Rosa, sitting very quiet and very conscious, while Edna flew about making preparations to begin her sketch. And indeed she was right. Edna was in her brightest mood.

"If you make me like Miss Sawyer, I — I shall pout," continued Rosa.

"Pout then. Miss Sawyer was a beauty."

"You cried for grief when she went away, you know."

"I was glad to have her gone; because it was like a funeral here, before she went, with your mother coming down with that fever."

"O Edna, think if she — but it could n't be."

"No; you are right. It just could n't. But suppose you don't look as if you were going to cry, — that 's it! I don't want you to look as old as Methuselah in my picture. Well now, tell me, how did those diamonds feel? Mr. Boyd must be very rich to be giving them away like that. Miss Sawyer kept hers under lock and key, and hardly dared look at them herself. I would have liked to throw that box into Pit Hole, just to see if she would have thrown herself in after it.

"It was an odd thing to do," she continued, after a minute, during which Rosa was probably endeavoring to ascertain how the diamonds did feel. "I have never seen a girl like the one I am making out of you, Rosa. But it will be as if you were his born sister. I must get some colors for it, somehow. You are never to see the picture though, you know."

"I suppose not; for that 's like you."

"Tut; it is n't like me. I never do what I wish to, or say what I wish to, and you can't find me out."

Edna spoke with the mystery of an oracle, and Rosa looked at her with profound wonder mixed with admiration.

"Am I Sawyerish?" she asked, after a while.

"Just about as much as your mother is," answered Edna, intent on her work.

"Why don't you say mother, and not 'your mother' all the time?" asked Rosa, looking shyly at Edna, half afraid to utter the question she had wanted to ask so long.

Edna dropped her pencil, and looked at the child with what she intended should appear overwhelmed amazement.

"Why should I?" she said. "I have no mother."

"Because I — O yes, you have! Why, how could anybody be more a mother to you than mother is!"

"My mother could," said Edna, taking her pencil again, and resuming her work. "Since I've lost her, — well and good. You would n't think that you could have more than one."

"But then it is *her*," said Rosa, as if she would remind Edna that there never could be but one woman in the world to compare with the woman who gave so freely of her love to Edna.

"I know it is her; and I know all you can say besides, but you need not say any more about that. You are all too kind to me. I would gladly do anything for you, die for you even; yes, I think that would be the best. Then there would be no more trouble about me or anything."

Edna was perhaps a particle in earnest, but her chief recompense for so expressing herself was, not the relief she felt, but the surprise and distress of Rosa that she should feel and speak so. She found presently that she must drop her drawing, and give herself heartily to the work of drying the child's tears, and consoling her with assurances that she had only spoken in jest. But this sort of play had been played now to weariness, and Edna felt a little misgiving and shame when she saw how Rosa had taken her words to heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You are our dear child," and "our house is your home," were words in themselves so sweet, and they had been so tenderly spoken, that Edna could not forget them. Nevertheless they had not the effect to make her feel at ease with Mrs. Holcombe, nor at home under the preacher's roof. Out of doors she was happy and especially content so long as she could be at work gathering berries, and whatever else she could gather from the hillsides and the woods, that had a market value. One day the doctor found her near the roadside, contemplating a great heap of sarsaparilla root which she had pulled.

At first he seemed disposed to make light of her labor, until he perceived that it was a serious business with her; then he ceased to treat her as if she were a child, and told her that she was right about it; people had to pay a price for just such things as she intended to sell; she was in the way to make money, if money was what she wanted.

On the strength of this encouragement she advanced, and asked him if there had been another offer lately from Mr. Faulkner for her land; for, on the doctor's advice, she had decided to let the little farm lie idle until the neighbor who really wanted to add it to his own should be willing to pay the price it was worth. He told her that five hundred was still Faulkner's figure, and asked her if they should stand for the seven hundred, which he had no doubt they should get in time.

She reflected, and said, yes, if there was a prospect that he would purchase within fifty years.

But there was something evidently on her mind of which it would be well to relieve her, if he could. What was it? The doctor had many patients besides those whom he prescribed for openly. He had been talking just now with Superintendent Elsden about John Edgar, and felt so encouraged by the report he had heard that he was ready to undertake any other good work that offered. Besides, Delia Holcombe had said to him, not long since, talking about Edna, as if in despair, "That

girl meets me at every turn. What shall I say to her? What shall I do with her? What is the matter?"

He had answered Delia: "She has more strength in her than she knows how to use. That is the matter. I would not be surprised," he had said further, "if you found her intolerable at times. Girls are not often so, I suppose, but boys are. All that headstrong, imperious selfishness which goes rampant in young fellows until they are ashamed of it, in the more enlightened time of manhood, helps to keep the world going. Edna is n't a common drudge, but a born worker. You must control her. Easier said than done, but you can be trusted for that. You won't make the mistake of breaking her down in endeavoring to control her."

"I am so tired of all this, Michael!" Delia had said that in a way which left no doubt on the doctor's mind that it was a despairing weariness she felt; and he knew that she had made a confession to him which never would have escaped her in Friend Holcombe's hearing.

"It is very clear to me," he answered, "*very* clear, that the mother of such a child as Rosa will not make any serious mistake in managing any other girl. The thing is to secure Edna's confidence."

"She has never given it to me for a single moment!" Delia had exclaimed.

"She must give it to you though. Command it. It is your right. Why, Delia Holcombe, do you mean to say that you are balked, for the first time in your life, by a chit like that? She is frank and open enough — too frank, if anything. She won't be reticent everywhere; just make her love you. That 's always been an easy thing for you to do"

But the doctor had not yet forgotten that his words had failed to make an impression. It was with the recollection of Delia's tearful eyes and sighing that he now set himself to discover what could be done by him in behalf of the girl and the woman.

He stayed there talking half an hour, and when he mounted Lightfoot and rode away, he had arranged these points in his mind for reflection, — that Edna felt herself adrift and homeless, but that she had resolved on earning a right at least to the food and shelter which Friend Holcombe's house afforded her; that she had read every book that Edward Rolfe had left with Bishop Rose, and most of the volumes again and again; that her mind was filled with the Shakespearean personages and thoughts; that she was ambitious to draw faces well, and had taken to heart the encouragement of Mr. Barlow, conveyed to her by John Edgar; that John Edgar had exercised a distinct and peculiar influence over her, the nature of which he could not quite determine.

But above all he was questioning the parentage of this girl, and a suspicion had arisen which seemed to him so unjust, so outrageous, that he was glad to account for it by recalling the recent conversation between himself and Mr. Elsden, in which old times had been recalled, and Edward Rolfe so distinctly, that it would hardly have surprised the doctor to pass him on the road as he used to do every day.

But outrageous and unjust as the suspicion was, it was not to be dismissed. It recurred again and again, as the doctor rode his round, and at nightfall he actually found himself hesitating whether he should go over and ask Delia to tell him something more definite than he had heard yet concerning that girl's history. But his hesitation resulted in his return to Emerald the visit unmade.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ELSDEN — with Rolfe's marriage certificate in his pocket, and half a dozen annual reports of the Insane Asylum known as Rolfe Hall on his shelves, put forth by Dr. Jackson, manager of the same — was considering the case of John Edgar quite seriously that morning, when the doctor called, and

incidentally inquired how John was getting on.

He had already taken steps with reference to John, — important and well-considered steps. He had instructed the machinist how to be a gentleman, indirectly; chiefly by pointing out features and traits in Maxwell Boyd which made him an agreeable companion. These features and traits were all such as could be copied, imitated. In private John had considered these, and had carefully endeavored to shape his conduct by them. Mr. Elsden had also excited his ambition in other ways than by playfully inquiring how long he supposed he should be content to stay delving in the machine-shop. He had praised him on account of the possession of abilities of which John himself was as yet scarcely conscious, and the result had been precisely that on which the superintendent calculated, — the powers he had assumed actually became apparent. Mr. Elsden, in short, had the machinist in training, and in a brief time his urbanity, consideration, and politeness ceased to excite John's surprise.

Indeed, in the pride of his heart, when Edna showed him the "Sawyerish Rosa" which she had made for herself, his first thought and wish was to let Mr. Elsden see it. So he quietly took possession of the drawing, promising Edna that he would procure paints for her, and on the first opportunity he showed the picture.

"She is an artist!" said the superintendent, and John told Edna that. But Mr. Elsden said more; he said: "That young lady ought to be supplied with everything that would help her in that work. Do not fail to show her drawings to Mr. Barlow when he comes again; but meantime let me do something for her. What does she want? Has she any materials?"

John told him what she had, with a light in his eyes by which Mr. Elsden easily read all which he did not tell. And the result was that Mr. Elsden ordered from town a box well filled with artists' materials, which he asked John to give to Miss Edna with his compliments.

See Miss Edna, then, coming with her lover, to thank Mr. Elsden for his gift! And perceive the Holcombe satisfaction, though mingled with so much surprise!

And hear Mr. Elsden saying afterwards to John Edgar: "You are a fortunate young man to have been able to serve a young lady like Miss Edna. Tell me something about her. She must have a history."

That was a subject concerning which it had hardly entered John Edgar's head to inquire, — it was the thought of Edna's self that had occupied him; and so Mr. Elsden said in an off-hand way: "In my opinion, the girl has rights which have never been claimed for her."

Coming from such a source, the suggestion was startling enough, and John said, "I don't — know what you mean, sir."

"I don't know that I know myself, but it 's between us, Edgar; so if I have made a wrong guess, no harm is done. She is a very pretty girl, and if I were a younger man — You gave her those first drawing-lessons, eh?"

"Yes. But, Mr. Elsden, what is it you suspect, sir?"

"I suspect, John, that her father was an old friend of mine, who was killed suddenly. It was not supposed that he left a wife. He had never declared his marriage. But I have reason to think he was married, and any way this girl looks enough like him to be his daughter. Of course such a thing is n't to be talked of, unless it can be proved. If you care anything for the girl — "

"Why she is mine!" exclaimed John, in a tumult; and there he was in his pride, and in his helplessness too, in the hand of Mr. Elsden, who made no more of crushing men with hand and foot, if they chanced to be in the right position for dexterous management, than he would have made of crushing worms.

"I congratulate you then," he said, with spirit; "she is not only a pretty girl, but an heiress, and we can show it in time."

That provision "in time" was well suggested. Mr. Elsden, as we have seen already, had no intention of grasping at success in haste now, after so long an experience of failures.

He was fortunately interrupted in this conversation by the entrance of Maxwell Boyd, and several days passed before Edgar found an opportunity to ask again for explanation of the mystery which was of so much consequence to him. Meantime the fact that Mr. Elsden knew the relation existing between Edna and himself was exalting. It seemed now as if Mr. Elsden must perceive that others had seen that he was not a worthless member of the community, that he had a future before him. But this fact, while it had its satisfactions, was not the only one which occupied him; it was quite possible that he should stand yet on an equality with Maxwell Boyd, and that was constantly becoming more and more his aspiration; almost as if he felt that in time it would be possible to find a rival.

Suppose Mr. Elsden's suspicions were proved warrantable. Suppose Edna was the daughter of a gentleman (it was easy to believe), suppose a fortune did wait her demand, would that relation between them be changed? That relation had been established in a moment of the greatest surprise to him. He often found himself questioning the reality of it; it became quite as important to John that he should assure himself of the reality of Edna's love, of its enduring nature, as that he should discover the secret Mr. Elsden had in store for him.

But how could the truth be discovered? Edna was in such a state of gratitude, on account of the box which Mr. Elsden would never have thought of giving her, she knew, but for John Edgar, that she was ready to fall down and worship him whenever he appeared. Don't blame the poor fellow that he accepted all this gratitude for something else, mistaking it for that in comparison with which gratitude is cold and unlovely.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

DROPPED the warm rain from the brooding sky
Softly all the summer afternoon;
Up the road I loitered carelessly,
Glad to be alive in blissful June.

Though so gray the sky, and though the mist
Swept the hills and half their beauty hid,
Though the scattering drops the broad leaves kissed,
And no ray betwixt the vapor slid,—

Yet the daisies tossed their white and gold
In the quiet fields on either side,
And the green gloom deepened in the old
Walnut-trees that flung their branches wide.

And the placid river wound away
  Westward to the hills through meadows fair,
Flower-fringed and starred, while blithe and gay
  Called the blackbirds through the balmy air.

Right and left I scanned the landscape round;
  Every shape, and scent, and wild bird's call,
Every color, curve, and gentle sound,
  Deep into my heart I gathered all.

Up I looked, and down upon the sod
  Sprinkled thick with violets blue and bright;
Surely, "Through his garden walketh God,"
  Low I whispered, full of my delight.

Like a vision, on the path before
  Came a little rosy, sun-browned maid,
Straying toward me from her cottage door;
  Paused, uplooking shyly, half afraid.

Never word she spake, but, gazing so,
  Slow a smile rose to her clear brown eyes,
Overflowed her face with such a glow
  That I thrilled with sudden, sweet surprise.

Here was sunshine 'neath the cloudy skies!
  Low I knelt to bring her face to mine,
Sweeter, brighter grew her shining eyes,
  Yet she gave me neither word nor sign.

But within her look a blessing beamed;
  Meek I grew before it, — was it just?
Was I worthy this pure light that streamed
  Such approval, and such love and trust?

Half the flowers I carried in my hands
  Lightly in her pretty arms I laid;
Silent, but as one who understands,
  Clasped them close the rosy little maid.

Fair behind the honeysuckle spray
  Shone her innocent, delightful face!
Then I rose and slowly went my way,
  Left her standing, lighting all the place.

While her golden look stole after me,
  Lovelier bloomed the violets where I trod,
More divine earth's beauty seemed to be,
  "Through his garden visibly walked God."

BIRD'S-NESTS.

HOW alert and vigilant the birds are, even when absorbed in building their nests! In an open space in the woods I see a pair of cedar-birds collecting moss from the top of a dead tree. Following the direction in which they fly, I soon discover the nest placed in the fork of a small soft-maple, which stands amid a thick growth of wild-cherry trees and young beeches. Carefully concealing myself beneath it, without any fear that the workmen will hit me with a chip or let fall a tool, I await the return of the busy pair. Presently I hear the well-known note, and the female sweeps down and settles unsuspectingly into the half-finished structure. Hardly have her wings rested before her eye has penetrated my screen, and with a hurried movement of alarm she darts away. In a moment the male, with a tuft of wool in his beak, (for there is a sheep-pasture near,) joins her, and the two reconnoitre the premises from the surrounding bushes. With their beaks still loaded, they move around with a frightened look, and refuse to approach the nest till I have moved off and lain down behind a log. Then one of them ventures to alight upon the nest, but, still suspecting all is not right, quickly darts away again. Then they both together come, and after much peeping and spying about, and apparently much anxious consultation, cautiously proceed to work. In less than half an hour it would seem that wool enough has been brought to supply the whole family, real and prospective, with socks, if needles and fingers could be found fine enough to knit it up. In less than a week the female has begun to deposit her eggs, — four of them, in as many days, — white tinged with purple, with black spots on the larger end. After two weeks of incubation, the young are out.

Excepting the American goldfinch, this bird builds later in the spring than any other — its nest, in our northern climate, seldom being undertaken till July. As with the goldfinch, the reason is, probably, that suitable food for the young cannot be had at an earlier period.

Like most of our common species, as the robin, sparrow, bluebird, pewee, wren, &c., this bird sometimes seeks wild, remote localities in which to rear its young; at others, takes up its abode near that of man. I knew a pair of cedar-birds, one season, to build in an apple-tree the branches of which rubbed against the house. For a day or two before the first straw was laid, I noticed the pair carefully exploring every branch of the tree, the female taking the lead, the male following her with an anxious note and look. It was evident that the wife was to have her choice this time; and, like one who thoroughly knew her mind, she was proceeding to take it. Finally the site was chosen upon a high branch, extending over one low wing of the house. Mutual congratulations and caresses followed, when both birds flew away in quest of building material. That most freely used is a sort of cotton-bearing plant, which grows in old, worn-out fields. The nest is large for the size of the bird, and very soft. It is in every respect a first-class domicile.

On another occasion, while walking or rather loafing in the woods (for I have discovered that one cannot run and read the book of nature), my attention was arrested by a dull hammering, evidently but a few rods off. I said to myself, "Some one is building a house." From what I had previously seen, I suspected the builder to be a red-headed woodpecker in the top of a dead oak stub near by. Moving cautiously in that direction, I perceived a round hole, about the size of that made by an inch-and-a-half auger, near the top of the decayed trunk, and the white chips of the workman strewing the

ground beneath. When but a few paces from the tree, my foot pressed upon a dry twig, which gave forth a very slight snap. Instantly the hammering ceased, and a scarlet head appeared at the door. Though I remained perfectly motionless, forbearing even to wink till my eyes smarted, the bird refused to go on with his work, but flew quietly off to a neighboring tree. What surprised me was, that amid his busy occupation down in the heart of the old tree, he should have been so alert and watchful as to catch the slightest sound from without.

The woodpeckers all build in about the same manner, excavating the trunk or branch of a decayed tree and depositing the eggs on the fine fragments of wood at the bottom of the cavity. Though the nest is not especially an artistic work, — requiring strength rather than skill, — yet the eggs and the young of few other birds are so completely housed from the elements, or protected from their natural enemies — the jays, crows, hawks, and owls. A tree with a natural cavity is never selected, but one which has been dead just long enough to have become soft and brittle throughout. The bird goes in horizontally for a few inches, making a hole perfectly round and smooth and adapted to his size, then turns downward, gradually enlarging the hole, as he proceeds, to the depth of ten, fifteen, twenty inches, according to the softness of the tree and the requirements of the female in laying her eggs. A few days since I climbed up to the nest of the downy woodpecker, in the decayed top of a sugar-maple. For better protection against driving rains, the hole, which was rather more than an inch in diameter, was made immediately beneath a branch which stretched out almost horizontally from the main stem. It appeared merely a deeper shadow upon the dark and mottled surface of the bark with which the branches were covered, and could not be detected by the eye until one was within a few feet of it. The young chirped vociferously as I approached the nest, thinking it was the old one with food; but the clamor suddenly ceased as I put my hand on that part of the trunk in which they were concealed, the unusual jarring and rustling alarming them into silence. The cavity, which was about fifteen inches deep, was gourd-shaped, and was wrought out with great skill and regularity. The walls were quite smooth and clean and new.

I shall never forget the circumstance of observing a pair of yellow-bellied woodpeckers, — the most rare and secluded, and, next to the red-headed, the most beautiful species found in our woods, — breeding in an old, truncated beech in the Beaverkill Mountains, an offshoot of the Catskills. We had been travelling, three brothers of us, all day in search of a trout lake, which lay far in among the mountains, had twice lost our course in the trackless forest, and, weary and hungry, had sat down to rest upon a decayed log. The chattering of the young, and the passing to and fro of the parent birds, soon arrested my attention. The entrance to the nest was on the east side of the tree, about twenty-five feet from the ground. At intervals of scarcely a minute, the old birds, one after another, would alight upon the edge of the hole with a grub or worm in their beaks; then each in turn would make a bow or two, cast an eye quickly around, and by a single movement place itself in the neck of the passage. Here it would pause a moment, as if to determine in which expectant mouth to place the morsel, and then disappear within. In about half a minute, during which time the chattering of the young gradually subsided, the bird would again emerge, but this time bearing in its beak the ordure of one of the helpless family. Flying away very slowly with head lowered and extended, as if anxious to hold the offensive object as far from its plumage as possible, the bird dropped the unsavory morsel in the course of a few yards, and, alighting on a tree, wiped its bill on the bark and moss. This seems to be the order all day, — carrying in and carrying out. I watched the birds for an hour,

while my companions were taking their turn in exploring the lay of the land around us, and noted no variation of the programme. It would be curious to know if the young are fed and waited upon in regular order, and how, amid the darkness and the crowded state of the apartment, the matter is so neatly managed. But the ornithologists are all silent upon the subject.

This practice of the birds is not so uncommon as it might at first seem. It is indeed almost an invariable rule among all the land birds. With woodpeckers and kindred species, and with birds that burrow in the ground, as bank swallows, kingfishers, &c., it is a necessity. The accumulation of the excrement in the nest would most likely prove fatal to the young.

But even among birds which neither bore nor mine, but which build a shallow nest on the branch of a tree or upon the ground, as the robin, the finches, the buntings, &c., the ordure of the young is removed to a distance by the parent bird. When the robin is seen going away from its brood with a slow heavy flight, entirely different from its manner a moment before on approaching the nest with a cherry or worm, it is certain to be engaged in this office. One may observe the social sparrow, when feeding its young, pause a moment after the worm has been given, and hop around on the brink of the nest, observing the movements within.

The instinct of cleanliness no doubt prompts the action in all cases, though the disposition to secrecy or concealment may not be unmixed with it.

The swallows form an exception to the rule, the excrement being voided by the young over the brink of the nest. They form an exception, also, to the rule of secrecy, aiming not so much to conceal the nest as to render it inaccessible.

Other exceptions are the pigeons, hawks, and water-fowls.

But to return. Having a good chance to note the color and markings of the woodpeckers as they passed in and out at the opening of the nest, I saw that Audubon had made a mistake in figuring or describing the female of this species with the red spot upon the head. I have seen a number of pairs of them, and in no instance have I seen the mother bird marked with red.

The male was in full plumage, and I reluctantly shot him for a specimen. Passing by the place again next day, I paused a moment to note how matters stood. I confess it was not without some compunctions that I heard the cries of the young birds, and saw the widowed mother, her cares now doubled, hastening to and fro in the solitary woods. She would occasionally pause expectantly on the trunk of a tree, and utter a loud call.

It usually happens, when the male of any species is killed during the breeding season, that the female soon procures another mate. There are, most likely, always a few unmated birds, of both sexes, within a given range, and through these the broken links may be restored. Audubon or Wilson, I forget which, tells of a pair of fish-hawks, or ospreys, that built their nest in an ancient oak. The male was so zealous in the defence of the young that it actually attacked with beak and claw a person who attempted to climb into its nest, putting his face and eyes in great jeopardy. Arming himself with a heavy club, the climber felled the gallant bird to the ground and killed him. In the course of a few days the female had procured another mate. But naturally enough the step-father showed none of the spirit and pluck in defence of the brood that had been displayed by the original parent. When danger was nigh, he was seen afar off, sailing around in placid unconcern.

It is generally known that when either the wild turkey or domestic turkey begins to lay, and afterwards to sit and rear the brood, she secludes herself from the male, who then, very sensibly, herds with others of his sex, and betakes himself to haunts of his own till male and female, old and young, meet again on common ground, late in the fall. But rob the sitting bird of her eggs,

or destroy her tender young, and she immediately sets out in quest of a male, who is no laggard when he hears her call. The same is true of ducks and other aquatic fowls. The propagating instinct is strong, and surmounts all ordinary difficulties. No doubt the widowhood I had caused in the case of the woodpeckers was of short duration, and chance brought, or the widow drummed up, some forlorn male, who was not dismayed by the prospect of having a large family of half-grown birds on his hands at the outset.

I have seen a fine cock robin paying assiduous addresses to a female bird, as late as the middle of July; and I have no doubt that his intentions were honorable. I watched the pair for half an hour. The hen, I took it, was in the market for the second time that season, but the cock, from his bright, unfaded plumage, looked like a new arrival. The hen resented every advance of the male. In vain he strutted around her and displayed his fine feathers; every now and then she would make at him in the most spiteful manner. He followed her to the ground, poured into her ear a fine half-suppressed warble, offered her a worm, flew back to the tree again with a great spread of plumage, hopped around her on the branches, chirruped, chattered, flew gallantly at an intruder, and was back in an instant at her side. No use, — she cut him short at every turn.

The *dénouement* I cannot relate, as the artful bird, followed by her ardent suitor, soon flew away beyond my sight. It may not be rash to conclude, however, that she held out no longer than was prudent.

On the whole, there seems to be a system of Women's Rights prevailing among the birds, which, contemplated from the standpoint of the male, is quite admirable. In almost all cases of joint interest, the female bird is the most active. She determines the site of the nest, and is usually the most absorbed in its construction. Generally, she is more vigilant in caring for the young, and manifests the most concern when danger threatens. Hour after hour I have seen the mother of a brood of blue grossbeaks pass from the nearest meadow to the tree that held her nest, with a cricket or grasshopper in her bill, while her better-dressed half was singing serenely on a distant tree, or pursuing his pleasure amid the branches.

Yet the male is most conspicuous both by his color and manners and by his song, and is to that extent a shield to the female. It is thought that the female is humbler clad for her better concealment during incubation. But this is not satisfactory, as in most cases she is relieved from time to time by the male. In the case of the domestic dove, for instance, promptly at midday the cock is found upon the nest. I should sooner say that the dull or neutral tints of the female were a provision of nature for her greater safety at all times, as her life is far more precious to the species than that of the male. The indispensable office of the male reduces itself to little more than a moment of time, while that of his mate extends over days and weeks, if not months.

In migrating northward, the males precede the females by eight or ten days; returning in the fall, the females and young precede the males by about the same time.

After the woodpeckers have abandoned their nests, or rather chambers, which they do after the first season, their cousins, the nuthatches, chickadees, and brown creepers, fall heir to them. These birds, especially the creepers and nuthatches, have many of the habits of the picidæ, but lack their powers of bill, and so are unable to excavate a nest for themselves. Their habitation, therefore, is always second-hand. But each species carries in some soft material of various kinds, or, in other words, furnishes the tenement to its liking. The chickadee arranges in the bottom of the cavity a little mat of a light felt-like substance, which looks as if it came from the hatter's, but which is probably the work of numerous

worms or caterpillars. On this soft lining the female deposits six white eggs.

I recently discovered one of these nests in a most interesting situation. The tree containing it, a variety of the wild-cherry, stood upon the brink of the bald summit of a high mountain. Gray, time-worn rocks lay piled loosely about, or overtoppled the just visible by-ways of the red fox. The trees had a half-scared look, and that indescribable wildness which lurks about the tops of all remote mountains possessed the place. Standing there, I looked down upon the back of the red-tailed hawk as he flew out over the earth beneath me. Following him, my eye also took in farms and settlements and villages and other mountain ranges that grew blue in the distance.

The parent birds attracted my attention by appearing with food in their beaks, and by seeming much put out. Yet so wary were they of revealing the locality of their brood, or even of the precise tree that held them, that I lurked around over an hour without gaining a point on them. Finally a bright and curious boy who accompanied me secreted himself under a low, projecting rock close to the tree in which we supposed the nest to be, while I moved off around the mountain-side. It was not long before the youth had their secret. The tree, which was low and wide, branching, and overrun with lichens, appeared at a cursory glance to contain not one dry or decayed limb. Yet there was one a few feet long, in which, when my eyes were piloted thither, I detected a small round orifice.

As my weight began to shake the branches, the consternation of both old and young was great. The stump of a limb that held the nest was about three inches thick, and at the bottom of the tunnel was excavated quite to the bark. With my thumb I broke in the thin wall, and the young, which were full-fledged, looked out upon the world for the first time. Presently one of them, with a significant chirp, as much as to say, "It is time we were out of this," began to climb up toward the proper entrance. Placing himself in the hole, he looked around without manifesting any surprise at the grand scene that lay spread out before him. He was taking his bearings, and determining how far he could trust the power of his untried wings to take him out of harm's way. After a moment's pause, with a loud chirrup, he launched out and made tolerable headway. The others rapidly followed. Each one, as it started upward, from a sudden impulse, contemptuously saluted the abandoned nest with its excrement.

Though generally regular in their habits and instincts, yet the birds sometimes seem as whimsical and capricious as superior beings. One is not safe, for instance, in making any absolute assertion as to their place or mode of building. Ground builders often get up into a bush, and tree builders sometimes get upon the ground or into a tussock of grass. The song sparrow, which is a ground builder, has been known to build in the knot-hole of a fence rail, and a chimney swallow once got tired of soot and smoke, and fastened its nest on a rafter in a hay barn. A friend tells me of a pair of barn swallows which, taking a fanciful turn, saddled their nest in the loop of a rope that was pendent from a peg in the peak, and liked it so well that they repeated the experiment next year. I have known the social sparrow, or "hair-bird," to build under a shed, in a tuft of hay that hung down, through the loose flooring, from the mow above. It usually contents itself with half a dozen stalks of dry grass and a few long hairs from a cow's tail, loosely arranged on the branch of an apple-tree. The rough-winged swallow builds in the wall and in old stone heaps, and I have seen the robin build in similar localities. Others have found its nest in old, abandoned wells. The house wren will build in anything that has an accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bombshell. A pair of them once persisted in building their nest in the top of a certain pump-tree, getting in through the opening above the

handle. The pump being in daily use, the nest was destroyed more than a score of times. This jealous little wretch has the wise forethought, when the box in which he builds contains two compartments, to fill up one of them, so as to avoid the risk of troublesome neighbors.

The less skilful builders sometimes depart from their usual habit, and take up with the abandoned nest of some other species. The blue jay now and then lays in an old crow's-nest or cuckoo's-nest. The crow-blackbird, seized with a fit of indolence, drops its eggs in the cavity of a decayed branch. I heard of a cuckoo that dispossessed a robin of its nest; of another, that set a blue jay adrift. Large, loose structures, like the nests of the osprey and certain of the herons, have been found with half a dozen nests of the blackbird set in the outer edges, like so many parasites, or, as Audubon says, like the retainers about the rude court of a feudal baron.

The same birds breeding in a southern climate construct far less elaborate nests than when breeding in a northern climate. Certain species of waterfowl that abandon their eggs to the sand and the sun in the warmer zones, build a nest and sit in the usual way in Labrador. In Georgia, the Baltimore oriole places its nest upon the north side of the tree; in the Middle and Eastern States, it fixes it upon the south or east side, and makes it much thicker and warmer. I have seen one from the South that had some kind of coarse reed or sedge woven into it, giving it an openwork appearance, like a basket.

Very few species use the same material uniformly. I have seen the nest of the robin quite destitute of mud. In one instance, it was composed mainly of long black horse-hairs, arranged in a circular manner, with a lining of fine yellow grass; the whole presenting quite a novel appearance. In another case, the nest was chiefly constructed of a species of rock moss.

The nest for the second brood during the same season is often a mere make-shift. The haste of the female to deposit her eggs as the season advances seems very great, and the structure is apt to be prematurely finished. I was recently reminded of this fact by happening, about the last of July, to meet with several nests of the wood or bush sparrow in a remote blackberry field. The nests with eggs were far less elaborate and compact than the earlier nests, from which the young had flown.

Day after day, as I go to a certain piece of woods, I observe a male indigo-bird sitting on precisely the same part of a high branch, and singing in his most vivacious style. As I approach, he ceases to sing, and, flirting his tail right and left with marked emphasis, chirps sharply. In a low bush near by, I come upon the object of his solicitude — a thick, compact nest composed largely of dry leaves and fine grass, in which a plain brown bird is sitting upon four pale blue eggs.

The wonder is, that a bird will leave the apparent security of the tree-tops, to place its nest in the way of the many dangers that walk and crawl upon the ground. There, far up out of reach, sings the bird; here, not three feet from the ground, are its eggs or helpless young. The truth is, birds are the greatest enemies of birds, and it is with reference to this fact that many of the smaller species build.

Perhaps the greatest proportion of birds breed along highways. I have known the ruffed grouse to come out of a dense wood, and make its nest at the root of a tree within ten paces of the road, where, no doubt, hawks and crows, as well as skunks and foxes, would be less liable to find it out. Traversing remote mountain-roads through dense woods, I have repeatedly seen the veery, or Wilson's, thrush, sitting upon her nest, so near me that I could almost take her from it by stretching out my hand. Birds of prey show none of this confidence in man, and, when locating their nests, avoid rather than seek his haunts.

In a certain locality in the interior of New York, I know, every season, where I am sure to find a nest or two of the slate-colored snowbird. It is under the brink of a low, mossy bank, so near the highway that it could be reached from a passing vehicle with a whip. Every horse or wagon or foot passenger disturbs the sitting bird. But she waits the near approach of the sound of feet or wheels, and then darts quickly across the road, barely clearing the ground, and disappears amid the bushes on the opposite side.

In the trees that line one of the main streets and fashionable drives leading out of Washington City, and less than half a mile from the boundary, I have counted the nests of five different species at one time, and that without any very close scrutiny of the foliage, while in many acres of woodland, half a mile off, I searched in vain for a single nest. Among the five, the nest that interested me most was that of the blue grossbeak. Here this bird, which, according to Audubon's observations in Louisiana, is shy and recluse, affecting remote marshes and the borders of large ponds of stagnant water, had placed its nest in the lowest twig of the lowest branch of a large sycamore, immediately over a great thoroughfare, and so near the ground that a person standing in a cart or sitting on a horse could have reached it with his hand. The nest was composed mainly of fragments of newspaper and stalks of grass, and though so low, was remarkably well concealed by one of the peculiar clusters of twigs and leaves which characterize this tree. The nest contained young when I discovered it, and though the parent birds were much annoyed by my loitering about beneath the tree, they paid little attention to the stream of vehicles that was constantly passing. It was a wonder to me when the birds could have built it, for they are much shyer when building than at other times. No doubt they worked mostly in the morning, having the early hours all to themselves.

Another pair of blue grossbeaks built in a graveyard within the city limits. The nest was placed in a low bush, and the male continued to sing at intervals till the young were ready to fly. The song of this bird is a rapid, intricate warble, like that of the indigo-bird, though stronger and louder. Indeed, these two birds so much resemble each other in color, form, manner, voice, and general habits that, were it not for the difference in size, — the grossbeak being nearly as large again as the Indigo-bird, — it would be a hard matter to tell them apart. The females of both species are clad in the same reddish-brown suits. So are the young the first season.

Of course in the deep, primitive woods also are nests; but how rarely we find them! The simple art of the bird consists in choosing common, neutral-tinted material, as moss, dry leaves, twigs, and various odds and ends, and placing the structure on a convenient branch, where it blends in color with its surroundings; but how consummate is this art, and how skilfully is the nest concealed! We occasionally light upon it, but who, unaided by the movements of the bird, could find it out? During the present season I went to the woods nearly every day for a fortnight, without making any discoveries of this kind; till one day, paying them a farewell visit, I chanced to come upon several nests. A black and white creeping warbler suddenl became much alarmed as I approached a crumbling old stump in a dense part of the forest. He alighted upon it, chirped sharply, ran up and down its sides, and finally left it with much reluctance. The nest, which contained three young birds nearly fledged, was placed upon the ground at the foot of the stump, and in such a position that the color of the young harmonized perfectly with the bits of bark, sticks, &c., lying about. My eye rested upon them for the second time before I made them out. They hugged the nest very closely, but, as I put down my hand, they all scampered off with loud cries for help, which caused the parent birds to place themselves almost within my reach. The nest was

merely a little dry grass arranged in a thick bed of dry leaves.

This was amid a thick undergrowth. Moving on into a passage of large stately hemlocks, with only here and there a small beech or maple rising up into the perennial twilight, I paused to make out a note which was entirely new to me. It is still in my ear. Though unmistakably a bird note, it yet suggested the bleating of a tiny lambkin. Presently the birds appeared, — a pair of the solitary vireo. They came flitting from point to point, alighting only for a moment at a time, the male silent, but the female uttering this strange, tender note. It was a rendering into some new sylvan dialect of the human sentiment of maidenly love. It was really pathetic in its sweetness and childlike confidence and joy. I soon discovered that the pair were building a nest upon a low branch a few yards from me. The male flew cautiously to the spot, and adjusted something, and the twain moved on, the female calling to her mate at intervals, *love-e*, *love-e*, with a cadence and tenderness in the tone that rang in the ear long afterward. The nest was suspended to the fork of a small branch, as is usual with the vireos, plentifully lined with lichens, and bound and rebound with masses of coarse spider-webs. There was no attempt at concealment except in the neutral tints, which made it look like a natural growth of the dim, gray woods.

Continuing my random walk, I next paused in a low part of the woods, where the larger trees began to give place to a thick second growth that covered an old bark-peeling. I was standing by a large maple, when a small bird darted quickly away from it, as if it might have come out of a hole near its base. As the bird paused a few yards from me, and began to chirp uneasily, my curiosity was at once excited. When I saw it was the female mourning ground warbler, and remembered that the nest of this bird had not yet been seen by any naturalist, — that not even Dr. Brewer had ever seen the eggs, — I felt that here was something worth looking for. So I carefully began the search, exploring inch by inch the ground, the base and roots of the tree, and the various shrubby growths about it, till, finding nothing, and fearing I might really put my foot in it, I bethought me to withdraw to a distance and after some delay return again, and, thus forewarned, note the exact point from which the bird flew. This I did, and, returning, had little difficulty in discovering the nest. It was placed but a few feet from the maple-tree, in a bunch of ferns, and about six inches from the ground. It was quite a massive nest, composed entirely of the stalks and leaves of dry grass, with an inner lining of fine, dark brown roots. The eggs, three in number, were of light flesh-color, uniformly specked with fine brown specks. The cavity of the nest was so deep that the back of the sitting bird sank below the edge.

In the top of a tall tree, a short distance farther on, I saw the nest of the red-tailed hawk, — a large mass of twigs and dry sticks. The young had flown, but still lingered in the vicinity, and, as I approached, the mother bird flew about over me, squealing in a very angry, savage manner. Tufts of the hair and other indigestible material of the common meadow mouse lay around on the ground beneath the nest.

As I was about leaving the woods my hat almost brushed the nest of the red-eyed vireo, which hung basket-like on the end of a low, drooping branch of the beech. I should never have seen it had the bird kept her place. It contained three eggs of the bird's own, and one of the cow bunting. The strange egg was only just perceptibly larger than the others, yet three days after, when I looked into the nest again and found all but one egg hatched, the young interloper was at least four times as large as either of the others, and with such a superabundance of bowels as to almost smother his bedfellows beneath them. That the intruder should fare the same as the rightful occupants, and thrive with them, was more than

ordinary potluck; but that it alone should thrive, devouring, as it were, all the rest, is one of those freaks of Nature in which she would seem to discourage the homely virtues of prudence and honesty. Weeds and parasites have the odds greatly against them, yet they wage a very successful war nevertheless.

The woods hold not such another gem as the nest of the humming-bird. The finding of one is an event to date from. It is the next best thing to finding an eagle's nest. I have met with but two, both by chance. One was placed on the horizontal branch of a chestnut-tree, with a solitary green leaf, forming a complete canopy, about an inch and a half above it. The repeated spiteful dartings of the bird past my ears, as I stood under the tree, caused me to suspect that I was intruding upon some one's privacy; and following it with my eye, I soon saw the nest, which was in process of construction. Adopting my usual tactics of secreting myself near by, I had the satisfaction of seeing the tiny artist at work. It was the female unassisted by her mate. At intervals of two or three minutes, she would appear with a small tuft of some cottony substance in her beak, dart a few times through and around the tree, and alighting quickly in the nest, arrange the material she had brought, using her breast as the model.

The other nest I discovered in a dense forest on the side of a mountain. The sitting bird was disturbed as I passed beneath her. The whirring of her wings arrested my attention, when, after a short pause, I had the good luck to see, through an opening in the leaves, the bird return to her nest, which appeared like a mere wart or excrescence on a small branch. The humming-bird, unlike all others, does not alight upon the nest, but flies into it. She enters it as quick as a flash, but as light as any feather. Two eggs are the complement. They are perfectly white, and so frail that only a woman's fingers may touch them. Incubation lasts about ten days. In a week the young have flown.

The only nest like the humming-bird's, and comparable to it in neatness and symmetry, is that of the blue-gray gnatcatcher. This is often saddled upon the limb in the same manner, though it is generally more or less pendent; it is deep and soft, composed mostly of some vegetable down covered all over with delicate tree-lichens, and, except that it is much larger, appears almost identical with the nest of the humming-bird.

But the nest of nests, the ideal nest, after we have left the deep woods, is unquestionably that of the Baltimore oriole. It is the only perfectly pensile nest we have. The nest of the orchard oriole is indeed mainly so, but this bird generally builds lower and shallower, more after the manner of the vireos.

The Baltimore oriole loves to attach its nest to the swaying branches of the tallest elms, making no attempt at concealment, but satisfied if the position be high and the branch pendent. This nest would seem to cost more time and skill than any other bird structure. A peculiar flax-like substance seems to be always sought after and always found. The nest when completed assumes the form of a large, suspended, gourd-shaped drop. The walls are thin but firm, and proof against the most driving rain. The mouth is hemmed or overhanded with horse-hair, and the sides are usually sewed through and through with the same.

Not particular as to the matter of secrecy, the bird is not particular as to material, so that it be of the nature of strings or threads. A lady friend once told me that, while working by an open window, one of these birds approached during her momentary absence, and, seizing a skein of some kind of thread or yarn, made off with it to its half-finished nest. But the perverse yarn caught fast in the branches, and, in the bird's efforts to extricate it, got hopelessly tangled. She tugged away at it all day, but was finally obliged to content herself with a few detached portions. The fluttering strings were

an eyesore to her ever after, and, passing and repassing, she would pause to give them a spiteful jerk, as much as to say, "There is that confounded yarn that gave me so much trouble."

From Pennsylvania, Vincent Barnard (to whom I am indebted for other curious facts) sent me this interesting story of an oriole. He says a friend of his, curious in such things, on observing the bird beginning to build, hung out near the prospective nest skeins of many-colored zephyr yarn, which the eager artist readily appropriated. He managed it so that the bird used nearly equal quantities of various high, bright colors. The nest was made unusually deep and capacious, and it may be questioned if such a thing of beauty was ever before woven by the cunning of a bird.

Nuttall, by far the most genial of American ornithologists, relates the following: —

"A female (oriole), which I observed attentively, carried off to her nest a piece of lamp-wick ten or twelve feet long. This long string and many other shorter ones were left hanging out for about a week before both the ends were wattled into the sides of the nest. Some other little birds, making use of similar materials, at times twitched these flowing ends, and generally brought out the busy Baltimore from her occupation in great anger.

"I may perhaps claim indulgence for adding a little more of the biography of this particular bird, as a representative also of the instincts of her race. She completed the nest in about a week's time, without any aid from her mate; who indeed appeared but seldom in her company, and was now become nearly silent. For fibrous materials she broke, hackled, and gathered the flax of the *asclepias* and *hibiscus* stalks, tearing off long strings and flying with them to the scene of her labors. She appeared very eager and hasty in her pursuits, and collected her materials without fear or restraint, while three men were working in the neighboring walks and many persons visiting the garden. Her courage and perseverance were indeed truly admirable. If watched too narrowly, she saluted with her usual scolding, *tshrr*, *tshrr*, *tshrr*, seeing no reason, probably, why she should be interrupted in her indispensable occupation.

"Though the males were now comparatively silent on the arrival of their busy mates, I could not help observing this female and a second, continually vociferating, apparently in strife. At last she was observed to attack this *second* female very fiercely, who slyly intruded herself at times into the same tree where she was building. These contests were angry and often repeated. To account for this animosity, I now recollected that *two* fine males had been killed in our vicinity; and I therefore concluded the intruder to be left without a mate; yet she had gained the affections of the consort of the busy female, and thus the cause of their jealous quarrel became apparent. Having obtained the confidence of her faithless paramour, the *second* female began preparing to weave a nest in an adjoining elm, by tying together certain pendent twigs as a foundation. The male now associated chiefly with the intruder, whom he even assisted in her labor, yet did not wholly forget his first partner, who called on him one evening in a low, affectionate tone, which was answered in the same strain. While they were thus engaged in friendly whispers, suddenly appeared the rival, and a violent *rencontre* ensued, so that one of the females appeared to be greatly agitated, and fluttered with spreading wings as if considerably hurt. The male, though prudently neutral in the contest, showed his culpable partiality by flying off with his paramour, and for the rest of the evening left the tree to his pugnacious consort. Cares of another kind, more imperious and tender, at length reconciled, or at least terminated these disputes with the jealous females; and by the aid of the neighboring bachelors, who are never wanting among these and other birds, peace was at length completely restored, by

the restitution of the quiet and happy condition of monogamy."

Let me not forget to mention the nest under the mountain ledge, the nest of the common pewee, — a modest mossy structure, with four pearl-white eggs, — looking out upon some wild scene and overhung by beetling crags. After all has been said about the elaborate, high-hung structures, few nests perhaps awaken more pleasant emotions in the mind of the beholder than this of the pewee, — the gray, silent rocks, with caverns and dens where the fox and the wolf lurk, and just out of their reach, in a little niche, as if it grew there, the mossy tenement!

Nearly every high, projecting rock in my range has one of these nests. Following a trout stream up a wild mountain gorge, not long since, I counted five in the distance of a mile, all within easy reach, but safe from the minks and the skunks and well housed from the storms. In my native town I know a pine and oak clad hill, round-topped, with a bold, precipitous front extending half-way around it. Near the top, and along this front or side, there crops out a ledge of rocks unusually high and cavernous. One immense layer projects many feet, allowing a person, or many persons, standing upright, to move freely beneath it. There is a delicious spring there, and plenty of wild, cool air. The floor is of loose stone, now trod by sheep and foxes, once by the Indian and the wolf. How I have delighted, from boyhood, to spend a summer day there, or take refuge there from a sudden shower! Always the freshness and coolness, and always the delicate mossy nest of the Phœbe-bird! The bird keeps her place till you are within a few feet of her, when she flits to a near branch, and, with many oscillations of her tail, observes you anxiously. Since the country has become settled this pewee has fallen into the strange practice of occasionally placing its nest under a bridge, hay-shed, or other artificial structure, where it is subject to all kinds of interruptions and annoyances. When placed thus, the nest is larger and coarser. I know a hay-loft beneath which a pair has regularly placed its nest for several successive seasons. Arranged along on a single pole, which sags down a few inches from the flooring it was intended to help support, are three of these structures, marking the number of years the birds have nested there. The foundation is of mud with a superstructure of moss, elaborately lined with hair and feathers. Nothing can be more perfect and exquisite than the interior of one of these nests, yet a new one is built every season. Three broods, however, are frequently reared in it.

The pewees, as a class, are the best architects we have. The king-bird builds a nest altogether admirable, using various soft cotton and woollen substances, and sparing neither time nor material to make it substantial and warm. The green-crested pewee builds its nest in many instances wholly of the blossoms of the white-oak. The wood pewee builds a neat, compact, socket-shaped nest of moss and lichens on a horizontal branch. There is never a loose end or shred about it. The sitting bird is largely visible above the rim. She moves her head freely about and seems entirely at her ease, — a circumstance which I have never observed in any other species. The nest of the great-crested flycatcher is seldom free from snake skins, three or four being sometimes woven into it.

About the thinnest, shallowest nest, for its situation, that can be found is that of the turtle dove. A few sticks and straws are carelessly thrown together, hardly sufficient to prevent the eggs from falling through or rolling off. The nest of the passenger pigeon is equally hasty and insufficient, and the squabs often fall to the ground and perish. The other extreme among our common birds is furnished by the ferruginous thrush, which collects together a mass of material that would fill a half-bushel measure; or by the fish-hawk, which adds to and repairs its nest year after year, till the whole would make a cart-load.

The rarest of all nests is that of the

eagle, because the eagle is the rarest of all birds. Indeed so seldom is the eagle seen that its presence always seems accidental. It appears as if merely pausing on the way, while bound for some distant, unknown region. One September, while a youth, I saw the ring-tailed eagle, an immense, dusky bird, the sight of which filled me with awe. It lingered about the hills for two days. Some young cattle, a two year old colt, and half a dozen sheep were at pasture on a high ridge that led up to the mountain, and in plain view of the house. On the second day this dusky monarch was seen flying about above them. Presently he began to hover over them, after the manner of a hawk watching for mice. He then, with extended legs let himself slowly down upon them, actually grappling the backs of the young cattle, and frightening the creatures so that they rushed about the field in great consternation; and finally, as he grew bolder and more frequent in his descents, the whole herd broke over the fence and came tearing down to the house "like mad." It did not seem to be an assault with intent to kill, but was perhaps a strategem resorted to in order to separate the herd and expose the lambs, which hugged the cattle very closely. When he occasionally alighted upon the oaks that stood near, the branch could be seen to sway and bend beneath him. Finally, as a rifleman started out in pursuit of him, he launched into the air, set his wings, and sailed away southward. A few years afterward, in January, another eagle passed through the same locality, alighting in a field near some dead animal, but tarried briefly.

So much by way of identification. The bird is common to the northern parts of both hemispheres, and places its eyrie on high precipitous rocks. A pair built on an inaccessible shelf of rock along the Hudson for eight successive years. A squad of Revolutionary soldiers, also, found a nest along this river, and had an adventure with the bird that came near costing one of their number his life. His comrades let him down by a rope to secure the eggs or young, when he was attacked by the female eagle with such fury that he was obliged to defend himself with his knife. In doing so, by a misstroke, he nearly severed the rope that held him, and was drawn up by a single strand from his perilous position. Audubon, from whom this anecdote is taken, figures and describes this bird as the golden eagle, though I have little doubt that Wilson was right, and that the golden eagle is a distinct species.

The sea eagle, also, builds on high rocks, according to Audubon, though Wilson describes the nest of one which he saw near Great Egg Harbor, in the top of a large yellow pine. It was a vast pile of sticks, sods, sedge, grass, reeds, &c., &c., five or six feet high by four broad, and with little or no concavity. It had been used for many years, and he was told that the eagles made it a sort of home or lodging-place in all seasons. This agrees with the description which Audubon gives of the nest of the bald eagle. There is evidently a little confusion on both sides.

The eagle, in all cases, uses one nest, with more or less repair, for several years. Many of our common birds do the same. The birds may be divided, with respect to this and kindred points, into five general classes. First, those that repair or appropriate the last year's nest, as the wren, swallow, bluebird, great-crested flycatcher, owls, eagles, fish-hawk, and a few others. Secondly, those that build anew each season, though frequently rearing more than one brood in the same nest. Of these the phœbe-bird is a well-known example. Thirdly, those that build a new nest for each brood, which include by far the greatest number of species. Fourthly, a limited number that make no nest of their own, but appropriate the abandoned nests of other birds. Finally, those who use no nest at all, but deposit their eggs in the sand, which is the case with a large number of aquatic fowls. Thus the

common gull breeds in vast numbers on the sand bars or sand islands off the south coast of Long Island. A little dent is made in the sand, the eggs are dropped and the old birds go their way. In due time the eggs are hatched by the warmth of the sun, and the little creatures shift for themselves. In July countless numbers of them, of different ages and sizes, swarm upon these sandy wastes. As the waves roll out, they rush down the beach, picking up a kind of sea gluten, and then hasten back to avoid the next breaker.

BUDDHISM; OR, THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE EAST.

ON first becoming acquainted with the mighty and ancient religion of Buddha, one may be tempted to deny the correctness of this title, "The *Protestantism* of the East." One might say, "Why not rather the *Romanism* of the East?" For so numerous are the resemblances between the customs of this system and those of the Romish Church, that the first Catholic missionaries who encountered the priests of Buddha were confounded, and thought that Satan had been mocking their sacred rites. Father Bury, a Portuguese missionary,* when he beheld the Chinese bonzes tonsured, using rosaries, praying in an unknown tongue, and kneeling before images, exclaimed in astonishment: "There is not a piece of dress, not a sacerdotal function, not a ceremony of the court of Rome, which the Devil has not copied in this country." Mr. Davis (Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, II. 491) speaks of "the celibacy of the Buddhist clergy, and the monastic life of the societies of both sexes; to which might be added their strings of beads, their manner of chanting prayers, their incense, and their candles." Mr. Medhurst (China, London, 1857) mentions the image of a virgin, called the "queen of heaven," having an infant in her arms, and holding a cross. Confession of sins is regularly practised. Father Huc, in his Recollections of a Journey in Tartary, Thibet, and China, (Hazlitt's translation,) says: "The cross, the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope, which the Grand Lamas wear on their journeys, or when they are performing some ceremony out of the temple, — the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, and which you can open or close at pleasure, — the benedictions given by the Lamas by extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful, — the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, religious retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water, — all these are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves." And in Thibet there is also a Dalai Lama, who is a sort of Buddhist pope. Such numerous and striking analogies are difficult to explain. After the simple theory "que le diable y était pour beaucoup" was abandoned, the next opinion held by the Jesuit missionaries was that the Buddhists had copied these customs from Nestorian missionaries, who are known to have penetrated early even as far as China. But a serious objection to this theory is that Buddhism is at least five hundred years older than Christianity, and that many of the most striking resemblances belong to its earliest period. Thus Wilson (Hindu Drama) has translated plays written before the Christian era, in which Buddhist monks appear as mendicants. The worship of relics is quite as ancient. Fergusson* describes topes, or shrines

* Kesson, "The Cross and the Dragon," (London 1854,) quoted by Hardwicke.

* Illustrated Handbook of Architecture, p. 67.

for relics, of very great antiquity, existing in India, Ceylon, Birmah, and Java. Many of them belong to the age of Asoka, the great Buddhist emperor, who ruled all India, B. C. 250, and in whose reign Buddhism became the religion of the state, and held its third Œcumenical Council.

The ancient Buddhist architecture is very singular, and often very beautiful. It consists of topes, rock-cut temples, and monasteries. Some of the topes are monolithic columns, more than forty feet high, with ornamented capitals. Some are immense domes of brick and stone, containing sacred relics. The tooth of Buddha was once preserved in a magnificent shrine in India but was conveyed to Ceylon, A. D. 311, where it still remains an object of universal reverence. It is a piece of ivory or bone, two inches long, and is kept in six cases, the largest of which, of solid silver, is five feet high. The other cases are inlaid with rubies and precious stones.* Besides this, Ceylon possesses the "left collar-bone relic," contained in a bell-shaped tope, fifty feet high, and the thorax bone, which was placed in a tope built by a Hindoo raja, B. C. 250, around which two others were subsequently erected, the last being eighty cubits high. The Sanchi tope, the finest in India,† is a solid dome of stone, one hundred and six feet in diameter and forty-two feet high, with a basement and terrace, having a colonnade, now fallen, of sixty pillars, with richly carved stone railing and gateway.

The rock-cut temples of the Buddhists are very ancient, and are numerous in India. Mr. Fergusson, who has made a special personal study of these monuments, believes that more than nine hundred still remain, most of them within the Bombay presidency. Of these, many date back two centuries before our era. In form they singularly resemble the earliest Roman Catholic churches. Excavated out of the solid rock, they have a nave and side aisles, terminating in an apse or semi-dome, round which the aisle is carried. One at Karli, built in this manner, is one hundred and twenty-six feet long and forty-five feet wide, with fifteen richly carved columns on each side, separating the nave from the aisles. The façade of this temple is also richly ornamented, and has a great open window for lighting the interior, beneath an elegant gallery or rood-loft.

The Buddhist rock-cut monasteries in India are also numerous, though long since deserted. Between seven and eight hundred are known to exist, most of them having been excavated between B. C. 200 and A. D. 500. Buddhist monks, then as now, took the same three vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience, which are taken by the members of all the Catholic orders. In addition to this, *all* the Buddhist priests are mendicants. They shave their heads, wear a friar's robe tied round the waist with a rope, and beg from house to house, carrying their wooden bowl in which to receive boiled rice. The old monasteries of India contain chapels and cells for the monks. The largest, however, had accommodation for only thirty or forty; while at the present time a single monastery in Thibet, visited by MM. Huc and Gabet (the Lamasery of Kounboum), is occupied by four thousand lamas. Still, the arrangement of these monasteries shows clearly that the monkish system of the Buddhists is far too ancient to have been copied from the Christians.

Is, then, the reverse true? Did the Catholic Christians derive their monastic institutions, their bells, their rosary, their tonsure, their incense, their mitre and cope, their worship of relics, their custom of confession, &c., from the Buddhists? Such is the opinion of Mr. Prinsep (Thibet, Tartary, and Mongolia, 1852) and of Lassen (Indische Alterthumskunde). But, in reply to this view, Mr. Hardwicke objects that we do not find in history any trace of such an influence. Possibly, therefore, the resemblances may be the result of

* Hardy, Eastern Monachism, p. 224. Fergusson, p. 9.

† Fergusson, p. 10. Cunningham, Bhilsa Topes of India.

common human tendencies working out, independently, the same results. If, however, it is necessary to assume that either religion copied from the other, the Buddhists may claim originality, on the ground of antiquity.

But, however this may be, the question returns, Why call Buddhism the Protestantism of the East, when all its external features so much resemble those of the Roman Catholic Church?

We answer: Because deeper and more essential relations connect Brahmanism with the Romish Church, and the Buddhist system with Protestantism. The human mind went through, in Asia, the same course of experience afterward repeated in Europe. It protested, in the interest of humanity, against the oppression of a priestly caste. Brahmanism, like the Church of Rome, established a system of sacramental salvation in the hands of a sacred order. Buddhism, like Protestantism, revolted, and established a doctrine of individual salvation based on personal character. Brahmanism, like the Church of Rome, teaches an exclusive spiritualism, glorifying penances and martyrdom, and considers the body the enemy of the soul. But Buddhism and Protestantism accept nature and its laws, and make a religion of humanity as well as of devotion. To such broad statements numerous exceptions may doubtless be always found, but these are the large lines of distinction.

The Roman Catholic Church and Brahmanism place the essence of religion in sacrifices. Each is eminently a sacrificial system. The daily sacrifice of the mass is the central feature of the Romish Church. So Brahmanism is a system of sacrifices. But Protestantism and Buddhism save the soul by teaching. In the Church of Rome the sermon is subordinate to the mass; in Protestantism and in Buddhism sermons are the main instruments by which souls are saved. Brahmanism is a system of inflexible castes; the priestly caste is made distinct and supreme; and in Romanism the priesthood almost constitutes the church. In Buddhism and Protestanism the laity regain their rights. Therefore, notwithstanding the external resemblance of Buddhist rites and ceremonies to those of the Roman Catholic Church, the internal resemblance is to Protestantism. Buddhism in Asia, like Protestantism in Europe, is a revolt of nature against spirit, of humanity against caste, of individual freedom against the despotism of an order, of salvation by faith against salvation by sacraments. And as all revolts are apt to go too far, so it has been with Buddhism. In asserting the rights of nature against the tyranny of spirit, Buddhism has lost God. There is in Buddhism neither creation nor Creator. Its tracts say: "The rising of the world is a natural case." "Its rising and perishing are by nature itself." "It is natural that the world should rise and perish."* While, in Brahmanism, absolute spirit is the only reality, and this world is an illusion, the Buddhists know only this world, and the eternal world is so entirely unknown as to be equivalent to nullity. But yet, as no revolt, however radical, gives up *all* its antecedents, so Buddhism has the same *aim* as Brahmanism, namely, to escape from the vicissitudes of time into the absolute rest of eternity. They agree as to the object of existence: they differ as to the method of reaching it. The Brahman and the Roman Catholic think that eternal rest is to be obtained by intellectual submission, by passive reception of what is taught us and done for us by others: the Buddhist and Protestant believe it must be accomplished by an intelligent and free obedience to Divine laws. Mr. Hodgson, who has long studied the features of this religion in Nepaul, says: "The one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect." The name of Buddha means the Intelligent One, or the one who is wide awake. And herein also is another resemblance to Protestantism, which emphasizes so strongly the

* Upham, Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon.

value of free thought and the seeking after truth. In Judaism we find two spiritual powers — the prophet and the priest. The priest is the organ of the pardoning and saving love of God; the prophet, of his inspiring truth. In the European Reformation, the prophet revolting against the priest founded Protestantism; in the Asiatic Reformation he founded Buddhism. Finally, Brahmanism and the Roman Catholic Church are more religious; Buddhism and Protestant Christianity, more moral. Such, sketched in broad outline, is the justification for the title of this essay; but we shall be more convinced of its accuracy after looking more closely into the resemblances above indicated between the religious ceremonies of the East and West.

These resemblances are chiefly between the Buddhists and the monastic orders of the Church of Rome. Now it is a fact, but one which has never been sufficiently noticed, that the whole monastic system of Rome is based on a principle foreign to the essential ideas of that church. The fundamental doctrine of Rome is that of salvation by sacraments. This alone justifies its maxim, that "out of communion with the Church there is no salvation." The sacrament of Baptism regenerates the soul; the sacrament of Penance purifies it from mortal sin; the sacrament of the Eucharist renews its life; and that of Holy Orders qualifies the priest for administering these and the other sacraments. But if the soul is saved by sacraments, duly administered and received, why go into a religious order to save the soul? Why seek by special acts of piety, self-denial, and separation from the world, that which comes sufficiently through the usual sacraments of the church? The more we examine this subject, the more we shall see that the whole monastic system of the Church of Rome is an *included Protestantism*, or a Protestantism within the church.

Many of the reformers before the Reformation were monks. Savonarola, St. Bernard, Luther himself, were monks. From the monasteries came many of the leaders of the Reformation. The Protestant element in the Romish Church was shut up in monasteries during many centuries, and remained there as a foreign substance, an alien element included in the vast body. When a bullet, or other foreign substance, is lodged in the flesh, the vital powers go to work and build up a little wall around it, and shut it in. So when Catholics came who were not satisfied with a merely sacramental salvation, and longed for a higher life, the sagacity of the Church put them together in convents, and kept them by themselves, where they could do no harm. One of the curious homologons of history is this repetition in Europe of the course of events in Asia. Buddhism was, for many centuries, tolerated in India in the same way. It took the form of a monasticism included in Brahmanism, and remained a part of the Hindoo religion. And so, when the crisis came and the conflict began, this Hindoo Protestantism maintained itself for a long time in India, as Lutheranism continued for a century in Italy, Spain, and Austria. But it was at last driven out of its birthplace, as Protestantism was driven from Italy and Spain; and now only the ruins of its topes, its temples, and its monasteries remain to show how extensive was its former influence in the midst of Brahmanism.

Yet, though expelled from India, and unable to maintain its control over any Aryan race, it has exhibited a powerful propagandist element, and so has converted to its creed the majority of the Mongol nations. It embraces nearly or quite (for statistics here are only guesswork)* three hundred millions of human beings. It is the popular

* Here are a few of the guesses: —

Cunningham, Bhilsa Topes.

Christians	270 millions.
Buddhist	222 "

Hassel, Penny Cyclopædia.

Christians	120 millions.
Jews	4 "
Mohammedans	252 "
Brahmans	111 "
Buddhists	315 "

religion of China; the state religion of Thibet, and of the Birman Empire; it is the religion of Japan, Siam, Anam, Assam, Nepaul, Ceylon, in short, of nearly the whole of Eastern Asia.

Concerning this vast religion, we have had, until recently, very few means of information. But, during the last quarter of a century, so many sources have been opened, that at present we can easily study it in its original features and its subsequent development. The sacred books of this religion have been preserved independently, in Ceylon, Nepaul, China, and Thibet. Mr. G. Turnour, Mr. Georgely, and Mr. R. Spence Hardy are our chief authorities in regard to the Pitikas, or the Scriptures in the Pali language, preserved in Ceylon. Mr. Hodgson has collected and studied the Sanskrit Scriptures, found in Nepaul. In 1825 he transmitted to the Asiatic Society in Bengal sixty works in Sanskrit, and two hundred and fifty in the language of Thibet. M. Csoma, an Hungarian physician, discovered in the Buddhist monasteries of Thibet an immense collection of sacred books, which had been translated from the Sanskrit works previously studied by Mr. Hodgson. In 1829 M. Schmidt found the same works in the Mongolian. M. Stanislas Julien, an eminent student of the Chinese, has also translated works on Buddhism from that language, which ascend to the year 76 of our era.* More recently inscriptions cut upon

Johnston, Physical Atlas.

Christians	301 millions.
Jews	5 "
Brahmans	133 "
Mohammedans	110 "
Buddhists	245 "

Perkins, Johnson's American Atlas.

Christians	369 millions.
Mohammedans	160 "
Jews	6 "
Buddhists	320 "

New American Cyclopædia.

Buddhists	290 millions.

And Prof. Newmann estimates the number of Buddhists at 369 millions.

* Le Bouddha et sa religion. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. — Eastern Monachism. By Spence Hardy. — Burnouf, Introduction &c. — Koeppen, Die Religion des Buddha.

rocks, columns, and other monuments in Northern India, have been transcribed and translated. Mr. James Prinsep deciphered these inscriptions, and found them to be in the ancient language of the province of Magadha where Buddhism first appeared. They contain the decrees of a king, or raja, named Pyadasi, whom Mr. Turnour has shown to be the same as the famous Asoka, before alluded to. This king appears to have come to the throne in the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 325. Similar inscriptions have been discovered throughout India, proving to the satisfaction of such scholars as Burnouf, Prinsep, Turnour, Lassen, Weber, Max Müller, and Saint-Hilaire, that Buddhism had become almost the state religion of India, in the fourth century before Christ.

With these ample resources, let us proceed to examine the origin and nature of this religion.*

North of Central India and of the kingdom of Oude, near the borders of Nepaul, there reigned, at the end of the seventh century before Christ, a wise and good king, in his capital city, Kapilavastu.† He was one of the last of

* The works from which this article has been mostly drawn are these: — Introduction à l'histoire du Buddhisme indien. Par E. Burnouf. (Paris, 1844.) Le Bouddha et sa religion. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. (Paris, 1860.) Eastern Monachism. By R. Spence Hardy. (London, 1850.) A Manual of Buddhism in its Modern Development. By R. Spence Hardy. (London, 1853.) Die Religion des Buddha. Von Karl F. Koeppen. (Berlin, 1857.) Indische Alterthumskunde. Von Christian Lassen. (Bonn, 1852.) Der Buddhismus, Seine Dogmen, Geschichte, und Literatur. Von W. Wassiljew. (St. Petersburg, 1860.) Ueber Buddha's Todesjahr. Von N. L. Westergaard. (Breslau, 1862.) Gott in der Geschichte. Von C. C. J. Bunsen. (Leipzig, 1858.) The Bhilsa Topes, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India. By A. Cunningham. (London, 1854.) Buddhism in Thibet. By Emil Schlagintweit. (Leipzig and London, 1863.) Travels in Eastern countries by Huc and Gabet, and others. References to Buddhism in the writings of Max Müller, Maurice, Baur, Hardwicke, Fergusson, Pritchard, Wilson, Colebrooke, &c.

† At the end of the fourth century of our era, a Chinese Buddhist made a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Buddha, and found the city in ruins. Another Chinese pilgrim visited it A. D. 632, and was able to trace the remains of the ruined palace, and saw a room which had been occupied by Buddha. These travels have been translated from the Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien.

the great Solar race, celebrated in the ancient epics of India. His wife, named *Maya* because of her great beauty, became the mother of a prince, who was named Siddârtha, and afterward known as the Buddha.* She died seven days after his birth, and the child was brought up by his maternal aunt. The young prince distinguished himself by his personal and intellectual qualities, but still more by his early piety. It appears from the laws of Manu that it was not unusual, in the earliest periods of Brahmanism, for those seeking a superior piety to turn hermits, and to live alone in the forest, engaged in acts of prayer, meditation, abstinence, and the study of the Vedas. This practice, however, seems to have been confined to the Brahmans. It was, therefore, a grief to the king, when his son, in the flower of his youth and highly accomplished in every kingly faculty of body and mind, seemed turning his mind toward the life of an anchorite. In fact, the young Siddârtha seems to have gone through that deep experience out of which the great prophets of mankind have always been born. The evils of the world pressed on his heart and brain; the very air seemed full of mortality; all things were passing away. Was anything permanent? anything stable? Nothing but truth; only the absolute, eternal law of things. "Let me see that," said he, "and I can give lasting peace to mankind. So shall I become their deliverer." So, in opposition to the strong entreaties of his father, wife, and friends, he left the palace one night, and exchanged the position of a prince for that of a mendicant. "I will never return to the palace," said he, "till I have attained to the sight of the divine law, and so become Buddha."†

He first visited the Brahmans, and listened to their doctrines, but found no satisfaction therein. The wisest among them could not teach him true peace, — that profound inward rest, which he already called Nirvâna. He was twenty-nine years old. Although disapproving of the Brahmanic austerities as an end, he practised them during six years, in order to subdue the senses. He then became satisfied that the path to perfection did not lie that way. He therefore resumed his former diet and a more comfortable mode of life, and so lost many disciples who had been attracted by his amazing austerity. Alone in his hermitage, he came at last to that solid conviction, that KNOWLEDGE never to be shaken, of the laws of things, which had seemed to him the only foundation of a truly free life. The spot where, after a week of constant meditation, he at last arrived at this beatific vision, became one of the most sacred places in India. He was seated under a tree, his face to the east, not having moved for a day and night, when he attained the triple science, which was to rescue mankind from its woes. Twelve hundred years after the death of the Buddha, a Chinese pilgrim was shown what then passed for this sacred tree. It was surrounded by high brick walls, with an opening to the east, and near it stood many topes and monasteries. In the opinion of M. Saint-Hilaire, these ruins, and the locality of the tree, may yet be rediscovered. The spot deserves to be sought for, since there began a movement which has, on the whole, been a source of happiness and improvement to immense multitudes of human beings, during twenty-four centuries.

Having attained this inward certainty of vision, he decided to teach the world his truth. He knew well what it would bring him, — what opposition, insult, neglect, scorn. But he thought of three

* *Buddha* is not a proper name, but an official title. Just as we ought not to say Jesus Christ, but always Jesus *the* Christ, so we should say *Siddârtha* the Buddha, or *Sakya-muni* the Buddha, or *Gautama* the Buddha. The first of these names, Siddârtha, (contracted from *Sarvârthasiddha*), was the baptismal name given by his father, and means "The fulfilment of every wish." Sakya-muni means "The hermit of the race of Sakya," — Sakya being the ancestral name of his father's race. The name *Gautama* is stated by Koeppen to be "der priesterliche Beiname des Geschlechts der Sakya," — whatever that may mean.

† The Sanskrit root, whence the English "bode" and "forebode," means "to know."

classes of men: those who were already on the way to the truth, and did not need him; those who were fixed in error, and whom he could not help; and the poor doubters, uncertain of their way. It was to help these last, the doubters, that the Buddha went forth to preach. On his way to the holy city of India, Benares, a serious difficulty arrested him at the Ganges, namely, his having no money to pay the boatman for his passage. At Benares, he made his first converts, "turning the wheel of the law" for the first time. His discourses are contained in the sacred books of the Buddhists. He converted great numbers, his father among the rest, but met with fierce opposition from the Hindoo Scribes and Pharisees, the leading Brahmans. So he lived and taught, and died at the age of eighty years.

Naturally, as soon as the prophet was dead, he became very precious in all eyes. His body was burned with much pomp, and great contention arose for the unconsumed fragments of bone. At last they were divided into eight parts, and a tope was erected, by each of the eight fortunate possessors, for such relics as had fallen to him. The ancient books of the North and South agree as to the places where the topes were built, and no Roman Catholic relics are so well authenticated. The Buddha, who believed with Jesus that "the flesh profiteth nothing," and that "the word is spirit and life," would probably have been the first to condemn this idolatry. But fetich worship lingers in the purest religions.

The time of the death of Sakya-muni, like most Oriental dates, is uncertain. The Northern Buddhists, in Thibet, Nepaul, etc., vary greatly among themselves. The Chinese Buddhists are not more certain. Lassen, therefore, with most of the scholars, accepts as authentic the period upon which all the authorities of the South, especially of Ceylon, agree, which is B. C. 543. Lately Westergaard has written a monograph on the subject, in which, by a labored argument, he places the date about two hundred years later. Whether he will convince his brother *savans* remains to be seen.

Immediately after the death of Sakya-muni a general council of his most eminent disciples was called, to fix the doctrine and discipline of the church. The legend runs that three of the disciples were selected to recite from memory what the sage had taught. The first was appointed to repeat his teaching upon discipline; "For discipline," said they, "is the soul of the law." Whereupon Upali, mounting the pulpit, repeated all of the precepts concerning morals and the ritual. Then Ananda was chosen to give his master's discourses concerning faith or doctrine. Finally, Kasyapa announced the philosophy and metaphysics of the system. The council sat during seven months, and the threefold division of the sacred Scriptures of Buddhism was the result of their work; for Sakya-muni wrote nothing himself. He taught by conversation only.

The second general council was called to correct certain abuses which had begun to creep in. It was held about a hundred years after the teacher's death. A great fraternity of monks proposed to relax the conventual discipline, by allowing greater liberty in taking food, in drinking intoxicating liquor, and taking gold and silver if offered in alms. The schismatic monks were degraded, to the number of ten thousand, but formed a new sect. The third council, held during the reign of the great Buddhist Emperor Asoka, was called on account of heretics, who to the number of sixty thousand, were degraded and expelled. After this, missionaries were despatched to preach the word in different lands. The names and success of these missionaries are recorded in the *Mahawanso*, or Sacred History, translated by Mr. George Turnour from the Singhalese. But what is remarkable is, that the relics of some of them have been recently found in the Sanchi topes, and in other sacred buildings, contained in caskets, with their names inscribed on them. These

inscribed names correspond with those given to the same missionaries in the historical books of Ceylon. For example, according to the *Mahawanso*, two missionaries, one named Kassapo (or Kasyapa), and the other called Majjhima (or Madhyama), went to preach in the region of the Himalayan Mountains. They journeyed, preached, suffered, and toiled, side by side, so the ancient history informs us — a history composed in Ceylon in the fifth century of our era, with the aid of works still more ancient;* and now, when the second Sanchi tope was opened in 1851, by Major Cunningham, the relics of these very missionaries were discovered.† The tope was perfect in 1819, when visited by Captain Fell, — "not a stone fallen." And though afterward injured, in 1822, by some amateur relic-hunters, its contents remained intact. It is a solid hemisphere, built of rough stones without mortar, thirty-nine feet in diameter; it has a basement six feet high, projecting all around five feet, and so making a terrace. It is surrounded by a stone railing, with carved figures. In the centre of this tope was found a small chamber, made of six stones, containing the relic-box of white sandstone, about ten inches square. Inside this were four caskets of steatite (a sacred stone among the Buddhists), each containing small portions of burnt human bone. On the outside lid of one of these boxes was this inscription: "Relics of the emancipated Kasyapa Gotra, missionary to the whole Hemawanta." And on the inside of the lid was carved: "Relics of the emancipated Madhyama." These relics, with those of eight other leading men of the Buddhist Church, had rested in this monument since the age of Asoka, and cannot have been placed there later than B. C. 220.

The missionary spirit displayed by Buddhism distinguishes it from all other religions which preceded Christianity. The religion of Confucius never attempted to make converts outside of China. Brahmanism never went beyond India. The system of Zoroaster was a Persian religion; that of Egypt was confined to the Valley of the Nile; that of Greece to the Hellenic race. But Buddhism was inflamed with the desire of bringing all mankind to a knowledge of its truths. Its ardent and successful missionaries converted multitudes in Nepaul, Thibet, Birmah, Ceylon, China, Siam, Japan; and in all these states its monasteries are to-day the chief sources of knowledge and centres of instruction to the people. It is idle to class such a religon as this with the superstitions which debase mankind. Its power lay in the strength of conviction which inspired its teachers; and that, again, must have come from the sight of truth, not the belief in error.

What then are the doctrines of Buddhism? What are the essential teachings of the Buddha and his disciples? Is it a system, as we are so often told, which denies God and immortality? Has *atheism* such a power over human hearts in the East? Is the Asiatic mind thus in love with eternal death? Let us try to discover.

The hermit of Sakya, as we have seen, took his departure from two profound convictions — the evil of perpetual change, and the possibility of something permanent. He might have used the language of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and cried, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" The profound gloom of that wonderful book is based on the same course of thought as that of the Buddha, namely, that everything goes round and round in a circle; that nothing moves forward; that there is no new thing under the sun; that the sun rises and sets, and rises again; that the wind blows north and south, and east and west, and then returns according to its circuits. Where can rest be found? where peace? where any certainty? Siddârtha was young; but he saw age approaching. He was in health; but he knew that sickness and death were lying in wait for him. He could not escape from the sight of this perpetual round of growth and decay, life and

* Saint-Hilaire. † Bhilsa Topes.

death, joy and woe. He cried out, from the depths of his soul, for something stable, permanent, real.

Again, he was assured that this emancipation from change and decay was to be found in knowledge. But by knowledge he did not intend the perception and recollection of outward facts, — not learning. Nor did he mean speculative knowledge, or the power of reasoning. He meant intuitive knowledge, the sight of eternal truth, the perception of the unchanging laws of the universe. This was a knowledge which was not to be attained by any merely intellectual process, but by moral training, by purity of heart and life. Therefore he renounced the world, and went into the forest, and became an anchorite.

But just at this point he separated himself from the Brahmans. They also were, and are, believers in the value of mortification, abnegation, penance. They had their hermits in his day. But they believed in the value of penance as accumulating merit. They practised self-denial for its own sake. The Buddha practised it as a means to a higher end, — emancipation, purification, intuition. And this end he believed that he had at last attained. At last he *saw* the truth. He became "wide awake." Illusions disappeared; the reality was before him. He was the Buddha — the MAN WHO KNEW.

Still he was a man, not a God. And here again is another point of departure from Brahmanism. In that system, the final result of devotion was to become absorbed in God. The doctrine of the Brahmans is divine absorption; that of the Buddhists, human development. In the Brahmanical system, God is everything, and man nothing. In the Buddhist, man is everything and God nothing. Here is its atheism, that it makes so much of man as to forget God. It is perhaps "without God in the world." But it does not deny him. It accepts the doctrine of the three worlds, — the eternal world of absolute being; the celestial world of the gods, Brahma, Indra, Vischnu, Siva; and the finite world, consisting of individual souls and the laws of nature. Only it says, of the world of absolute being, Nirvana, we know nothing. That is our aim and end; but it is the direct opposite to all we know. It is, therefore, to us, as nothing. The celestial world, that of the gods, is even of less moment to us. What we know are the everlasting laws of nature, by obedience to which we rise, disobeying which we fall, by perfect obedience to which we shall at last obtain Nirvana, and rest forever.

To the mind of the Buddha, therefore, the world consisted of two orders of existence — souls and laws. He saw an infinite multitude of souls, — in insects, animals, men, — and saw that they were surrounded by inflexible laws — the laws of nature. To know these and to obey them, — this was emancipation.

The fundamental doctrine of Buddhism, taught by its founder and received by all Buddhists without exception, in the North and in the South, in Birmah and Thibet, in Ceylon and China, is the doctrine of the four sublime truths, namely: —

1. All existence is evil, because all existence is subject to change and decay.

2. The source of this evil is the desire for things which change and pass away.

3. This desire, and the evil which follows it, are not inevitable; for if we choose we can arrive at Nirvana, when both shall wholly cease.

4. There is a fixed and certain method to adopt, by pursuing which we attain this end, without possibility of failure.

These four truths are the basis of the system. They are: 1st, the evil; 2d, its cause; 3d, its end; 4th, the way of reaching the end.

Then follow the eight steps of this way, namely: —

1. Right belief, or the correct faith.

2. Right judgment, or wise application of that faith to life.

3. Right utterance, or perfect truth in all that we say and do.

4. Right motives, or proposing always a proper end and aim.

5. Right occupation, or an outward life not involving sin.

6. Right obedience, or faithful observance of duty.

7. Right memory, or a proper recollection of past conduct.

8. Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth.

After this system of doctrine follow certain moral commands and prohibitions, namely, five which apply to all men, and five others which apply only to the novices or the monks. The five first commandments are: 1st, do not kill; 2d, do not steal; 3d, do not commit adultery; 4th, do not lie; 5th, do not become intoxicated. The other five are: 1st, take no solid food after noon; 2d, do not visit dances, singing, or theatrical representations; 3d, use no ornaments or perfumery in dress; 4th, use no luxurious beds; 5th, accept neither gold nor silver.

All these doctrines and precepts have been the subject of innumerable commentaries and expositions. Everything has been commented, explained, and elucidated. Systems of casuistry as voluminous as those of the Fathers of the Company of Jesus, systems of theology as full of minute analysis as the great *Summa Totius Theologiæ* of St. Thomas, are to be found in the libraries of the monasteries of Thibet and Ceylon. The monks have their Golden Legends, their Lives of Saints, full of miracles and marvels. On this simple basis of a few rules and convictions has arisen a vast fabric of metaphysics. Much of this literature is instructive and entertaining. Some of it is profound. Baur, who had made a special study of the intricate speculations of the Gnostics, compares them with "the vast abstractions of Buddhism."

Nevertheless, two facts appear, as we contemplate this system, — first, its rationalism; second, its humanity.

It is a system of rationalism. It appeals throughout to human reason. It proposes to save man, not from a future but a present hell, and to save him by teaching. Its great means of influence is the sermon. The Buddha preached innumerable sermons; his missionaries went abroad preaching. Buddhism has made all its conquests honorably, by a process of rational appeal to the human mind. It was never propagated by force, even when it had the power of imperial rajas to support it. Certainly, it is a very encouraging fact in the history of man, that the two religions which have made more converts than any other, Buddhism and Christianity, have not depended for their success on the sword of the conqueror or the frauds of priestcraft, but have gained their victories in the fair conflict of reason with reason. Certainly Buddhism has not been without its superstitions and its errors; but it has not deceived, and it has not persecuted. In this respect it can teach Christians a lesson. Buddhism has no prejudices against those who confess another faith. The Buddhists have founded no Inquisition; they have combined the zeal which converted kingdoms with a toleration almost inexplicable to our Western experience. Only one religious war has darkened their peaceful history during twenty-three centuries, — that which took place in Thibet, but of which we know little. A Siamese told Crawford that he believed all the religions of the world to be branches of the true religion. A Buddhist in Ceylon sent his son to a Christian school, and told the astonished missionary, "I respect Christianity as much as Buddhism, for I regard it as a help to Buddhism." MM. Huc and Gabet converted no Buddhist in Tartary and Thibet, but they partially converted one, bringing him so far as to say that he considered himself at the same time a good Christian and a good Buddhist.

Buddhism is also a religion of humanity. Because it lays such stress on reason, it respects all men, since all possess this same gift. In its origin it broke down all castes. All men, of whatever rank, can enter its priesthood. It has an unbounded charity for all souls, and holds it a duty to make sacrifices for all. One legend tells us that

the Buddha gave his body for food to a starved tigress, who could not nurse her young through weakness. An incident singularly like that in the fourth chapter of John is recorded of the hermit, who asked a woman of low caste for water, and, when she expressed surprise said, "Give me drink, and I will give you truth." The unconditional command, "Thou shalt not kill," which applies to all living creatures, has had great influence in softening the manners of the Mongols. This command is connected with the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which is one of the essential doctrines of this system as well as of Brahmanism. But Buddhism has abolished human sacrifices, and indeed all bloody offerings, and its innocent altars are only crowned with flowers and leaves. It also inculcates a positive humanity, consisting of good actions. All its priests are supported by daily alms. It is a duty of the Buddhist to be hospitable to strangers, to establish hospitals for the sick and poor, and even for sick animals, to plant shade trees, and erect houses for travellers. Mr. Malcom, the Baptist missionary, says that he was resting one day in a *zayat* in a small village in Birmah, and was scarcely seated when a woman brought a nice mat for him to lie on. Another brought cool water, and a man went and picked for him half a dozen good oranges. None sought or expected, he says, the least reward, but disappeared, and left him to his repose. He adds: "None can ascend the river without being struck with the hardihood, skill, energy, and good-humor of the Birmese boatmen. In point of temper and morality they are infinitely superior to the boatmen on our Western waters. In my various trips, I have seen no quarrel nor heard a hard word."

Mr. Malcom goes on thus: "Many of these people have never seen a white man before, but I am constantly struck with their politeness. They desist from anything on the slightest intimation; never crowd around to be troublesome; and if on my showing them my watch or pencil-case, or anything which particularly attracts them, there are more than can get a sight, the outer ones stand aloof and wait till their turn comes. . . . .

"I saw no intemperance in Birmah, though an intoxicating liquor is made easily of the juice of a palm. . . . .

"A man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeding and lodging as well as the people."

"I have seen thousands together, for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardor, and no act of violence or case of intoxication. . . . .

"During my whole residence in the country, I never saw an indecent act or immodest gesture in man or woman. . . . . I have seen hundreds of men and women bathing, and no immodest or careless act. . . . .

"Children are treated with great kindness, not only by the mother but the father, who, when unemployed, takes the young child in his arms, and seems pleased to attend to it, while the mother cleans the rice or sits unemployed at his side. I have as often seen fathers caressing female infants as male. A widow with male and female children is more likely to be sought in marriage than if she has none. . . . .

"Children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. The aged are treated with great care and tenderness, and occupy the best places in all assemblies."

According to Saint-Hilaire's opinion, the Buddhist morality is one of endurance, patience, submission, and abstinence, rather than of action, energy, enterprise. Love for all beings is its nucleus, every animal being our possible relative. To love our enemies, to offer our lives for animals, to abstain from even defensive warfare, to govern ourselves, to avoid vices, to pay obedience to superiors, to reverence age, to provide food and shelter for men and animals, to dig wells and plant trees, to despise no religion, show no intolerance, not to persecute, are the virtues of these people. Polygamy is tolerated, but not approved. Monogamy is gen-

eral in Ceylon, Siam, Birmah; somewhat less so in Thibet and Mongolia. Woman is better treated by Buddhism than by any other Oriental religion.

But what is the religious life of Buddhism? Can there be a religion without a God? And if Buddhism has no God, how can it have worship, prayer, devotion? There is no doubt that it has all these. We have seen that its *cultus* is much like that of the Roman Catholic Church. It differs from this church in having no secular priests, but only regulars; all its clergy are monks, taking the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Their vows, however, are not irrevocable; they can relinquish the yellow robe, and return into the world, if they find they have mistaken their vocation.

The God of Buddhism is the Buddha himself, the deified man, who has become an infinite being by entering Nirvana. To him prayer is addressed, and it is so natural for man to pray that no theory can prevent him from doing it. In Thibet prayer-meetings are held even in the streets. Huc says: "There is a very touching custom at Lhassa. In the evening, just before sundown, all the people leave their work, and meet in groups in the public streets and squares. All kneel, and begin to chant their prayers in a low and musical tone. The concert of song which rises from all these numerous reunions produces an immense and solemn harmony, which deeply impresses the mind. We could not help sadly comparing this Pagan city, where all the people prayed together, with our European cities, where men would blush to be seen making the sign of the cross."

In Thibet *confession* was early enjoined. Public worship is there a solemn confession before the assembled priests. It confers entire absolution from sins. It consists in an open confession of sin, and a promise to sin no more. Consecrated water is also used in the service of the Pagodas.

There are thirty-five Buddhas who have preceded Sakya-muni, and are considered the chief powers for taking away sin. These are called the "Thirty-five Buddhas of Confession." Sakya-muni, however, has been included in the number. Some lamas are also joined with them in the sacred pictures, as Tsonkhapa, a lama born in A. D. 1555, and others. The mendicant priests of Buddha are bound to confess twice a month, at the new and full moon.

The Buddhists have also nunneries for women. It is related that Sakya-muni consented to establish them at the earnest request of his aunt and nurse, and of his favorite disciple, Ananda. These nuns take the same vows as the monks. Their rules require them to show reverence even to the youngest monk, and to use no angry or harsh words to a priest. The nun must be willing to be taught; she must go once a fortnight for this purpose to some virtuous teacher; she must not devote more than two weeks at a time to spiritual retirement; she must not go out merely for amusement; after two years' preparation she can be initiated, and she is bound to attend the closing ceremonies of the rainy season.

One of the principal metaphysical doctrines of this system is that which is called Karma. This means the law of consequences, by which every act committed in one life entails results in another. This law operates until one reaches Nirvana. Mr. Hardy goes so far as to suppose that Karma causes the merits or demerits of each soul to result at death in the production of another consciousness, and in fact to result in a new person. But this must be an error. Karma is the law of consequences, by which every act receives its exact recompense in the next world, where the soul is born again. But unless the same soul passes on, such a recompense is impossible.

'*Karma*,' said Buddha, 'is the most essential property of all beings; it is inherited from previous births, it is the cause of all good and evil, and the reason why some are mean and some exalted when they come into the world.

It is like the shadow which always accompanies the body.' Buddha himself obtained all his elevation by means of the Karma obtained in previous states. No one can obtain Karma, or merit, but those who hear the discourses of Buddha."

There has been much discussion among scholars concerning the true meaning of Nirvana, the end of all Buddhist expectation. Is it annihilation? Is it absorption in God? The weight of authority, no doubt, is in favor of the first view. Burnouf's conclusion is: "For Buddhist theists, it is the absorption of the individual life in God; for atheists, absorption of this individual life in the nothing. But for both, it is deliverance from all evil, it is supreme affranchisement." In the opinion that it is annihilation agree Max Müller, Turnour, Schmidt, and Hardy. And M. Saint-Hilaire, while calling it "a hideous faith," nevertheless assigns it to a third part of the human race.

But, on the other hand, scholars of the highest rank deny this view. In particular, Bunsen (*Gott in der Geschichte*) calls attention to the fact that, in the oldest monuments of this religion, the earliest Sutras, Nirvana is spoken of as a condition attained in the present life. How then can it mean annihilation? It is a state in which all desires cease, all passions die. Bunsen believes that the Buddha never denied or questioned God or immortality.

The following account of NIRVANA is taken from the Pali Sacred Books: —

"Again the king of Ságal said to Nágaséna: 'Is the joy of Nirvana unmixed, or is it associated with sorrow?' The priest replied that it is unmixed satisfaction, entirely free from sorrow.

"Again the king of Ságal said to Nágaséna: 'Is Nirvana in the east, west, south, or north; above or below? Is there such a place as Nirvana? If so, where is it?' Nágaséna: 'Neither in the east, south, west, nor north; neither in the sky above, nor in the earth below, nor in any of the infinite sakwalas, is there such a place as Nirvana.' Milinda: 'Then if Nirvana have no locality, there can be no such thing; and when it is said that any one attains Nirvana, the declaration is false.' Nágaséna: 'There is no such place as Nirvana, and yet it exists; the priest who seeks it in the right manner will attain it.' 'When Nirvana is attained, is there such a place?' Nágaséna: 'When a priest attains Nirvana there is such a place.' Milinda: 'Where is that place?' Nágaséna: 'Wherever the precepts can be observed; it may be anywhere; just as he who has two eyes can see the sky from any or all places; or as all places may have an eastern side.'"

The question has been fully discussed by Mr. Alger in his very able work, "Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," and his conclusion is wholly opposed to the view which makes Nirvana equivalent to annihilation.

In closing this paper, let us ask what relation this great system sustains to Christianity.

The fundamental doctrine and central idea of Buddhism is personal salvation, or *the salvation of the soul by personal acts of faith and obedience.* This we maintain, notwithstanding the opinion that some schools of Buddhists teach that the soul itself is not a constant element or a special substance, but the mere result of past merit or demerit. For if there be no soul, there can be no transmigration. Now it is certain that the doctrine of transmigration is the very basis of Buddhism, — the corner-stone of the system. Thus M. Saint-Hilaire says: "The chief and most immovable fact of Buddhist metaphysics is the doctrine of transmigration." Without a soul to migrate, there can be no migration. Moreover, the whole ethics of the system would fall with its metaphysics, on this theory; for why urge men to right conduct, in order to attain happiness, or Nirvana, hereafter, if they are not to exist hereafter. No, the soul's immortality is a radical doctrine

in Buddhism, and this doctrine is one of its points of contact with Christianity.

Another point of contact is its doctrine of reward and punishment, — a doctrine incompatible with the supposition that the soul does not pass on from world to world. But this is the essence of all its ethics, — the immutable, inevitable, unalterable consequences of good and evil. In this also it agrees with Christianity, which teaches that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; that he who turns his pound into five will be set over five cities, he who turns it into ten, over ten cities.

A third point of contact with Christianity, however singular it may at first appear to say so, is the doctrine of Nirvana. The Buddhist asserts Nirvana as the end of all his hope, yet, if you ask him what it is, may reply, "Nothing." But this cannot mean that the highest good of man is annihilation. No pessimism could be more extreme than such a doctrine. Such a belief is not in accordance with human nature. Tennyson is wiser when he writes: —

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
>
> "'T is LIFE whereof our nerves are scant;
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

The Buddhist, when he says that Nirvana is *nothing*, means simply that it is *no thing;* that it is nothing to our present conceptions; that it is the opposite of all we know, the contradiction of what we call life now, a state so sublime, so wholly different from anything we know or can know now, that it is the same thing as nothing to us. All present life is change; *that* is permanence: all present life is going up and down; *that* is stability: all present life is the life of sense; *that* is spirit.

The Buddhist denies God in the same way. He is the unknowable. He is the impossible to be conceived of.

> "Who shall know Him,
> And dare to say,
> '*I believe in Him*'?
> Who shall deny Him,
> And venture to affirm,
> '*I believe in Him not*'?"

To the Buddhist, in short, the element of time and the finite is all, as to the Brahman the element of eternity is all. It is the most absolute contradiction of Brahmanism which we can conceive.

It seems impossible for the Eastern mind to hold at the same time the two conceptions of God and nature, the infinite and the finite, eternity and time. The Brahmans accept the reality of God, the infinite and the eternal, and deny the reality of the finite, of nature, history, time, and the world. The Buddhist accepts the last, and ignores the first.

The peculiarity of Plato, according to Mr. Emerson and other Platonists, was that he was able to grasp and hold intellectually both conceptions, — of God and man, the infinite and finite, the eternal and the temporal. The merit of Christianity was, in like manner, that it was able to take up and keep, not primarily as dogma, but as life, both these antagonistic ideas. Christianity recognizes God as the infinite and eternal, but recognizes also the world of time and space as real. Man exists as well as God: we love God, we must love man too. Brahmanism loves God, but not man; it has piety, but not humanity. Buddhism loves man, but not God; it has humanity, but not piety; or if it has piety, it is by a beautiful want of logic, its heart being wiser than its head. That which seems an impossibility in these Eastern systems, is a fact of daily life to the Christian child, to the ignorant and simple Christian man or woman, who, amid daily duty and trial, find joy in both heavenly and earthly love.

The good and the evil of Buddhism are thus summed up by M. Saint-Hilaire.

He remarks that the first peculiarity of Buddhism is the wholly practical direction taken by its founder. He proposes to himself the salvation of mankind. He abstains from the subtle philosophy of the Brahmans, and takes the most direct and simple way to his end. But he does not offer low and sensual rewards; he does not, like so

many lawgivers, promise to his followers riches, pleasures, conquests, power. He invites them to salvation by means of virtue, knowledge, and self-denial. Not in the Vedas, nor the books which proceed from it, do we find such noble appeals, though they too look at the infinite as their end. But the indisputable glory of Buddha is the boundless charity to man with which his soul was filled. He lived to instruct and guide man aright. He says in so many words, "My law is a law of grace for all," (Burnouf, Introduction, &c., p. 198.) We may add to M. Saint-Hilaire's statement, that in these words the Buddha plainly aims at what we have called a catholic religion. In his view of man's sorrowful life, all distinctions of rank and class fall away; all are poor and needy together; and here too he comes in contact with that Christianity which says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." Buddha also wished to cure the sicknesses, not only of the Hindoo life, but of the life of mankind.

M. Saint-Hilaire adds, that, in seeking thus to help man, the means of the Buddha are pure, like his ends. He tries to convince and to persuade: he does not wish to compel. He allows confession, and helps the weak and simple by explanations and parables. He also tries to guard man against evil, by establishing habits of chastity, temperance, and self-control. He goes forward into the Christian graces of patience, humility, and forgiveness of injuries. He has a horror of falsehood, a reverence for truth; he forbids slander and gossip; he teaches respect for parents, family, life, home.

Yet Saint-Hilaire declares that, with all these merits, Buddhism has not been able to found a tolerable social state or a single good government. It failed in India, the land of its birth. Nothing like the progress and the development of Christian civilization appears in Buddhism. Something in the heart of the system makes it sterile, notwithstanding its excellent intentions. What is it?

The fact is, that notwithstanding its benevolent purposes, its radical thought is a selfish one. It rests on pure individualism, — each man's object is to save his own soul. All the faults of Buddhism, according to M. Saint-Hilaire, spring from this root of egotism in the heart of the system.

No doubt the same idea is found in Christianity. Personal salvation is herein included. But Christianity *starts* from a very different point; it is the "kingdom of Heaven." "Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth." It is not going on away from time to find an unknown eternity. It is God with us, eternity here, eternal life abiding in us now. If some narrow Protestant sects make Christianity to consist essentially in the salvation of our own soul hereafter, they fall into the condemnation of Buddhism. But that is not the Christianity of Christ. Christ accepts the great prophetic idea of a Messiah who brings down God's reign into this life. It is the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. It is the earth full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea. It is all mankind laboring together for this general good.

This solitary preoccupation with one's own salvation causes the religious teachers of Buddhism to live apart, outside of society, and take no interest in it. There is in the Catholic and Protestant world, beside monks, a secular priesthood, which labors to save other men's bodies and souls. No such priesthood exists in Buddhism.

Moreover, not the idea of salvation from evil, — which keeps before us evil as the object of contemplation, — but the idea of good, is the true motive for the human conscience. This leads us up at once to God; this alone can create love. We can only love by seeing something lovely. God must seem, not terrible, but lovely, in order to be loved. Man must seem, not mean and poor, but noble and beautiful, before we can love him. This idea of the good does not appear in Buddhism, says M. Saint-Hilaire. Not a spark of this divine

flame — that which to see and show has given immortal glory to Plato and to Socrates — has descended on Sakyamuni. The notion of rewards, substituted for that of the infinite beauty, has perverted everything in his system.

Duty itself becomes corrupted, as soon as the idea of the good disappears. It becomes then a blind submission to mere law. It is an outward constraint, not an inward inspiration. Scepticism follows. "The world is empty, the heart is dead surely," is its language. Nihilism arrives sooner or later. God is nothing; man is nothing; life is nothing; death is nothing; eternity is nothing. Hence the profound sadness of Buddhism. To its eye all existence is evil, and the only hope is to escape from time into eternity, — or into nothing, — as you may choose to interpret Nirvana. While Buddhism makes God, or the good, and heaven to be equivalent to nothing, it intensifies and exaggerates evil. Though heaven is a blank, hell is a very solid reality. It is present and future too. Everything in the thousand hells of Buddhism is painted as vividly as in the hell of Dante. God has disappeared from the universe, and in his place is only the inexorable law, which grinds on forever. It punishes and rewards, but has no love in it. It is only dead, cold, hard, cruel, unrelenting law. Yet Buddhists are not atheists, any more than a child who has never heard of God is an atheist. A child is neither deist nor atheist: he has *no* theology.

We see, then, that here, as elsewhere, the superiority of Christianity is to be found in its quantity, — in its fulness of life. It touches Buddhism at all its good points, in all its truths. It accepts the Buddhistic doctrine of rewards and punishments, of law, progress, self-denial, self-control, humanity, charity, equality of man with man, and pity for human sorrow; but to all this it adds — how much more! It fills up the dreary void of Buddhism with a living God; with a life of God in man's soul, a heaven here as well as hereafter. It gives a divine as real as the human, an infinite as solid as the finite. And this it does, not by a system of thought, but by a fountain and stream of life. If all Christian words, the New Testament included, were destroyed, we should lose a vast deal no doubt; but we should not lose Christianity; for that is not a book, but a life. Out of that stream of life would be again developed the conception of Christianity, as a thought and a belief. We should be like the people living on the banks of the Nile, ignorant for five thousand years of its sources; not knowing whence its beneficent inundations were derived; not knowing by what miracle its great stream could flow on and on amid the intense heats, where no rain falls, and fed during a course of twelve hundred miles by no single affluent, yet not absorbed in the sand, nor evaporated by the ever-burning sun. But though ignorant of its source, they know it has a source, and can enjoy all its benefits and blessings. So Christianity is a full river of life, containing truths apparently the most antagonistic, filling the soul and heart of man and the social state of nations with its impulses and its ideas. We should lose much in losing our positive knowledge of its history; but if all the books were gone, the tablets of the human heart would remain, and on those would be written the everlasting Gospel of Jesus, in living letters which no years could efface and no changes conceal.

A CARPET-BAGGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

II.

THE OIL REGION.

I LEFT Towanda on the morning after the election, and by running through to Dunkirk, on the Erie Railroad, and there taking a new "cross-cut" road to the oil regions, reached Corry the same night.

If in this day's ride I noticed any picturesque feature of the country which has not been often enough described, it was the root-fences. I am not aware that justice has ever been done to these by pen or pencil. What astonishing stereoscopic views they would make! The farmers have a machine by which the stumps of demolished forests are drawn, like Titanic teeth, enormous prongs and all. These, hauled away, and turned up in grinning rows on the borders of fields and farms, make an enclosure of stupendous proportions. I can fancy the wild stag standing dismayed before their gnarled, contorted, and sprawling antlers, sunken in the earth, and yet loftily overtopping his own. I am not speaking here of the common root-fence, to be seen in almost any new country, built of the smaller and more easily handled forest roots, but of the grander sort, — such as one sees only now and then, even on the line of the Erie Road, — to the construction of which the hugest roots have contributed. The ends of the prongs have been cut or broken off, in order to reduce their branching irregularities to some manageable shape; but otherwise these Laocoon-suggesting forms retain all the nodes and flexures and tremendous tortuosities which the great Artist gave them. I recommend them to the attention of the photographer.

Nov. 5, *Corry.* — A fungus of a town that has suddenly sprung up here in a clearing of the woods. Nine years ago there was not even a clearing. But two railroads — the Philadelphia and Erie and the Atlantic and Great Western — found it convenient to cross here; petroleum was "developed" on Oil Creek, rendering necessary a third railroad, down thither, from this junction; hence, Corry in the wilderness. A new "cross-cut" road (already alluded to) has recently been completed, connecting the oil regions more directly with Dunkirk and Buffalo; so that now Corry lies in the woods, like a spider with six legs branching out in as many directions.

The town to-day claims a population of some thousands, — one man says five, another seven, and a third ten. As the last offers to support his figures by large bets of money, I distrust him, and incline towards the more modest estimates. Perhaps he counts the stumps with the inhabitants. Those make a large population by themselves. There are stumps in front yards, stumps on street corners, stump-lots all around. There is a pretty row of dwelling-houses on one side of a street, and on the other side a field of half-burnt columnar trunks and trees upturned by the roots. The plank sidewalks go charging bravely up the woody hill, as if they meant to carry it by storm, but become demoralized on the outskirts of the town, and show a tendency to fall back. I notice one that seems undecided in its mind whether to keep on, retreat, or climb a tree. Yet the business part of Corry looks very much like business; and here is one of the largest oil-refineries (some say the largest) in the world.

A fresh and kindly morning, after a night's rain. Nature seems pleased with the election returns: the mists drifting away over the hills, the sunlight striking on the pines, the crowing of cocks far and near (they must be good Republican cocks), invest even this rough, new place with an atmosphere of romance and beauty.

10, A. M. — Leave Corry for Oil Creek. Train crowded with passengers of both sexes, mostly bound for the oil region, as I infer from the general sociability that prevails among them. In travelling, one finds that people invariably grow more and more talkative about him as some new scene of excitement is approached; and last night on coming to Corry, and again this morning on quitting it, I have been constantly reminded that I am drawing near a region of extraordinary human interest and activity, by the way in which the usual barriers of reserve betwixt man and man are broken down.

Our route lies mostly through tangled woods, — civilization cropping out only here and there in a stump-lot or corn and pumpkin field. Soon we come in sight of Oil Creek, flowing down through the frost-covered hills of the northwest. We strike its left bank, and keep it, — the railroad line cutting across the base of precipitous cliffs, and, farther on, winding through the narrow valley; — woods on all sides, in the midst of which patches of cultivated land appear, — very poor land, I should say. Yet this is the region over which the rage of speculation scattered fortunes a few years ago.

An inhabitant gets on at a way station, and takes a seat by my side. "All this land along here," he tells me, "went up to two hundred dollars an acre, at one time. I have a mighty poor farm, and I was offered that for it. But I was going to have two hundred and ten; — a hundred acres, twenty-one thousand dollars; — a handsome pile for a poor devil like me. But before I got it, the bubble burst; and the prices fell away from my figgers so fast I never could overtake 'em. When I concluded to take two hundred, they had got down to a hundred and fifty; and before I could open my mouth to say I would take that, they dropped to a hundred, to fifty, to nothing. I 'd be glad enough to sell for nine dollars an acre to-day."

The appearance of lonely derricks, keeping ghostly guard over abandoned wells, shows that we are entering the great oil district. We are on its remote northern borders as yet; it lies chiefly in Venango County, and we are still in Crawford. The derricks, tall, tapering, quadrangular frames, forty or fifty feet high, and perhaps ten feet broad at the base, are all weather-blackened and ancient, showing that it is long since the last of them was reared, and consequently long since the tide of oil speculation receded from these parts. Long, and yet it is not ten years since the first oil-well in the country was sunk. They count time here by pump-strokes; and the "territory" that ceases to "produce" becomes "old" in a fortnight.

The derricks increase in number as we approach Titusville. They loom up over the house-tops, they tower in gardens and backyards, they stand in the desolate fields, — hollow frames through which the wild winds whistle. They appear on both sides of the creek, and far down the valley as the eye can reach.

At Titusville, on the lower borders of Crawford County, a large number of passengers disembark, myself among them. A hurriedly built town, of the rough-and-ready sort; a town abounding in oil-cars and oil-tanks, and redolent of oil; a town through which the creek flows with an interesting glistening scum of oil; a town with a brief but eventful history.

Here the first oil-well was sunk. Before that time Titusville (named after a family of Tituses) was a small backwoods village, with a population of raftsmen and lumbermen numbering about two hundred. Oil flowed from that well, and in five years Titusville became the fourth post-office town in the State. It had forty hotels, and a fixed or floating population of I know not how many thousands, — speculators, shopkeepers, well-diggers, and teamsters. The army of teamsters alone numbered at one time not less than four thousand.

Very different is Titusville to-day. The brick blocks that sprang up in that

period of excitement still remain; and I am told that it has now a permanent population of seven thousand. But comparative quiet reigns here. The forty hotels have been reduced to four or five. This change has not been brought about simply by the failure of wells in this vicinity and the continuation of the railroad down the creek. Oil enough still comes here to keep up the old excitement, if teams were any longer of use in conveying it. Teamsters supported the hotels, the shops, the smithies, and kept various branches of business alive; but the time came for a revolution in this cumbersome and costly method of transportation.

Teamsters were to be superseded. The right man stepped forward at the right moment, and spoke the word of common sense, — always a danger and a menace to old routine. "Instead of all this clatter and hubbub of wagons and whips and oaths, in carrying loads of barrels over land, why not," said he, "send the oil silently flowing underground, through pipes, like so much Croton or Cochituate water?" The trouble was, that in many places it would have to run up hill; moreover, being so much lighter, and at the same time less fluent than water, it might require help even in going down hill. These difficulties were to be overcome by means of force-pumps. The first transportation-pipe was laid in the summer of 1863, from Tarr Farm, on Oil Creek, to the Plumer refinery, on Cherry Run, a distance of three miles. Here the oil had to be driven up by steam-pumps over an elevation four hundred feet above the creek. The enterprise was only a partial success. In the following year the Harleys projected a general system of pipes for the entire oil region, and commenced operations in the fall. The reform was of course opposed — as all such reforms must be at the outset — by the class whose interests were assailed. Mobs of teamsters tore up the pipes, burned the tanks, and threatened the lives of the pipe-layers. This was done repeatedly; but it was striving against fate. In 1865 the system was fairly established, in spite of all opposition; and now almost the entire product of the oil region, amounting to ten thousand barrels a day, flows or is forced through pipes, from the scattered farms, to the railroad centres, and the army of teamsters has disappeared. A great saving in the expense of transportation, in whiskey and profanity, has been the result.

About a mile below Titusville, the first oil-well derrick that was ever built, in this or any other country, is still to be seen. In the light which petroleum has thrown upon the world since, the history of this primitive enterprise stands out like a romance, the interest of which is heightened not a little by the fact that the man who first bored for oil, and by his pluck and perseverance, not only flooded a community with sudden riches, but increased the wealth of the world, is to-day himself a poor man.

That man is Mr. E. L. Drake, commonly called "Colonel Drake" in the oil region. He first made his appearance here in 1857. Previous to that time he had been a conductor on a railroad in Connecticut. He went to Oil Creek to obtain for another person an acknowledgment of a deed from one Squire Trowbridge, living in Cherry-Tree township, a few miles below Titusville.

At Titusville he had occasion to call at the office of Messrs. Brewer and Watson, lumber merchants. On Dr. Brewer's desk his eye fell upon a bottle with a strange label. "What is this?" he asked.

"This," said the doctor, "is mineral oil. It is what the druggists sell under the name of rock oil, or Seneca, or American oil. It flows from natural springs on our flats, a mile and a half below here."

Drake's curiosity was excited. If he had ever heard of the phenomenon of oil flowing out of the ground, he had never given it a thought before. He was curious to hear all the doctor had to tell of its history.

The oil was known to the Indians;

and the tribe of Senecas, who introduced it as a medicine or liniment to the white settlers, used it also in mixing their war-paints, and in anointing their hideous, glistening bodies for the midnight dance. But there is evidence that it was known to a superior race that occupied the country before the Indians, — probably the mound-builders of our Western valleys. Remains of what were undoubtedly ancient oil-pits, walled in by well-jointed timbers kept from decay by the oil in the earth in which they were imbedded, have been discovered; and their antiquity is shown by the fact that there were found in them, similarly preserved, the roots of large forest trees, which had once overgrown them but had passed away.

Oil had long been gathered from Brewer and Watson's springs by the white settlers, who used it as a liniment, or sold it to the druggists. It was found covering the surface of the water, and was absorbed by blankets. But Dr. Brewer having conceived the idea of using it in lighting the saw-mills of the firm, and also for lubricating purposes, an improved method of obtaining it was devised by his foreman. He pumped the water of the springs into tanks, and collected the oil from the surface in considerable quantities; what was not used in the saw-mills was sold for the mutual benefit of the foreman and the firm. This, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was the first systematic attempt ever made to procure and utilize American rock oil; and it was, so far as it went, a success.

The business had reached this primitive early stage, when, in 1854, a relative of Dr. Brewer's, Mr. Albert H. Crosby, of Hanover N. H., visiting him at Titusville, carelessly asked his advice with regard to a promising enterprise for a young man. The doctor as carelessly replied, "Go to gathering this oil and selling it." The young man replied, after a moment's thought, "There is more in that idea than you are perhaps aware of." He carried a bottle of the oil away with him, and soon succeeded, with the help of Mr. George H. Bissell and Mr. G. J. Eveleth, in forming what was known as the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company." This company was organized in the fall of 1854, with a nominal capital (entirely nominal, I suspect) of three hundred thousand dollars. It purchased of Dr. Brewer one hundred acres of land (which it did not pay for), caused the oil to be analyzed, exhibited, and puffed, and politely invited the public to take its stock. This, however, was generally regarded as "fancy," and shrewd capitalists smilingly shook their heads. So the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company went down, — if it can be said ever to have been up.

In 1855, interest in the subject was revived by an analysis of the oil, and a favorable report of it, made by Professor Silliman; and a new company was organized at New Haven, which took the unpaid-for oil territory off the old company's hands. Little, however, had been done by either of these companies towards developing the property, at the time of Drake's visit. Narrow trenches had been dug, twelve or fifteen feet deep, and sixty or seventy feet long, converging at a point where the oil and water were pumped into tanks; and this was about all. Only a few barrels of oil were obtained in the course of a season. It was then worth, at retail, a dollar and a half a gallon.

Drake listened attentively to this account, and, borrowing a pair of water-proof boots of Dr. Brewer, went down on the Flat — "Watson's Flat" it is called — to look at the oil-springs. Nothing had been doing there at that time; but he thought something might be done. An idea struck him: "Why not bore to the sources of the oil, and obtain it in large quantities?" And he returned to the East, his brain fermenting with that notion.

The result was that he returned, in the following year, as agent for the New Haven Company, with full authority (though with limited means) for developing the property by boring.

Drake may have got his idea from having heard that parties, sinking arte-

sian wells for salt, down on the Alleghany, were sometimes annoyed and incommoded by meeting with a flow of oil. At all events, his first step was to visit the salt-works near Pittsburg, and engage experienced hands to go up and sink a well for him. A bargain was made; but it was not kept, the honest drillers for salt concluding, after Drake's departure, that the man must be a fool who thought of drilling for oil. A second trip to Pittsburg, in a buggy (there was no railroad from Oil Creek then), resulted in another contract, which was broken for similar reasons. Drake then made a third trip; and finding it idle to talk of oil to men who were accustomed to regard it only as a nuisance troubling their salt-water veins, he proposed to one of them to go with him and bore for salt. Salt seemed reasonable, and the man accepted his offer; and finally, in June, 1859, ground was broken for the first artesian oil-well.

The drillers wished to make a large cribbed opening to the rock, which seems to have been their usual method of starting a well. But Drake said he would drive down an iron tube instead. This plan, which his friends claim was original with him (if so, it is a pity he did n't secure a patent for it, which would be worth a fortune to him now), was adopted, and it has been in use ever since, not only in sinking oil wells, but in artesian borings for other purposes. The pipe was driven thirty-two feet, to the first stratum of rock. The workmen then drilled thirty-seven feet and six inches farther, entering what is known as the first sand rock, and making a total depth of sixty-nine and a half feet. They were at this point, when, one day (August 28, 1859), as the tools were lifted out of the bore, a foaming, dingy fluid, resembling somewhat in appearance boiling maple sugar, rushed up, and stood within a few inches of the top of the pipe. It was oil.

In the meanwhile Drake had had great difficulties to overcome; and greater were before him. There were still no railroads in that part of the country, and all his machinery and apparatus had to come in wagons from Erie, — a distance of forty miles. He had to send to Erie for everything, — once even for a couple of common shovels, the store at Titusville being unable to furnish them. He had soon spent the money advanced to him by the company, and it refused to advance him more. He had exhausted his credit, too, and could not get trusted for the value of an oak plank or a centre-bit. He was thought insane, and people called him "Crazy Drake." His workmen were unpaid and discontented, and his enterprise must have failed when on the very verge of success, had not two gentlemen of Titusville, worthy of mention here, — Messrs. R. D. Fletcher and Peter Wilson, — having faith in the man and his work, come to his assistance. They indorsed his paper and loaned him money; and with this timely aid he struck oil.

Yet even now, with his well in operation, pumping twenty-five barrels a day, he seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into difficulty. He found, as he afterwards said, that he had an elephant on his hands. There had been a demand for oil, at a good price, in small quantities; but there was no demand for it in large quantities. Imitators followed him, other wells were sunk, and the market was flooded. Teamsters charged ten dollars for hauling a barrel to Erie, where it would not fetch ten dollars. The oil could not be generally used as an illuminating agent without being refined, and the coal-oil refiners refused to touch a rival production, whose success in the market would be likely to injure their interests. Drake's health, if not his spirits, gave way under these complications, and he returned to the East about the time when petroleum — first refined by James McKeown and Samuel Kier of Pittsburg — was coming into general use. The great oil excitement came too late for poor Drake to profit by it. He is now, as I have said, a poor man, after having been the author of wealth to many and of comfort to millions. He

may console himself with the reflection (if he is a good patriot) that petroleum, which he gave to the country, paid a government tax at one period (1864–65) of ten thousand dollars a day; but he would be better consoled, I doubt not, if now the country should do something for him.

To-day the banks of the Creek, all the way from Titusville to Oil City, bristle with interminable forests of derricks. Whichever way you look, there they lift their melancholy frames, like an army of gigantic, headless skeletons. It is a strange sight, when the red eye of sunset glows through their hollow ribs. Here they stand like stragglers along the flats and slopes, and there they rise in clusters, thick as masts in a harbor. A few scattered farms or solitary wells are enlivened by puffs of steam and the creaking of engines, which show that the land still yields oil in spots. But many of the wells never struck oil; many more have long since ceased to "produce"; so that the majority of the derricks are now abandoned wrecks, which their builders, departing in haste to fresh territory, could not take the time or trouble to tear down.

As the country bristles with derricks, so its annals, since Drake's time, abound with personal romances. You seem to be travelling in a land of melodrama. Almost everybody you meet has been suddenly enriched or suddenly ruined (perhaps both within a short space of time), or knows plenty of people who have been. Writers of the thrilling-incident style of fiction should come here and replenish their worn-out stock of ideas. Robberies, tragic deaths, bankruptcies, burning oil-wells; fleets of oil-boats on fire, sweeping down stream in clouds of smoke and flame, destroying everything in their course; the rich reduced to want; vulgar families, the millionnaires of a moment, tricked out in the unaccustomed trappings of wealth, like Sandwich-Islanders in civilized hats and trousers; — walk up, gentlemen, and take your choice of subjects.

Some of these modern matters of fact contain the elements of antique tragedy. Take poor Widow McClintock's history, — her famous farm spouting oleaginous wealth for her; sudden, splendid fortune leading to sudden, tragic doom. One day, kindling a fire in her house, she puts plentiful petroleum on it. Petroleum, faithful friend, that brought her affluence, seems wroth at such ingratitude, flashes back upon her, and, like an incensed Greek divinity, bestows his final fatal gift, a winding-sheet of flame. Adieu, Mrs. McClintock! Too much of oil hadst thou, poor, lone widow!

Even more fearfully tragic was the fate of that well-known, successful oilman, who initiated the terrible fashion of burning wells. "Gentlemen," he remarked, one day, having struck a vein which shot its dingy, wide-spattering jet to the top of the derrick, — "Gentlemen" (puffing his cigar), "I am fifty thousand dollars richer to-day than I was yesterday." He stepped into the derrick to give directions for securing the oil, and was instantaneously enveloped in a pyramid of fire. His cigar must have ignited the gas escaping with the oil; and the whole had burst into a vast volume of flame, putting a swift end to him and his dream of riches. Several lives were lost by this terrible accident. The fire raged like a volcanic eruption; and it was two weeks before the roaring fountain of oil and gas could be extinguished.

Then there is the Benninghoff robbery, of quite recent date (January, 1868), and a very good thing in its way. Scene: Benninghoff farmhouse, near Petroleum Centre. Family sitting together at night, — Mr. Benninghoff, his wife and niece, and two hired men. Four robbers rush in, masked with handkerchiefs and comforters, present pistols, threaten lives, and proceed to bind and spoil. Hired men sit inane, making no resistance. Old man Benninghoff uses lungs and limbs to some purpose, till gagged and bound. The family secured, two of the bandits stand guard over them, while the other two open safes and ransack drawers,

and relieve the old man (who, having come into possession of sudden riches, has unluckily chosen to be his own banker) of two hundred and ten thousand dollars in national bonds and greenbacks. (A still larger sum, in one of the safes, is overlooked.) Their booty secured, the visitors proceed to regale themselves with honest bread and milk. Then they slip-noose one of the non-resistant hired men, and conduct him to the barn, where he harnesses horses for them, with a halter round his own neck. He is rewarded by being led back into the house, and rebound. Exeunt robbers, with Benninghoff's horses and sleigh. For this daring deed respectable citizens of Titusville (you will shake hands with them, if you go there) were snatched up by the law, but dropped again speedily, there being no proof that they had eaten the Benninghoff bread and milk in that irregular manner. The real robbers, having abandoned at their convenience the sleigh and horses (but not the money; that went with the irrecoverable bread and milk), disappear utterly, and are seen no more, except in the bad wood-cuts of the illustrated papers.

Then there is the story of the adopted son, once notorious in this region, whose revenue from inherited oil-lands was at one time so bewilderingly magnificent that it might well turn the head of one whom neither natural parts nor cultivation had fitted for such fortune. One hears amusing stories told of his extravagances, almost too absurd to be true, one would think. It is said that he delighted to walk the streets of one of the great cities with a crew of jovial companions, who lived upon his bounty and laughed at his folly, and indulge in such practical and expensive jests as this: If he saw before him a hat that did n't just suit his fancy, he would step gayly up and knock it with swift stroke into the gutter; then, when the wrathful stranger turned with revengeful eye and fist, he would adroitly escape retribution and disarm resentment by saying politely: "Beg pardon! I took you for a friend of mine. Walk right into this hat-store, and oblige me by suiting yourself to the handsomest beaver you can find, at my expense."

This youth indulged the fond delusion that he was a great man because he had money, and that the vulgar usages of life were beneath his notice. Once, when he was on a visit to Philadelphia, a cabman, who took him to a hotel, had the impudence then and there to ask for the customary fee. Young Petroleum was so incensed at this untimely importunity, which the hotel, through miserable ignorance of the character of its guest, had permitted (instead of paying the fee and putting it into his bill), that he immediately quitted the house, flinging indignant greenbacks at those who had so grievously misunderstood him, called another cab, and went to another hotel.

Some rumor of the princely youth's temper must have reached the second cabman, for he said nothing of any fee. The next morning he was again before the hotel, waiting, whip in fist, and ready to open the cab-door, at the moment the prince appeared; and drove him about town with cheerful alacrity, still with no hint in regard to pay. This happened every day for a week, and it pleased the prince; here was treatment befitting his rank. At the week's end, he said, "Cabby, I want you to do me a favor." Cabby grinned, obsequious. "I want you to go and help me pick out the finest pair of horses we can find, and a cab and harness to match. I think of going into the business a little, myself. Understand?"

"It is a good business," said Cabby, approvingly.

The purchase was accordingly made, and Cabby drove the prince about in the new cab, a few days longer. Then the prince said to Cabby: "I guess you may as well sell your old turnout; for you see, Cabby, my boy, this new concern will suit you better; and I beg you to accept it as a slight token of regard, from yours truly."

The munificent young fellow amused himself at one time by running a theatre. His latest extravagance was a troupe of negro minstrels, whom he hired, equipped, and presented with gold chains and diamond pins, — for he was a generous prince while his fortune lasted. No niggard, he spent all his revenue, and more. At last, the flowing wells stopped flowing; and, to pay his debts, or rather, because he did n't find it easy to contract new ones, he was glad to sell his interest in the oil lands for a round sum. Then one morning he awoke and found himself a poor man. He was next heard of as the hired doorkeeper to his own minstrel troupe. I hope he had succeeded, better than spendthrifts generally do, in making unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and that the gold chains and the diamonds were remembered to his advantage.

At Titusville I make diligent inquiries for flowing wells, and am told that they are obsolete. Not only have the times gone by when wells poured out, unsolicited by the pump, one, two, or even three thousand barrels of oil a day, but it is now some time since the last well ceased to flow at all. It is not probable that the phenomenon will ever again occur in this region, the compression of gas in subterranean reservoirs (which was, I suppose, the cause of it) having been relieved by numberless artesian tappings. Pumping is now the order of the day; and if a well yields thirty or forty barrels, it is held in high esteem. The largest amount I can hear of any well producing is a hundred and seventy-five barrels, the daily tribute of a single well on Cherry-Tree Run.

Many pumping wells, which produced only a paltry hundred or two hundred barrels at the time when the great flowing wells had brought down the price of oil to ten cents a barrel, and which were then abandoned because it did not pay to run machinery for so small a quantity, have since been reopened; and the owners are only too happy to work them for a return of twenty or thirty barrels, oil being now worth four dollars at the wells, instead of ten cents.

But such wells are not often worth reopening. If abandoned while yielding oil, they seem to resent the slight, and to dry up like a neglected milch cow.

"A friend of mine," says a table acquaintance, "struck oil once, and got a splendid flowing well. He plugged it, to save the oil till he could build a tank; when he opened it again, the oil was gone, and no coaxing would bring it back again."

Similar occurrences have been common. Water getting into a well may have the effect of driving the oil back; and sometimes the wells of a whole neighborhood have been ruined through the negligence or malice or despair of one man. But such loss in one locality may result in gain to another, the flooding of one set of wells having been known to force up the oil in exhausted or previously unproductive wells on other ground.

Wishing to see the oil district both in its liveliest and most desolate aspects, I am advised to visit first Pleasantville, and then Pithole. Pleasantville is the scene of the latest oil excitement. Accordingly, I accept an invitation from Mr. Hall, city clerk of Titusville, who offers to drive me over there in his buggy.

It is an auspicious morning in the heavens, though fearful under the wheels, when we start. Recent rains and heavy travel have softened and churned the deep soil of the highway into a river of mud, just thick enough not to flow; and we are thankful for a plank road on one side, which serves to keep us somewhere near the surface of the country. The planks are overflowed with the mud, of course; but they are there, like a partially submerged wharf lining the shore of a stream. As we keep the plank by keeping to the right, it is the teams we meet that are forced to give way to us, and drive off into the depths.

The country back from Oil Creek (Pleasantville lies on the high land east

of it) is hilly, and the soil poor. We pass, on the outskirts of Titusville, two or three puffing and creaking engines, with their slowly seesawing walking-beams, pumping their eight or ten barrels of oil a day from wayside wells; then a few abandoned derricks; and then for a time all indications that we are in an oil country disappear.

I must except, however, those unmistakable signs, the going and coming teams. There is no railroad to Pleasantville, and everything — except the oil, which flows through underground pipes — has to be hauled to and from the new territory in wagons. These go over loaded, and usually return empty. Here is a steam-engine on its way, going to drill and to pump. Here goes a curious machine, called a "crevice-searcher." Loads of coal, of iron tubing, of drillers' tools, of long suction-rods, of lumber, of immense staves for tanks, follow at intervals, never suffering us to forget for a minute that we are in the realm of petroleum.

Some six miles from Titusville, a city of unfinished church steeples looms up over the hills. This is Pleasantville, the quietest of all inland *villes* a few months ago, known chiefly to speculators and teamsters, who used to make it a stopping-place on their way to Pithole. The unfinished steeples are the derricks of hundreds of new oil-wells.

The scene, as we enter the town, is sufficiently astonishing. It looks as if there had been a recent mighty upheaval of mud, and that heterogeneous portions of two or three villages had been hurled together here on its mighty waves. The tide is level with the front-doors of many of the houses; and it appears flowing into some. Occasionally there is a good bit of sidewalk, terminating generally in a ditch, which in the night-time looks too much like a continuation of the planks, and which, as I afterwards learn to my sorrow, strangers are invariably predestined to step off into.

The few respectable or old houses that stood here before the flood seem to be retiring in disgust from the fleet of strange shops and dwellings that have drifted in and stranded by their sides. What a motley host are these! You can almost see them crowding and elbowing their way. Some are of the style called "portable houses," built for a nomadic existence; they have been brought hither in a hurry from Pithole, or some other lately populous but now desolate encampment of King Petroleum, and have, perhaps, been jointed and unjointed two or three times before. Where the latest oil is struck, there these wooden tents are pitched.

Other houses, not of the portable class, have also been torn down elsewhere, and brought hither, to be rebuilt. The Chase House, at which we put up, is a notable example. A large, first-class hotel (for the oil region), built at Pithole, and completed just as the business of that famous ephemeral city began suddenly to fail, it soon found itself a banquet-hall deserted; its guests had fled; and as they would not return to it, it resolved to follow them. Its dislocated frame and immense shell have been stuck together again as well as could be expected; but everywhere windows that won't rise, and doors that refuse to close, betoken the period of pain and travel which the great hulk has passed through.

Then there is the still more numerous class of new buildings, mostly "board houses" and shanties. They look as if they might nearly all have been built by the boss carpenter whom I hear extolled at a street-corner: "He beats the devil, slingin' houses together."

Having disposed of our horse and carpet-bag, we tuck our trousers into our boots, and prepare for a muddy tramp. The scene from the summit of the main street commands a moment's pause and consideration. Was the like ever witnessed anywhere else in the world, out of these oil regions? Amidst this city of unfinished steeples is scattered another city of still more numerous shanties. The lately peaceful fields and pastures of what was once Pleasantville (now anything but pleasant) are covered with them. Some are shops or

dwellings. Some are roofed oil-tanks, or the enclosed lower stages of derricks. But the majority of them appear to be hut-like shelters thrown over the engines. To all which a picturesque effect is given by countless puffing clouds of steam, rising over the roofs, and amid the tall derricks, and drifting off like soft, white plumes blown by a gentle wind.

I note the signs of business activity on all sides; coopers' shops, carpenters' shops, tool shops, "rigs fitted" here, "wells fitted" there, trenches digging for pipes, piles of lumber, piles of iron well-casing and pump-tubing, old boilers cast aside, new boilers getting into place, engines pumping, and little black streams, supposed to be oil, dripping, drizzling, or generously spouting, from long horizontal pipes running out from the derricks over the high tops of tanks. All this on a few acres of ground. Not a fence is visible anywhere around; everything combustible of that sort having gone into the throats of boilers long ago.

The new derricks here are much more imposing than the old ones in Oil Creek. They are nearly sixty feet high, strong, well-braced, pyramidal frames. One end of the walking-beam is in the derrick, and plays up and down over the six-inch hole called a well, drilling or pumping, as the case may be.

I don't know how many derricks can be counted from the high ground about Pleasantville. But my friends of the Titusville Herald (whose careful monthly petroleum report is quoted in New York and London) have slipped into my note-book a statement which credits the oil region with four hundred and thirty-five new wells now drilling, two hundred and thirteen of which — nearly half the entire number — are in the Pleasantville district. This district extends over two or three square miles, but its bustling nucleus is here. These two hundred and thirteen do not include the finished wells, which are a much smaller number, however, the territory being new.

To complete the picture, one must fancy the army of drillers, pumpers, engineers, contractors, landowners, and speculators. Prominent among these you will be sure to see the antique type of his class, — the tall, thin, sharp-featured, long-bearded, shabby, elderly gentleman, in bad hat and boots mudded to the tops, who lies in wait for strangers, — the Ancient Mariner of the oil regions, who holds you with his glittering eye, while he tells you of fine oil territory for sale or to lease.

Still another characteristic feature of the place is the pale, flapping flag of flame unfurled from the perforated ends of a gas-pipe stuck up high in the air. This is the flambeau of gas, which lights up the scene at night, and which (so prodigal is nature's supply, without metre and without tax) is often left burning, with pallid, ghastly glare by day. Then there is at all times the strong, pervading smell of petroleum.

Such is Pleasantville, quietest of villages a few months ago, and now the liveliest oil-pumping, hole-drilling place in the State, — that is to say, in the world. Whence the change? Early in the days of speculation in oil lands, much of the country about here was bought up and held at high prices, until experience seemed to have demonstrated that accessible oil veins were confined to the low lands and the banks of streams. Pleasantville is high and hilly. So the farms thus secured soon slipped out of the hands of speculators, and fell back to their old prices. And there they remained, until a man named Abraham James, a spiritualist and a medium, passed this way. Here is what he says happened to him, as he was for the first time (October, 1866) riding through Pleasantville with some friends: —

"I was violently influenced and controlled by a power outside myself. Forced from the buggy, over the fence, and becoming entirely unconscious, I was moved some distance across the field, and made to stop upon a certain location, where my controlling influences said to those present, pointing

towards the earth, 'Here is an immense amount of petroleum!'"

This assertion seems to have been corroborated by abundant dreams and visions; and in August, 1867, amidst the scoffs of unbelievers, work was commenced by the faithful on the spot indicated. In December a depth of seven hundred feet had been reached, and the third sand rock passed through. Still no oil. The faithful began to falter; and stock in the "Harmonial Well" — for so it had been named, in honor of the spiritual philosophy — became a laughing-stock throughout the oil region.

Still James and a small band of believers kept the drills going; and people who reviled their creed began to admire their pluck. This certainly was real, whatever might be said of their powers of prophecy. In January the tools had gone down a hundred feet farther, and still there was "no show." When compared with Drake's well, which struck oil at sixty-nine and a half feet, this eight-hundred-foot well of the Harmonials was certainly, as an enterprise, deserving of respect. When compared with the deepest wells that had yet found oil (beginning at Drake's depth, they had finally got down to six hundred feet, on Pithole Creek), it looked to secular eyes like that most abhorred and derided thing, a "dry hole."

It was not "Crazy Drake" now, who was the subject of derisive comment: it was "Crazy James." People laughed louder than ever when he proceeded to build tanks for his oil, — a folly of which no sane man, in testing new territory, had ever yet been guilty. But James was so sure of his bird that he determined to have the cage ready. And, whether the man had really been guided by magnetic or clairvoyant or spiritual powers, or whether he had simply made a fortunate hit in a forlorn enterprise, it was not long before the cage came in use.

On the last day of January, the tools were well down in the fourth sand rock, at a depth of eight hundred and thirty-five feet; and on the morning of the 1st of February, the little world of Pleasantville was astounded by the news that oil had been struck. The pumping apparatus was adjusted, and the amazed citizens saw a stream of black oil spout into the tanks. Everybody was in high glee; not the Harmonials alone, who were of course rejoiced at an event which seemed to justify their large outlay of faith and money, but the grim farmers of the neighborhood, who, though they did not believe in spiritual gifts, did believe most firmly in a flow of oil, rubbed their rough hands with satisfaction, well aware how this lucky chance, as they called it, would affect the value of their lands.

This happened only nine months ago, and now witness the result. James's "Harmonial Well, No. 1," made known to all comers by the conspicuous sign nailed aloft on the derrick (all the wells are named and labelled in this way), is surrounded by a community of derricks thick as trees on a Southern "deadning."

I hardly know what effect this practical argument of the spiritualists may have had on the minds of unbelievers. I talk with some of these, who smile at it, saying that, although James's enterprise succeeded, many similar attempts to find oil or treasure through spirit agencies have failed, and that consequently nothing is proved. Still I perceive that they speak of James with respect. "There is one good thing, success." Everybody appreciates that.

James has located many wells since, both for himself and others; all of which, that have gone deep enough, have found oil. It was this same Abraham James, by the way, who located the artesian wells at Chicago, one of which yields a large supply of pure water, and the other of which produced, in response to earnest pumping, a small quantity of petroleum.

I find a number of spiritualists, of the practical sort, at Pleasantville, and a still larger class of persons who do not believe in spiritual agencies, but who yet have faith in the location of wells

through the indications of the hazel switch in sensitive hands. A goodly proportion of the wells now drilling are going down on spots where mediums have stuck their sticks or the hazel rod has turned.

Let us look at some of the wells. Here is one that is just starting. An iron tube, about six inches in diameter, is driven to the rock by a pile-driver. "What do you do if you strike a boulder before you get to the rock?" I ask the workmen. "Drill through it, ream it out, then drive again." But this is a rare event compared with what occurs in some localities, where the driven tube takes on boulders like a string of beads. After the tube reaches the rock, its earthy contents are removed by means of water and a sand-pump, and the drilling begins.

Close by, carpenters are building a derrick. Two rods farther on there is a derrick in operation. The lower stage is enclosed with rough boards, as a protection against the weather. We step in through a rude door, and are immediately greeted by a shower of muddy water. We are at the same time made aware of something whirling with furious rapidity and no small clatter on the opposite side of the derrick. This we discover to be a windlass. A drenched rope, hundreds of feet in length and very strong, uncoiling from it, passes over a pulley in the top of the derrick, and drops perpendicularly through a hole in the centre of a strong plank platform, on which we stand. This hole is the entrance to the well. Attached to the lower end of the rope are the driller's tools, which, having been drawn out for some purpose, are being let down into the well again. Descending by their own tremendous weight, they unwind the wet rope, which whirls the windlass, and envelopes itself and us in the before-mentioned profuse centrifugal shower.

At a depth of seven hundred feet, the tools approach the bottom, and their speed is checked by a brake applied to the windlass. They strike, and the windlass is stopped. The rope is then attached to a powerful walking-beam, by an apparatus which hangs from the latter directly over the hole in the floor. A bell is jingled; the engine in an adjacent shanty is set in motion; the great beam rises and falls; the rope plays up and down through the hole in the platform, like a bell-rope through a belfry floor; the tools are lifted and let fall with every stroke; and this is the process of drilling.

The driller (there is but one in the derrick) thrusts a stick for a lever through a knot in the rope, and begins to walk round with it, first in one direction, and then in the other. With every stroke of the walking-beam, he gives the rope a little turn. This is necessary in order to prevent the centre-bit, or drill, from working all the while in one spot, and to force it to make a round hole. Then, every few minutes, he turns a screw in the apparatus which clasps the rope, and which lowers it by degrees, as the drill works its way down into the rock.

Holding an ear over the hole, we hear a rushing of water. It is a stream from veins fifty feet below us, falling into the well. "We can't drill without water," says the man. "Before we strike a vein, we have to put water into the bore. It softens the rock, and helps the drill, and takes up the sediment so it can be pumped out."

Noticing an intelligent face under the rough and mud-bespattered felt hat, we ask if he has worked long at the busines.

"Longer than I ever shall again," he answers with a grin. "I was one of the first fellows on Oil Creek."

"Well, you have made some improvements in boring since then," we observe.

"That 's so," he responds, with emphasis. "We used to kick wells down there. We had no steam-engines, you know," he goes on to explain. "We set a spring-pole, which took the place of a walking-beam. The rope and tools were fastened to it, and it lifted them, when we let up on it. The rope was furnished with a sort of double stirrup,

which two of us put our feet into. Then, when the tools were up, we came down on the stirrup, and that bent the pole, and let 'em drop again. We called that kicking a well down. All the first wells were sunk in that way, except a few that were put down by horse-power. Now the walking-beam does it all."

We suggest that one who has been so long in the business must have seen a few fortunes change hands.

"I 've seen one too many," he says, significantly.

"How so?"

"Why, when a man sees a fortune go out of his own hands into the next man's, there ain't much fun in it. I made a pile of money; and three years ago I was worth sixty thousand dollars. But I did n't know enough to keep it. I went on speculating, when I ought to have stopped. It 's just like gambling; if a man wins, he wants to win more; and if he loses, he wants to win back what he has lost. So I speculated till I speculated my pockets out, then I went to work again."

As the young man seems confident that he is now going to make one more fortune, which he will know how to keep, we wish him success with wisdom, and pass on to the next derrick.

Here we witness the reverse of the process first seen. The windlass turned by the engine winds up the rope which draws up the tools. At last these appear, — an apparatus of astonishing length and strength and weight, — twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, the driller tells us. First comes the "sinker-bar," which does here on a grand scale what the sinker on a fishing-line does on a small scale. This is followed by the "jars," — a pair of long, narrow links that play into each other, and prevent a too sudden strain on the rope. Then comes the great auger stem, into which the centre-bit is screwed. This is the drill, — an enormous tooth of steel, which at each stroke of the walking-beam gnaws and gnaws the rock.

The centre-bit is now unscrewed from the auger stem, and a "reamer" screwed on. This is sent down to ream out the sides of the bore, which the drill has not left perfectly circular and smooth. In a few minutes its work is done, and it is drawn up again.

The rope is then detached from the tools and fastened to the sliding valve of a sand-pump. This is simply a copper tube, about five feet long, with a stationary valve in the lower end, besides the sliding valve that plays from top to bottom. This instrument the driller — a very good-looking, bright young fellow, in the usual muddy clothes — drops through the hole in the floor, and lowers to the bottom of the well. "The upper valve," he says, "falls down on the fixed valve; and then, as I begin to draw, it slides up to the top of the pump, sucking it up full of water and sediment, which the lower valve holds."

He applies the engine-power to the windlass, and up comes — at the end of a few hundred feet of rope — the pump, well filled with a grayish fluid, which he empties into a bucket. Out of the bottom of the pump he knocks a thick, gray mud. The pump is then returned to the well. This operation is repeated a number of times, until scarcely any sediment comes up, as is shown by the bottom of the bucket, from which the water of each drawing, after being allowed to stand a little while, is poured off. It is dirty work, and hard work too.

"I 've seen the time," remarks the young man, emptying the sand-pump for the last time, "when I would n't do this." And, with a little encouragement, he tells his story. He belongs to a well-known family of Philadelphia, and was bred up in white-handed idleness. Inheriting a small fortune, he thought to make it a large one by investing it in oil stocks. He came out here, bought lands and shares, and sunk wells, and met with such success that in six months he could have sold out his investments for two hundred thousand dollars. "But," says he, "I held on too long. The bubble burst, and at the end of another six months I was n't

worth a cent. Then I went to work with my hands, and I 've been at work with my hands ever since. I guess some of my old chums would laugh to see me doing this!" And he himself laughs lugubriously, as he sends down the drill again.

But he thinks the experience has done him good, and is worth about all it has cost him.

"Are you putting down this well for yourself?"

"No, I 'm at work by the day. But I have an eighth interest in another well." It is plain to see that he has golden hopes of that eighth interest. He, like the other man, believes that, when a second fortune comes to him, he will know better how to keep it.

"How long does it take to sink a well here?"

"About thirty or forty days, according to luck." And he tells us something of the driller's troubles. "Sometimes the centre-bit drops into a crevice, which prevents it from turning. Then maybe the reamer gets caught in it, and breaks or unscrews. Or perhaps a piece of rock falls down on the tools, and wedges them in so tight they can't be got out. But the mud vein is the greatest nuisance. The tools are very apt to get stuck in that. Then they have to be cut out by this contrivance," — showing a long-handled iron instrument, called a "mud-spear," with a long, narrow blade, in shape something between a chisel and a spoon. "There are companies that make a business of fishing out broken or lost tools. But often," he says, "they can't be got out at all, and the wells they are in have to be abandoned, perhaps when a few days' more drilling would reach oil."

"What is the cost of sinking a well like this?"

"Rig and all, — that includes engine, derrick, tools, and everything, — about six thousand dollars. We go deeper here than we ever did anywhere else. If it had been necessary to sink the first wells on Oil Creek seven or eight hundred feet, they never would have struck oil. Drake never could have got down even one hundred feet, in the way he went to work, and with the poor encouragement he had. We have been working down to this depth by degrees. Wells that did n't find oil in the first sand rock kept on, and found it in the second, then down still lower in the third; and it was thought for a long time there was no oil below that. But oil was found in the fourth sand rock at Pithole, and then again here.

"This Pleasantville oil," the young man continues, "is of a different color from what has generally been found in other places. This is almost black, as you notice, while the other kind is dark green."

He asks us to look at the engine; and entering the little shanty that shelters it, we are shown at least one noteworthy thing.

"See the fuel we use for the boiler," says the engineer, throwing open the iron door. No fuel is visible, but the space is filled with a volume of bright flame. "That is gas," he says. "We take it from another well, that supplies its own engine and ours, and nine more. We pay three dollars a day for it; and it is the cheapest fuel we can get. The well gives out a steady supply, and makes a good income from its gas alone."

The next well we visit is pumping. We climb a short ladder, and look over the side of the tank, but see no oil flowing from the pipe. "She intermits," says her proprietor, standing below, cigar in mouth and hands in pockets. "It 's a way she has. She 'll pump an hour or two right smart, then she 'll intermit twenty minutes. It 's about time for her to start up again," — looking at his watch. We are interested in the phenomenon, but do not stay to study it.

A group gathered near another well close by indicates an event of some interest, and we proceed thither. "Testin' her," is the explanation we get from one of the spectators; which, being translated, signifies that, the well having been bored to a sufficient depth, a pump

has been set at work, in order to exhaust the water, and get oil if possible. It is an anxious moment for the proprietors. Though all the wells around them may have struck veins, there is no certainty that they will have struck one here. The oil floweth where it listeth; and many an enterprising man, after expending thousands of dollars in boring within a few feet of the most valuable producing-wells, has got nothing but a "dead beat."

These men, however, are confident. The fourth sand rock here is so full of fissures, and Yankee ingenuity has devised such cunning methods of opening them, that absolute failures are rare. Still there is much solicitude depicted in the faces gathered around the overflowing bucket, at the end of the pipe. One man puts down his solemn nose and smells. Another dips his finger and tastes. A third thinks he perceives a slight filmy scum. The scene has something quite romantic about it. The longing of Moore's lovers for a little isle of their own, in a blue summer ocean, far off and alone, was not greater than the longing of these men for a little "ile" in the bucket.

"What if you get no show, after pumping all day?" I inquire, tasting the water, which I find salt.

"Then we send for the crevice-searcher. That 's a new invention, and very useful. It feels its way towards the bottom of the well, and when it finds a crevice, a little spring moves, and shows just where it is. Then we send down a torpedo, and explode it in the crevice. If we can knock a hole into a vein or reservoir, that 's all we want. But sometimes," adds the speaker, "the torpedo does harm; if it is used where there is a small flow of oil, in order to get a larger flow, it may choke up the passage altogether, by filling it with rubbish."

We go on to a well which a number of men are "casing," where we learn something of that interesting operation. "It is to keep the water out," says the boss of the job. "There are no water-veins below the first sand rock; a little salt water trickles in, which we can't help. So we case down to the first sand rock with these iron tubes. They have a three-and-a-half-inch bore. The well, as far down as we case, is five and a half inches; below that, five and a quarter; the point where the change is made, we call an offset. Around the lower end of the tube is a seed-bag, which is simply a leather covering, shaped something like a long boot-leg, with a lining. Between the lining and the outside it is stuffed with flax-seed. It is drawn on over the end of the tube; and it goes down and rests on the offset. There is no casing below. The flax-seed swells when it is wet, and keeps the water above from getting through. Sometimes the seed-bag bursts, and makes a great deal of trouble, — perhaps ruins the well by deluging it with water."

The workmen are screwing on section after section of the casing, as this is let down into the well, until at last the seed-bag is in its place, three hundred and ninety-seven feet from the orifice.

"So," we observe, "in fitting a well, three different styles of iron tubes are required: — first, the pipe you drive through the soil to the rock; then the casing, which extends below that to the first sand rock; then the pump-tube: that is a separate thing, altogether, is n't it?"

"Entirely. It extends from the pump-box, at the bottom of the well, to the top, and it has a two-inch bore. It is divided into sections, like the casing, which are screwed together as they are let down. Then, inside the pump-tube, are the sucker-rods. So you see there is a good deal of toggery about one of these little wells."

At another well, we witness the operation of drawing the sucker-rods; "So as to put in new valves," one of the workmen explains. "Water getting in has thickened the oil, so that they stick and don't work, or else the sand has cut 'em to pieces; anyhow, she ha'n't produced for two days, and we are going to see what the matter is."

The rods, which are of oak, slender and black and nasty with the saturating oil, are drawn up by rope and windlass, section after section, twenty-five feet in length, and are disjointed, and stood up in a corner of the derrick, to wait there until the pump-valves have been doctored.

Another well is pumping a steady black stream at the rate of forty or fifty barrels a day, the proprietor tells us. He invites us to walk into his derrick, and explains how the gas that runs his engine is separated from the oil. "Gas used to have a trick of blowing the oil out with it; that made flowing wells. Now we pump the oil, and the gas rushes up between the pump-tube and the casing; it is confined by a cap, and carried off where it is wanted in pipes."

We notice that he has two pumps going within four feet of each other, both worked by the same walking-beam. One, he tells me, is the pump that supplies his engine with fresh water, from an artesian bore fifty feet deep. "I furnish other wells with both water and gas," he says.

As we wander about, our curiosity is excited by a new sign on a new derrick, "CHILDREN'S WELL." We are fortunate enough to meet one of the "children," — a lad with a pipe in his mouth, who talks freely of the family history. Four years ago his father, a poor man, came here to live on a poor farm, which was then mostly covered with wood. This he cut away and sold. He paid a dollar a cord for chopping, and sixty cents toll to the plank railroad company, and got two dollars for his wood in Titusville. This gave him forty cents a cord for hauling it. There was a prospect of his remaining a poor man all his days, at this rate. But nine months ago oil was struck in his neighborhood; and now his income, from his own wells and his leases, is fifteen hundred dollars a day. There are eleven wells on his land. This one he named for his children, and they have the income from it. We are sorry to learn that he has fallen into habits of self-indulgence, since his good-fortune came to him, — if it can be called good-fortune. Surely, wealth has its perils; and as the lad with the pipe shakes hands with us at parting, I hardly know whether he is most to be congratulated or commiserated for the luck of his family. "Chiidren's Well" — ah, if one could only hope that it would prove a source of culture and beneficence to them, and not of worse things!

The oil tanks of the wells are immense, iron-hooped, circular tubs, communicating through pipes with the still more capacious tanks of the pipe company. Two of these, which we visit, are of astonishing size. The capacity of each is twenty thousand barrels. They are sheltered by a shed roof. I climb a ladder, and look over into a still, black, shining lake of petroleum, which mirrors with calm, diabolical intensity the shed roof and my own peering face. The tank is about half full. Considered as a thing to fall into, it has n't an inviting look. Across its edge lies a long measuring-rod, with which the oil is gauged before and after the contents of the well-tanks are taken in.

Such is Pleasantville to-day. What will it be six months hence? The letters of correspondents, paid for puffing the territory in the newspapers, are bringing adventurers here in greater numbers than the actual condition of things will justify. I wish they might all be induced to study a little the Titusville Herald's monthly petroleum reports, before making their investments. From these reports we learn that this district (including the wells on West Pithole Creek) produced, in the last two days of August last, an average amount of eleven hundred and fifty barrels a day; on the last two days of September, an average of seventeen hundred and thirty barrels; on the last two days of October, an average of nineteen hundred and sixty barrels. The increase of production during the month of September is thus shown to have been nearly six hundred barrels a day, while the increase in October was only a little

over two hundred, — so decided a falling off, when compared with the steady and astonishing increase in the number of wells, that I doubt if the next two or three months' reports indicate any increase at all in the gross amount of production. The more wells, the less oil is left for each. A little while ago hundred-barrel wells were not uncommon; but to-day the best are not producing more than forty or fifty barrels, while perhaps twenty-five barrels a day is the average. So we see that the territory gives signs of exhaustion, even while new-comers are rushing in to occupy it.

After dark, I go out to view the wells by gas-light. The misty sky is all aglow with the glare of the great gas flames, which cast the strange scenes about me into wonderful light and shade. Brilliant gas-light shines through the boarded sides of derricks and engine-shanties, and among these I go about, stepping high over shadows and stumbling over real obstacles, in my ignorance of the ground. I enter a derrick, and find a gloomy youth, wrapped in a brown cloak with a big cape, perched on a high stool, beside the walking-beam, turning the drill-rope. The place is lighted and partially warmed by a rushing jet of gas; but the driller looks cold and lonesome. He brightens up at sight of a stranger, and becomes sociable. I find that he, like nearly all these men, has been a good while in the business. He talks freely of his experience during what he calls the great excitement. "It was just a dishonest game all through," says he. "Preachers were in it the same as everybody else; one could n't say anything to another. We bought territory when we knew it was n't good for anything. If we could only sell leases, we did n't care. The lessees did n't care, neither, if they could only get up companies and sell the stock. It was the stock-buyers that got bit." This young man, too, has made much money and lost it, — a common experience, I find.

He is doing tolerably well now, he says. "I sink wells for a living. There are four of us in the company. We all work at it, two at a time, — twelve hours on and twelve hours off, night and day, — one in the engine-room and one here. We get well paid, and it is better in the long run than speculating."

He corroborates what I hear on every side, that the day of extravagant speculation is over; that the thing has settled down into something like a regular business; and that they who really make anything by it are the men who stick to it as to any other business, stay in the country, and watch the course of development.

"A man," he says, "can get a lease of the best land here for a royalty of half the oil. That is different from what it used to be in Pithole, where I 've known half-acre leases to sell for sixteen thousand dollars, and half the oil besides."

I step into the engine-shanty, where his companion for the first six hours of the night sits reading a newspaper under a bright gas-light. He is glad to offer a chair to a stranger, and have a chat with him. He knew nothing about an engine till he came to the oil regions five years ago; he did n't know much of anything, in fact. Now he can run an engine, and keep it in repair. He has a little forge in a corner of the shanty, at which he does any common blacksmith's work which the business requires.

As he opens the door for me going out, and we see the misty sky lighted up all around us with the gas flames, he tells of fires he has witnessed among the oil-wells, the last of which was here, not long ago.

"The way it happened was curious. A tank had been leaking; and the oil floated off on the surface of a little run. A man living some distance below made a dam, to get the oil, which he soaked up in cloths laid on the water. But one night he goes out with a candle, and drops it while he is taking up the cloths. In an instant the oil on the water bursts into a blaze, runs up the stream, and fires the tank, which comes pretty near burning us all up."

I find but few foreigners at the wells. Proprietors and laborers are nearly all Americans; and Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio seem to be the States most largely represented.

Returning towards the hotel at a late hour, I look in at a bar-room. A rough crew crowds it almost to suffocation, indulging in much loud talk, tobacco, and whiskey. The proprietor and his aids calmly set out the decanters, and calmly sweep back dirty scrip and greenbacks into a drawer. This man too has struck oil.

November 7. — Turn my face towards Pithole and a pelting hail-storm.

After two hours' ride in an open stage-wagon, over a plank road, through a rough new country, I come in sight of Pithole, — a forlorn and shattered village high up on the west bank of Pithole Creek. Woods and bleak farms and stump-lots encompass its rear. Its front looks down on a narrow, ravine-like valley, bristling with abandoned derricks. Through the valley flows Pithole Creek, euphoniously named from gas-emitting caves on its banks. Down there too is the railroad with its long trains of oil-cars. A plank walk descends to it from the village, winding amid uncouth stumps and brush-heaps.

The derricks rise thickly along the creek-bottom and on the steep hill-side beyond, once a scene of activity and excitement, which seems almost a fable to the traveller visiting the spot for the first time to-day. Only around the railroad-station is any sign of life visible, excepting here and there a solitary puff of steam, which shows that still, at the solicitation of the pump, a little oil comes from the drainage of nature's great but exhausted reservoir.

Seeing a well pumping at my right, as I go down the plank walk, I turn aside to it. A boy is stuffing wood under the engine's boiler. He shows me the tank, which is merely a huge hogshead, into which a very large quantity of salt water and a very small quantity of oil are pumped in the course of a day. The salt water is let out by a plug near the bottom of the hogshead, while the oil is drawn off through a pipe higher up. In this way five or six barrels of oil a day are obtained.

The railroad and the large receiving-tanks, built here when Pithole was in its glory, still keep a little life in the place, — Pleasantville pouring a part of its oil this way through underground pipes, and other places contributing small supplies. And now the great tanks on the hill-side, with their prop-supported pipes leading to a long row of spouts ranged above the railroad track, from which twenty car-tanks can be filled at the same time; and the loading cars themselves, each a platform on wheels, carrying a pair of round, black, greasy, leaky hundred-barrel tanks, — are about all that is left of Pithole worth seeing.

At the spouts I fall in with a big, greasy fellow, who talks with melancholy pride of the good old times when Pithole was in its prime, and he was a teamster here, making his twenty-five or even fifty dollars a day, hauling oil to the river and "bringing back lumber with the empties. I would n't turn my team round for less than ten dollars," says he. And when I ask what became of his earnings, I find that his lot has been the common lot of all: "I bought territory, and held on too long." Railroads and pipes abolished teaming, and he now earns a modest livelihood turning the stopcocks at the spouts.

From Pithole I go on by railroad to Oleopolis, — mellifluous classic name given to a little cluster of cheap board houses on a wind-swept hill-side overlooking the Alleghany. If here I see anything memorable, it is a flat-boat by the shore, imbibing its bellyful of oil from over-reaching pipes, that draw it from Pithole. Thence down the bluff-embosomed river — sentinelled on both sides by lonely derricks, and showing here and there, along its low shores, shining blocks and natural platforms of white sandstone — we go to Oil City, romantically perched on a high bluff at the confluence of Oil Creek and the Alleghany, and confronted by

superb mountainous bluffs opposite. Thence to smoky, clanging, picturesque Pittsburg, — of which I shall not venture to speak, after Mr. Parton. And so on homewards, through regions of soft coal, lumber, and anthracite, embarking at Scranton on the Lackawanna, for New York at last, after three weeks' delightful Carpet-Bagging, with the conclusion strongly impressed upon my mind, that PENNSYLVANIA IS A GREAT STATE.

CHINA IN OUR KITCHENS.

IN those days when the Boston stage-office was in Elm Street, girls with blooming cheeks came from the pine woods of Maine, the breezy hills of New Hampshire, and the green valleys of Vermont, to do housework in the city. They arrived by stage over Charlestown Bridge, and beheld with wondering eyes the shipping in the harbor. Westward they saw the spires of Cambridge, while before them rose the city of Boston with its labyrinth of streets and lanes. Down through Union Street galloped the horses, the people rushing to their doors and windows, to witness the event of the day, — the coming-in of the stages, — and refreshing their eyes with the sight of health and beauty.

The stage-coach with six horses on the run was the highest ideal of progress. Society, at that period, moved only at the rate of nine miles an hour. Farmers from all "Down-East," from the Canada line, and from the Berkshire hills, came in midwinter to Boston market, and there was an annual throng of red sleighs round Faneuil Hall. In those years there was no lack of children in the land, and M. D.'s and D. D.'s did not feel constrained to write tracts and deliver lectures to the women of America upon the baby question. Farmers had daughters by the half-score, who could spin, weave, knit, sew, milk, make butter and cheese, and who, by hard work from dawn to twilight, at the wheel and loom, could earn fifty cents a week.

Those who had a surplus of daughters were always on the lookout, when at market, for situations where a dollar a week and board could be earned by Jane and Mary; so, when the girls came whirling into the city in the stage, they knew where they were going, and what wages they were to receive; for it had all been settled by the prudent father.

Ah! there were capital chambermaids and cooks in those days, many of whom have bloomed into matrons during the lapse of years, and are now sitting in their parlors, vainly wishing that they could find girls as willing and capable to work for them as they had been for others, and sighing for those good old times when there was respect between employer and employed, and when respect and confidence often ripened into friendship and affection.

But the times are not as they were, neither are the servants. The farmers' daughters have disappeared; we ne'er shall look upon their like again. The new servants have come; we never looked upon their like before.

The change from the old to the new was like the coming on of an eclipse, — like the transition from light to darkness. We know when the obscuration began, and many a vexed housekeeper would like to know when it will end. It began in that year when three men went up from Boston, and lounged along the banks of the Merrimack, at Pawtucket Falls, pretending to be fishing, but in reality speculating how they might dam the river. Their brains were full of wheels, and their thoughts were spinning down the current of time.

They bought the waterfall, dug a canal, erected a row of brick buildings, filled them with machinery, scoured the country, gathered up the farmers' girls, gave them a chance to earn four dollars a week, and the result of it all is Lowell, Lawrence, Lewiston, and a score of manufacturing towns.

It is a mystery to know what becomes of all the pins, and equally a puzzle to know what has become of the farmers' daughters. They were in the factories, but nearly all of them have disappeared. Ireland is tending looms in mills as well as holding sway in our households.

"Do you know of any American girls doing housework in the city?"

I have put this question to several of my lady friends, and the invariable answer has been: "No; not one."

And yet there *are* some, as I have ascertained by inquiries at intelligence offices. Of house-servants in cities about one in a hundred are of American parentage. In the country and in suburban towns the percentage is larger; for the daughters of Cork and Killarney prefer the city to the country, while American girls, as a rule, are more willing to go where they can have fresh air, and where they will not be compelled to climb from basement to attic several times a day.

From some cause or combination of causes, — the increase of wealth and consequent increase of luxury, hot-air furnaces, close rooms, warm bread, want of out-door exercise, and a following of fashion, American women are less able than in former years to do their own work, while, at the same time, there is vastly more to be done. There was a time when two girls were sufficient for a household of twelve; but in these days twelve servants are sometimes required for a household of two. It has come to pass, therefore, that Ireland is getting on bravely, not only at the ballot-box, but in our kitchens and chambers as well.

The supply of house-servants not being equal to the demand, the employed are able to dictate terms and take such liberties, that it is not definitely settled whether the woman who sits in the parlor or the lady who makes the beds is mistress of the establishment.

During the war, when fugitives from slavery flocked northward in search of employment, there was some prospect of relief for afflicted housekeepers; but, like birds of passage, our colored allies have nearly all flocked back to Southern climes. The mercury drops too near zero, and the winters are too dreary for their comfort, here.

It is apparent that, if we are to have our dinners cooked and beds made by other hands than those of our wives and daughters, we must look in some new direction for help. Thus far, most of our domestics have come from the other side of the Atlantic. Ireland has been emptying itself into America at an astonishing rate; but the supply is running short, and the prospect of liberal legislation has already had its effect on emigration. Wages have risen in Ireland as well as here; the lot of the peasant has improved, his future is brighter. Why then should he leave the greenest isle under the sun? Throughout Europe liberal ideas are gaining ground; the people are obtaining such influence as they never enjoyed before; under these circumstances there is more inducement for them to remain where they are. Land in the United States is dearer than it has been, while the cost of living has also increased greatly; and the prospect now is that there will be a gradual falling off in emigration from this time forward, unless it is stimulated by unforeseen events.

The difficulty of obtaining good house-servants, united with false conceptions of the aim and end of life, has driven multitudes out of their own homes into boarding-houses and hotels. A story both pathetic and amusing might be written concerning the trials and experiences of housekeepers, the mistakes of the cook, the tantrums, the sulks and saucy words of the chamber-girl, the petty pilfering and wholesale rob-

beries by both, and their leaving at a minute's notice. Undoubtedly there are two sides to all stories, and Bridget's is very doleful when rehearsed to sympathizing friends, for it is a story of the bad temper of mistresses, and the perfect slavery to which the servant is subjected.

On each side it is a tale of antagonisms rather than of good-will, and there is very little sympathy or esteem between employer and employed. Democratic ideas, universal suffrage, and a lack of servants, are just now in Bridget's favor. Having become mistress of the situation, she does not hesitate to make her power felt.

But it also happens just now that we are laying down a service-pipe to an immense reservoir brimming over with labor. The Chinese have already found their way to our Pacific coast. They are at work on the railroad, in mines, forests, fields, factories, and the kitchens and chambers of our friends in California. They are in Oregon, Montana, Nevada, and Idaho. When the Pacific Railroad is completed, they will be at Salt Lake City and Omaha, and in time will make their appearance in Chicago and Boston.

But Bridget and Patrick already comprehend the situation of affairs, and have declared war against the interloping Celestials. The possibility that Hop Kee and Woo Choo may be able to solve the servant-girl problem leads us to consider the qualifications of the Chinese, not only for general labor, but for household service.

The supply of labor in China is unlimited. We are to think of a territory not larger in area than the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, but containing a population of four hundred millions. One half of the people are only able to gain their daily bread. Two hundred millions in that country have faint hope of ever making any headway, and hence the readiness to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. They are at Singapore, where several hundred thousand have taken possession of the lower end of Malacca, and trade with vessels touching at that port. They are on all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. They swarm in the gold-fields of Australia; the Sandwich Islands will soon be in their hands, and they will supply San Francisco with sugar. They are to be found all the way from Chili to Oregon.

Nearly all those who are thus seeking their fortunes abroad are from Southern China, where a remarkable spirit of enterprise and adventure has been lately developed. Companies, like those established in London two and a half centuries ago for the settlement of North America, have been formed at Canton and San Francisco for the encouragement and protection of the Chinese emigrants. The one hundred thousand now in this country are but pioneers of the millions who will follow by and by.

It is evident that henceforth we are to look westward, as well as eastward, for laborers. We are accustomed to think of the Chinese as belonging to a degraded race, ignorant of civilized life, and unable to compete with the skilled labor of Europe. But we have this fact before us, that China as a nation makes the whole world her debtor. We want her tea and silks, and can obtain them only by paying cash. We have also the fact that the Chinese have established themselves in the woollen mills of California, producing cloth which won a prize at the World's Fair.

It would not be strictly accurate to say that they have driven Patrick from the railroad and Bridget from the bedchamber, for these worthies were not present in California when wanted; but Hop Kee and Woo Choo, being there, took up the shovel and broom, and, having acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their employers, will remain.

"But what sort of servants do they make?"

The question was put by our next-door neighbor, whose Christian fortitude is sorely tried by what goes on in the kitchen, and what does n't go on upstairs.

Let us look at the peculiarities of a

Chinese servant. He is small in stature, has a solemn countenance, twinkling black eyes, retreating forehead, high cheek-bones, and broad, flat nose. He will never be hung for his beauty. He wears a blue cotton tunic reaching to the knees, large, flowing trousers, and thick-soled slippers turned up at the toe. All his hair is shaved off except a small portion upon the crown, which is braided into a cue reaching nearly to the floor. When about his work it is coiled upon the top of his head, but it would be a breach of politeness were he to appear before us with his pigtail thus arranged. It must be at full length, to show not only his respect for us, but for himself.

It would be strange indeed if all his habits of life commended themselves to us at first. He has been poor in his own land. Cleanliness is not set down there as being next to godliness; washing-days do not come regularly every Monday. But he is imitative and quick to learn. He is not an expert in pastry, but show him how to make one pie, and he will make a dozen — a thousand if you want them — precisely like the pattern; with just as much dough for the crust, the same amount of spice to a grain, and with twelve holes and no more in the upper crust, if you made so many, to let the steam out, though he will have no idea of their use.

He works patiently, and will not stipulate for three evenings a week to visit friends. St. Patrick's day is not in his calendar. He wants only a week at New Year.

The Chinese are not disposed to be aggressors upon the rights of others, neither will they allow any infringement of their own. They wage no war, but, if treated unkindly, quietly go their own ways, seeking business somewhere else. "I no do for you, you no do for me. I go." And he is off at once. He fully understands what some Anglo-Saxons as yet have failed to comprehend, that the hiring of servants does not include the privilege to abuse them.

"But are they not a thievish set? Won't they steal all they can lay their hands on?" asks my excellent neighbor, whose napkins, towels, sheets, and pillow-cases have mysteriously disappeared, and the chamber-girl has no idea what has become of them. The sugar bucket gets low very often. The tea-caddy wants replenishing every week; and although there are only four in the family, a firkin of butter lasts, to use the words of the lady, "no time at all."

"I have my suspicions," she adds, "as to what becomes of a large portion of our groceries."

Having suspicions, though she does not declare them, it is perfectly natural that she should ask if the Chinese are not a thievish set. Upon this point we give the testimony of those who have employed them.

"I have had a Chinaman," says a gentleman of San Francisco, "nine years. When he came into my family he could not speak a word of English. He knew nothing about cooking. My wife went into the kitchen, and showed him how to make a pudding and a pie, and after a few days' observation he mastered the mysteries of the culinary art, and has cooked to our satisfaction from that time to the present. He is faithful and honest. I would intrust every dollar of my property to him as soon as I would to one of my own countrymen."

Another gentleman gives this testimony: —

"I have had a Chinese servant several years, and when I go into the country I leave my house in John's hands. He hides my silver plate and other valuables, and does not leave the premises a minute. When I return I find everything in perfect order. I do not think he ever took a dollar that did not belong to him, though he has had opportunities to do so. He purchases all my groceries, and invariably makes better bargains than I can myself. I would trust him much quicker than I would many Americans in my employ."

The Rev. Mr. Nevius, ten years a missionary among the Chinese, thus speaks of their qualifications: —

"It is the testimony of foreigners that the laboring classes make excellent servants. There are exceptions to this statement, some persons representing them as very inefficient and unreliable. The probability may be inferred, in these cases, that the employers have been unfortunate either in the selection or management of those in their service. During our residence of ten years in China, we hardly ever had occasion to dismiss a servant; in nearly every case a strong attachment sprang up between them and us; and in more instances than one, I have felt personally grateful for services and attentions which I could not reasonably have required, and which were all the more gratifying because rendered spontaneously and heartily. The only thing which I recollect to have had stolen was an old clock, which was taken by an opium-smoker, and found a few days afterward. We had so little fear of theft that our doors and drawers were often left unlocked, and servants and numerous visitors had free access to every part of our house. I am aware that others, both missionaries and merchants, have had a different experience, and that, especially in the foreign communities, it is as dangerous to leave coats and umbrellas near the hall-door when unlocked as it would be in New York or Philadelphia. I have travelled hundreds of miles in the interior, at different times and in different parts of the country, sometimes entirely alone, and have been completely in the power of perfect strangers, who knew that I had about my person money and other articles of value; but have always felt nearly as great a sense of security as at home, and have hardly ever been treated with rudeness or violence, though I have been often annoyed beyond measure by exorbitant charges and useless detentions. I have heard the testimony of prominent merchants who have had large business transactions with the Chinese, both in China and California, who have represented Chinese business men as very prompt and reliable in meeting their business engagements. The confidence often placed in Chinese agents is seen in the fact that they are sent into the interior with large sums of money to purchase silks and tea, the persons employing them having no guarantee or dependence but that of their personal honesty. I have known genuine 'one-priced stores' in China where you are sure to obtain a good article at a reasonable price. There are also false 'one-priced stores,' and it is not safe to trust them from simply looking at the sign.

"I may say further, that I have met with some of the most beautiful instances of affection, attachment, and gratitude in China which I have ever known; and that it has been my privilege to form the acquaintance of not a few Chinese, whom I regard with more than ordinary affection and respect, on account of the natural amiability of their dispositions, their sterling integrity, and thorough Christian principle and devotion." *

We are not from this testimony and high praise to conclude that there are no thieves in China, or that all Chinamen will make good servants; but from diligent inquiry, at Canton, Shanghae, Hankeoo, and San Francisco, of men who are best acquainted with Chinese character and morals, I believe that there is not so much crime in that empire in proportion to the number of the population as in the United States. This may be a startling admission, certainly it is an humiliating one. I am assured by American traders in Canton and Shanghae, that there are no men in the world who have higher commercial integrity than the great Chinese merchants. "I know," said a gentleman at Shanghae, "men who are worth fifty million dollars, and I believe they would lose every cent of it rather than break their word."

It is not pleasant to contrast this scrupulousness with operations in Erie Railroad stock in Wall Street, or with daily transactions in gold and bonds, in the great commercial centres of this country. The time may come when we

* China and the Chinese. By John L. Nevius.

shall revise our opinion of the Chinese, and instead of setting them down as a nations of "thieves and liars," shall arrive at a truer estimate of their character.

It will probably be some time before Chinamen will make their appearance in our Atlantic cities. Those who take up their abode in California do not intend to make it a permanent home. Wife and children are left behind, and emigrants hope to go back after having accumulated a few hundred dollars. As yet the Chinese know little about us, and what knowledge they have is not altogether to our credit. They think of America as a country abounding in gold, where provisions are plenty and where high prices are paid for labor; but those who have been here have harrowing tales to tell of the state of morals. We are a nation of thieves, swindlers, and murderers. In our railroad stations, in public halls, in cabins of steamboats, there are placards cautioning the people to beware of pickpockets. The newspapers are filled with accounts of murders, poisonings, and robberies. In the largest city of the country twenty-two hundred policemen, armed with clubs and revolvers, are required to look after the ruffians, and, notwithstanding their vigilance eighty thousand crimes are committed during the year. Forty jails are filled with criminals, to say nothing of the large number daily sent to the houses of correction and the penitentiaries. If there is so much crime in one city, what must the aggregate be throughout the country?

Chinese who are in comfortable circumstances will not leave their homes to trust their lives in a country where boys pelt them with stones, where rude men kick them from the sidewalk into the gutter, where they are plundered without finding redress in the courts, and maltreated not only by any ruffian upon the street, but outlawed by the State itself, as in California and Oregon.

It is only the lowest class of Chinese that have thus far reached our shores as servants and laborers; but let these receive kind treatment, let them have the same protection for life and property which is given to all others, and in time a different class will make their appearance. It would be comparatively an easy matter to obtain Chinese labor through the societies already established at San Francisco and Canton. These are not emigration companies, but mutual-aid societies, and they might be used for conveying information to the millions in China concerning the field open here to laborers of every description, but especially to house-servants. Although the Chinamen cannot speak a word of our language when they arrive, in a few days they master enough to understand what we want.

It is to be hoped that, as the Pacific Railroad is now completed, the experiment of bringing to this side of the continent some of the Chinamen now employed as house-servants in California will be tried. If they prove to be as good as they have been represented, housekeepers may regain their lost liberty.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—OPEN.

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

VII.

OUTSIDE of San Francisco, California has many a wonder in nature, many a rare development of industry, to show its visitors. But summer tourists must be choice in their selections. A few days for railroad excursions into the valleys of the coast mountains about San Francisco will show us some of the grand wheat-fields, the orchards, and the vineyards; will exhibit the advantages of agriculture in a country where you can plough and plant from December till April, and then begin to harvest, and keep at that till October, with no barns necessary for housing animals or crops; will open to us beautiful natural groves of oaks; will reveal to us charming little nooks with rural homes among the neighboring hills; will invite us to health-giving sulphur-baths and soda-springs, more delightfully located than Sharon or Saratoga; will give us a peep into the gardens of the old Catholic missionaries among the Indians, — now overgrown with peach, plum, and fig trees, — where we may enjoy the novelty of picking ripe figs from trees nearly as large as the big elms on Boston Common; will — if we go far enough, a two days' ride — take us into the wild valley of the Geysers, where a miniature hell sends up its sulphurous waters, and burns and poisons all the earth and air within reach; will carry us into the grand forests of red-wood in the coast mountains, — promise of the mammoth trees of the Sierra, — a light, delicate, reddish pine, that enters largely into the lumber supply of the San Francisco market; will introduce our curious steps to the great quicksilver mine of New Almaden, the rival of the Almaden mine of Spain; or will set us down under the mountains, by the ocean's shore, at Santa Cruz, — the Nice of our Pacific coast, — where the pure air is soft and health-giving. Farther down, Los Angeles invites us with stories of the tropical wealth of Southern California, of grape-vines like trees, of orange and banana groves, of cotton plantations, of agricultural wealth unbounded, of a climate so dry and even, so soft and sweet, as to surpass Italy's.

But most of us will wait for the Southern Pacific Railroad, already moving out from both sides, to introduce us to this region of almost fabulous wealth and beauty; and after a hasty run, with wide-open eyes, to Napa, Sonoma, and Santa Clara Valleys, perhaps into that of Russian River, we shall prepare for the one great wonder which we came out to see, — The Yosemite Valley. For this, ten days, a full purse, Professor Whitney's new and model guide-book and maps, — one of the best incidental gifts of the geological survey of the State, — and a camping suit, with duster and overcoat, are essential. The best way to go is by night boat or early morning cars to Stockton; then by stage one hundred miles up the San Joaquin Valley, — O, how dry and dusty! — through rich wheat-fields, and through that magnificent ruin, that foot-ball of Wall Street, Fremont's Mariposa estate. In one of the dying villages of this principality, — Bear Valley, or Mariposa, — saddle-horses and guides are procured. If possible, add tents, blankets, and food, and travel independent of ranches and hotels. The first day after leaving the stage, we shall reach Clark's Ranch for dinner, by way of White and Hatch's. To this point we may ride in wagons, and stop over a day to see the Big Trees of the Mariposa grove. These are four or five miles from Clark's, and if possible we persuade him to go with us. He is in natural

sympathy with all these wonders and beauties of the Sierra Nevada, is the State's agent for the care of the valley and the grove, and whether within his wide-spreading cabins, or under his protecting hay-stack, or in your own tent by the side of his grand open-air fires, he will care for you as a father for his children, and be proud to have you praise his trees, his river, and his mountains.

Another day — the fourth — takes us into the grand valley, after a hundred miles of wagon and forty of saddle riding from Stockton; and every man and woman of us should dwell long upon the first views that open to us as we come out of the woods, and should look over into the depths below, and on to the heights above and beyond. The Atlantic early introduced its readers to what is here spread before the first awed, then delighted, and always wondering spectator. But only seeing is believing what this gorge in the mountains reveals. It is Nature speaking to man in a way that proves and exalts her supremacy.

There are primitive hotels here; but if we have tents and blankets, we should pass each of our three days at different points in the valley, — one in the lower part, under El Capitan, another where the music of the Yosemite Fall will lull us to sleep, and the third by the lake, or in the neighborhood of the Vernal Fall. All the main features of interest are within a ten-mile circuit, and the three days will give us ample time to see them comfortably.

Another week may be also profitably spent in the high Sierras around the Yosemite Valley. Here, amid peaks from eight to thirteen thousand feet high, we find beautiful lakes and bright rivers, grand rock and mountain scenery, and a repetition in miniature of the Yosemite Valley itself, called the Hetch-Hetchy Valley; and if we choose to prolong our ride down the Nevada side of the mountains to Mono Lake, we shall find in that sheet of water, fourteen miles long by nine wide, truly a Sea of Death. No living thing can exist in it; its waters will consume leather, and will thoroughly decompose the human body in a few weeks; and though it receives various pure streams from the mountains, like Salt Lake it has no apparent outlet, and is even more of a puzzle to geologists and chemists than that better known inland sea.

We should make the return trip from the Yosemite by the Coulterville trail and road, keeping our original outfit with us. There are ten miles more of horseback riding on this route; but it introduces us to a change of scenery, and a remarkable cave, called Bower's Cave, and invites us by a short detour to visit the Calaveras grove of Big Trees, the first-discovered and best known of these forest wonders. There are some eight groves of these mammoth trees scattered along the Sierra Mountains in a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The tallest trees yet measured are full three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and are in the Calaveras grove; the largest in circumference are in the Mariposa grove, and measure over ninety feet; while the greatest age that any yet scientifically tested in that respect can claim is about one thousand three hundred years. Their beauty of shape and color is as striking as their size; and no visitor to California will omit them in his tour of its curiosities.

Though the mining interests of California have fallen behind those of agriculture and manufactures, and seem destined to still greater decay, there are some features of them decidedly worth a stranger's study. Grass Valley is the centre of the most extensive successful gold-quartz mining; and its operations are not dissimilar to those of Central City in Colorado, and Virginia City in Nevada. But the excavation of the "dead rivers" of California for the loose deposits of gold left in their beds by the convulsions of nature in ages long past, and the grand hydraulic processes resorted to in the work, justly rank among the marvels of the State. These dead rivers are not dry, open beds; but huge strata of sand,

gravel, and quartz, filling up what were once river channels, and lying now from a hundred to a thousand feet beneath the foot hills of the mountains. They lie parallel with the mountains and diagonally to the rivers now coming out of the mountains; their channels were filled up by the upheaval of the mountains; and their place was made known by the modern streams cutting down through them, revealing on the walls of the canyon the peculiar gold-bearing materials that now occupy their beds. Out of these dead rivers, three hundred millions in gold have been taken, and they still yield eight millions a year. Much capital and labor are requisite to carry on mining operations in them; tunnels are run along their lines; and great streams of water are brought down from the mountains through miles of ditches and troughs, and poured by the aid of hose, with many times more force than the streams from a steam fire-engine, upon a hill-side, to tear it to pieces and get at the gold materials, or into the gold-beds themselves, to wash out the precious particles. The ruin that such operations spread around is frightful; rivers are choked up with the sands and stones sent down by these washings, and broad, fertile valleys are laid waste by the hills thus set afloat.

But it is no longer proper to consider California as especially a mining State. Many of the mining villages and camps along under the mountains have been wholly deserted, nearly all are decreasing in population; and it is very sad and very odd to see so new a country exhibiting these aspects of age and decay. The agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the State are each, even now, in advance of the mining interest in wealth and productiveness. The mining counties have fallen off twenty-five per cent in population since 1860, while the population of the agricultural counties has been doubled, and that of San Francisco trebled, in the same time. The agricultural products of 1868 footed up sixty millions of dollars against twenty-six millions in metals. There are thirty millions of grape-vines growing in the State; the wine made in 1866 amounted to from three to four millions of gallons, and in 1868 to eight millions. The wine was at first crude and coarse, but, as the rankness of the soil is tempered by use, and greater care and science are used in making it, its quality rapidly improves. Finer kinds of grapes than the old Mission are coming rapidly into cultivation, and will still more surely improve the quality and add to the variety of the wine. The wheat crop of California in 1868 was fifteen millions of bushels; the barley, eight millions, — this grain being fed freely to horses on the Pacific coast; the wool, seven millions of pounds; the butter, five millions, and the cheese, three millions, and still much butter and cheese are imported from the East. The exports of domestic produce, aside from metals, amounted to seventeen millions in 1868, the chief item being wheat, of which no other State in the Union raised so large a surplus in that year; and, with a surplus contribution of four millions from Oregon, she is holding over for higher prices, or against the contingency of a bad year, probably enough wheat to supply her own wants for two years.

With such suddenly developed yet securely held wealth as these few facts illustrate, the future of California looms before the visitor in proportions that astound and awe. In her, nature is as boundless in its fecundity and variety, as it is strange and startling in its forms. While Switzerland has only four mountains that rise to a height of thirteen thousand feet, California has one or two hundred, while Mount Whitney soars to fifteen thousand feet, and is the highest peak of the Republic. She has a waterfall fifteen times as high as Niagara. All climates are her own; what variety her long stretch north and south does not present, her mountains and valleys introduce. Dead volcanoes and sunken rivers abound in her mountains; the largest animal of the continent makes his covert in her

chaparrals; the largest bird floats over her plains for carrion; the remains of the Oldest Inhabitant, so far as identified, have been dug out of her depths; the biggest nugget of gold (weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds and worth thirty-seven thousand four hundred dollars) has been found among her gold deposits; she has lakes so voracious that they will eat up a man, boots, breeches and all, in thirty days, and rich enough in borax, sulphur, and soda to supply the world's apothecaries; she has mud volcanoes and the Yosemite Valley; she grows beets of one hundred and twenty pounds, cabbages of seventy-five, onions of four, turnips of twenty-six, and watermelons of eighty pounds, and has a grape-vine fifteen inches thick, and bearing sixty-five hundred pounds in one season. Her men are the most enterprising and audacious, her women the most self-reliant and the most richly dressed, and her children the stoutest, sturdiest, and sauciest in all the known world. Let us worship and move on!

VIII.

To us of the East, the Sandwich Islands are a remote, foreign kingdom, where our whalers refit, and to the conversion of whose heathen we dedicated all our sanctified pennies in childhood. But here in California, they are counted as neighbors, dependencies, ay, surely and soon possessions of the American Republic. We have converted their heathen, we have occupied their sugar plantations; we furnish the brains that carry on their government, and the diseases that are destroying their people; we want the profit on their sugars and their tropical fruits and vegetables; why should we not seize and annex the islands themselves? At any rate, the familiarity with which the Eastern visitor finds "the Islands" spoken of in California, and the accounts he receives of their strange scenery, their wonderful volcanoes, their delightful climate, will strongly invite him to make them a visit. Indeed, though his portfolio may have been enriched with the rarest harmonies of tint, new suggestions and novelties of form, during his sojourn among the mountains and parks of Colorado, or in the deep canyons of the Sierra, yet he must not close it feeling that he has exhausted the revelations that this western world has to make to him, until he has added a few sketches at least of the yet more unique scenery of the Hawaiian Islands. So, if time permits, let us see the utmost possibilities and varieties of the Republic, and devote to these at least a couple of months.

This little group of breezy, sunny islands, standing like an outpost of the great army of islands, little and big, that guards the eastern coast of Asia, yet offering itself as a kind of neutral ground on which the eastern and western worlds have met and joined hands, lies about two thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, and is brought into close communication with it by means of a semimonthly steamer. A voyage of ten days, — days of uninterrupted sunshine and serenity on this most smiling of seas, — and the passenger will find himself rounding the bold, bare headland of Diamond Point, which stands guard over the little bay and city of Honolulu. The first view of this miniature capital of a petty kingdom can hardly fail to be disappointing; it is but a village of unpretending, wooden houses, clustered for the most part around the bay, and stretching out, here and there, toward the hills. But you have not come so many thousand miles from home to see a counterpart of Boston or New York, and the first walk on shore will offer a suggestion at least of the pleasure that awaits you in the thousand novel shapes and aspects of a changed hemisphere. After two or three weeks here, — spent in early morning or evening gallops into the wonderful valleys of the range of hills that cuts the island in two, and in climbs to the different summits, from which, on each side of you, the little island seems to roll away and leap and tumble in great billows of green into the

sea; with the days rounded in on cool and fragrant verandas, among these intelligent, hospitable people, with whom kindness to the stranger is the first of duties, — one will find it hard to believe that the other islands can promise greater attractions.

The first expedition usually made is to the active volcano Kilauea, situated on the island of Hawaii, the easternmost of the group. The indispensable articles by way of outfit for this are a waterproof (a lady should carry a bloomer dress of heavy woollen material) and a saddle, as all the journeying must be made on horseback; to these may be added whatever articles of comfort or convenience the individual taste may suggest; but it is desirable that all should not exceed the capacity of a pair of saddle-bags. To sail direct to Hilo, which is the most common course, instead of landing at Kewaihae, on the other side of Hawaii and making a partial circuit of the island, is to rob one's self of an experience full of novel enjoyment. It is a journey of three or four days, and attended with some fatigue and discomfort; but to the enthusiastic sight-seer the annoyances will be counterbalanced by the pleasures. After a day of monotonous scenery, the road winds round the base of Mauna-Kea, and comes out close to the sea. Then begins the romantic part of it, — a succession of precipices, or great crevices as they might be called, from one hundred to five hundred feet deep. But these *palis*, as the natives call them, are as beautiful as they are perilous of descent; their steep sides are covered with every shade of green, from the silver-leaved *kukui* to the dark purple fronds of the *pulu* fern, — masses and tangles of vines and trees, — and at the bottom of each is a roaring, tumbling brook, or narrow arm of the sea. On this side of the island, also, lie the rich sugar plantations under the hospitable roofs of whose owners the traveller must look to find his shelter and his victual.

But Hilo will not suffer him to pass her by without stopping to pay a tribute of admiration to her beautiful bay and cultivated and generous inhabitants, giving him at the same time the opportunity to take breath before the last day of his journey. The crater of Kilauea opens at a height of four thousand feet on the side of the lofty Mauna Loa, and a gradual ascent of thirty miles lands you suddenly on the edge of this enormous, yawning chasm. So vast is it that it is impossible to get any idea of its gigantic proportions till you have clambered down its almost perpendicular walls, and crossed the interior, which measures ten miles round. Its condition varies greatly at different times: sometimes the molten mass forms a chain of fiery lakes, connected by subterraneous channels, sometimes it overleaps its barriers, and floods the floor of the crater with fire. No words can depict the awful fascination of those fiery caldrons, boiling and hissing and roaring, and tossing up fountains of liquid flame. The most effective time to see them is the evening. Then the whole sky is lighted up with the reflection of the fire, and the surrounding darkness serves to heighten the splendor of the glowing, seething mass.

In striking contrast with Kilauea stands the stupendous extinct volcano of Haleakala, almost the greater wonder of the two. It occupies the eastern half of the island of Maui, and is a cone ten thousand feet high. Its crater is three times as large as Kilauea, — that is, it is thirty miles in circumference, — and more than a thousand feet deep. Parties visiting this crater are accustomed to take their camping equipage, and to pass a night on the top of the mountain, not only because the excursion would be too fatiguing for a single day, but also because through the day the crater is filled with light clouds and mist, which only depart with the setting sun. No scene could possibly combine more elements of the grand and the beautiful than this does; the soft, flocculent masses of clouds silently rolling in and out of these Tartarean depths, through the great gap in the mountain-wall, toward

the sea, occasionally breaking to reveal the frightful blackness beneath; the sun as it sinks, touches the whole cloud-landscape with a rose-gray glow; long lines of trade-wind cloudlets, like fleets of phantom ships, go scudding over the sea; the three lofty summits of Hawaii, and the lesser heights of the islands surrounding Maui repeat the sunset tints, and the whole seems like a scene of enchantment. Maui can also boast of a valley that deserves to be mentioned by the side of the Yosemite, though so different in outline and in coloring as to allow of no comparison; and this, together with the most picturesque mountain group of all the islands, the richest sugar plantations, and the most generous and free-handed proprietors, make Maui the greenest spot in the memory of every traveller.

It is impossible, in the limits of such a brief sketch as this, to do more than roughly outline the chief points of interest in these far-off islands. The climate, too, lends its subtle attraction, a deliciously blended heat and coolness in which you are puzzled to know whether you are comfortably warm or pleasantly refreshed. One who has two or three months of leisure cannot better bestow it than in going to see all this for himself, and he will obtain from the warm-hearted islanders every possible help and suggestion he may need to make his journey easy and profitable, with only one drawback, namely, that at every place he may stop, with the exception of Honolulu, he must accept the freely offered hospitality of the foreign residents, nor dare to make any return except in friendship's coin.

IX.

A visit to the islands, however, cannot be included in the two or three months' plan with which we left home. But Oregon, the Columbia River, and Idaho can; and if you please, we will go home that way. It will take but two weeks longer than the straight railroad line back, and even the most careless tour of our new West will be incomplete without it. Good ocean steamers will carry us to Portland, Oregon, in two days; but if the roads are tolerable, and the stage service what it should be, we shall prefer to go over land. The cars take us up the grand valley of the Sacramento through Marysville to Oroville, and leave about five hundred miles for the stage. We ride then through broad alluvial meadows, golden-brown with wheat, and enlivened by frequent old oak groves; past Chico, where, if possible, we should linger to see General Bidwell and his twenty-thousand-acre farm, with its vast gardens and orchards; past Red Bluffs, the head of navigation on the Sacramento River, where the widow and daughters of old John Brown live in quiet and usefulness, nursing the sick, teaching the young, and honored by the whole village; into narrowing valleys, where the Coast Range and the Sierras meet and kiss each other; over pleasant hills, with occasional plantations of the pear, apple, and vine, growing most luxuriantly here; along under the grand shadows of Mount Shasta, monarch of the Northern Sierras, and the Mont Blanc of California; over higher hills and into the cross valleys of Northern California and Southern Oregon, the Trinity, Klamath, Rogue, and Umpqua Rivers coursing wildly through them to the sea; by many a grove of oak, with the green mistletoe and the gray moss pendent from the branches, and the gay madrone-tree lighting up the scene; through many a broad interval of grass and grain, welcoming flocks or reapers; through and in sight of forests of pines, cedars, spruces, balsams, birches, and ash, greener and more diversified than those of California, and grander in individual size and collective extent than those of the Alleghanies or the White Hills. We stop in the Umpqua Valley to have an hour's chat on the philosophy and practice of politics with Jesse Applegate, a wise old pioneer of Oregon, and come out at last into the garden of Oregon, the Willamette Valley. No-

where else was ever a scene of picturesque rural beauty like that spread before us, as the stage comes out of the hills and woods, and we overlook the broad meadows, with their wide, open groves, rising and falling in softly undulating lines, and the hills standing far apart to frame the picture. The parks of Old England, the valleys of New England, the prairies of Illinois, the mountains of Colorado and California, all seem to have contributed their special attractions to make up this scene. Through this valley, one hundred and twenty-five miles long and fifty miles wide, the railroad or the steamboat may quicken our speed; but we shall wish to linger over its wealth of beauty and wealth of agriculture. Prosperous villages lie along the river, and sixty thousand people already live upon the soil. Wheat, corn, and fruit are the chief products; and there is no stint in the return.

Portland lies on the Willamette, just before it enters the Columbia, has from eight to nine thousand inhabitants, who pay almost a New England respect to the Sabbath, and dreams sometimes that it is a rival to San Francisco. It would be well if, now we are here, we could run across Washington Territory, — a two days' ride through thicker forests of larger trees than we have yet seen, always excepting the mammoth groves of California, — and see Puget's Sound. Steamboats carry us to Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, and back, and the excursion is a revelation of new beauties and new wealth. Magnificent forests line the shores, close to which the largest ships can move; there is lumber here for all nations and all time; snow-covered mountains, grand in form, smiling in aspect, rise on the right and left; and we come back penetrated with a new wonder at the far-reaching bounty of our Northwest, and a trifle impatient that the British drum-beat is even temporarily sounded over a portion of such waters, over an acre of such excellent forests for ship timber and profitable lumber generally. A week would suffice to make this excursion from Portland to Victoria and back, and a most recompensing investment would it prove.

But we promised to return homeward by the Columbia River. Elegant steamers convey us up the broad stream. Soon we pass Fort Vancouver, where Grant, Hooker, and McClellan all served apprenticeship, and Grant distinguished himself by raising a crop of potatoes; and it was here, too, that our new President left the army, to come back in the hour of national distress, rescued himself, rescuing us. Mount Hood appears next, — a grand pyramid of snow in the distance, — the pride of Oregon, and the rival to California's Shasta. We now enter the exciting theatre of conflict between river and rock, that distinguishes the Columbia from all other known rivers. Our boat cannot pass these rapids, but there are railroads to carry freight and passengers to boats of equal excellence beyond.

East of the mountains, the close, rich forests disappear, the hills are bare and brown as in Nevada, and the boat-ride grows monotonous. At Umatilla, or Walla-Walla, some three hundred miles above Portland, we come to the present head of navigation, and take stages for a five hundred miles' ride over the Blue Mountains, through the Grande Ronde Valley, along the valley of the Snake River, where steamboats will probably soon help us over another hundred and fifty miles of the way, into and through Idaho, and on to Salt Lake and the railroad again. The ride over the Blue Mountains and through the Grande Ronde Valley is the most satisfactory for scenery. The ascent and descent of the mountains are easy, the roads hard and smooth, and the views, near and remote, very grand and inspiring. Gorges and parks, forests and meadows, alternate with fine effect; and a bath in the warm sulphur springs by the roadside will relieve the weariness of the body. Through Idaho, whose gold mines seem exhausted and whose towns are either decaying or at a standstill, and along the Upper Snake, the country presents a dull, barren uni-

formity of aspect; and high, volcanic table-lands begin to appear.

Within some hundred and thirty miles of the north end of Salt Lake, are several peculiar freaks of nature, which the traveller should leave the stage for a day or two to observe. The first on the east is the canyon of the Malade River, a branch of the Snake; for miles it flows through a narrow gorge of solid lava rock, in some places fifty feet deep, and yet only eight or ten feet wide, the confined waters coursing rapidly and angrily below. Next, at Snake River Ferry, the waters of the Lost River branch, having sunk beneath the ground a long distance back, emerge to light again just at the point of junction, and pour from rocks one hundred and fifty feet high into the main stream. Ten or fifteen miles from this point, though only seven miles from the stage road at another place, are the Shoshone Falls, on the Snake River. They rank next to Niagara in the list of waterfalls, and by some visitors are held to be entitled to the first rank in majesty of movement and grandeur of surrounding features. All about are wide lava fields, and the river, two hundred yards wide, deep and swift, has worn itself a channel one hundred feet down into the rock; then, as if in preparation for the grand leap, it indulges in a series of cascades of from thirty to sixty feet in height, and at last, gathering into an unbroken mass, swoops — in a grand horse-shoe twelve hundred feet across — down two hundred and ten feet into the pit below. The river is not as wide as Niagara, nor the volume of water so great, but the fall is higher and quite as beautiful. It is difficult to get near to the falls, because of the high, rough, and perpendicular walls of rock that guard the stream; but they can be reached by hard climbing. A perpendicular pillar of rock rises one hundred feet in the midst of the rapids; islands rise from the stream just above the cataract; and two huge rocky columns stand on each side of the falls. Either by a day's detour in the trip from the Columbia River to Salt Lake, as we have suggested, or by a special journey of three or four days from the railroad at the latter point, these marvels of nature will soon be generally visited by Pacific Railroad travellers, and the details of their sublimity more thoroughly catalogued by pen and reproduced by photograph for the general public.

Finding ourselves again at Salt Lake, — time, money, and disposition holding out, and the season being favorable, — we shall be greatly tempted to round our travel with the stage-ride through Montana to Fort Benton on the Upper Missouri, and follow down that river in one of its steamboats to Omaha again. It is about three hundred miles by stage to Virginia City, Montana, four hundred and twenty-five to Helena, and near six hundred to Fort Benton, and the fare through a hundred and forty dollars. The roads are excellent, the stage service the best on the continent, and the scenery across the high open plains, along the fertile valleys, and through the passes in the Upper Rocky Mountain ranges, fresh, picturesque, and every way inviting. Colorado is scarcely more favorable for farming and stock-growing purposes than this region. The ride is among the head waters of the Missouri River, and grand mountains rise to guide and guard, not to obstruct, along the entire pathway. In Montana, too, we can see, more readily than perhaps anywhere else, mining in all its phases, — panning, "long toms," sluicing, hydraulics, and quartz mills. The boat-ride down the Missouri will be long, slow, and tedious; the stream is muddy, the banks for the most part barren and uninviting; the time will perhaps be ten days or two weeks; but the experience will prove most valuable, and the journey will afford time for arranging the information gathered during the summer.

Or postponing Montana for a "more convenient season," and indulging our unsatisfied curiosity in another peep over Brigham Young's garden and harem wall, and our weary bodies in a

bath in the warm pools of fresh sulphur water in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, we close our Pacific Railroad excursion by a two days' ride in the cars back over the mountains and across the plains to Omaha, where we stand on the threshold of the East and of home.

This vast region, through which we have so hastily travelled, the hand of science has only touched here and there as yet. Professor Whitney has done much to map the past and present of California, and inventory its varied resources; if sustained by the State, he will complete a work that will be of incalculable benefit to its people, and a great contribution to scientific knowledge. Several young graduates of his survey, with aid from the general government, are fast completing a thorough examination and report of a belt across the continent along the fortieth parallel, or the line of the Pacific Railroad. This will prove of great interest and value. Professor Powell, an enthusiast in geology and natural history, from Illinois, spent last summer, with a party of assistants, in a scientific exploration of the parks and mountains of Colorado; and, after wintering in the wilds of Western Colorado, he proposes this season to extend his observations into the almost unknown land of Southwestern Colorado and Northeastern Arizona, and perhaps test the safety of the passage of the great canyon of the Colorado of the West. Here lies, as yet, the grand geographical secret of our Western empire. For three hundred miles, this river, which drains the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, is for several hundred miles confined within perpendicular rock walls averaging three thousand feet in height, down which there is no safe descent, up which there is no climbing, between which the stream runs furiously. One man is reported to have gone through the canyon and come out alive. To explore it is the dangerous yet fascinating undertaking of Professor Powell. For the rest, our scientific knowledge of the mountains and plains and deserts of our Far West is founded upon the reports of government engineers and the railroad surveys, — valuable, indeed, but incomplete, and provoking rather than allaying curiosity.

The Indians are not likely to interfere with Pacific Railroad travel. The fears of travellers on that account are needless. Neither among the Colorado parks and mountains, nor in the valleys of California and Oregon, nor in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, shall we be likely to meet Indians, save as humble, peaceful supplicants for food and tobacco. They may appear on the routes through Idaho and Montana. But greater danger is to be apprehended from the "road agents," or highway robbers. In Nevada and California, and in Idaho, they have occasionally introduced the Mexican banditti style of operating on travellers, rarely killing their victims, and only making sure to get all their money and watches, and whatever treasure the express messenger on the stage may have on hand. The Western country is destined, probably, to go through an era of this sort of crime. The vicious and vagrant population that followed the progress of the railroad in its building, and has been set loose by its completion, and the similar elements turned adrift by the failure of mining enterprises, furnish the needy and desperate characters for the business. Not unlikely they may grow bold enough to stop, and "go through," a railroad train. Short and sharp should be the dealing with this class of marauders. But the chance of becoming their victims is not great enough to excuse any of us for staying at home, when the Pacific Railroad — open — offers to us all such inviting pleasures and such wide-reaching experiences.

These are but scant outlines of the new and larger half of our Republic. Arizona, New Mexico, and Lower California — three territories as remarkable perhaps in natural wonders and resources as any in our new West — have not been mentioned; but only speculators or adventurers will be readily tempted into their difficulties and dangers now; and we fear the early travel-

lers by the new pathway of iron will be appalled by the variety of entertainment to which we have here invited them. But if they start with the protest that we have promised too much, they will return with the confession that the half was not told them. We hope they will also return with a new conception of the magnitude, the variety, and the wealth, in realization and in prospect, of the American Republic, — a new idea of what it is to be an American citizen.

OUTLINE FOR A TWO MONTHS' JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC STATES BY THE PACIFIC ROAD.

From Omaha to Cheyenne and Denver	2 days.
Excursions in Colorado	9 "
To Salt Lake City	2 "
Stay in Salt Lake City	2 "
To Virginia City	2 "
To San Francisco, with two days to stop on the way	3 "
In and about San Francisco . . .	7 "
Yosemite Valley and Big Trees . . .	10 "
Overland to Oregon	6 days.
From Portland to Victoria, through Washington Territory and Puget's Sound and back	7 "
From Portland to Salt Lake by Columbia River, Idaho, and Shoshone Falls .	8 "
From Salt Lake to Omaha . . .	2 "
Total	60 days.

This is obviously a short allowance for so comprehensive a journey; but every traveller can enlarge it to suit his comfort and convenience. He cannot advantageously cut down Colorado or San Francisco and its neighborhood, or the Yosemite, but he may well add a week to the time assigned for each. Another month would allow the traveller to return through Montana and down the Upper Missouri, and to give an extra week to different points in the earlier parts of his journey. Two months more — or from June 1 to November 1 — would include, with all the above, a liberal allowance of time for an excursion to the Sandwich Islands. And the weather during these five months would be favorable for every part of the grand trip; only in the islands would water-proofs and umbrellas be needed. For the two months' journey we would recommend July and August; for the three, July, August, and September. California is in its summer glory in April and May; but that is too early for its mountains or the Yosemite; and the parks and mountains of Colorado, though passable in June, are much more acessible in July and August.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Edelweiss. A Story. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE think the first charm the reader will find in this most charming book is the fact that the story seems to tell itself. From the beginning it *goes alone*, and one does not think of the author till the end, when perhaps one's homage is all the more devout in recognition of the genius that could produce such an exquisite fiction, and nowhere in it betray a consciousness of creation. It is the minor work of a master, and we hardly know whether it is to be most enjoyed by those who first make his acquaintance through it, or by those who read it in the reflected light of his great romance. The scene is not among courtly people here: in fact it is always in one little clock-making neighborhood in the Black Forest, and the characters of the story are the clock-makers and their friends and kinsfolk; — a doctor is the highest in dignity amongst them. It is simply the story of Lenz, who makes musical clocks, and marries Annele, the worldly-minded but not bad-hearted daughter of the innkeeper, who leads him a very miserable life indeed, both before and after her father's bankruptcy, until she is somewhat precipitately brought to a sense of her errors and to repentance by being buried with Lenz under the avalanche which overwhelms their house. They escape of course, and the reader takes leave of them in the as-

surance that they will be happy after that, but not without a lurking suspicion, which is perhaps also the author's, that it was almost too bad a match to begin with. Lenz is full of generous sympathies; Annele's happiness is in proportion to the discomfiture of somebody. Such different kinds of pride, — pride in others' regard, and pride in others' envy, make life a battle. Annele despises Lenz's clock-making, and longs to be the mistress of a hotel; Lenz is mildly immovable in his old attachments, in his love for the art taught him by his father, in his tenderness for the hill-side homestead, in his devotion to his mother's memory. Annele hates all his friends, and in one horrible quarrel she accuses him of having illtreated his mother, — his mother, whose death he has never ceased to lament, with whom, while she lived, he dwelt in such perfect love that it was the wonder of all who knew of it. "His breath came short as she spoke, and there fell a stone upon his heart, which nevermore departed, but lay there like a dead weight." "Annele," said Lenz's hard old uncle Petrovitsch, as the three sat together awaiting their death in the house buried under the avalanche, "if Lenz had throttled you when you said those words, he would have been hung, but he would have been innocent in the sight of God. . . . . There is my hand, Lenz; you are a beggar for kind words, which is pitiful; but you have not deserved a punishment like this, to be driven mad by a devil in your house."

Petrovitsch is not a principal character of the story, but he is one of the most entertaining, with his past of loveless exile and success, his return to the little Black Forest village through pure homesickness and love of the brother he supposed himself to hate, his present of selfish and cynical ease, and his reconciliation with his nephew Lenz just in time to share his peril and escape; and it is quite in keeping with all the rest that he should be found after death to have had only an annuity, and to have gambled the remainder of his fortune away. The glimpses of sweet, simple, refined life in the doctor's family, and of the tender esteem in which all Lenz's friends and neighbors hold him, are almost the only cheerful lights in the picture; the humorous passages, though abundant, are for the most part only varied expressions of the gloom of the story, for it is, indeed, as the author premises, "a sad, cruel history," though "the sun of love breaks through at last." Nothing can be at once droller and more pathetic than the adieu of Franzl, the old servant whom Annele drives out of Lenz's house: —

"Lenz comforted her as well as he could, assuring her she should soon come back, and promising her a yearly sum as long as she lived. But she shook her head, and said, weeping: 'The Lord God will soon put me beyond want. Never did I think to leave this house, where I have lived for eight-and-twenty years, till I was carried out. There are my pots, and my copper kettles, and my pans, and my tubs; how many thousand times I have taken them in my hand, and polished them up! They are my witnesses. No one can say I have not been neat and orderly. The nozzle of every pot, if it could speak, would tell who and what I have been. But God knows all. He sees what goes on in the great room, and in the kitchen, and in each of our hearts. That is my comfort and my *viaticum* and — Enough; I am glad to get out of this place; rather would I spin thistles than stay here a day longer. I don't want to make you unhappy, Lenz. You might hunt me down like a rat before I would bring ill-will into the house. No, no, I will not do that. Have no anxiety about me; you have cares enough of your own. Gladly would I be crushed under the weight of them, if I could but take them from you, and bear them on my own shoulders. Have no fear for me. I shall go to my brother in Knuslingen. There was I born, and there will I wait till I die. If I join your mother in Paradise, I will tend upon her as she was used to being tended here. For her sake, our Lord God will admit me, and for her sake you shall still be blessed in this world. Good-by; forgive me, if I have ever grieved you. Good-by, — a thousand times good-by!'"

Franzl makes most of the laughing in the book, but, as our readers can see, she is not altogether a comical character. We deride without compunction, however, the father of Annele, who by dint of prodigious personal dignity, a great deal of silence, and a habit of talking, when he did speak, of honor, had so won the awe and confidence of his neighbors that he was able to involve them all in ruin when he failed. He sold the forest on the mountain-side which protected Lenz's house, and which, being cut away, gave the avalanche free course. The landlord in after years had charge of a

water-cure, and received one of Lenz's friends as a patient: —

"He spoke handsomely of Lenz, and enjoined upon Faller to tell him that he must never allow himself to be goaded into any undertaking that he did not feel himself thoroughly fitted for. This sentence he made Faller repeat over and over again, word for word, till he knew it by heart, when the landlord put on his spectacles to see how a man actually looked who had such a sentence in his head."

By-Ways of Europe. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

THE Familiar Letter which Mr. Taylor addresses to the reader is to our mind the pleasantest thing in this volume, though the book contains some of the author's freshest and most fortunate studies of travel. These have already appeared, with one or two exceptions, in the Atlantic, and our readers know their quality, — easy, quiet, unaffected descriptions of the life and scenery beside or beyond the great tourist lines — people and places that offered something like novelty even to so much-travelled a man as Mr. Taylor. To most readers we imagine that "The Little Land of Appenzell" is all as new as if Switzerland were not a vast hostelry from the bottom of its valleys to the top of its mountains, and as if there were not an Alpine Club in the world. Mr. Taylor's journey thither had something of the joy of discovery, and he makes his readers share this pleasure. But for him, too, Majorca and Minorca have been long so untouched by travel, that they are almost "fresh woods and pastures new." "Catalonian Bridle Roads" is a delightful and careful study of unhackneyed Spanish character and Spanish scenery not yet photographed; and the account of the Republic of Andorra is in all respects a worthy pendant to that of "The Little Land of Appenzell." Not less charmingly written are the papers on more visited places, Capri, Ischia, Corsica; and no one can deny that Mr. Taylor's "Distant View of Caprera" offers peculiar and surprising features. The three chapters on life in Russia have the attraction felt in all the rest, that is to say, they are pleasantly and lightly written, in the spirit of experienced and intelligent observation, and with such a thorough conscientiousness that fact is never sacrificed to effect, nor truth to point; they are graphic and distinct, but the pictures once brought before the reader, the author's work is done; he does not comment upon them any more than he sentimentalizes them; and we imagine it is for this reason that we find them so satisfactory, in contrast with the many impertinences of most modern travellers.

The reader will think none the less of them, and certainly none the less of their author, that, in the Familiar Letter we have already mentioned, he rates these sketches and his other books of travel so modestly. They will, of course, establish their own place in literature quite independently of his judgment, and of that of the generation to which they were first addressed; but, in the mean time, we cannot fail to be touched and instructed by the frankness with which, in announcing that he expects to write no more books of travel, he speaks of his past efforts as so many studies, so many processes of education, — with the one advantage that, however immature they may be, nothing in them is forced or affected, — and regrets that his want of systematic training disabled him from producing scientific works of travel. "Narratives of travel serve either to measure our knowledge of other lands, in which case they stand only until superseded by more thorough research, or to exhibit the coloring which those lands take when painted for us by individual minds, in which case their value must be fixed by the common standards of literature. For the former class, the widest scientific culture is demanded; for the latter, something of the grace and freedom and keen mental insight which we require in a work of fiction. The only traveller in whom the two characters were thoroughly combined was Goethe."

The readers of Mr. Taylor's poems and novels will believe that it is only from the purely incidental, not to say accidental, character of his career as a traveller, that he has not produced any work of imaginative travel; and they might not unreasonably look to him yet for a philosophized review of his wide experience and observation, which should supply this want. As to the scientific value of his books, it is a question which seems very sensibly and definitely treated for him and for us by the greatest of scientific travellers. We have a peculiar pleasure in quoting this opinion here, because it refutes one of those stories with which the public now and then loves to disgrace its favorites: —

"I never thought it worth while to con-

tradict a story which, for eight or nine years past, has appeared from time to time in the newspapers, to the effect that Humboldt had said of me: 'He has travelled more and seen less than any man living.' The simple publication of a letter from Humboldt to myself would have silenced this invention; but I desisted, because I knew its originator, and did not care to take that much notice of him. The same newspapers afterwards informed me that he had confessed the slander, shortly before his death. I mention the circumstance now, in order to say that the sentence attributed to Humboldt was no doubt kept alive by the grain of truth at the bottom of it. Had Humboldt actually said, 'No man who has published so many volumes of travel has contributed so little to positive science,' he would have spoken the truth, and I should have agreed with him. But when, during my last interview with that great student of Nature, I remarked that he would find in my volumes nothing of the special knowledge which he needed, it was very grateful to me when he replied: 'But you paint the world as we explorers of science cannot. Do not undervalue what you have done. It is a real service; and the unscientific traveller, who knows the use of his eyes, observes for us always, without being aware of it.'"

We are always grateful for what an author chooses to tell us of himself; and Mr. Taylor's bit of autobiography is so amiably and sincerely written, that it not only appeals successfully to the reader's good feeling, and enlists his sympathy in the emotion with which the author must close a long chapter in his life, but will awaken a new interest in his future literary career. It is also valuable as one of the first efforts of an American author in self-criticism, and it is full of suggestion to the student of our literature; for it expresses, with delicacy and discretion, in regard to one member, what we feel to be measurably true of a great part of our literary body.

The True Christian Religion, containing the entire Theology of the New Church, foretold in Daniel vii., and Revelation xxi. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Translated from the Latin by R. NORMAN FOSTER. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

THE publishers of this edition of Swedenborg spare no pains, mechanical or literary, to put a good face upon his writings, by giving them to the world better edited and very much better printed than they have ever before been. So far as we have been able to judge, we should say that Mr. Foster has acquitted himself of his obligations in a very conscientious manner, having no sectarian bias nor covert ends of any sort to promote, by imposing his own personality in any appreciable degree upon his author, or making him speak the language of the conventicle rather than that of common sense. When the edition is completed, we think it must in great measure supersede the older ones.

It is not easy to give the reader a compendious idea of Swedenborg's philosophic significance as a religious teacher. It is easy enough to say, no doubt, that all truth to his judgment is identical with the contents of the Christian revelation, *spiritually understood;* that is, with the Christian dogma of the incarnation, or, as he calls it, of the "divine NATURAL humanity." But there is the rub. Men's "spiritual," unlike their natural understanding, is essentially free, is eminently individual; and no authority exists in heaven or earth consequently to compel them into unanimity on questions of a spiritual order. Thus a profound philosophy, natural and moral, underlies the Christian truth as Swedenborg presents it; and there can be no spiritual or intellectual apprehension of that truth unless this philosophy be previously to some extent excogitated. Swedenborg himself never pretends to give his reader the least philosophic insight into the truth. He denies that spiritual or living power can be directly communicated even by God himself, much less by man or angel; and he confines himself to affirming the endless superiority of the internal scope of revelation over its external letter, without ever attempting to justify the affirmation by any application of the internal sense to the elucidation of our history as a race. It is quite useless therefore to resort to Swedenborg with a view to get any direct increment to your spiritual stature. He gives you any amount of phenomenal fact, derived from his own observation of the spiritual world; but not one of these facts is ever given as of the least interest or significance in itself, but only for the bearing it exerts upon the truth of God's *natural* humanity. They are as good, no doubt, as any other facts wherewithal to fill your memory, or mental stomach, and are per-

haps even more entertaining than most facts of observation. But they will do you no manner of permanent good, unless you intellectually digest them, or resolve them under the stimulus of your own spiritual necessities, out of their lifeless, literal application to Christ as a person, into a doctrine of God's creative presence or spiritual intimacy in universal man, i. e. *man in nature*, or the race of man.

Swedenborg's books are wholly impertinent then, save in the way of literary entertainment, to every one who is at ease in our intellectual Zion; that is, to every one who is not feeling a secret divine discontent with the existing ontological conception of deity, as a being outside of man, or unimplicated in human nature, human progress, and human destiny. Swedenborg is the sworn foe of every such deity, every deity who has any personal interests apart from those of the humblest man that breathes, or the lowliest plant that blooms. The whole mythologic conception of God, as an idle, luxurious, superfluous force in the world, essentially unrelated to all that exists, is practically ignored by him; and our ordinary Christian deism consequently, which is more or less fashioned upon this lifeless mythologic method, is regarded by him with little less aversion than atheism. For deism, under whatever name it goes, is the doctrine of a patent or exhausted divine force in the world, not of a latent or living one; of a manifested, not of a revealed deity; a deity manifest to sense or observation in the fixity of nature, rather than revealed to life or consciousness in the progress of history. Deism regards God as primarily the author of nature, and as imprisoned therefore within its inflexible laws; while revealed religion regards him primarily as the father of man, and as endlessly active therefore and urgent towards every conceivable issue and possibility of human freedom. Deism says, nature first, and man in subordination to nature. Revelation says, man first, and mineral, vegetable, and animal only in subservience to him. Thus while deism explicitly avouches God as a maker, or regards him as sustaining the same formal and heartless relation to man that a clock-maker does to his clock, it to the same extent implicitly denies him as creator, or refuses to accredit him with the substantial and intimate or affectionate relation which a father bears to his child. And this is the reason why deism has never been, and never will be, a popular doctrine. An eccentric intellect here and there may espouse its fortunes, but to the mass of religious minds it bears the chill of death. The human heart invincibly insists upon a nearer approximation to God than nature enforces; and it is incredible therefore that any of our tepid and bloodless deistical formularies, — positivist, radical, liberal, or what not, — should be able to supplant or even enfeeble the craziest scheme of faith that ever issued from a human noddle, so long as it intrenches itself to the imagination of its followers behind the bulwarks of a living divine revelation. It may tickle the speculative ambition of an enthusiastic naturalist now and then to cultivate a filial recognition of his late-found father, the gorilla; but the fashion will never be popular, especially whilst the relationship continues to be the lop-sided thing it is, and the gorilla himself remains utterly untouched by the return of his repentant prodigals. People, no doubt, admire the child that knows its own father, but they never will agree to acknowledge a father who is absolutely indifferent and even insensible to the caresses of his own child.

Yes, the world has had and still has gods many and lords many; but they are one and all, according to Swedenborg, definitively doomed and disposed of by the Christian revelation of the divine name, which stamps it as essentially inimical to the moral hypothesis of creation, or to the existence of any outward and personal relations between man and God. It is true that the Christian Church, in Swedenborg's estimation, has never begun to be true to the idea of its founder, having indeed from the start grossly misconceived the altogether spiritual doctrine and mission he confided to it. From the day of the Apostle John's decease down to our own day, a midnight darkness has rested upon the mind in regard to spiritual things, — a darkness so palpable at last, so unrelieved by any feeblest star-shine of faith or knowledge, that a church has recently set itself up among us which claims to be nothing if not spiritual, and yet has so little apprehension of the meaning of that word as to exclude Christ from a primary place in its regard, because, forsooth, it can get no conclusive proof of his having been *morally* or *personally* superior to Socrates and other great men of whom history preserves a tradition! But let us for once admit the charge. Let us for once frankly allow that Christ was so inferior in point of

moral or personal force, not only to these great names, but even to the meanest of his own followers, that he was incompetent to provide for his own living, and actually depended for his subsistence upon the precarious charity of a few poor women: what then? May not this comparative deficiency on his part of personal or moral force, force of selfhood, argue *of itself* a greater force of spiritual manhood in him, a nearer approximation to the divine nature, than ever befell any merely accomplished *person?* Such at all events is Swedenborg's conception of the case. For he invariably represents the divine being as destitute of any moral or personal limitation. He denies that God has any *absolute* character, any *passive* existence, any such perfection as makes him self-centred, or leads him to contrast himself favorably with the meanest wretch that breathes. He has in truth no absolute or passive and personal worth, such as we covet under the name of virtue; for his worth is altogether active or creative, existing only in relation to his creatures. He has no absolute claim, according to Swedenborg, upon our regard, but only a *working* claim; a claim founded not upon what he is in himself, — for he has no self in our sense of the word, — but upon what he is relatively to others. We, of course, cannot help, in our native ignorance of his spiritual attributes, according him a blind and superstitious worship for what he presumably was before creation, or out of relation to all existence. But this, nevertheless, is pure stupidity. His sole real claim to the heart's allegiance consists, according to Swedenborg, in the excellency of his creative and redemptive name. That is to say, it consists, first, in his *so freely subjecting himself to us* in all the compass of our creaturely destitution and impotence, as to endow us with the amplest physical and moral consciousness, or permit us to feel ourselves absolutely to be; and secondly, in his himself becoming, by virtue of such subjection, so apparently and exclusively objective to us, — so much the sole or controlling aim of our destiny, — as to be able to mould our finite consciousness at his pleasure, inflaming it finally to such a pitch of sensible alienation from, or felt *otherness* to, both him and our kind, as to make us inwardly loathe ourselves, and give ourselves no rest until we put on the lineaments of an infinite or perfect man, in attaining to the proportions of a regenerate society, fellowship, brotherhood of all mankind.

But our space fails us, and we can only say, in closing, that no one interested in the controversy between "natural" and "revealed" religion, or deism and Christianity, should fail to give his days and nights to Swedenborg.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of VICTOR RYDBERG. By WM. WIDGERY THOMAS, JR., late U. S. Consul at Gothenberg, Sweden. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson and Brothers.

THE degree of merit ascribed to this romance by Fredrika Bremer's declaration that "it is the most genial historical novel ever written in the Swedish language," is to be exactly determined only by those as well acquainted as she with Swedish fiction. It would perhaps be no more than the whole duty of a reviewer to affect this acquaintance, and we will not deny that we have it, though we think most readers will be satisfied to learn that, judged in itself, "The Last Athenian" is very interesting. As to "genial," we are not certain from our perusal of M. Rydberg's novel, let alone our collateral knowledge of Swedish romance, that we should apply that epithet to it in either an absolute or a relative sense. We feel sure, however, that it would be next to impossible for any writer to take M. Rydberg's theme, — which is Athenian society of the fourth century, in the reigns of Constantius II. and Julian, rather than individual fortunes, though these are not neglected, — and quite divest it of attraction; and our author is so thoroughly master of the historical situation, and is in such full sympathy with the civilization struggling against the barbarized and degraded Christian Church of that day, that he clothes his subject with a peculiar fascination. The effect is in truth rather bewildering and dismaying at times to the humane and enlightened modern reader. He becomes unawares a heathen philosopher for the nonce; there is nothing he desires more than that the two warring sects of Christians should exterminate one another; he looks upon the conversion of the temple of Mars into a church as a gross outrage; he openly rejoices when Julian the Apostate comes to the throne; he laments that prince's untimely death as a personal and universal calamity. Doubtless, M. Rydberg does not intend so much as

this, but in the presence of those atrocious Homoousians and Homoiousians, it is hard to keep from declaring one's self fully and finally for the only temperate and tolerant people in Athens, the pagans namely. This is a fatality of the historical romancer's art, which he cannot himself avert; and as in this case it helps to enforce the great lesson that these are happier than any former times, and that with the lapse of ages Christianity itself has grown purer and better, it is a fatality not altogether to be regretted. We are duly Christians again upon the appearance of Theodorus with his humane teachings, and we perceive that our author has not been equally deluded with ourselves by the æsthetic and sentimental aspects of declining paganism. It is Julian's hatred of bigotry, not his apostasy, which he admires; and while he makes us regret that so much which was beautiful in civilization and art must perish with the advance of Christianity, he teaches that the form only is perishable, and that no principle of truth or beauty is lost. We perceive, indeed, that men were sensual and selfish in obedience to the old philosophy while they were intolerant and cruel in violence to the new faith; and we are made to question at last whether the spectacle of the slaughter of the Homoousians by the Homoiousians was not more consoling than the banquet of the Epicureans, where death and vice both sat crowned with flowers, and a sort of polite despair was deified.

Apart from its religious interest, "The Last Athenian" is a very absorbing romance. Chrysanteus, the Archon of Athens under Constantius and Julian, and afterwards leader of the rebel Donatists, though always himself a pagan, is that Last Athenian from whom the book is named; and so much love story as is in it links the fate of his daughter Hermione to that of Charmides, a refined and profligate young philosopher of the Epicurean school. The son of Chrysanteus has been stolen in infancy (by a slave who afterwards appears as the Homoiousian Bishop of Athens), and reared in the Christian faith, from his monkish devotion to which his father vainly attempts to estrange him. Annaeus Domitius, Proconsul of Achaia, vacillating between paganism and Christianity, and doing homage to whichever religion is politically uppermost, disposed naturally to be the friend of philosophers and politeness, but greatly drawn to the new faith as the most popular, is a relief to the other characters in their earnestness and sombreness; and his charming wife, Eusebia, with her Homoiousian dogmas, and her habit of confounding the impulses of sense and spirit, now converting pagans, and now making love to a handsome ecclesiastic, is his worthy mate, and an admirable study of the kind of character developed often enough in periods of religious excitement. Such persons as Athanasius also appear in the comprehensive scene, and Theodorus, the great Arian, leads the beautiful Hermione to an inquiry into Christianity. She becomes, through the evident sympathy of the author, what in these days we should call a Unitarian; and her loathing of the orthodox Christian Church and its priesthood is so deep that, when dragged to the altar and baptized by force, she stabs herself.

We give but a faint idea of the tragic events of the book by the mention of this incident; and we have sketched its general character very vaguely. We can praise it as a romance which most may read with benefit, and nearly every one with interest, — as in fact a generously planned and conscientious study of a strange, sad, and most fascinating period of history. In many of its scenes and characters, the author shows himself an artist of signal power, if not a perfect master of romance. The descriptions of the combats between the two factions of Christians, and between the imperial troops and the Donatists, are fine battle-pieces, painted vividly and clearly; while in other pictures M. Rydberg has a charming tenderness and delicacy of touch. We owe much to Mr. Thomas for making us acquainted with so delightful an author, and have only to regret that here and there the English language does not hold out sufficiently to save the translator from the American, not to say the newspaper, dialect.

Pre-historic Nations: or, Inquiries concerning some of the great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable Relation to a still older Civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THREE or four years ago, when Stuart Mill and a few other authors happened to be caught simultaneously in the English Parliament, some ardent patriot attempted

a census of *literati* in our own national councils. The result was a little discouraging. The list, as well as we remember, contained only the name of the Hon. John D. Baldwin of Worcester, Mass., who was reported as having "given to the world" in early youth a small volume of poems.

The literary guild may well rejoice that the same delegate who thus stood for it during two Congressional terms now renews his allegiance. He signalizes his temporary withdrawal from public duties by printing another small volume, not of verse, but of prose; and into this, with the remembrance of the "hour-rule" still upon him, he has packed the substance of many octavos. Would that every American author would subject himself to four years' service in Congress, if, by so doing, he could learn to be brief!

Of literature in the English Parliament, as represented by Stuart Mill, "we only know it came and went." Nor is it easy to name in our House of Representatives a single man who has upon his conscience a literary effort more extended than a Reconstruction Bill. It is something even to trace the departing footsteps of a literary Congressman. At a time when most men on leaving the capital, still linger round the doorways of the departments in pursuit of some vice-consulship at Flores or Samana, it is something to find a man who will put up with nothing less than ancient Arabia and the pre-historic nations. It is a most dignified retirement. Instead of the Chiltern Hundreds, he accepts the Cushite Aeons.

Mr. Baldwin's book is really one of uncommon research, though its compact form and the absence of foot-notes may hide the fact from many a reader who would stand amazed before Nott and Gliddon. It has its defects; but it is always straightforward, honorable, laborious, and thoroughly in earnest. The author has faithfully used his opportunities as chairman of the Congressional Library Committee on the part of the house. If he has actually caused to be imported for that great library one half of the rare books he mentions, he will deserve grateful remembrance in that remote, but possible epoch, when scholars shall choose Washington as a residence.

The author's main zeal is for the Cushite race, for which he is as zealous as is Max Müller for the younger Aryan dynasty. He holds that the earliest civilization of which we have any trace, dating back to 7000 B. C. at the latest, was that commonly called the Ethiopic, but which really had its seat on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and had no connection with over the way. Of this civilization, Egypt and Chaldea were but the children; it colonized the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates; it occupied India, Western Asia, and extensive regions of Africa. Commerce, manufactures, and astronomy all reached a high development during that great epoch of colonization. It was a branch of this race which established what is now called the Age of Bronze in Western Europe, and which built the temples of Abury and Stonehenge. The Cushites taught the Northern nations the worship of Baal, whose midnight fires on midsummer eve are hardly yet extinguished in England, and have testified to that remote idolatry as surely as the lingering fifth of November fires on our Essex hills still keep alive the memory of Guy Fawkes.

Compared with this Cushite or Ethiopic civilization, that of "our own proud Aryan race" was but modern, proclaims Mr. Baldwin. The two currents were at last brought in contact in India, and the Brahmanical mythology betrays the admixture. The gods of Greece, he thinks, were mainly Cushite deities; but his heart evidently goes out more toward the elder branch of the family, who made their mark at Stonehenge; and his indignation is high against those who find in Roman civilization the source of that of Modern Europe. He has his grievances too in Eastern Africa, where modern society has destroyed, even within a few centuries, more than it has created. When Vasco de Gama arrived at Mozambique in 1498, he found there cities not inferior to those of Portugal, and "many ships" equal to his own, and provided with astrolabe and compass. All this civilization has now disappeared, almost as thoroughly as that of Carthage, which was itself a Cushite city of nearly a million inhabitants.

Mr. Baldwin's main conclusions will probably be received with respect by scholars, allowing for some dissent as to his geographical theory. It is hard to surrender "the holy Meroe" without a struggle, or "him who sleeps in Philae." It is, moreover, so much more compact and comfortable to find the whole early history of the world on one river, that the æsthetic traveller will not wish to read this book as he

ascends the Nile. It has also the disadvantage of extreme condensation, not relieved by that peculiar freshness of style with which Max Müller takes us through everything. With this brevity comes also dogmatism, as many things have to be introduced with mere assertion, where there is not space for proof. Then the opinions of others have to be treated with equal brevity, which sometimes means bluntness; and a good many people are called "absurd" and "preposterous" without full statement of the evidence on which they are convicted. Yet when it comes to theorizing on scanty grounds, Mr. Baldwin is also open to temptation, and the style of argument by which he proves that the Phœnicians invented the mariners' compass is such as he would handle pretty severely, if it came from the counsel for the other side.

For these and other reasons it is to be wished that the author would treat himself more liberally to ink and paper in his next edition, and give himself time to say all that he wishes. It is a rare compliment to a book which comprises the whole history of the world, when we say that it should be twice as long.

Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp-Life in the Adirondacks. By WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

IT was always a notable fact of pioneer life that, while it was difficult almost to impossibility to make a white man out of an Indian, the reverse was perfectly easy. Our race takes kindly and naturally to the woods, as if each one of us had

> "A tree among his far progenitors";

and so great is the instinctive joy in sylvan life, that men willingly own a remote cousinship with the more picturesque and reputable of the four-footed forest denizens, and the more elegant and gay-colored populations of the streams. If we felt sure that this sentiment could be strengthened into a desire to share with them such pleasure in the chase as the deer knows when shot at and ultimately "dropped," or if we could believe that the trout's rapture at the instant of being "struck," were within the reach of human experience, the chief discomfort with which we read Mr. Murray's agreeable book would be removed. But certain doubts on these points force themselves upon the mind of the reader of every book of hunting adventure, and they seem to have troubled our author into making some sort of attempt at their solution. He tells us plainly that it is a sin to kill more game or take more fish than you can eat or give away; but within this limit the passion for capturing and slaying is apparently to be left unrestrained. Let each one determine, as Mr. Murray does, for himself. We remind the sentimentalist that the trout is a gluttonous murderer, whose greed for insects alone brings him into trouble, and that deer are often desperate and blood-stained duellists. Besides, there is very much in this book that can give an unalloyed pleasure; as, love of nature and a gift for imparting the effect of her wild aspects and majestic moods; a very robust and healthful manhood; a sincere delight in the strength which the wilderness gives and the prowess it demands; an unpatronizing fondness for the odd, backwoods character of the Adirondackers; a kindliness even for brutes, when these do not assume the unlucky attitude of game. You say, of course, that the style is a bit florid and over-wrought where the author happens to recollect himself, and that, at times, it is a little more "rollicking" than you care to have the style even of wild-wood literature; and perhaps you feel, in some of the humorous passages, that you are not treated quite fairly, and that Mr. Murray has more than his share of the fun; but you are obliged to confess that these blemishes do not prevent you from reading the book through, and that there is something in it which will not let you go, when you have once taken it up, till the end is reached. The region which it celebrates was by no means unstoried before, but Mr. Murray may fairly claim to be the first to popularize a knowledge of it. It is quite possible that when he goes back this summer he may see the footprints of progress all through his beloved wilderness, and boldly inscribed upon the face of the rocks, in the very heart of those health-giving woods, the mystic legends of the patent-medicine-men. Whether, in view of these desecrations, it will be a sufficient compensation for him to reflect that he has written so temptingly about the Adirondacks, we do not know; but we mean to pay the spirit of his book a high compliment, when we say that we suspect not.

Chips from a German Workshop. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 Vols. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 1869.

WE may rejoice when Max Müller passes from those problems in comparative philology which interest the scholar, to those higher problems of comparative mythology which have value for the whole human race. There is no special story so important, after all, as that which enables us to do justice to the religious aspirations of man; and as for this purpose one must first be a philologist, or at least hold a philologist by the hand, it is a great thing to secure a guide so wise and gentle as Max Müller. In addition to his natural gifts, he has had the inestimable advantage of learning in Germany how to study, and in England how to write. He has thus an almost unique combination of learned thought and clear expression; and he adds the crowning merit of a freshness so hearty that twenty years of Oxford have not extinguished it.

These papers are a series of studies on special topics, published from time to time in compliance with the desire of Bunsen, who suggested their title, and to whose memory they are inscribed. The first volume, which is the more important, comprises "Essays on the Science of Religion"; but that title might, without much stretch of meaning, be applied to them all.

It is evident on every page that Max Müller has come to the study of religions through his study of languages, just as inevitably as an entomologist becomes also a botanist. He finds at every step the ties which connect the two. "Missionaries are apt to look upon all other religions as something totally distinct from their own, as formerly they used to describe the languages of barbarous nations as something more like the twitterings of birds than the articulate speech of men. The Science of Language has taught us that there is order and wisdom in all languages, and even the most degraded jargons contain the ruins of former greatness and beauty. The Science of Religion, I hope, will produce a similar change in our views of barbarous forms of faith and worship." (I. 21.)

Again, he points out that such writers as Maurice and Hardwick class religions in very much the rude way in which languages were classed during the last century; merely geographically, as Asiatic or European; or chronologically, as ancient or modern; or according to their comparative dignity, as sacred or profane, classical or illiterate. Now the comparative philologist ignores all these divisions, and classifies languages genealogically; and so the Science of Religion, as Max Müller calls it, will one day deal impartially, he thinks, with the religions of the world.

The study of languages necessarily came first; and it was the discovery of Sanskrit on which that and the study of religions were alike based. A century ago there was hardly a scholar in the world who could have translated a line of the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Magians, or the Buddhists. The very existence of these books was doubted, and of course no attempt was made to understand the religious position of those millions of the human race who lived and died by their teachings. Now large portions of these writings are deciphered and published; but even now the study of their meaning is in its infancy, and the earliest translations do as little justice to their originals, as does Sale's version of the Koran when we compare it with Lane's. Thus Eugène Burnouf was able to show the utter worthlessness of those "Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon" which are to be found in many of our libraries. It seems that they were sifted through a series of languages and spoiled in the process.

It is the basis of Max Müller's creed that "what they [men] contemptuously call natural religion is in reality the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man." (I. 32.) "Every religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true though unknown God. Whether we see the Papua squatting in dumb meditation before his fetich, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming, 'The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in thee, O my God! I do not know thee what thou art: but I know that thou art what thou alone canst be,' — we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground." (I. 30.)

He frankly recognizes that what he has to say will meet with opposition from many sincere persons. "To those, no doubt, who value the tenets of their religion as the miser values his pearls and precious stones, thinking their value lessened if pearls and stones of the same kind are found in other

parts of the world, the Science of Religion will bring many a rude shock; but to the true believers, truth, wherever it appears, is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious because it was seen, not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Lao-tse."

There is great variety in these essays, and the author's wide erudition draws materials from "folk-lore" and nursery tales, as well as from the Vedas and the "White Lotus of the Good Law." He shows everywhere the greatest sincerity and truthfulness, with a rare absence of special pleading. He freely admits, for instance, that the first verb in the Book of Genesis (barâ) does not and cannot mean a creation out of nothing, but implies merely "fashioning or arranging," all else being a modern perversion. (I. 131.) Indeed he says explicitly, that "greater violence is done by successive interpreters to sacred literature than to any other relics of ancient literature," because "the simplest phrases are tortured and mangled, till at last they are made to yield their assent to ideas most foreign to the minds of the authors." (I. 131.)

Though Max Müller has been in England long enough to acquire a tinge of wholesome worldliness, and to regard the British system of castes as essential to a healthy society, he still is not quite an Englishman. He has that good average style which we learn to prize in English books, though he has also its usual accompaniment, a shrinking from the graces of rhetoric, as if they were something French and debilitating. This may do no harm, but the affair grows more serious when he carries the whim further, as in the following: "Sense is after all the great test of translation. We must feel convinced that there was good sense in these poems, otherwise mankind would not have taken the trouble to preserve them; and if we cannot discover good sense in them it must be either our fault, or the words as we now read them were not the words uttered by the ancient prophets of the world." (II. 123.) What but this method produces that torturing and mangling of phrases which has just excited his wrath? It is by this plausible process of clarification that Cousin undertakes to dispose of all human thought in his *Histoire de la Philosophie.* Fancy a man's undertaking to translate Plotinus or the Parmenides on this Anglo-Saxon method of abolishing all the cloudy passages, or some future editor of Emerson substituting a Sphinx-made-easy for the current version! Shall a German, of all men, dispute the authenticity of the text, whenever a poet goes up into the clouds?

Sometimes, again, he manifests a kind of surprise at very common thoughts, and this leads to the suspicion that his mind may have its own narrownesses after all. Thus in speaking of the Brahmanic theory that there must be an infallible priesthood to interpret an infallible book, he says, "This is a curious argument and not without some general interest," — as if it were not the argument on which every intelligent Roman Catholic in great part rests his faith. Possibly the sects and sub-sects around him are a little too near for the focus of his spy-glass, but it certainly brings out magnificently all the regions of greater distance, resolves many a nebula of doubt, and shows the starry heavens in exceeding beauty.

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ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

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OLDTOWN FOLKS. — This is the first novel written by Mrs. Stowe since 1862, and is the only one of her stories except "Dred" that has appeared first in book form. Her other books have been issued serially in weekly or monthly periodicals. This is entirely new, no part having been previously published. It is a story of New England life, and embraces a great variety of original and striking characters. Mrs. Stowe is perfectly familiar with all phases of New England character, and depicts most graphically the mode of life, the style of thought, and the manner of expression, of the time to which her story belongs. She brings before us the stately Parson Lothrop and Lady Lothrop, who by virtue of their position were considered the temporal and spiritual superiors of everybody in the parish; Sam Lawson, the village do-nothing, and his wife Hepsy, a gnarly, compact, efficient little pepper-box of a woman; Aunt Keziah, the homeliest and kindest woman in Oldtown, a princess enchanted behind a hedge of ragged and unsightly thorns; Aunt Lois, whose happiness was imperfect if other people were not happy, only they must be happy on her pattern and in her way; good Deacon Badger, whose calm, serene, benignant figure was a sort of benediction as he sat in his pew of a Sunday; Uncle 'Liakim, a nervous, generous-hearted man, who took especial pains to bring to church all the "dry, forlorn, tremulous specimens of female mortality" in Oldtown and vicinity; Asphyxia Smith, a working-machine, always wound up and going; Ellery Davenport, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, a gentleman of varied accomplishments and fascinating manners, yet able to "lie as innocently and sweetly and prettily as a Frenchwoman"; Debby Kittery, loyal to King George and "the true Church"; Rev. Dr. Moses Stern, to whom "an austere, inflexible, grand indifference to all things earthly seemed to give the prestige and dignity of a supernatural being"; and many other striking figures drawn from life. The author says: "My studies have been taken from real characters, real scenes, and real incidents. And some of those things in the story which may appear most romantic and like fiction are simple renderings and applications of facts."

It is believed that New England life of sixty years ago has never before been so faithfully or graphically delineated as in this book. The description of Oldtown, — its old meeting-house, Easter Sunday, the way Thanksgivign day was kept at Oldtown, the kidnappers' raid, the revival, and numberless other scenes and incidents, — the humor and pathos, the sound sense and deep human tenderness of the story, give it a fascination which the readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing" will recognize with delight.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have published an entirely new and beautifully printed edition of Mr. Dana's fascinating sea-story, which, like Sir Samuel Baker's recent book for boys, addresses itself to all readers from eight years old to eighty. It may be said of Mr. Dana, in this connection, that "he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner." Though "Two Years before the Mast" has become a classic on both sides of the Atlantic, and for nearly thirty years has been a valuable piece of literary property, the author's share in its pecuniary success has not been proportionate. The copyright of the work has at length passed into the hands of Mr. Dana. "After twenty-eight years," says the author in his Preface, "the copyright of this book has reverted to me. In presenting the first 'author's edition' to the public, I have been encouraged to add an account of a visit to the old scenes, made twenty-four years after, together with notices of the subsequent story and fate of the vessels, and of some of the persons with whom the reader is made acquainted."

Mr. Dana's additional chapter, entitled "Twenty-four Years after," makes it evident that the author has lost none of the skill he possessed when, in 1840, he gave to the world one of the most graphic stories of sea life ever written.

MISS PHELPS'S NEW BOOK. — The author of "The Gates Ajar" has won a very large circle of readers for anything that comes from her pen. "It would be difficult," says the *New York Evening Post*, "for the great and simple truths of Christianity to be made more living and attractive than in the expression that they receive in this book." The same practical common sense and earnest human sympathy which have rendered "The Gates Ajar" a favorite volume with all discerning readers are the leading characteristics of Miss Phelps's new work, "Men, Women, and Ghosts." The collection embraces the following admirable stories: "No News"; "The Tenth of January"; "Night-Watches"; "The Day of my Death"; "Little Tommy Tucker"; "One of the Elect"; "What was the Matter?" "In the Gray Goth"; "Calico"; "Kentucky's Ghost."

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS. — Messrs Fields, Osgood, & Co. have just prepared a new edition of this entertaining and instructive little work, of which the New York Commercial Advertiser says: —

"One of the most charming books whose leaves we have turned for many a day is 'The Butterfly Hunters,' by Mrs. Helen S. Conant. This book is really a monograph on butterflies. It is a scientific treatise thrown into narrative form, and embracing all required knowledge in regard to the habits of butterflies and their specific distinctions. Under the guise of the Summer life in New England of four or five young people and their teacher, Mrs. Conant has recorded the experience of more than one season in the pursuit of that dainty game, the butterfly. The record is exceedingly interesting, for it adds to our knowledge. It is told in a lively and graphic manner, and we commend it and the writer's example to those thousands of intelligent persons who lead rather aimless lives in the country in summer, and who can, by the pursuit of science, find health and happiness and learn something. Not that all shall put their experience in a book, for to few is given the gift to tell their story as well as Mrs. Conant tells hers. But so long as the sea-beach has shells and weed, so long as the fields and woods bear

flowers, or the air and waters teem with life, so long can a thoughtful person find rare pleasure in studying the forms in which this life is presented."

The numerous illustrations are drawn from specimens in the author's collection, and all the descriptions are studies from nature. "The volume is published with the hope that it will awaken in boys and girls a greater interest in the study of a delightful branch of natural history; and the author will be fully satisfied if other little folks find in reading it as much pleasure as it has already given to a little boy named Tom, for whom it was written, and to whom it is fondly dedicated." The volume is printed with large handsome type and very attractively bound.

THE STORY OF A SONG. — The following history of the chilling welcome first accorded to a poem whose quaint and homely beauty has since endeared it to every heart is copied from a late number of the *Boston Evening Transcript*: —

"Poems, like their authors, are sometimes the footballs of fortune. Here is a case in point: —

"'Hannah Binding Shoes' was written some fifteen or more years since. Its author had just returned to her native town, Beverly, Massachusetts, from a long sojourn on the prairies of Illinois, and was strongly reimpressed with the picturesque brokenness of the sea-coast, familiar to her early years, in contrast with the level region just left behind.

"Riding with her sister and other friends one summer afternoon through Marblehead and Swampscott, a face at a window in a lonely house arrested her attention, and haunted her for weeks, linking itself, meanwhile, with the irregular line which forms the refrain of 'Hannah Binding Shoes.' The metre and the face were continually chasing each other through her head. To get rid of them, she one day sat down and imprisoned them together in the song which bears the above title.

"She set no great value upon her work after it was done; but she was just then looking about for some way of earning money, and friends suggested that people were sometimes paid for writing verses no better than hers. Having no one to consult, she sent the song to the first paper that fell in her way, — a weekly 'Flag' of some kind, then published in Boston, — signifying her wish to be paid, if it were accepted. In a day or two, it was politely returned, with the answer, 'Rather quaint, but we do not pay for anything but prose.'

"An old number of the 'Knickerbocker Magazine' chanced to be lying near. 'Why not send it there?' she asked herself; and at once wrote to the editor of that magazine, inclosing the song, signed with a *nom de plume*, and preferring the request which she had before made to the Boston editor.

"The mail was closely watched for weeks, but no answer came, and she supposed that her letters and verses were lost amid the rubbish of the Dead-Letter Office. Concluding that the fates were against her, she made no further pen-and-ink ventures, and soon after took a situation as teacher in a boarding school for young girls. Here she had been some three or four years, when the publication of the New York 'Crayon' awakened in her an aim to do something that would come up to its artistic standard. In leisure moments she frequently wrote verses, which were sent to that periodical, and which were always received by its gentlemanly editors with the kindest appreciation.

"Looking over her papers one day, a copy of 'Hannah Binding Shoes' met her eye. Would not that do to send to the 'Crayon?' At all events the editors could decline it, if they chose. It was revised and offered, and appeared in the next month's issue.

"But she was soon after startled by letters from different friends, asking, 'What does this mean?' and inclosing a slip from the New York Tribune, in which the editor of the Knickerbocker publicly denounced 'Lucy Larcom' as a 'Literary thiefess,' saying that 'Hannah Binding Shoes' had been printed in that Magazine some years before.

"This was her first intimation that her verses had ever reached their early destination. The above uncourteous appellation was her only acknowledgment of their reception. Such appellations cling, however, and nothing remained but to request the Tribune to make the matter right by a brief explanation, which would naturally shift the unpleasant epithet from author to editor.

"This was done, and attention being thus called to the poem, it was widely copied, from the revised version of the 'Crayon.' About this time it was also printed in "Folk-Songs," from an autograph copy requested of the author by Dr. Palmer.

"The copy of this song in the 'Galaxy' Advertiser for May of the present year is from the imperfect first draft sent to the 'Knickerbocker,' never seen or corrected by the author. It contains many weak, schoolgirlish lines, which a careful proof-reading would not have allowed to pass into print. It was probably never copied at all, until it appeared in the 'Crayon' and in 'Folk-Songs,' where it stands, with the exception of a word or two, as it does in the recently published volume of Miss Larcom's Poems.

"Why 'Hannah Binding Shoes' became so general a favorite was always a mystery to its author, who is known not to be over-fond of hearing it praised. But it needs only a glance to see which is the song, and which the imperfect sketch. And it seems a pity that after years of uncomplaining oblivion, the latter should be dragged to light as the true copy of a familiar poem."

Any reader of taste, comparing the two versions, will not form a lofty opinion of the critical judgment of the writer in the *Galaxy Advertiser*, who evidently prefers the unrevised, feeble version of the poem, which he prefaces with the absurd remark that "not even the author has a right to lay sacrilegious hands upon a ballad that has already won its way into the hearts of the people." The poem as it is known to the people was published in the *Crayon*, where it became popular at once. The first crude draft published in the *Knickerbocker* attracted little or no attention, — the *Knickerbocker* having at that time become a burial-place under the management of a very efficient literary sexton.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER, published in the April and May numbers of the Atlantic, is to be printed in a pamphlet, with much additional matter of interest. All the peculiar doctrines of Shakerism will be embodied in this pamphlet, and the work may be procured on application to Elder Frederic W. Evans, Mount Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK OF TRAVEL. — Few works published during the present season will be likely to attract more attention than "Our New Way Round the World," by Charles Carleton Coffin. The volume possesses peculiar interest, not only for the general reader, but for every one interested in the development of the commerce of the country, inasmuch as it gives in detail just the kind of information which the people of the United States require in relation to China, Japan, and India. It treats of the manners and customs of the people of those countries, their present condition, their future prospects, their social life, and the changes now taking place in those vast empires, embracing half the population of the globe. A glance at the headings of several of the chapters will show from what a wide and diversified field Mr. Coffin has gathered his material: —

New York to Marseilles; On the Mediterranean; Modern Egypt; Cairo; Delta of the Nile; Suez Canal; Egypt to India; Bombay; British India; Railways of India; History, Philosophy, and Religion of the Hindoos; Through the Deccan; Riding in the Dak; In the Heart of India; Scenes in Allahabad; Native Schools; Allahabad to Benares; The Baboos; The Valley of the Ganges; Our First Night in Calcutta; Elevation of Hindoo Women; Missionary Operations; Life in India; Across the Bay of Bengal; The Spice Islands; Penang; Singapore; Life in Malacca; Singapore to Hong Kong; Geography and History of China; Hong Kong; Opium; Hong Kong to Canton; The Influence of Confucius; Southern China; A Ramble in Canton.

The volume, printed from new, large-sized, clear type, contains several full-page Maps, showing steamship lines and routes of travel, and is profusely illustrated with more than one hundred engravings, reproduced from photographs and original sketches.

STEDMAN'S POEMS. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have now ready new editions of Mr. Stedman's three volumes of poems, namely: "The Blameless Prince," "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," and "Alice of Monmouth."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S STORIES, contained in "If, Yes, and Perhaps," and "The Ingham Papers," are decidedly the most novel and entertaining collection of brief tales we have had since the "Mosses from an Old Manse." The papers in these two volumes compare favorably with the best of that striking series of stories which made Blackwood's Magazine famous long ago.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS. — The Rev. Mr. Murray's account of his camp-life in the Adirondacks is likely to be *the* book of the summer season. The author's experience in the North Woods enables him to offer many valuable suggestions to any one seeking country recreation. What the guide-book is to the traveller this volume will be to those visiting the Adirondacks. Everything they will need by way of outfit, preparation, and directions, where to go and how to secure the greatest amount of pleasure and profit from the excursion, is here pointed out. To those who can travel only by proxy and are obliged to derive their pleasure from following and sharing in their imagination the sports and adventures of others, this volume is equally interesting. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have just published the seventh edition of "Adventures in the Wilderness."

LIFE OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have in press, and will shortly publish, a life of the late Walter Savage Landor, by John Forster, the author of the well-known biography of Goldsmith. Mr. Forster has had placed at his disposal the most ample material for the work in question, and the public may expect a narrative of rare literary interest and importance. As a poet and a prose writer, Landor's great merits have not been fully appreciated either in this country or in England, though his influence on the literary mind of his time has been marked. Students of his writings have attained successes which have not fallen to the master. Yet the range of contemporary English poetry does not embrace anything finer than many of his lyrics and meditative poems. His prose is more widely known, especially the "Imaginary Conversations." It is to be hoped that Mr. Forster's biography will be instrumental in making American readers more familiar with the numerous productions of Landor, of whom De Quincey has said: "He is a man of great genius, and as such he *ought* to interest the public. More than enough appears of his strong, eccentric nature, through every page of his now extensive writings, to win, amongst those who have read him, a corresponding interest in all that concerns him personally; in his social relations, in his biography, in his manners, in his appearance." A life of Landor includes the history of a period of striking literary activity, — the period which gave to English letters Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, etc., etc. Landor was born in Warwick, England, in 1775, and died in Italy, September the 17th, 1864.

MALBONE. — Mr. Higginson's charming romance of Oldport, the conclusion of which is given in the present number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been issued in one neatly printed 12mo volume by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

ON THE WING, a capital book for sportsmen and all who take an interest in gunning and kindred pastimes, has met with great success. Mr. John Bumstead has long been known as one of the cleverest shots in New England, and, as a writer, is an authority on matters connected with sporting. "On the Wing" is eminently a practical book, describing the habits and haunts of the many varieties of game-birds found in our Northern States, — the Woodcock, the Quail, and the Partridge, as well as the game-birds and water-fowls of New England, — and giving also much valuable information respecting the various styles of weapons now in use, — how they are made, and what constitutes the superiority of one weapon over another. It is the best work of the kind ever published in this country.

THE FRANKLAND MANSION. — In the "good old Colony times," before the Revolution, although Puritan plainness and simplicity were the rule of life and manners in New England, the rule was by no means without exceptions. The representatives of many rich and noble English families found their pleasure in endeavoring to reproduce on a new soil the elegance of their mother country, and in emulating in their new homes the splendid hospitalities of the old.

The remains of many stately mansions scattered through the old provincial towns yet bear ample witness to these bygone grandeurs, and among the most noteworthy of these was until recently the old manor house at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, originally the property of Sir Harry Frankland. This house appears in Mrs. Stowe's new novel, "Oldtown Folks," as the "Dench House," and her passing allusions to it and to the legends associated with it will stimulate curiosity concerning a building once famous, not merely for its beauty of architecture and surroundings, but more deservedly for the romantic history which centred there.

It was the old story of rustic beauty and love too fond, but with a happier end than usual coming after adventures and dangers far stranger than fiction. The tale is long, and has been too well told by Holmes in his simple and touching ballad of "Agnes" to need telling here; a few of his closing stanzas, which describe the house, will show the readers of "Oldtown Folks" the manner of two great artists in painting the same scene: —

"The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below.

"The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,
Flap on the latticed wall,
And o'er the mossy ridgepole towers
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

"The doors on mighty hinges clash
With massive bolt and bar;
The heavy English-moulded sash
Scarce can the night winds jar.

. . . . .

"A graded terrace yet remains;
If on its turf you stand,
And look along the wooded plains
That stretch on either hand,

"The broken forest walls define
A dim, receding view,
Where, on the far horizon's line,
He cut his vista through."

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. — The quarrels of publishers seem more likely to bring about a proper state of feeling towards an international copyright law between England and America than any rights which authors may claim. Now that publishers upon both sides of the Atlantic begin to appreciate the folly of preying upon *one another*, instead of upon *authors*, we may fairly hope for an adjustment, and especially so since American literature is every day rising in the esteem of the English public, and is consequently regarded by English publishers as better worth quarrelling over. Publishers' quarrels are no longer confined to America. A very warm contest of quills is going on in London between Messrs. Trübner & Co. and Mr. Hotten, over the republication of Hans Breitmann's Ballads. Messrs. Trübner & Co. are republishing the book by arrangement with the author, and Mr. Hotten avails himself of the absence of law to produce a cheap edition in which the author has no share. The English journals are filled with just condemnation of Mr. Hotten's course, which affords them a new text for arguments in favor of a copyright law.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY, which will occupy the opening pages of OUR YOUNG FOLKS throughout the year, continues to find favor with large and small readers.

"*Our Young Folks* continues the charming story of that delightful *Bad Boy*, whom we are depraved enough to prefer to all the good boys we ever read about." — *Baltimore Statesman.*

"All the good boys in the land are reading the *Story of the Bad Boy* with pleasure, and wishing there were some more bad boys to read about." — *New York Press.*

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"Don't forget to read carefully the instalment of Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy* in this number, d' ye hear, boys and girls." — *Pittsburg Gazette.*

"One of the liveliest and most entertaining serials ever offered to young people, and we do not wonder that it creates a very large additional demand for this most admirably conducted magazine." — *Lawrence American.*

"Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy* is the chief attraction, and, like Sir W. Baker's story, it will be read by boys from 'eight years to eighty,' who will derive from its perusal pleasure, profit, and amusement." *Quarterly Magazine, St. John's, N. B.*

"*The Story of a Bad Boy* is the cleverest thing of the kind that we have ever seen. For *vraisemblance* it has the merit of *Robinson Crusoe*. Indeed, it is reported that Mr. Aldrich is much more indebted to his memory of his own early life than to his mature imagination for the materials of this charming narrative." — *Albany Argus.*

"This bad boy is not a bad boy according to the pattern of bad boys held up for the reprobation of the juvenile public, but he is just bad enough to love, like our own Charlies, Willies, Johnnies, and Toms, — in fact, he is rather an amiable bad boy." — *Lewiston Journal.*

"We have read few juvenile stories of more ability than the *Story of a Bad Boy*, by T. B. Aldrich. While the young folks are delighted with it, the old folks read it with pleasure, and all pronounce it a decided success." — *Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal.*

"Some of the boys now men grown will remember the old stage-coach which one Fourth of July morning rolled down High Street and plunged into the bonfire on the Parade, and the anxiety with which the day was clouded consequent upon the uncertainty of escaping merited punishment for knowing too much about the method by which the vehicle was propelled." — *Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

"Mr. T. B. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy* in *Our Young Folks* greatly improves as it goes on, and the last two numbers have been admirable specimens of what a boy's story should be. There is not a bit of mawkishness about it, and at the same time the brisk, lively narrative is free from any elements likely to harm the most sensitive and inflammable young reader. The art of writing acceptable books of this character is very difficult, and author and editors are to be congratulated on a success in a field almost untrodden in this country." — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, in *Our Young Folks*, is one of the very best stories for boys that was ever written. It pleases children, while it amuses and delights older heads and hearts by its genuine boyishness and its brimming humor. Tom Bailey and Pepper Whitcomb are boys that *are* boys. They wont die young, but they will make good men and valuable, able, noble citizens. Such a story is worth more than is asked for a whole year of the magazine." — *Pawtucket Chronicle.*

"*Our Young Folks* for April continues Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, a story which promises to rival if not excel the famous *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Its freshness, humor, and above all its truthfulness, are in marked contrast with much that is written for young people. Indeed, the story, although written for boys, will interest none more than those who, while boys no longer, retain a lively recollection of their own school-days and boyish experiences. Tom Bailey is just one of those boys not good enough 'to die young,' but manly enough to make us rejoice in his living." — *Waterbury American.*

"As regards its youthful companion, *Our Young Folks*, it may be said with truth that Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, which forms one of its chief features, is one of the most remarkable stories for juvenile readers ever published in this country. Its freshness, its good humor, and above all, its truthfulness, are in marked contrast with much that is written for young people. It excites a wonderful degree of attention and meets a hearty appreciation everywhere; and among its most enthusiastic admirers are many who, although boys no longer, retain a lively recollection of their own school-days and boyish experience. We wish it could be read by every youth in the country." — *N. H. Sentinel.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

ON THE WING. A Book for Sportsmen. By JOHN BUMSTEAD. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 16mo. 282 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 2.50.

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OLDTOWN FOLKS. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 1 vol. 12mo. 616 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 2.00.

ELSIE VENNER. A Romance of Destiny. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Two vols. in one. *Cheap and Popular Edition.* 16mo. 612 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 2.00.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY. By an Old Boy. Illustrated by LARKIN G. MEAD. 1 vol. 16mo. 405 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 1.25.

MALBONE: An Oldport Romance. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. 1 vol. 16mo. 244 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 1.50.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN ("CARLETON"). Copiously illustrated from Photographs. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 524 pages. Morocco cloth, $ 3.00.

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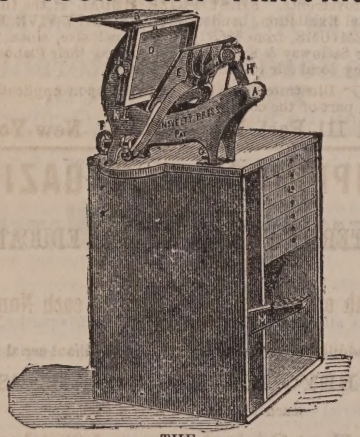

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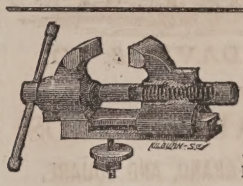

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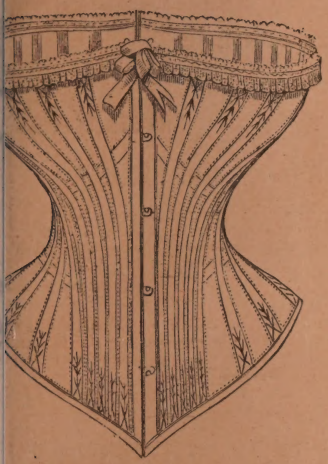

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